

**Narrative
for
Colonel Walter Moore**

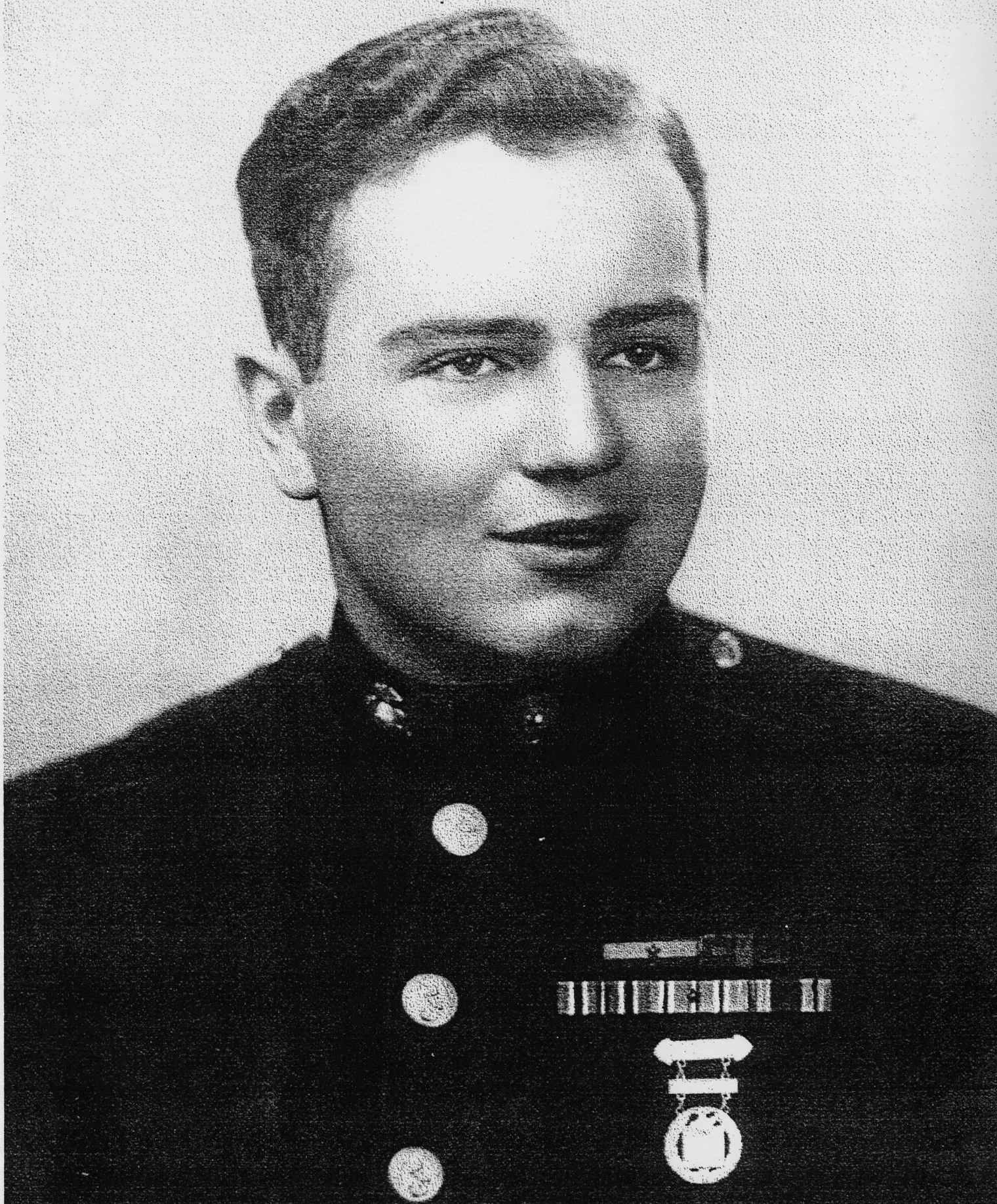
by

BOB JEBAVY

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NARRATIVE FOR COLONEL WALTER MOORE
BOB JEBAVY

I was born in Oak Park, Illinois on June 5, 1925. We moved to a house in Maywood, Illinois, a suburb west of Chicago, when I was about six months old. My father died when I was about three and a half and my mother went to work to support us.

