

# The Way It Was

*The Way It Was*

**NAME :** Prentiss Alford

**UNIT:** 30<sup>th</sup> Battalion, 38<sup>th</sup> Company HITC

**TIME PERIOD:** March to August, 1951

**SOURCE:** Heard about the project from Mr. Harold Moon.

**DATE RECEIVED:** March 2001

I remember long hot marches with Captain Sevall. (He could walk mighty fast!!) I also remember eating a lot of pineapple on field missions and had chapped lips so bad (white lips.) I did enjoy and looked forward to the passes into Honolulu and all the good times with my buddies. I was shipped over to Korea where I was stationed for nine months. I was discharged in 1955.



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**NAME:** Ronald G. DeForest

**UNIT:** 20<sup>th</sup> Bn. HITC, 361<sup>st</sup> MPs

**TIME PERIOD:** 1951-1953

**SOURCE:** transcribed from a tape Mr. DeForest made for the museum.

**DATE RECEIVED:** June 2006



I joined the army in 1951 and was shipped up to Fort Ord. I had six weeks of basic training but I came down with pneumonia. Once you have pneumonia and once you get into hospital, if you spend more than three days, then you start your basic all over again. Well, I was in and felt pretty good after the 3<sup>rd</sup> day and I wanted to go back to basic. But I couldn't talk, I had laryngitis. They kept me until I was well and then my sergeant took me over and we got my foot locker and everything and they put me in another barracks with a lot of other men who had been enlisted. We heard rumors that we were going to come to Hawaii. We had one man that thought he was going to go directly to Korea. When we were out one morning for roll call, he was missing. Somebody went back upstairs to the top and they found him where he had hung himself. We got sent to Camp Stowman and then to the ship USS Black in Oakland and we went to Hawaii.

It took one week, then we got to Hawaii at Pier 40. They loaded us on some cattle cars, but they wouldn't let us look outside. We got up to Schofield Barracks and they took us over to Quad D, and I was in the 28<sup>th</sup> Co. 20<sup>th</sup> Division. We started our basic training which was quite good, I think. That was 16 weeks of it and when I got through, I was able to get myself home for a 30 day leave. Anybody could go home but you had to have a round trip paid ticket before you could even get out of the quadrangle. When I came back, the barracks were all lit up, which was very unusual because it was dark outside and should have been lights out. Everybody was packing to go to Korea. I went to my sergeant to report back. He congratulated me and made me a PFC right away. I found out one cadre wanted me to stay there and take his place as a cadre so he could go to Korea.



So after everybody left the next morning all the cadres that were left, we got some of the basic personnel that were called misfits. We trained them for six weeks. After that we tried to learn a little bit more how to be a cadre person and then we got put in with the 52<sup>nd</sup> Co. in another quadrangle. We all got together and we trained 52<sup>nd</sup> Co. for 16 weeks. That was quite an experience because I've had more rifles pointed at me loaded and I've had more troubles like on the hand grenade range. We had a little cement wall where we could stand behind and we had to

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teach the people to let go the handle and throw the hand grenade. This one time one trainee let go the handle but he froze. There's a hole we could use for escape from the hand grenade. I grabbed his hand and pushed it down into that hole. We got away from it in about one second. The grenade went off and a big clod of dirt come out of that hole. Well, the trainees were waiting on the other side of the road, there was a lot of trees and you could hear all the shrapnel going all over.



We had the gas mask drill and some of these people were scared to death of the gas. This other corporal and I stayed in this one little room. We lit a candle and let all the smoke come out and the whole room was just full of these fumes. We didn't have a gas mask on. They marched a platoon at a time in. We went to each one of them and told them to take their mask off, give their name, rank, serial number and home town. Then they could put it back on, but they didn't dare rub their eyes. We did this for two platoons at a time. We walked outside and they couldn't figure out why we weren't crying, why our eyes were not all wet. We always told them never rub your eyes, you'll go through that gas without any trouble at all. They had them go through a little breeze and they set off little vials of mustard gas and two or three other gasses. Not enough to hurt them, but they'd get an idea of what it feels like if you breathe it.

One time we had a demonstration so they could see how it felt having artillery go over your head and land in front of you. Each of the cadre had a group of people we were responsible for. I had a machine gun group which was a light .30 caliber. They were supposed to go up a hill, and they would pick it up and slowly start to move it up the hill. They were getting so far behind I had to run down to them, grab a hold of the gun, put it on my shoulder and grab one of the other one by his belt and pull them to the top of the ridge. When we got there we had our steel helmets on and you could see the 105s coming over us and before they hit the ground, you could see them, a little dot. Every time the 105 would go off, the shrapnel would come and hit them on the heads. That gave them the idea of what it felt like to be in combat.

We got through all that basic training for them and all the marching they didn't like to do, but they knew how to take the M1 apart, no trouble, .30 caliber light machine gun, 1918 heavy caliber machine gun .50 caliber with tripod. They learned all these different weapons we had. I

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thought they were pretty well trained. I don't know what ever happened to them. They shipped out and we never heard anything from them.

All us cadre had to wear sun tan uniform and we'd go out in the morning and we'd have to go through some of the grass, and by lunch time we'd take turns getting back to the barracks so we could change our uniforms because brown or I should say the red dirt was all over our pant legs and looked real bad. We had to go through all the different training over and over again, so I was really well qualified to go anywhere in combat but they wouldn't send me. They said my job was too important, what I was doing.

One company, I think it was the 52<sup>nd</sup>, I was cadre and there was one sergeant who was from the 1<sup>st</sup> Cav over in Korea. He wouldn't talk about what was going on over there. We had another man who was very quiet. He was a sergeant and he got drunk all the time. But the people overlooked it because he was with a company of mortars and they were digging their holes, digging in, because they were being attacked, and everybody was down in their holes. Artillery and mortar round came in over their heads and landed all among them. He didn't move until it was quiet. The next morning he woke up, or got up, and he was the only one out of the company that was not either killed or injured. And I know that all this time he was still thinking, "what if." He ended up being our mailroom man. He did very good except when he got drunk.

When I was at 361<sup>st</sup> in the MPs, they came over to Schofield Barracks to make the movie "from here to eternity." They had a few trainees around but they took most of our MP Company and sent them to Schofield to do all the marching, wear all the clothes, at the beginning of the war. So most of the people you see in military uniforms were people from the 361st MP Corps Company. One person was really good. He'd get on one side of the quadrangle and he'd be running across it, and in the show a Japanese Zero would be coming over and be firing at him with a machine gun. As he ran, these little bits of dirt would fly up like he was shot. He did this five times and at the last they said "that's a take." The airplane went away and everybody was doing other things and he didn't get up. So they went over to him, he was just plain tired out, he ran so many times and fell.



One thing I learned, when you are in the service, you don't forget your social security number, you don't forget your army number. You remember that like it was tattooed onto your arm. If you're RA (regular army), be proud of it. In those days, pretty much everyone was drafted. When I went into the service I didn't think about anything at all except what I wanted to do. But it taught me a lot of things. It taught me how to listen to people, how to take orders, and how to follow orders. It taught me a lot of discipline and helped me throughout my life.



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**NAME:** John E. Hendrix

**UNIT:**

**TIME PERIOD:** April 1951- August 1951

**SOURCE:** Account received after his visit to the museum in May 2004

**DATE RECEIVED:** July 28, 2004

I joined the Army in Early February 1951 in Los Angeles, CA. From there I was sent to Fort Ord, received my shots and started basic training. After a few weeks, all RA's were ordered out. We were sent to a base near San Francisco, then by ship to Hawaii. I do not know why this happened.

We arrived at Schofield Barracks in early April. I started over in basic training. For some in the unit, this was a first start. Basic training was fourteen weeks long at that time. For the first several weeks we were not even let out of our quadrangle except for training. Even church services were brought to the quadrangle.

About five or six weeks into our training we were let out to go to the post movie, to church and other place on post. I remember only having two passes while there. Only half of the unit could get a pass at any one time, then passes were only from Saturday noon until 11:00 p.m. or Sunday 8:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. No overnight passes.

I assume that our training was quite typical. We had two bivouacs, one at about six weeks on the post and one at about twelve weeks at Kahuku.

The one thing about our training I recall vividly was the infiltration course. It was about six inches deep in volcanic dust. As a practice, we crawled through in that dust. Then before the live fire crawl through, it rained enough to turn the top inch to mud. We then crawled through in the day with live fire. When we returned to the barracks, we went into the shower fully clothed with our rifles.

Because of the delay in getting to Schofield, as noted above, I was promoted to E-2 during basic training. During my time there, I was awarded "Soldier of the Month." I do not recall if it was for the company or the entire battalion. I received a Hawaiian shirt for that, but was not permitted to wear any civilian clothing.

We also took several tests to qualify for various schools. I qualified for leadership school and was to be considered for OCS. So I got a day off from training to take a bus trip to Tripler Hospital to get a physical. Some qualified for other schools. I recall that those who went to Cook's School left basic training after eight weeks. There may have been others that left early.

At that time in our history, it was common for judges to tell persons who had been arrested to go to jail or the army. We had one person who, according to rumors, was arrested for dealing drugs. He did not make it through basic training, for he could not stay out of trouble.

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At the end of basic training, everyone except those of us that were going back to the mainland for schools had ten days leave. Those who's families could afford it, flew home for their leave. Others with some means visited other islands. Those with the least means stayed at the base, but were free to come and go as they pleased. Those of us who were returning to the mainland for schools did KP for the rest of them. That was OK by me. All those who were not sent back were sent directly to Korea. Later I realized that for some of them, the only time their families saw them in uniform they were in a coffin. This has been very disturbing to me, and makes me believe that our government should have paid for all to fly home for leave.