I went to elementary school and high school in Maywood, Illinois. I remember listening to a Bear's football game when an announcer broke in to report the bombing of Pearl Harbor. During the summer between my sophomore and junior years in high school I worked as a Western Union messenger in downtown Chicago. The next summer I worked in the Dispatch Department of the Chicago Herald American, one of the city's evening newspapers.

THE MARINE CORPS

I enlisted at the Marine Corps Officer Procurement Office in Chicago on 4 March 1943 and was assigned serial number 541591. This was before the V-12 program was announced. We were supposed to go to college on our own until we were called up to go to Quantico.

At the end of May I got orders placing me in the V-12 program. I came close to being surveyed out of the Corps at this time. I had a case of migratory joint pains in the weeks before I had to report to Kalamazoo. In fact, I got out of bed to report. After a couple of days, I had to turn into sick bay because I had trouble walking. In a few more days this had passed but the young Lt.(jg) doctor was thinking of sending me home.

In sick bay at the time was a young man (a new sailor) who had flipped over being regimented. He was being interviewed by the doctor and a local "shrink" when he saw a detail of sailors marching past. Shouting, "There go my men!" he knocked out a screen, jumped out the window (first floor) and began running across the lawn. The "jg" opened the door and called to the corpsmen to catch him. I saw what was happening and went out another window and, having an angle on him, caught and tackled the fugitive. We wrestled until the corpsmen restrained him. The doctor, who had watched the chase, ordered me back to duty.

Our Marine O. in C. was Captain Ralph Britt. Most of the men in our detachment were impressed by him (I later heard that

he was killed in an artillery accident in 1944). Our hero, however, was Marine Gunner Leon J. Gaynor. Mr. Gaynor had spent more than 30 years in the Corps and had served in China, Haiti, Nicaragua and the Dominican Republic. He liked to spin tales of the Banana Wars and he had an appreciative audience. I believe that he is the reason that I've had an abiding interest in Marine Corps history.

Much against my will I was selected for engineering school so that instead of going to Quantico, I was transferred to the University of Michigan. I was afraid that I was going to miss my war. As Tinian fell and Guam was occupied, I became desperate to get out of the V-12 program. Finally, in August of 1944 I was sent to the west coast.

I went to boot camp in San Diego and was put in Platoon #789. Our senior D.I. was a seagoing platoon sergeant named Alred. One of our junior D.I.s was a platoon sergeant from the First Raider Battalion who was still recovering from wounds received on Guadalcanal. He impressed me as one of the toughest men I'd ever met. The other J.D.I. was a corporal who had never served outside the US.

I remember only a few things about my time in "boot camp". We wore pith helmets and our DIs carried swagger sticks which they used to pop us on the helmets. At the end of the third week we got our second haircut. My hair was very soft and didn't stand up very well. I was a Smart A-- and went into the barber shop with a part in my hair. It's a good thing we went covered or my head would have been sunburned.

At the beginning of the fourth week we went to Camp Matthews for marksmanship training. I qualifie, but because of a "boner" in setting my sights at 300 yards, only as a marksman. I did, however, win the platoon "pot" when we fired the BAR for record the next day. The most memorable thing about boot camp was the final inspection and "pass in review" as we graduated. It gave me a tremendous thrill to march with the flags waving, guidons flapping and the band playing.

After a ten-day furlough, I was assigned to an infantry training regiment at Camp Pendleton. We were quartered in #16 area- the old Fifth Division artillery area. We spent all of time on the art of combat- by fire teams, by squads, by platoons and by companies. We fired a lot of blanks during that period. We worked ten days and were off two.

We got more shots, a physical/dental exam (I lost a wisdom tooth) and were assigned to a replacement draft (probably, the

57th). We left San Diego on a transport (a PA), the Admiral C.F. Hughs. It was in the early part of April, 1945. Our destination was Guam. We went to a Marine Replacement Depot. We weren't on Guam very long. I had mess duty for the few days we were there. We did no training at all.