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**NAME :** Ronald Howarth

**UNIT:** HITC

**TIME PERIOD:** 1951-1953

**SOURCE:** Sent by Mr. Howarth to the museum

**DATE RECEIVED:** 6 March 2003tlm

For any who have served in the US Armed Forces, there is one undeniable fact which becomes a part of any recruit's creed during early days of service to his/her country.

The Military Manual, Chapter One outlines it well –*Never Volunteer!*

I broke this sacred pledge before even in uniform – I volunteered for the US Army within days (7 February '51) of graduating from University High School. Uncle Sam was waiting for me in the wings that graduation eve. I found tucked in with my diploma an extra piece of paper – a draft notice!

(I should explain here I was nineteen by six weeks due to six glorious and school free months in New Zealand. Otherwise I would have graduated in June 1950).

There existed a bit of Howarth lunacy in my establishment. My dad thought it might gain me the opportunity to attend school, etc., etc. And by a weird twist of fate, as it was to turn out, maybe it did.

So I trudged off to the Army recruiting office and told a bewildered recruit sergeant I wanted to sign up for three years instead of the two as a draftee. I didn't have to offer twice. He knew a good thing when it was dropped in his quota basket.

I was to break this pledge twice more before receiving my honorable discharge...But first...

A funny thing happened when I was taking my physical in Los Angeles, and in hindsight, in possession now of more wisdom, it might have kept me a civilian with a little acting. Perhaps it is just as well it didn't. Experience and character building lay ahead which money couldn't buy.

I was part of a parade of young men wearing nothing but BVD's and we all shared an uncertainty of what this day was to bring.

We made our way from cubby hole to cubby hole while this doctor and that cupped, pressed, poked, pricked, squinted and spread that part of us he was responsible for passing or rejecting. Some had better anatomy itineraries than others.

Near the end of this cattle run, I got to the blood test cubicle and was greeted by a name tag that read Dr. Bleed. Much to my delight, Dr. Spread was already a faceless and receding cold glove. He was a safer distance behind me.

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As was Dr. Cup with the long finger nails and one word vocabulary, “COUGH.”

Way back in what is almost the dark ages medieval medicine practiced “bleeding.” This was believed a cure for any thing from insanity to constipation. I was soon to wonder if my Dr. Bleed didn’t still follow that witchcraft.

Almost a fearless soldier, I decided to watch as my blood began to fill what to my eyes magnified to be a pint milk bottle. Hell! I was getting battled hardened; what was a pint of blood for the good ole USA? When it neared the top I anxiously looked for some type of shut off valve; none was in evidence. Lucky for me the phone on his desk didn’t ring and divide his attention.

Finally...Dr. Bleed smiled, nodded, satisfied, I still think, with the color and quantity and oblivious of my giddiness, and with a smirk of *Dracular* satisfaction, he sent me on my way. I had survived! With bent arm and white face, I preceded a few feet to Dr. Squint and his eye chart.

“Cover the left eye and read the third line from the top,” he greeted.

“What chart,” I asked in a wee voice I didn’t recognize.

“The chart on the wall.”

“What walllll...?”

And so I swooned; hit the floor; at that moment my military career was in dire jeopardy I should have been declared 4-F then and there...a little acting...? And to think I was named after the actor Ronald Colman.

But a bucket of water sent me off, (with a lowered opinion of my manhood), carrying my medical tan manila envelope, embossed with an eagle with clutching talons, chock full of medical papers stamped “marginal,” “warm,” and “1-A.” Dr. Cup had even ticked me “male.” This was one of two choices. Not a difficult read; two it was – and is to this day.

It was then I encountered a red-blooded army sergeant; the final stop before taking the oath before Old Glory that would transform me from wet BVD’s to Private Beetle Bailey – RA 19396747.

He didn’t shake my hand or slap me on the back and welcome me to the team in a friendly fashion, but asked, after a too quick glance at my file, “Yeah wanna go to jump school – be a paratrooper? AIRBORNE ALL THE WAY!”

Jesus! First my life’s blood and next my life! Didn’t he know I got dizzy on the toilet? (Should have been in the file, I later thought.)



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Never volunteer!

Thinking fast I took a shallow breath so he could count the ribs, almost fainting again with the effort. The sigh turned him pale; “Next!” he yelled in the direction of a 180 pounds of muscle in dry shorts.

Join the army and one automatically loses any identity. Where you were once a homo-sapien you are now a serial number, (please see above). You, for all practical purposes, are a ward of the State and an object of misery. No species is lower on the “kick ass” chain than a private in basic training, not even a mutt on the leash... Maybe what the dog leaves behind for the private to pick up...maybe. My new home was to be Fort Ord outside the small town of Watsonville, California, a coastal farming community of not much interest to a city lad. It was reputed to be the artichoke capital of the world; Sin City it wasn't.

On the troop train northbound I had sat next to what I took to be a full-blooded Indian. This kid had long black hair that many teenage girls could only dream of possessing and preening. I thought of him the next day and wondered if he knew what was to come?

In our first formation (a word you come to detest in basic) we were marched off to the barber shop for a free hair cut. BUZZZZ...In an instant I went from an Ace Comb commercial to exploring bumps and creases I never knew existed. A long comb was no longer a teenage necessity.

Later it came as no surprise when I once again saw “Pierre of Paris” mowing lawns in front of the officer's quarters.

Drill sergeants are a breed apart from the human race. But without them no recruit could become a soldier.

Under their guidance I learned to “brush” the cracks in the wooden barracks floors, make a bed so a quarter would bounce a required height when dropped from a specific height, salute an officer, (never a noncommissioned officer), and fall out at 3 am (an army expression for “get your asses down on the street”) repeatedly until the Man with all the chevrons was satisfied no feet touched the stairs. We also learned quickly to tear down a .30 cal. M1 rifle and reassemble it blindfolded; fire it on the range, (if you can see a man you can kill him with the M1 we were proudly told, again, and again); and never to call it a gun. The punishment for that slip of the tongue I will spare you. It was a weapon. Police Call was an every morning event in our barracks area. With the command “I don't wanna see anything but ass holes and elbows,” we picked up any bit of lint found. I could still field strip a cigarette by spilling the tobacco on the ground and pocketing the paper. Since...I have never found a use for this skill.

Mess sergeants were to have an equal piece of my hide. All through basic training I majored in Pots and Pans 101 with a minor in Spud Peeling. No doubt my just reward for not applying myself in high school classrooms.

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There is an expression that goes “an army travels on its stomach” and I can vouch to this. My elbows still show the rigors of hot water and harsh army soap. When not on KP the chow halls in my life hold a mixed remembrance. Breakfast, after a grueling stint of calisthenics under the angry eye of a drill sergeant, or latrine duty, with impersonal gaping porcelain bowls of a dozen commodes, was a brief reprieve before the next of the day’s adventures. But it was essential.

A particular delight to me was a marvel of American ingenuity which many mornings simmered and steamed in large caldrons by the gallons along the chow line. American as baseball and hot dogs, Creamed Chipped Beef On Toast was not only filling but stuck to the ribs till lunch. I never passed it up in favor of tepid powdered eggs and shriveled bacon – not even Wheaties. Anticipation always built as it was ladled to spread over a carpet of toast and fill my tray.

“Hit me again,” I would plead.

A gourmet’s delight it has been a part of the American Army since maybe even prior to World War I. And it was likely then some soldier with a sour imagination christened it SOS – not as in the famous dot-dash-dot distress call – but a whimsical – “Shit On A Shingle.” I still crave it to this day.

Sunday night dinner was the meal always skipped if I had a few half dollars rattling in the fatigue pockets. There’s a coin to date me. Even cooks get time off and the menu never varied – cold cuts and other unappetizing objects was the fare. Baloney! Greasy hamburgers at the PX were the only answer. In today’s Navy they go by the name “sliders.” Get the idea?

It was after six weeks of this routine the Army, in all its wisdom, siphoned all the enlistees from Fort Ord and sent us to Schofield Barracks on Oahu to commence basic once again...from the get-go!

We must have been the envy of the draftees who were to remain. We were leaving the wet March fog, sand dunes, and artichokes for warm trades, Kolekole Pass and pineapple; Watsonville exchanged for Waikiki – a con man’s dream.

One might argue it was here my enlisting began to bear fruit. (No pun intended) It also introduced me to my first of six troop ships.

Here I will touch on the transport General Black very briefly, more to make a point on my subsequent troop ship behavior than to share cruising the Pacific.

We sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge into a large, glassy ground swell off the port quarter. All night the good General Black pitched and rolled with her cargo of human dejection. Stacked six high on canvas laced to metal bars, many endured their first night at sea. Within arm’s reach were miles of asbestos wrapped pipes! Maybe only a steel plate separated the lower stretchers from bilge water.

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Me...I slept with a clear conscience. Others did not.

Climbing down from aloft (I was five up) I greeted the morning on deck before finding my way below the gang head (latrine) carrying toothbrush and towel. The sight that greeted me was of the vilest. Every wash basin, urinal and toilet, was filled with vomit. The polished stainless steel mirrors and deck were splattered. It was a scene and smell from HELL!

Obviously I wasn't going to get teeth brushed this morning. It was also obvious to me this gross mess wasn't going to be cleaned up by officers, noncoms, or even ship's crew. But "detailees" would soon be shanghaied from the midst of us. My guardian angel whispered seductively, "hide, Ron, hide."

Quickly, back on deck I found a hatch cover and ventilator for refuge. Unseen, I reread Military Manual, Chapter 2 – *Never GET Volunteered!* It proved to be time well spent. And in all the thousands of sea miles I logged from then to discharge I never once got caught in a "detail."

Motto: get on deck at dawn and stay on deck. The poker players down below were easy prey.

We ate meals in the MESS. This is an Army/Navy word that takes some explaining on troop ships. Three times daily (no midnight buffet) we lined up on the "promenade" deck and slowly snaked our way down below to mess, but not to dine.

I still vividly remember on one of my sea voyages standing for minutes in a slow line outside a porthole, beyond which officers sat at linen-clad tables set with china, a breast of roast turkey was being passed between silver bars and gold oak leaf clusters; a white-jacketed steward stood obediently by.

I still harbor this image because in our mess we STOOD face to face at long benches wide enough for two metal trays. One soon learned to hold his tray in place with the finger of one hand while shoveling with the other, otherwise, as the ship pitched and rolled, trays would slide forward and aft you could be forking your buddy's meal.

What I did for my country!

Schofield Barracks proved to be an improvement from Fort Ord. The barracks were concrete, no wooden floors with cracks, and the toilet stalls had doors. We were billeted in Quad D, the very place scenes from "Here to Eternity" were yet to be filmed. (Editor's note: "Here to Eternity" was filmed in Quad C. James Jones, the author, lived in Quad D in 1941.) I believe, today, it is a national landmark, but whether that be due to me or the movie, I cannot say.

Basic life quickly returned to normal at the Hawaii Infantry Training Center (HITC). We marched and double-timed, threw hand grenades, removed our gas masks while in the "gas" room to stumble outside crying and, some, retching. We quickly learned to keep heads down by crawling in mud beneath barbed wire and live fire. KP rosters were again posted and I served

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my turn as “Pvt. Pots.” Obviously, we were being trained toward one objective, to serve in the infantry as foot soldiers. And the closest “in play” I knew of was Korea.

Kolekole Pass became a predictable hell. Double-timing to top and back, me carrying half my body weight with pack, nine pound weapon at port arms. But it was the steel helmet I almost loathed; I never did get it in cadence with my body rhythm. (On such a day one poor recruit fell out and rolled down an incline; he later died.)

We’d chant ditties all the while. Most I have long forgotten, but part of one went:

“...the captain rides in a jeep,  
the sergeant rides in a truck,  
but we’re just out of luck.  
Sound off, one, two,  
Sound off, three, four!  
Your left, your right...”

And so it went; misery loves company.

It was upon returning from such a memorable bit of companionship and we were standing at ease, that the company commander asked us all a simple question. “Would any of you men like to go to truck driving school? All that is needed is a driver’s license.”

It was at this point in my life I took the high road and an instant when a glimmer of intelligence surfaced. I volunteered for the second time. As did eight or ten others. I gave the man what today is known as a “high five.”

I was no longer to be “out of luck.” Kolekole, the infantry, were to become but a memory.

My recollection of truck training draws mostly a blank. I can still see the huge mud hole we had to master when mired in above axles by winching ourselves free. And for sure it took no mechanical aptitude. This would have sent me in a quick about face to the infantry and Kolekole. Flunk chemistry and you get an F; flunk this and I could get a CIB, (Combat Infantry Badge).

Some time in July, the recruits of HITC finally were to deploy to Japan and then Korea. All the months of training was to be put to the test in some yet unknown place in a country some couldn’t locate on a globe. Others wouldn’t return. All those that did survive would be changed in some way by the experience.

My parents were on the pier that bright Hawaiian day I sailed aboard my second troop ship; and I wonder what they were thinking? I must have been the more at ease.

But why should I have worried? President Harry Truman called Korea a police action and Averell Harriman “a sour little war.” Sour it was, 54,000 thousand Americans died in what

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history has indexed under “The Forgotten War.” Author, James Brady, once a Marine lieutenant combat platoon leader in Korea, titled a book from experience – “The Coldest War.”

Camp Drake, in or near Tokyo, was our destination upon disembarkation in occupied Japan. It was here we were to be assigned to scores of different units throughout Korea as replacements for those men rotating Stateside. Thousands jammed the chow lines, took temporary barrack assignments, drank beer and threw dice, wrote letters home, and maybe even pulled KP. No passes was granted.

If I could point to a single event which underscored my eighteen weeks of training and the perilous position I was now in it would be issuance of dog tags. These were stamped on a machine which might have seen better days in an amusement park. The operator read your form, moved some dials and then pulled a handle. What appeared on two metal wagers was name, serial number, blood type and religion. At nineteen I was still a fence sitting Agnostic so the letter read “none.” Rehearsals were over; the curtain was about to go up. I was finally to be assigned to a division in Korea. More than a thousand of us jammed a huge auditorium where we were addressed, shown a film, and then isolated by name to step forward to one of a dozen tables.

The film was a WW2 vintage black and white warning of the dangers of VD. As to be expected several wise cracks were yelled during the presentation. The health of the penis was of great concern to the army; how ironic when soon a few might get shot off.

I was assigned to the 3<sup>rd</sup> Quartermaster, 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division, to become a part of a division which distinguished itself in WW2 fighting from Casablanca to Berchtesgarden and in which Audie Murphy, the most decorated soldier of WW2 had served. (Brady, was to credit the 3<sup>rd</sup> Division with serving the most admirable of US Army units. High praise from a US Marine.)

My third troop ship was a short August hop on the Sea of Japan to Pusan on the southern tip of the peninsular from where we were put on a train for a long and uncomfortable journey northward. Somehow, this too, is lost to my memory. I did reach the 3<sup>rd</sup> Quartermaster field position that was situated next to a river in terrain not unlike parts of dry Southern California.

Prior to my arrival I had always thoughts all Quartermaster units as a rear echelon bunch inventorying mess kits and blankets, or dabbling in the black market if so inclined. Not true.

The compound consisted of several tents, mostly for sleeping, but also the all necessary chow tent, showers, supply, and a smaller headquarters tent. Two small latrine tents with no sides were farther away; one was officer territory. Think back to MASH episodes and you have the picture. Forget the nurses!

But the joy of my new home didn't hit till I was walked to *my truck*. Its last driver was homeward bound; now it was mine, complete with bullet hole near the driver side fender. The fact it was the oldest in the company didn't matter a whit; NO.16 was obviously a GMC deuce-and-a-half that had a history that went back to WW2. I wished it could have spun me a tale,



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maybe explained the bullet hole. Falling into the rut of a new routine came quickly. I drove, sometimes day and night, and over bad dirt roads; never seeing a paved road. The truck had doors and a cab roof of canvas, both detachable for climate changes. My weapon was a .30 cal carbine rifle which I tucked into a scabbard by my side much like on a horse. The standard clip was 15 rounds but I taped another to the bottom to double the load. Somewhere in my wanderings I also “midnight” requisitioned an army .45 pistol. I mention this only because I am gleeful to also inform you I never had use for them.

The infantry, not only the 3<sup>rd</sup>, but the 1<sup>st</sup> Calvary (we were the horses) were our responsibility. There was a steady movement of men to and from the front lines in relief rotations. Mostly these moves were at night and we drove in convoy under total blackout conditions. No headlights and tail lights were painted over but for a sliver. It was this thin red line that we followed over mountain roads. My guess is sixteen men could sit on the hinged seats and nearly double that if every inch of the bed was utilized.

We also hauled gas to the front line tanks. A 2 ½ holds 18 fifty-five gallon drums (a bit of trivia) and at destination was often hand pumped directly into the tanks. Other loads included ammo and C-rations, or just about anything an army on the move needs to function.

Surprisingly, our living conditions were quite good. The tents were large and slept about sixteen men on army cots and in mountain sleeping bags, maybe six feet between us. The floors were covered in sand brought up from the river AND raked each day by a Korean tent boy. All, it turned out, went by the name Kim.

Winter brought slight discomfort when the diesel fuel froze in the rubber hoses that fed the two pot belly stoves. It was then the sleeping bags were worth their weight in SOS and we’d wake up to a tent roof sagging with frost or snow. But the poor bastards on the lines in bunkers would not have complained. The final miracle was no KP; it was all done by Korean civilians. Who would have think it...servants!

The chow was damn good, too. At evening meal a card table was set up outside with items for the taking – toothpaste, razor blades, gum, and cigarettes. I was a smoker in those days and Lucky Strike was my brand.

For rotation purposes Korea was made up of four zones with a point system from one to four for each month of service. Depending where you were determined to a great degree how long you’d be there. My unit was a four, (combat), so I had nine months ahead of me as it took thirty-six points to rotate.

One other small benefit in a four zone was no postage. I simply wrote *free* where the stamp would have been and off it went courtesy of the APO and Uncle Sam.

Winter was upon us in force when we learned we were to pull up tent stakes and head above the 38 parallel and into North Korea. And it was just about this time I decided to ask for a raise. There was a small bulletin board at HQ tent where promotions were posted monthly. My name

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had not appeared along with some of my peers, so I took it upon myself to ask the company clerk for an audience with our company commander, so I could bridge this oversight. I was about to violate military procedure and perhaps trespass where none had before dared to go. My approach was simple and direct, "Sir, why haven't I made Pfc," I put after saluting.

His immediate response is lost to history; next posting I had my stripe and my raise.

With the winter snow so went the summer dust. A change of uniform was necessary, but the GMC's still rolled with little pit time; the war went on, only the hardship for the foot soldiers was now possible frost bite and not heat prostration. No matter the season our shower tent was one of the most appreciated respites the GI had to look forward to whenever possible. And it was this single feature which determined we always set up next to a river. Pumped to the tent and heated, hot showers were also worth their weight in SOS.

Truckloads of troops would enter at one end, strip and toss dirty fatigues, underwear, socks, in fact every stitch except for winter caps, into piles before soaping in luxury. Finished, they collected their boots and clean clothes. We truck drivers lived there and never needed to go for days and weeks without a shower.

I should have written Chapter Three of the Military Manual – *When To Volunteer*.

Into about my sixth month my name came up for a week in Japan known as Rest & Relaxation, (R&R). But when I got to Korea it was already more commonly referred to as Intercourse & Intoxication, (I&I). GI's were always quick to correct any misconception. They were, themselves, an abbreviation of "Government Issue." With a sense of humor at their fate all discomfort became a GI aberration. A soldier didn't suffer with diarrhea, (SOS never the cause) but had the GI's.