Our replacement draft went aboard an APA and sailed in convoy north. We were battalion size and the only troops on this APA. I remember the day we landed quite well. Japanese kamakazes attacked the transports as they sat off shore. I got caught in the head on the second deck (they closed all compartment doors) right under one of the ship's dual purpose three inch guns. There was a tremendous explosion and I thought, "My God, we're hit". Then there was another loud "BANG" and I was relieved because I felt we were still firing. Then another major explosion and loud response. This went on for some time. When we were let out on deck I saw my battle. The big explosion was actually the 5" gun directly over the head firing and the smaller sound was the ejected shell casing hitting the deck.

OKINAWA

I remember thinking how beautiful the island of Okinawa was on my first look. It was lush green, the sea was deep blue, the sky was lighter blue and our naval guns and artillery were laying down a barrage on the Japanese lines with resulting orange flashes and white smoke in the midst of the green. Occassional white phosphorus shell bursts with their white streamers added to the colorful picture.

A little before noon we began to disembark. We went down a cargo net into an LCV and then to the beach. After landing we spent the afternoon unloading LST's. There were continuing air attacks throughout the afternoon but we paid no attention because they were against the ships and not the shore. At dusk we moved off the beach and camped (without tents or other equipment) about a half mile inland.

We landed in the rainy season. The roads were a sea of mud and even tracked vehicles could barely move. It became increasingly difficult to supply the front line units by normal means. It became necessary to resort to old-fashioned ways- using mules and men. In this case, Okinawan donkeys and us. We manhandled water cans, rations and ammunition to the forward areas.

We were told that we were going to the First Division. After a

few days a group of us was sent forward and met by a Lieutenant Hamberger. He was from the First Regiment and adjutant of either the second battalion or the regiment (he was a Mustang and old China hand, we found out later). He assigned about a dozen of us to E Company.

The second battalion was in the line and we replacements were held a mile or so from the line for three or four days. While we were camped here the rain continued. I think it was raining when we met what was left of E Company. About five of us were assigned to the third platoon. I turned in my M-1 and was handed a BAR. I was put in a fire team in the first squad of the third platoon. I don't remember having a platoon leader at that point and our platoon sergeant was Algie Wheeler, a buck sergeant.

We stayed in this area for several more days while we did a little training with the company. We moved up into the Shuri area and took some artillery fire while on the move. Lum Netherington, a member of our replacement draft that I knew fairly well, was killed by a shell. Although I wasn't near the spot, it was rather unsettling when we heard the report.

As the campaign progressed we all got to look pretty ratty. Nobody had shaved, had clean clothes or a haircut since they hit the island. All of us had fleas. They rose in clouds from the Okinawan homesites. We discarded our leggings because we couldn't get at the little bugs crawling on our lower legs. Most of us smoked and, because of the tobacco ration (a few packs of Raleighs, fewer cigars, lots of chewing tobacco and some pipe tobacco; no one had a pipe) and the urge for tobacco at night, many of us chewed. My teeth turned dark brown.

I feel lucky and proud to have been in the second battalion and particularly in Easy Company. Most of the time we got done what we were supposed to do. We had excellent night and fire discipline. Typically, whenever someone fired at night, bursts of firing would go down the line or one flare would generate enough more to make it like daylight. It also always stopped at our part of the line. This was to our advantage because we very seldom gave away our position.

The high quality of our service was due to the leadership and professional quality of our officers and NCOs and the quality and training of individual Marines.

Our company commander, First Lieutenant "Dick" Watkins joined for Cape Gloucester and made Peleliu before Okinawa. He was

mentioned in the material I read about those two campaigns. I believe that our battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel James Magee was one of the top in the division. We didn't see him but I remember the battalion executive officer, Major Bernard Kelly, visited us frequently, asked questions and apparently reported back because some of the information was used.

Our platoon leaders (we had two) were young men fresh from Quantico. Lieutenant White was typical. He was quiet and confident. He basically stayed away from us but he listened to suggestions when briefing us on a mission. We knew nothing about his personal life.