Here I draw mostly another blank (and this is not a cop-out). Flying to Japan on a cargo plane lying on bales of who-knows-what before being fed after landing I do remember. The latter because I had what must have been a sixteen ounce T-bone and fries and two quarts of fresh milk. Then we were issued Class A uniforms complete with rank, division patch, appropriate campaign ribbons and bussed to our quarters at the R&R hotel off base. I don't even know what I did or how I got back. AND, I was not a heavy drinker. I guess I had fun.

The common practice was to take back the allowed single bottle of bourbon with brought \$60. I sold mine for almost a month's pay. We did get a small beer ration at odd times. It arrived frozen in winter and we developed a skill of placing a can on the stove to defrost but never so long as to take off the chill.

Before I rotated (and was deloused) in April '52 I had one experience that might have been of serious consequence. We had been moving several battalions to the front over a period of three days and nights and I was getting by on minimum of sleep grabbed in the cab during odd lulls. It was while returning empty from the final deployment that I nodded off at the wheel long enough to slide off the mountain road down an embankment. Immediately shocked awake I braked but

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the truck's momentum took over and then began to roll onto its side before reaching the bottom. I was flung across the other seat and out the open door to land on my back. Somehow, the trucks body settled around me but not on me. I wasn't scratched. Luckily my truck was empty or there would have been casualties.

No. 16 was hauled up by a huge army tow truck; I explained the mishap to the CO; and GMC and PFC were soon back on the road.

After rotation I had a 30 day leave due me, and because my home address was now Hawaii and not California, my fourth troopship was Korea to Japan. From there I flew on a transport (with seats) via Midway and a meal to Hickam AFB. Due to the time difference we arrived almost to the minute we left. And I had escaped a long sea voyage to California.

Army life after basic and Korea become mundane. My first choice for reassignment was Fort Mac Arthur in San Padre and it came down with orders. Here I was scant miles from my old high school in West L.A. and friends I'd left only fifteen months before. Sweaters and skirts, filled with girls that bounced and walked like girls, once again filled my imagination.

Inspections again became the norm and I was in the motor pool more bored than happy. After several months of this tame existence I was transferred to the Military Police on post. Why me I still can't figure.

These new duties saw me on a beat in San Pedro driving a staff car identified as MP in big white letters. It went with my armband and helmet. My office was in the post guard house where another duty was to call roll call some mornings to a gang like in the movie "Dirty Dozen." I still weighed less than 155 pounds despite the intake of SOS and I kept my distance.

When rotated out of a Korean combat zone the GI was guaranteed one year stateside before he could again be sent overseas. I had about three months left when I was given the opportunity to be reassigned to France and Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe, (SHAPE). IKE was now President and I was needed to fill the void.

I volunteered.

And because France was not an occupied country (but should have been) the army gave me a passport. Camp Kilmer, New Jersey and troop ship number five beckoned.

SHAPE headquarters was at Versailles and spit and polish magnified by ten power, but my orders read Detachment 1 and that was forty miles away in Fontainebleau, where army life was more pleasant. A smallish village it boasted one of Napoleon's chateaus complete with gold bath fixtures and a glass case containing his (he might have had more than one) famous hat. I still have black and whites of me around here in civvies and uniform.

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One hotel in the village served the best steak, French fries and sliced tomato sprinkled with chopped onion. Toss in two beers and I'd be the first to admit the duty was first rate. But it wasn't to last and my first run in with an officer was about to ruffle the waters.

I had taken to a hobby at some point of developing my own photos and even had a small darkroom setup under the CO's office. This was to prove the beginning of my downfall. I ruined a roll of film the CO had entrusted to me with a bad acid/bath mixture. To make matters worse they were nude photos of his girlfriend in very suggestive positions.

I then followed this snafu by driving through the gate by his office window with my tailgate, unbeknownst to me, hanging off the rear of the truck. The truck rattled like hell anyway due to the cobblestone street. I was pressing him to the breaking point and he grounded me – stripped me of my GMC and gave me a broom to double-clutch.

It was during my days as “Pfc Broom” the third and final disaster sent me off to Germany to join the 1<sup>st</sup> Infantry Division which had landed at Normandy on D-Day. The Det.1 compound had an unexpected visit by some French high ranking brass-led by General De Gaulle! It seems French generals like to inspect troops (sure can't fight worth a damn) even if in working fatigues and I was grabbed with others for a quick “line up.” Worst luck I stood in the front row (sans my broom) as he swaggered before this ragtag group at attention.

Stopping before me he asked in accented English,

“What's your job here soldier?”

“I'm a sweeper, Sir.” I blurted thinking short term rather than long.

Jesus! The CO nearly had apoplexy! And De Gaulle, not trusting his translation into French, didn't know whether to shit or go blind!

The only reason I got to Bamberg, Germany with my stripe is that I still had the ruined, but recognizable, pictures. My personnel file jacket probably had a note that I should never be allowed within eyesight of a high ranking officer of any army.

Bamberg was in the US Zone of occupied Germany a tad north of Nuremberg where the War Trials had taken place. We spent most of the time on maneuvers, but unlike Korea, we had a Cold War confronting us and the nearest threat was not far to the east in Czechoslovakia.

What was most noticeable to me were the little things like place names and people? The Danube and Rhine Rivers replaced the Yesong and Han, hard to pronounce Korean village names, mostly resembling untidy haystacks, were now German with names recognizable because of WW2 destruction by Allied bombers.

Kids in short leather pants, yet unborn when their country was a rubble heap, asked for candy whenever we stopped in a village, whereas, in Korea papa-San with wispy white chin hairs and

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his walking stick had preceded mama-San by ten yards with A-frame on her back loaded with the pitiful family possessions. They followed the Pied Piper of battle along dirt roads, south and then north, with the misfortunes of a different war, always quickly obscured in summer by a GMC's dust.

My trucks (No. 13 and 40) were newer, bigger and armed with a .50 cal machine gun. The tanks still needed to be refueled and the ammo hauled. The field kitchens still produced SOS, and whether at basic, Korea, at sea or in Germany, SOS was certainly the forerunner of McDonalds. It always looked and tasted the same – DELICIOUS.

And on the other side of the Atlantic the Dodgers and Yankees were again in a seven game World Series. My time was growing short.

Finally it was Bremerhaven and the troop ship General Patch. I felt a veteran wearing the Big Red One on my left sleeve and Audie Murphy's old patch on the right. I had five ribbons, one with a bronze service star, but not a CIB. It was a special moment to sail past the Statue of Liberty on a bleak December day and slip past the skyline of New York.

A brief stay at Kilmer and I was off to Camp Stonemen in the Bay Area where I was discharged 22 December 1953 and waved out the gate.

Two years, ten month, and sixteen days I was in uniform, and did they season me for a life ahead? Absolutely. I certainly don't begrudge them. But if I had a single bitch it would be that SOS never made it into a C-ration can.

I was twenty-one by a month and my future military obligations were written in bold type on my separation papers – EXEMPT FROM INDUCTION EXCEPT AFTER A DECLARATION OF WAR OR NATIONAL EMERGENCY.

A weekend warrior I would never be.

### POSTSCRIPT

GOVERNMENT ISSUE is not, and could not have been, the memoirs of a young soldier's fear or heroism in battle. Those epic conflicts and torments were written in THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE laying bare the agonized mind and actions of a young Union Army soldier in the Civil War.

Rather, (in composition identified as "Basic and Beyond,") it is simply a personal observation of my experiences playing the hand I was dealt; in the whole, no different from millions of GI's who went before me and millions who have since served their country and do to this hour. The incidents related are true and accurate as can be written a fifty year memory span margin of error. It was meant as a tongue-in-cheek tribute to those who give up a few years, whether voluntary or not, so that we may remain free to dissent if we so choose.



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Distilled blood and tears and sacrifice have preserved and kept America the greatest nation the world has ever known. But there are those who would have it otherwise; they wish to bring America down to their level.

Even as I write the 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division is poised to go into Baghdad. Joe and Jane are volunteers and certainly better trained, their equipment more awesome, and their resolve no less steeled than the young who have answered the call to serve in two World Wars and Korea in the mighty 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division nicknamed “Rock of the Marne” earned from a pivotal WW1 battle in France.

Some will bleed and the red badge of courage which beats within GI Joe will yet again prove America’s finest and renewable natural resource.

I wish them safe passage and a speedy victory.

Ron Howarth (Pfc, Honorable Discharged)

22 February 2003  
Honolulu, Hawaii

## FOOTNOTE

After the final print of GOVERNMENT ISSUE I happened on a bit of 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division information while in Korea.

It was on my twentieth birthday the 3<sup>rd</sup> Division was ordered to replace the 1<sup>st</sup> Calvary on the front lines. This is of particular personal interest and has explained a long remembered Thanksgiving in 1951.

To move two divisions by truck is no small feat, especially if mostly at night. A major operation, it must have taken many days.

I can attest to this because it would have been during this time I had three Thanksgiving dinners in different field kitchens in a period of about three days.

“The right place at the right time” was never more poignant.

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**NAME:** Harold Moon  
**UNIT:** 30<sup>th</sup> Battalion, 38<sup>th</sup> Company HITC  
**TIME PERIOD:** 1951  
**SOURCE:** Letter from Mr. Moon after a telephone conversation.  
Edited by Linda Hee  
**DATE RECEIVED:** February 22, 2001



On March 25<sup>th</sup> of 1951, I joined the US Army and was sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma for what I thought was to be basic training. Two days after we arrived, there were nine of us called out of formation and were told to go see the Company Commander. Now, being a young nineteen year old, and new to the army ways, I didn't know what to expect. Being called into the Company Commander's office was scary, to say the least.