We didn't have many staff NCOs. Our top was a real old timer. I remember that in China after we got greens with no chevrons but with hash marks. Top was furious because Marines who looked at his string of hash marks and slick arm said nasty things to him. He wouldn't take the hash marks off, however, because he was proud of his service. (I don't remember his name but I can still see him). Our gunney was an old timer too. He was always very calm and steady. The platoon only had one sergeant, Algie Wheeler. He was a loud Tennessee mountain type but he was everywhere when we were in action. I believe that he won the Navy Cross. The only time I ever saw him really excited was after he got his hand wound.

Our people were largely replacements. When I joined, the platoon (I am totally unfamiliar with the rest of the company but I assume that the situation was similar) had a corporal and two PFCs that were veterans of Peleliu. Only these three and four other PFCs and Privates had come ashore with the battalion on April 2nd. There was no one who had been with the division at Cape Gloucester.

We had a protestant chaplain assigned to our regiment during the "blitz". He was Lt. Turner and he spent a good deal of time with us when we were in rest and reserve. He also conducted services on Sundays when we weren't in action. There may have been "no athiests in fox holes" but not many Marines (of the 2nd battalion) went to church. I enjoyed Turner and his services so I attended whenever I could.

On May 22nd, shortly after Shuri fell, the Japanese began to pull back to form a new defensive line. They were spotted on May 26th and the Americans caught them on the road with artillery, naval gunfire and close air support. We saw a lot of Japanese bodies on the road after this as we moved up. After we joined, supply problems continued for the IIIrd Amphibious Corps. Stocks of ammunition, water and food were

in short supply. At one time I got down to two rounds for my automatic weapon. Things were so critical that our torpedo bombers were loaded with containers of water, food and ammunition. According to official reports the supply flight program worked well. In our area, however, the aircraft seemed to come over from our rear, begin their turn at our line and dump the supplies over the Japanese lines. Occasionally the stuff was close enough for us to go out and get it, but most of the time it was lost. We got so frustrated that we started shooting at the planes as they'd fly over.

The company continued to advance and we took a ridge overlooking a small village on the enemy side, possibly Iwa, about June 6th. Once on the hill we took a couple of mortar rounds which did no damage but thereafter it was quiet. The Japanese continued their withdrawal toward the south end of the island. We prepared positions along the crest in the rocks strewn there.

That night we mounted only two guard posts in our front. Both covered paths up from the village which were the only method of access to the top from the village below. The leader of our first fire team and I drew the last watch of the night from four to "everybody up". at one of those posts. The two of us sat at a place where the trail turned 90 degrees. Here we could see and hear anyone coming up the trail (there was a good moon as I remember) and could hear anyone trying to climb up the hill through the brush away from the trail. We sat in silence for most of our watch.

A few minutes after dawn (we could see but there were lots of shadows) my buddy (I don't remember his name; he was one of our Peleliu vets) grabbed my arm and said, "Let's get out of here!" I didn't argue and we ducked up the hill behind some rocks. We had hardly hit the ground when a Japanese artillery round hit exactly where we had been sitting. Shrapnel and bits of rock flew everywhere but no one was hit. The Japanese traversed three more rounds and then searched three (this was a usual pattern by them early in the morning and at dusk when the muzzle blasts would be hard to see). All of the rounds fell out of our area but caused casualties in the unit next to us. At this point things got personal with me.

We stayed here a couple of days. We were hit by some accurate shell fire and we could see a number of natives in the village. We felt that there was an OP in the village below. Our platoon mounted a patrol of half a dozen of us, with Algie Wheeler in the lead, to scout the village out. We found several civilians in the village and our patrol split up. One

group started escorting the civilians back to our lines. Algie took a couple of people and went right toward the edge of the village.

I went left by myself toward the road which connected the village with the rest of the island. I was edging down a street on the far side of the village (away from our lines) when I came across some Japanese communication wire. I followed it toward our lines and found a Japanese soldier with a field telephone. He wasn't paying much attention to his business and hadn't heard me come up. As soon as he heard the first report from my Tommygun he started to turn but there were already a couple .45 slugs in him. He passed away shortly thereafter.

The shots scared up several civilians who made for the main road. I got them rounded up and headed for our lines. One old lady was a little reluctant to go. She edged down the road away from me. As I went after her she said something which ended with what I thought sounded like, "American soldier". I said, "Hell no. lady, I'm a Marine." She gave a little squeal and started running. It took me about 50 yards to catch her. By this time I was getting a little edgy about being alone so I pushed the civilians back down the road through G Company's lines.

On June 11th E Company moved up to reinforce F Company attempting to take Hill 69. We were the reserve platoon and after the Hill was taken we moved up to close a gap which an advance had opened in our line. This move trapped a number of Japanese and about midnight they started to try to get back to their own lines. We hadn't done any shooting that night so they didn't know where we were.

I was "foxholing" with my assistant BARman. I was asleep when he shook me. I woke up to see several black shadowy figures creeping toward us. One of them was only two or three yards from our hole. I didn't have time to turn my BAR around (it was facing out toward the Japanese lines) and my buddy was shaking and couldn't do anything. I got a hand grenade, pulled the ring, counted three and tossed it at the figure.

When she (it turned out to be a Japanese nurse) heard the "pop" of the striker of my grenade, she threw a "potato masher" at the sound. Both grenades went off; mine first. There was lots of shooting over the next half-hour or so, most from around the company CP and our machine gun section next to our hole which had turned its gun to the rear. We were wide-awake facing front and rear but we didn't see anything at

which to shoot. We saw some figures but they were close to the Company CP and already taking fire.

The next morning we found twenty or so bodies in our immediate area. Two were women- the one who died about five feet from the end of my foxhole and another about 30 feet away. The majority of the dead Japanese were around our company CP which was about 40 feet behind us. The nurse's grenade had gone off about 18 inches from my head. The concussion knocked off my helmet, rang my ears and dug a 4 inch deep hole.

This action is described on Page 413 of "The Old Breed", the First Marine Division history by George McMillan. I don't agree with some of it but the description is kind of exciting.

KUNISHI RIDGE

We continued moving up with minor opposition (I don't remember any casualties) until we got to the edge of the valley which divided us from Kunishi Ridge. We sat there for a day or two pushing patrols into the valley. It was, as I remember, about a quarter to a half mile across mainly rice paddies without much cover and under Japanese observation all the way. No one wanted to attack across that open space. We heard that the Seventh had made a night assault and that we'd join up with them as they moved up.

Our skipper, Lt. Watkins, had a platoon leader/NCO meeting describing the program. White and Wheeler came back and about 1600 told us that we were going across at night to ease the pressure on the Seventh. Our platoon was to lead the battalion advance. The plan was for our squad to lead; the first fire team was to move into the platoon objective- a crown-like pinnacle of rock about twenty feet across at the crest and the rest of us would push up the ridge to set a perimeter for the rest of the assault companies (E and G) to push through.

Nobody slept much that night. Our platoon leader, Second Lieutenant George A White, Jr. who had been with us for about two weeks, took the point. Our squad led the platoon with the first fire team in the lead. Right after the lieutenant was the first fire team led by the Marine who sensed the shell coming on the hill. With him was Dick Hyde. I remember Dick because he had a CAR (an automatic rifle similar to the Browning but made by Colt) which I had tried to trade him out of since I joined the platoon. The next man was called, "The Old Man" because he was in his mid-twenties and was married

and had children. I believe his name was Hatten. Next in line was our fire team (we only had three men in a team) led by a pfc named Boisvert (or Boisfort) from Nashua, New Hampshire, the other veteran of Peleliu. I came next followed by my assistant BARman. The rest of the platoon came after us.

When we took off at about three in the morning of June 14th, the first flare went up. We had been told that there'd be no flares fired up as we crossed. It seemed that they were shot up regularly until we got to the base of the ridge although I do remember walking in the dark. We used the berms between the rice paddies for part of the way and a road for the rest.

About two-thirds of the way across, a mortar round landed what I thought was a great distance away. Later Boisvert told me that it exploded behind him and that he was surprised that I was still behind him. I'd guess that it exploded in a rice paddy and was smothered by the water. Other rounds landed in the valley but they were all behind us.