We were called into his office, one at a time, and all were told the Army was going to reopen Schofield Barracks in Hawaii and would I be interested in going there and take Basic Training. Now, Fort Sill was a long way from my hometown of Ballinger, Texas, and as far as I was concerned that was far enough, so I told him I had just as soon stay at Fort Sill. He said that's fine and he pointed to a different door from the one I came in and said "Just go out that door right there."

Thinking that was the end of that, the next day, the "Hawaiian Nine" as we were called, found our names on a shipping roster and were to leave the next day for Camp Stoneman, California, just outside of Oakland. Now, I had always heard about "Sunny California" but I found it to be anything but "Sunny." It was the worst experience with an army camp I experienced in all my time in service. It rained, it was foggy, it was cold.

We were there two weeks and then we boarded the General Aultman for our trip to Hawaii. It was not a smooth ride and as a result of this many GI's found themselves Sea Sick. One fellow in particular was really sick. His name was Milton Whisenhunt. One day he was hanging over the rail at the side of the ship and was "letting it fly" and a sailor came by and slapped him on the back and said "What's the matter fellow, got a weak stomach?" Milton's reply was "Hell, no, I'm throwing as far as the rest of them ain't I?"

Upon our arrival, one of the first things I noticed was the pineapple shaped water tower. I found out later it belonged to the Dole Pineapple Cannery. It has since been removed. As we came into harbor there were several young Hawaiian men swimming in the water. We would throw coins overboard and they would dive after them. As we came down the "Gang Plank," we were greeted by beautiful young Hawaiian girls that greeted us with a ring of flowers they placed around our neck and gave us a kiss on the cheek. We found out later the flowers were called Leis. I thought "WHAT A PLACE."

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We arrived at Schofield and were assigned quarters and immediately had to start hauling bunks, making beds, sweeping and mopping floors, replacing windows that had been broken, cutting grass and anything else they could find for us to do, and since Schofield had been closed since World War II we were the clean up crew.

As the reopening progressed the daily work became easier. We were up early but we were off duty at five each afternoon and were permitted to go to town and enjoy the island of Oahu. We discovered Waikiki Beach and immediately found it to be a “home away from home.” The sunny beaches around the island were nice and the girls were even nicer. Just before we started Basic Training the Army bussed us around to the West Side of the island and we spent the whole day there on one of the beaches. I don’t recall the name of the beach or just exactly where it was, but it was nice. I don’t recall there being any girls there, maybe that was the way the Army planned it.

We didn’t start Basic until the latter part of May. I was assigned to the 39<sup>th</sup> Battalion, 38<sup>th</sup> Company HITC and we completed our training in September. Upon completing Basic we were shipped to many different places. I was given a choice of a clerk’s job in Hawaii or go to Korea. I figured if I went to Korea I would finish my tour of duty sooner and would be home sooner. BIG MISTAKE.

We landed in Korea on October 1<sup>st</sup> 1951 and I was assigned to the 25<sup>th</sup> Division, 27<sup>th</sup> Regiment. It turned COLD a short time later and I didn’t believe I could ever be as cold as I was at that time. I thought many times about warm Hawaii and the mistake I made by leaving. If I had rethought the situation, and had my way about the rest of my life I would never have left Hawaii under any circumstance. I dearly love the place.

When I left Korea I was assigned to the 101<sup>st</sup> Air Borne at Camp Brackenridge, Kentucky and stayed there until the camp was closed in 1953, came home and married my childhood sweetheart, and from there I went to the 3<sup>rd</sup> Armored Division in Fort Knox, Kentucky. There I was discharged in March of 1954 as a Staff Sgt., and moved back to Texas.

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**NAME :** Alvin R. Reid  
**UNIT:** 38th Co. 30th Bn, HITC  
**TIME PERIOD:** 1951-1971  
**SOURCE:** Letter received from Alvin Reid  
**DATE RECEIVED:** 9 April 2001



I joined the Army on 22 March 1951 and was sent from Columbus, Missouri to Fort Sill, Oklahoma where I thought I would take basic training. I had served 10 months in the Mississippi National Guard. I entered the Army as an E-2. I was at Fort Sill for a couple of weeks, then loaded onto a troop train bound for Camp Stoneman, California. Nowhere along the line was I given any choices. I believe we spent 3 days and nights on the train. I do remember getting to Camp Stoneman on Friday afternoon. On Saturday morning I went to the hospital with the mumps where I remained for 2 weeks. The group I was with left on a ship bound for Hawaii. I didn't know when they departed. After the 2 weeks in the hospital I was released and had to walk back to the unit I had reported into. The following day I boarded a plane for Hawaii, arriving in the afternoon. The group that came by ship arrived that evening. The original group I was with was restricted for a week because "someone" in California had the mumps. No girls with leis came to see us from the plane. We landed at Hickam and from there to Schofield where we were housed in Quad C across from the Library. We were in the 38th Co. 30th Bn. I don't remember when we started basic, however it was not very long after arriving. One day we were bused around the island, stopping at a couple of beaches. We didn't see any girls. Of course we couldn't talk to them anyway. When in basic I was allowed one pass to Honolulu. I spent what little free time I had in Wahiawa.

After 16 weeks of infantry training I was sent to Japan on USS AE Anderson. I was in Japan for approximately 2 weeks, then flew to Korea arriving in August. I was assigned to the 6th Medic Battalion of the 24th Infantry. I moved out of Korea with my unit the 8th day of February '52 bound for Japan where I was Stationed in Sendai (where I met my wife of 45 years) until the end of April '53.

I would like to say that I not only took Basic there, I also put in my retirement papers there in 1971. I was stationed at Schofield from May 1970 to the end of July 1971. My family was with me and we all enjoyed the time we were there. During my last stay I was the Operation Sergeant for the transportation motor pool and also as acting Sergeant Major for the Directorate of Transportation. I put in my retirement papers at Schofield on 1 August '71 and departed for South Carolina in July '71. I hope to be able to visit again someday.

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**NAME :** Donald W. Storie

**UNIT:** C Battery, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, 8<sup>th</sup> Artillery

**TIME PERIOD:** January 1965- January 1966

**SOURCE:** Letter from Mr. Storie

**DATE RECEIVED:** 29 December 2003

I was stationed at Schofield Barracks from January 1965 to January 1966. I was assigned to C Battery, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, 8<sup>th</sup> Artillery. I came there direct from basic training at Ft. Leonard Wood, MO. I did AIT in the artillery I was assigned to, due to the need for the troop buildup in Vietnam. In early January, 1966, I left with the rest of the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division for Vietnam.

Along with the duties of training on the 105 mm Howitzer, a large portion of our training was jungle training. It was found later that the conditions in Hawaii, some simulated and some natural, were very similar to conditions in Vietnam. We had prisoner of war training which resembled very much what you would endure if taken prisoner, giving only name, rank, serial number, and date of birth. I responded once with private before my name, finding out very quickly my mother did not name me private.

Twice during the year at Schofield Barracks, we along with our equipment boarded LSTs at Pearl Harbor for two week training on the Big Island at Pohakuloa Training Area. Two weeks was the life of a pair of combat boots due to the lava rock. I also remember snow on top of the mountains that I still have pictures of.

In spite of the long hours and intense training and the impending deployment of the division to Vietnam, my year at Schofield barracks left me many fond memories that I will cherish for a lifetime.

I remember radio station KAHU, serving the wide blue Pacific. I am a country music fan and they played the best of country music. Our barracks were the three story quads, where the second and third floors were open sleeping bays. I would go to sleep nearly every night to the sounds of KAHU radio, and the CQ would turn it off. The barracks had many sets of double doors that would often fly open during the night during the monsoon season. Our bunks were equipped with mosquito nets, which you learned very quickly to lower at night being careful not to trap a mosquito inside.

My life has been greatly enriched as a result of the year I was stationed at Schofield Barracks, of which I will always be thankful for the privilege of serving with the 25<sup>th</sup> Division. I have been a much stronger person, have more confidence in myself and realize more the price that has been and is still being paid for freedom. We often tend to seek our own welfare without regard for neighbors.

My service with the 25<sup>th</sup> Division taught me many valuable lessons that have lived on with me through my 32 year career as a police officer, and through all phases of life. One being the real price of freedom; not just to talk about, but to serve as a part of a team that still stands strong to



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defend that right. I am very much proud to have been a part of the 25<sup>th</sup> Division at Schofield Barracks (1965) and would very much look forward to some day making the trip from Missouri to Hawaii and recall once again the fond memories I have of Schofield Barracks.

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**NAME:** Ken Stover

**UNIT:** 69<sup>th</sup> Tank Bn. He drove the museum's tank for the battalion commander, LTC Harlan C. Stine

**TIME PERIOD:** 1956 to 1959

**SOURCE:** Walk in visitor. Interview by Linda Hee

**DATE RECEIVED:** 17 August 1999

The tank on the museum grounds was originally a darker green. It was shared by the 69<sup>th</sup> Tank Battalion and 3/4<sup>th</sup> Cavalry. The Division patch was on the front of the tank. The unit insignia was on one side of the gun turret, the tank designation on the other, for example, C-21 meant Co. C, 2<sup>nd</sup> platoon, 1<sup>st</sup> tank. There were usually 5 to 6 tanks in a platoon. This tank was never used for practice or maneuvers during the time he was here. It was driven during reviews and parades. The parade ground was behind bldg. 580 from Carpenter St. to Cadet Sheridan Rd. Our tank would lead, with LTC Stine in it. The rest of the tank company followed about 50 yards behind.

The regular tanks that the battalion used were M-47's with 76mm guns. This was a medium tank. The tanks would be used as target practice on the small arms ranges during machine gun practice. The tank would drive across the field while the machine gunners fired at it. For their own training, the tanks were driven down to Pearl Harbor using rubber treads. They were then loaded on navy LST's and shipped to the Big Island. An LST could carry 2 companies of tanks, 32 total. From Hilo, they drove to Pohakuloa Training Area. The rubber treads were exchanged for steel ones. Live fire exercises were carried out at PTA. Often there was snow on the ground. Once in a while they would drive the tanks over Kolekole Pass down to Waianae. He said it was very scary.

The 4<sup>th</sup> Cavalry had M-41 tanks. These were light armored vehicles. Much faster than the M-47's, they could reach up to 40 mph. M-47s ran 10-15 mph. Both tanks had ballistic computers. All the information was manually set using cams and gears to lay the tank gun on a target. They also had ballistic range finders.

The 69<sup>th</sup> Armored tank park was behind bldg. 1492, where the Engineer park now is. There was a deep ditch toward Kolekole Pass for water drainage. Quonset huts lined the trench. Bldg. 1492 had the arms room, duty room, and offices on the first floor. 2<sup>nd</sup> floor was an open bay for the enlisted. Other barracks were in the area between Trimble, Carpenter, and Hendrickson streets. 3/4<sup>th</sup> Cavalry barracks was next to them. Beer garden was past those barracks near McMahan Road.

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**NAME:** Robert Summerton

**UNIT:**

**TIME PERIOD:** 1962-65

**SOURCE:** Letter sent by Mr. Summerton on 22 April 2004

**DATE RECEIVED:** 3 May 2004

I was stationed at Schofield from 1962 till 1965. The company area was in quad "F". In those days, and I imagine it still is today, everything was "spit polished." We did make our trip to the Big Island every so often and the company also went TDY to Thailand which we thought was to have been for a couple of weeks but ended up close to two months. We also had an amphibious landing exercise on Molokai which turned out to be somewhat eventful. At the time I might have been about 165 pounds which should have been rather funny from the deck as I was in landing craft attempting to hold cargo net while some of the heftier came down the net with the landing craft bobbing up down like a yoyo. On the way to the beach we passed some whales which made some a little nervous. Just prior to going onto the beach we were told to hand on and since you were packed in pretty good, the only thing to hang onto was the pack of the guy who was in front of you. Once the craft hit the beach several ended up with the guy in front's entrenching too. I know I was glad that I wasn't upfront near the ramp as all the mass of humanity came forward with a rush. We did have one guy, a cook, get hurt coming out of the craft. As he was jumping off the ramp and on the beach he picked the wrong time and fell on the beach and the ramp came down on his leg breaking the leg.

On the trip to Thailand we flew over in C-124s. We had landed on Wake Island and had taken off again enroute to the Philippines and had been in the air for maybe 20-25 minutes when the plane's radar went out, think we made it back to Wake in about 10 minutes.

When my family joined me, we rented a house just north of Waimea Bay from a civilian who was an instructor at Schofield. While we were visiting, we tried to locate where the house was but could only guess as the whole area had changed. We used to cross Kam Highway to a little beach but because of trees and etc. you wouldn't know it was there if you didn't live in the area. Now it is all cleaned out and they made a small park there with a stone wall for a parking area. There was a small grocery up the road where we used to shop owned by people named Nimi. Where the store was is now a Foodland parking lot. We were fortunate enough to talk to a niece of the Nimis. My oldest daughter was hit by a car while crossing the road leading up to Pupukea and my oldest son went to Kindergarten just north of Nimis.

We did not have a car when my family first got there but my platoon sergeant sold me a Studebaker Land Cruiser, more like a tank. Originally when I tried to get it registered on post they wouldn't register it because it was deemed unsightly because the paint was just primer so on a Saturday armed with black paint and a brush we painted the bottom black and painted the top red with a roller. A real beauty coming down the road. Come to think about it, that thing used about as much gas as a tank.

I was fortunate enough to wear the Tropic Lightning patch one more time, Vietnam.

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**NAME:** William Waninger

**UNIT:** HASP

**TIME PERIOD:** 1964

**SOURCE:** Email letter to Maj. David Glaser in response to the call for 25<sup>th</sup> MP memories,  
Edited by Linda Hee

**DATE RECEIVED:** Wednesday, January 24, 2001 10:29 AM

The Hawaiian Armed Service Police (HASP) was located at 410 Ala Moana Boulevard, in Honolulu. It was comprised of a patrol section, a motorcycle section, an AWOL apprehension section, an investigative section, an aid station and several lock ups. It also had its own motor pool and a small navy "ships store". All services were represented, including the Coast Guard. The only service who had formal police training was the Army and the Air Force. The rest were trained "in house" via on the job training. There was a barracks area on the second floor where bachelors lived, or those waiting for their family to join them in Hawaii.

I joined the Army in 1959 at the age of 17 and was trained as a Military Policeman at Fort Gordon, GA. I worked as a Military Policeman in Puerto Rico for three years then transferred to Fort Sheridan, IL, where I started working with the Army CID. I had been accepted for CID training and was waiting for a school date to attend the CID school when I was assigned to HASP in 1964. When I reported to HASP the commander (an Army LTC and a Navy LCDR was the Deputy) wanted me to prove myself before he would pay for me to attend the CID school back in the states. So, I worked as a patrolman, then on the AWOL apprehension team and then into the investigation section. Finally, the commander sent me to the Army CID school back in the states in 1965. Upon return from the six month course, I continued to work in the investigations section until 1966 when I was transferred to Fort Snelling, MN. (Can you imagine being transferred to Minnesota after three years in Hawaii - in February? What an adjustment.)

The HASP patrol section worked side by side with the Honolulu Police. Hotel Street was known as the "Combat Zone". This was where all the action was, bars, fights, killings, prostitution, etc. That street kept us very busy. There was two patrol areas, one in Honolulu and one in Waikiki. There was also patrols in other communities on the island. The Waikiki beat was the best because it was quieter and that was where all the tourist hung out. (I always caught the Don Ho show at 0100 whenever I worked that area) Most of the HASP patrol vehicles doubled as paddy wagons. Each had a camper type deal on it, with a locking door on the rear.

The HASP AWOL Apprehension Team functioned more like a fugitive team. Navy ships and Army units, as well as other bases, ports, etc, would report their AWOL to HASP and we would actually go looking for them, interviewing their friends to determine where they hung out, finding out who their girl friends were, getting photographs of them from their military records, checking hotel lobbies, beaches, air ports, etc. We had a very good recovery rate. While on this team I walked up behind a deserter (if you were AWOL in those days for more than 90 days the military changed your status to desertion), tapped him on the shoulder and told him he was under apprehension. He, his name was Canada (I'll never forget it), immediately turned around and hit

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me directly in the face, breaking my nose. I learned that night about getting relaxed when you do something over and over again.

The investigations section actually conducted joint criminal investigations with the Honolulu detectives where a victim, suspect, or subject was military. We also monitored their court cases in the civil and criminal court system when caught and tried for their crimes. When I first joined this section an Army CID Agent E-7 (Mr Kilebrew) was in charge and he was replaced (when he rotated back to the states) by a USMC E-7 (Robert Courtney) who had been trained at the Army CID school. He later received a Limited Duty Officer (LDO) appointment to Lieutenant. He eventually retired from the USMC as a Major.

The aid station was always manned by Navy Corpsman. They worked 8 hour shifts, patching up the servicemen we brought in under apprehension for fighting, etc. This section had two ambulances.

The motorcycle section had about 12 men. They rode these huge Harley Davidson motorcycles that never had a smear or trace of dirt. They provided dignitary escorts, convoy escorts and funeral escorts. I believe everyone looked at them as the elite of HASP. Personally, I thought they were a little bit crazy.

It was while I was in the Patrol section that I received a nice letter from Chief of Police Dan Leo. I was on patrol in the Waikiki area one night and about 0130 when I saw three young men in a car give a ride to a drunken sailor who was hitchhiking. I noted the license number on the vehicle and followed them for a while until they turned into the Ala Moana Park. The park had one street and it was one way. I drove to the exit and waited for the car to come out. When it did I noticed the sailor was no longer in the car. I went into the park and found the sailor, all beat up. He had been robbed of his wallet and money. I called it in on the radio and the police found the car and the three occupants about 10 minutes later.

I lived in the barracks at HASP for about 8 or 10 months. Then my wife joined me in Hawaii, arriving by troop ship. I had an apartment in Waikiki along the Ala Wai Canal then later moved into quarters at Fort Shafter, up on top of the hill.

A John Wayne movie was filmed at the HASP station while I was there and I got his autograph. He was playing the part of a Navy Captain and had to come to the "Shore Patrol Headquarters" to sign for one of his men who had been picked up for drunk in public. It took them 8 days to film it but the scene was only about 5 minutes in the movie. I can't remember the name of the movie.

I stayed in the CID the rest of the time in the Army. From September 1967 to September 1968, I was a CID Agent assigned to the 25th MP Company in Cu Chi, Vietnam. I finally retired in 1990 with 31 years service.

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**NAME:** John H. Webb, Sgt. E6

**UNIT:** 27<sup>th</sup> Inf.

**TIME PERIOD:** Sept. 1954 –

**SOURCE:** Written by Mr. Webb after a visit to the Museum. Edited by Linda Hee

**DATE RECEIVED:** 26 May 2000

In Memory of MG Herbert B. Powell and Col. Louis Hamele

I came to Schofield Barracks from Korea in Sept. 1954. I first met MG Powell at Bowling Lanes after Feb. 1955. He was inspecting Bowling Lanes.

He wanted to know why I was bowling during duty hours. I said “Doctor’s orders, sir.” He said “give me the card for this.” He then went to a phone and called the post neurologist. He spent about five minutes talking and listening and shaking his head, then slammed down (the) phone and slowly walk back to where I was standing, then look at his aid, a major, and shook his head. The major gave me back my ID card.

Then he turned and said very low “How do you rate, Sgt., to bowl on duty hours and I, the Commander General, can’t play a round of golf on duty hours!!” He then turned to his aid and motioned to go and (then) he turned and looked at me and said “Carry on, Soldier.” After this, every time he sees me in Bowling Lanes he would look back at me. It would look like he was holding his breath to keep from laughing.

The next time I would meet MG Powell I was following physical training instructions given by (the) post neurologist. I was running along the road to 27<sup>th</sup> Regt. Tank Co. between the golf course and swimming (pool). MG Powell would stop the (??). He was driving alone and would ask what I was doing. I said “Doctor’s orders, sir.” He looked me over a few seconds and did an about face, walked to (the) jeep, then turned and said “carry on, soldier.”

The last time I met MG H. Powell (was) at the May 1956 outing of the 27<sup>th</sup> Inf. Regt. (Wolfhound) sports competition. MG Powell would volunteer to help me serve the food to all his soldiers with Col. Hamele (helping) him., but they spent the next seven hours watching me work preparing food. But the why is MG Powell’s and Col Hamele’s story to tell and not mine.



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**NAME:** Thomas J. Zadrozny, Spec. 4<sup>th</sup> Class  
**UNIT:** 524<sup>th</sup> MP Company, Ft. Shafter, Hawaii  
**TIME PERIOD:** 1963-1965  
**SOURCE:** Received from Maj. Glaser  
**DATE RECEIVED:** March 2001

I arrived in Hawaii on a Sunday afternoon in April, 1963. Eight of us had just finished advanced individual Military Police training at Ft Gordon, Ga. After arriving on a plane from San Francisco, we called the 524 MP Company to transport us to Ft Shafter. Upon arriving at Ft. Shafter we were taken to the MP Company where we met an off duty MP Sgt. who took us to the supply rooms and issued us bedding. We were then taken to the second floor to a bay area to set up our beds. We met several other off duty MPs. They said that it had been a long time since any new people had come into the company. One of the off duty MPs hollered " Attention!" At this time a Captain walked into the bay area and everyone was standing at attention. The Captain asked if these were the new men and someone answered "Yes." The Captain then went to one of the new men and told him to empty his duffel bag on the floor. This was done to all of the new men one at a time. The Captain then started to pick on the new men's uniforms. This went on for about ten minutes. Then one of the off duty MPs started to laugh, then all of the off duty MPs started to laugh including the Captain. It turned out the Captain was one of the Corporals in the MP Company. This was our initiation into the 524 MP Company.

The next day was Monday and all the new personnel were to meet the real company commander. When it was my turn to be interviewed, The Captain asked me if I had already met the Company Commander last night. I just smiled.

The first few months were busy learning all the new duties. The MP Company rotated shifts. There were three different shifts: 8AM to 4PM; 4PM to 12 AM and 12 AM to 8 AM. You worked each shift for three days then had three days off. The midnight shift had the duty of reveille, if you were working the Ft. Shafter patrol that consisted of two patrol cars, with two men in each car. There was also one MP on the main gate and back gate. The gate guards rotated with the men in the patrol vehicle.

On Ft. Shafter there were three men assigned to the H.Q. building. The posts were numbers #1,2,3; post #1 was station on the main door. His duty was to check every one that came into the building. The building was locked from 6 PM to 7 AM. Post # 2 was to roam the buildings and make sure all the doors were locked, and that no unauthorized person was in the building. Post # 3 was a sitting post that was located on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor. His duty was to sign in all authorized people. The third floor had a top-secret area. On one end was the General's office. The other end of the third floor was top secret, no one told us what went on in that area.

When I first arrived in Hawaii in 1963 the MP cars were 1957 Chevy 4 door sedans with a 6-cylinder motor and a standard transmission with no air conditioning. The 57 Chevys were good vehicles. A few months later the company got brand new 1963 Ford 4 door sedans equipped with the same features as the Chevys. By today's standards you might say how could you drive

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that vehicle all day without air conditioning and shifting gears? Well, if you never had it, you never missed it.

The building where the 524 MP Company was stationed also did not have air conditioning, but when I look back on it, I didn't miss it. We slept with the windows open and in some cases closed the windows when it was too cold. The bay area where I slept had about 20 or so men in one room. You did not have any privacy at all. You had one footlocker and 2 wall lockers. The latrine was across the hall and everyone on the floor used the same one.

The First Sergeant would do inspections wearing a white glove. If he found any dirt, we would have to clean the area again. The floors were cement and we had to buff and polish them. After he was transferred, the next First Sergeant was not as strict; he did not use the white glove.

The first Company Commander was pretty good, but he was transferred and the new Captain was an Airborne Ranger and you guessed it: we had to do calisthenics and run through Ft. Shafter several times a week. He was also involved in sports and wanted the men to play football and softball on their time off. If you played on any of the teams, you were excused from duty while you were participating. I played flag football the last year I was there.

The MP's also had K.P. until you made E-4. When you were on K.P. you started at 4AM until 7PM that night. Needless to say, you were very tired after K.P. When assigned to K.P. duty, you tried to get to the mess hall early to get the better assignment. When all the better jobs were gone, you got Pots and Pans. No one liked that job.

The men who patrolled Ft. Shafter were assigned to fire the howitzer that was located on post. When reveille was called and also at retreat, one of the Ft. Shafter patrol cars would go by the MP station and pick up the blank shell for the howitzer. The shell was then taken to the howitzer to be fired. The assigned MP would then open the breach of the howitzer and put in the blank shell. There was a rope that was connected to the howitzer, and when the dispatcher said, " Fire, fire." you pulled the rope and the howitzer fired. Then reveille or retreat was played over the loud speaker. The first time I fired the howitzer I was a little nervous but all went well.

The 4 PM to 12 AM would direct traffic on Ft Shafter. One MP would be assigned to direct traffic at a 6-way intersection near H.Q. building. At that intersection was a 3-foot X 3-foot box that stood about 2 foot high. The MP would take this box and put it in the middle of the 6-way intersection and stand on the box and direct traffic. This intersection also had pedestrian traffic that made it even worse. No one wanted to direct traffic at that intersection but we all took turns. My turn came and to my surprise all went well.

About a week later one of the MPs in my squad was run over while directing traffic at that same intersection. He did not get hurt too badly, only a broken collarbone. There were three other intersections we directed traffic at, but none as bad as the 6 way intersection.

One instance I can remember was on the Midnight shift. I was patrolling Ft. Shafter when I pulled over a vehicle for D.W.I. The person driving the car was a Bird Colonel. At this time I

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called my sergeant and also notified the duty officer. After the duty officer arrived the Colonel was taken to the MP station. After the duty officer and the Sgt. talked to the Colonel they told my partner and me to take the Colonel home. He lived on post. After taking the Colonel home I rotated with the main gate guard. After about a half an hour, working the gate I noticed a vehicle heading off post. The vehicle looked like the vehicle that the Colonel had driven earlier. I stopped the vehicle at the gate, and noticed it was the same Colonel I had stopped. Again I called the Sgt. and the duty officer. The Colonel was again taken to the MP station this time the Provost Marshal and the 524 M.P Company Commander were called. This time the Colonel was taken into custody. I never got called to testify on this incident, but heard the Colonel lost his driving privileges on post for 3 months. The Colonel also received a General reprimand. About a month later I was standing the main gate at Ft. Shafter on the day shift. I saw the same Colonel walking off post. As the Colonel passed the gate I came to attention and saluted the Colonel and said good morning. The Colonel did not return my salute and just keep walking.

One other instance I can remember was on July 10, 1964. I was working the midnight shift at Ft. Shafter when a dispatch came over the car radio. The dispatcher said a rape had just occurred in Honolulu. The dispatcher gave a description of a man and the vehicle he was driving. The man also was armed with a machete. The information we got was the vehicle was heading in the direction of Ft. Shafter. The other Ft. Shafter unit and myself spotted the vehicle. We then gave chase and the car was stopped. The man gave up without incident. There was a machete lying on the front seat of his car. The Honolulu police were called and took over the investigation. About 5 days later a letter of appreciation from Major Dwight S. Thompsen was given to the other MP involved and myself. A copy of the letter was placed in my 201 file.

There were several generals stationed at Ft. Shafter. The four star general was General Walters. One day while I was working Post #1 at the headquarters building, he asked me how my day was going as he passed by me on his way out of the building. It really impressed me that a general would talk to a private. The General had a personal driver and his vehicle was a 4 door black Cadillac. All of the Generals had Cadillacs until 1964. Then the one, two and three star generals were given Army colored Plymouths. (Maybe budgetary cuts that year?) Only the four star general kept the Cadillac.

One of the other patrols we had was the Ft. DeRussy patrol. Ft. DeRussy was located on the beach in the downtown area. The Fort was used for R&R for any military personnel that were in the area. There was an N.C.O. Club and also an Officer's Club with a sleeping area. The MP job was to keep the peace in the area, and when not patrolling in a 2-man car we would walk the beach. Another duty was to escort money from the NCO club and Officer's club to the local bank and to patrol Diamond Head.

Diamond Head had a small military base inside consisting of several buildings. There was a metal door at the entrance that had to be checked. The metal door opened and went to a tunnel that went into Diamond Head. Our duty was to always make sure the metal door was locked. Once inside Diamond Head you could see where steps led to gun turrets that were left from World War II. There were several turrets that encircled Diamond Head. All that was left were stairways and cement bunkers where the guns once stood. There was also another military police

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unit to patrol the downtown area. Their title was H.A.S.P. This was a combination of Navy, Air Force and Marine forces. They would pick up military personnel that were in trouble, such as being drunk. There was a military holding area that was located between Honolulu and Ft. Shafter that had a mess hall. If for any reason the Ft. DeRussy patrol would pick up any military personnel that were in trouble, we would take them to that area.

One day while working the Ft. DeRussy patrol, we were dispatched to meet a helicopter and work security for it. As we arrived in the area, we were told that General William Westmoreland (the commander of the troops in Vietnam) would be on the helicopter. As he departed the copter, we came to attention and saluted him as he passed by. He went to a meeting that was being held in the area.

The 524<sup>th</sup> MP Company also had a jeep patrol number 208. This patrol would patrol the military housing area that belonged to the Army. This area was next to Hickam Field. This patrol was also responsible for a docking area for civilian and military ships. This area had one gate that was manned by the 524<sup>th</sup> MP Company. You had to enter and exit from the same gate.

There were some MPs in the 524 that were drafted. The ones that were drafted had to serve 2 years of active duty, then after 2 years they would have to spend 4 years in the active reserve. I joined the army after high school and signed up to be a Military Policeman. I served for 3 years and after I got out I had 4 years of in active reserve.

There were several drafted people in our company that did not want to be MPs, and did not want to be in the Army. Not all the drafted were that way, We had some that were civilian Police Officers before being drafted and they made good MPs. One incident I can remember. I was working Ft. Shafter patrol and was dispatched to the MP Company to pick up one of the MPs that was off duty and causing a disturbance in the barracks. I was to bring him to the MP station to meet with the desk Sgt. Upon our arrival we met with the subject on the second floor of the MP Company. I told the subject that the desk Sgt. wanted to see him at the station. The subject was reluctant to go, and after talking to him for a few minutes the subject decided to go with us. Upon arriving at the MP station the subject was taken in front of the desk Sgt. by my partner and myself. The desk Sgt. began to talk to the subject, when the subject jumped over the desk and started to hit the desk Sgt. My partner and I subdued the subject and the subject was handcuffed and taken into custody. I did have to testify against the MP. The subject got 3 months in the stockade and was fined 3 months pay. I heard later he was taken out of the MP company and transferred into another company.

The time I served in the Army -1962 to 1965 -were restless years, as far as the government was concerned. The Vietnam political action was just getting started. If you got drafted you might end up in the infantry. I was lucky to be an MP and be stationed in Hawaii.

One of the times that really stays in my memory, was the date of November 22, 1963. It was the day before my 20<sup>th</sup> birthday and the day of President Kennedy's assassination. My platoon was having first aid training. The class was interrupted by the announcement that our President had been shot and killed in Texas. You could have heard a pin drop. Everyone was shocked and

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horrified. We were then put on alert and remained on alert for some time as no one knew the whole situation and who was responsible.

The last part of December 1964 our company was put on alert to go to Vietnam and a lot of the men were upset. I looked at it as our job and did not question the orders. Our company was issued mosquito netting and jungle gear. We also started to qualify with the M-14 rifles. When I went through basic training I qualified with the M-1 rifle, and the M-1 carbine. The other weapons I was qualified for were the 45 cal. Pistol and the 45 cal. Grease gun. About a week later the alert was canceled, and new orders were issued. The new order was for the 524 MP Company to go to Thailand and be the security for a S.E.A.T.O. exercise. The exercise required the MPs to have a top-secret clearance. I can remember that a few of the men did not clear the background check and they did not go.

About 60 MPs from our company got ready to leave for Thailand. The main part of the 524 MP was to stay at Ft. Shafter and do their regular duty. A Second Lt. from our company was put in charge. We left from Hickam Air base in Hawaii on a 4 motor prop Navy plane. After several hours we landed on Wake Island. Wake Island had only one runway and the island was very small. The plane was refueled and we had lunch, then we were on our way to the Guam. I sent post cards home to my family on each stop we made; I still have the post cards.

On Guam we had a fifteen-hour layover, and then we were on our way to the Philippines. After landing in the Philippines it began raining with a lot of lightning. The plane could not be refueled until the storm was over. After the storm we were back in the air heading for Thailand. We used the same plane from Hawaii to Thailand. On our way to Thailand we flew over Laos. As we were flying over Laos I looked out the window of the plane and noticed two United States fighter planes, they stayed with us till we reached Thailand.

We finally landed in Bangkok Thailand. The airport did not look very big. As we departed the plane no one was there to meet us. After several hours at the airport the Lt. took us to a hotel. The next several days we stayed at the hotel, and all meals were eaten at the hotel.

About two days had gone by when one of our Sergeants came to our room and asked for five dollars from all of the MPs. He said they had no military transportation to get us to Korat. The Sgt. further stated we had to rent a civilian bus to get to Korat, and the Army would reimburse us.

The next day our Company was on a civilian bus on our way to Korat. Korat was 100 miles north of Bangkok. The roads were dirt and we did not make good time. We finally made it to Korat. The Camp name was Camp Friendship, and the exercise name was Logtrain. Camp Friendship was next to Korat Air Base, and was approx. 2 miles from Korat. Camp Friendship had dirt streets and the buildings were made out of wood with screens for windows. The living Quarters were 2 feet off the ground with wood floors and screens for window. They called the living quarters hooches.

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After arriving at Camp Friendship our company had a meeting with the camp commander. The commander said our duty would be the security of the camp. He further said we would be working with the Thai MPs. The Thai MP would handle the Thai soldiers and civilian people. The 524 would handle only American soldiers. He also said we would be in High classified area, and in some cases would have to have a crypto clearance.

More than 900 Officer and men of the eight member nations of S.E.A.T.O. would be engaged in a Command Post Exercise with the code name LOG TRAIN.

We worked right along side of the Thai MPs. At the MP station there would be one Thai desk Sgt. and sitting next to him would be an American MP desk Sgt.. The main gate was manned by one American MP and one Thai MP

One day while standing gate duty with a Thai MP, a garbage truck was leaving the post. The garbage truck was stopped by the Thai MP that was working the gate. The truck was driven by a Thai civilian and two other people. The Thai MP climbed up on the back of the truck and started to go through the garbage. As he was going through the garbage he found several cases of apples that were stolen from the mess hall. The Thai MP arrested the three people that were on the truck. I found out later, the three people that the Thai MP arrested got one day in jail for every apple that was taken.

The Thai MPs always had an American dictionary with them, and would always be trying to learn the English language.

Next to Camp Friendship was Korat Air Base. U.S. jet fighters would fly out of Korat Air Base to bomb areas of Vietnam. All times of the day and night we would hear bombs going off. We were told if the fighters came back to Korat with any bombs, they would have to drop the bombs at a designated area near Korat before landing.

Camp Friend was approximately 2 miles from Korat. On our days off we would go to Korat for R& R. The Thai people loved the American soldiers. They also loved American money, and American cigarettes. You were advised not to drink the water, and the food was left to your own discretion. You could buy gold, and diamond, rings at a very low price. Silk was also very cheap and you could buy a tailor-made silk suit for \$ 25 American dollars. The only trouble was you had very little money. When I went into the service in 1962 I was making \$98 dollars a month as a Pvt. and after 3 years as a Spec 4 I was making \$184 dollars a month.

The mess hall on post was great, and we ate better at Camp Friendship than we did in Hawaii. There was an out door theater on post, and a commissary were you could eat. Also on post was an outdoor civilian store were you could buy jewelry. It was their custom to bargain on any item you brought.

At the main gate there were eight flags flying, one for each nation that was there. The days were very hot, 100 degree or more, and at night the temperature was around 70 degree and you would be cold.



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The MP patrolled with jeeps and in Thailand you drove on the other side of the road. We also we had walking patrols, and in the area where the meetings were taking place, there were several stationary posts.

The 524 MP was at Camp Friendship approximately 3 months. When the exercise was over we flew out of Korat Air Base on an Air Force jet transport plane. The plane was a big 4 motor jet, and there were rumors that there was not enough runway for us to take off but we made it. The transport flew to Japan and we had a 24-hour lay over.

In Japan our company was put up in Air Force enlisted men quarters. The Air Force quarters had two men to a room, with pictures on the walls and lamp which was next to the bed. When I saw how the Air Force lived I thought maybe I joined the wrong service.

The next day we flew back to Hawaii on the same jet we flew from Thailand. The day was Good Friday before Easter. We landed in Hawaii the same day we left Japan, the following day was Good Friday again, as we had crossed the international date line flying from Japan to Hawaii.

It felt good to be back in Hawaii. Upon arriving at our barracks building on Ft Shafter, it felt like you never left. Our bunk foot lockers and wall lockers were just like we left them. There were several new men that had come into our company. After we returned from Thailand several MPs were transported each day to help cover Schofield Barracks. They were shorthanded there because the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division had left for Vietnam. This only lasted a short time, as other MPs joined their company.

I was a Spec 4 and a squad leader, but my time was getting close to being discharged. There were not many promotions in the MPs. You made E-4 but did not have much of a chance making sergeant in 3 years. I was put up for Sgt. in my platoon, but an MP that had just reenlisted and transferred into our company got the promotion.

I had my re-up talk with the Company Commander. The captain wanted me to reenlist, and I told him to give me the Sgt. stripes and I would reenlist. The Captain said I would get the stripes at my next duty assignment. I said not good enough and I did not reenlist.

When I got to be a short timer, I was put on CQ duty. CQ shift was pulled for 24 hours on and 24 hours off. I pulled this duty for about 2 weeks. I was to depart Hawaii by ship that was to take us to Oakland, Cal. There was 2 ways for the Army to transport soldiers to the Mainland, one was by airplane and the other was by ship. I received my Good Conduct Medal before leaving Hawaii. Just recently I received the National Defense Medal.

I was taken to the ship by Sgt. Bob Schweida, and several other friends I had made with the 524 MP Company. As the ship backed out of the port, I waved to my friends. It was a sad time for me, as I was leaving friends I had made over 3 years. The ship that I was on had Marines coming back from Vietnam. The Marines were constantly being harassed by their N.C.O. They had drills

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all the time, and several times a day they would be doing calisthenics. I said to myself I was glad I was in the Army.

It took five days for the ship to get to Oakland, Cal. The ship dropped off the Marines first, then it took about 2 hours to get to Oakland to drop off the army personnel. When it was our turn to depart the ship, the loud speaker came on, and the captain of the ship said our sleeping quarters were left dirty, and we would have to clean the area before we could depart the ship. I said, "typical military". I was discharged from the Army later that day.