It was still dark when we got to the base of the ridge. Lieutenant White hit the right spot and led us up the ridge in open formation by fire teams. When the first team hit what I suppose was the top of the ridge, the Japanese opened on us with small arms. We were about ten yards off the crest when the shooting started. Our fire team started ahead but Lt. White grabbed Boisvert and told us that the first fire team were casualties and we'd have to move to the right to take the platoon objective. The three of us headed for it and climbed into the middle of the crown and set up a small perimeter.

White then led the rest of the platoon onto the ridge. I don't know what happened then as the three of us were by ourselves in the dark. There was a lot of shooting and I could hear bullets hitting the rocks over our heads but we were under cover and they buzzed rather harmlessly.

Just at that time, about dawn when objects were beginning to stand out (five-thirty or six?), Lt. White came into our position with another member of our company (his name was Nardini, I believe). The rest of the company was pinned down and needed some covering fire. Nardini pointed out a rocky area just becoming visible to the left of our position as the target. I stood up (the rock protection was three to four feet) and White came over beside me and we began to fire. I fired one magazine and had just started on a second when there was a "bang" and the sound of a body falling. I knew that someone was hit and asked who it was. I heard, "It's me,

Whitey."

I looked around and saw him on the ground. I dropped down beside him and opened his jacket. He was shot through the lungs and blood was wheezing and air was leaving his chest. I got his poncho to cover the holes (entrance and exit wounds) but he stopped breathing before I could get this done. We thought that White had been shot from the direction we had been firing so we located facing that way. At this point Algie Wheeler came up with three or four other Marines and told us to stop firing and spread us out in the pinnacle.

Lt. White was carrying a .45 automatic and I decided to take it. While I was picking it off his belt I noticed the carbine he was firing when shot. The stock was splintered from the back. I looked closer at his wounds and they appeared to be inflicted at close range; Lt. White had been shot in the back from behind us. About this time I began to think, "Why him and not me."

By now it was full daylight. A Japanese heavy machine gun began to fire from what must have been a carved out position right below us. We tossed several hand grenades over the side but nothing happened. We also looked for a way around to the cave but could see nothing. I now feel that a Japanese heard us, crept out of the cave on a ledge we couldn't see and shot upward to kill the Lieutenant.

The machine gun ceased fire shortly. The gun was probably sited south, as most of the Japanese defenses were and could not bear on our people to the north of the pinnacle.

In our area things were quiet and about noon we had set two lookouts and the rest of us were sitting in a circle in the bottom of the crown. Into the center of our group came a Japanese concussion grenade thrown from the cave below (we had kept dropping grenades throughout the morning). One of our people picked up the grenade to throw it out of the area but it went off in his hand. It didn't blow it off, but the hand looked like a piece of hamburger (two fingers were gone) with blood flowing rather plentifully.

When I saw the grenade all I could do was turn my head. I was about six feet away initially but about four feet when it burst. A piece of shrapnel sliced away a small piece of the bridge of my nose. The area bled profusely but not seriously as a face wound will. I couldn't hear because my ears (particularly the right one) was ringing like a belfrey. Everyone else in the pinnacle was wounded except our

lookouts. My assistant BARman received the full blast and he had at least 30 wounds- mostly small. He had several around the eyes and couldn't see. Algie Wheeler had a nasty hand wound and the other Marine had several wounds- serious but not life threatening.

All of us were able to walk (some with much assistance to the aid station located at the base of the ridge) and we were treated almost immediately. Our corpsman, HA 1st Robert Walker who was mortally wounded later that day, did what he could and put three on stretchers to be carried out on a tank. Algie walked out. After he looked at me, Bob told me he'd evacuate me because of my hearing but I decided not to go. It wasn't that I couldn't bear to leave the place but snipers were shooting anything that moved in the valley below and I felt a lot safer going back to the pinnacle.

I think that I made a wise decision although Algie and other walking wounded squeezed inside the tanks. A number of our wounded on litters were killed as they rode out on the tanks. I understand that this action caused the Corps to build armored ambulances.

I went back to the pinnacle and joined what was left of our platoon in a depression at the base of the rock. By this time a tank with a 75 mm gun had pumped several rounds which silenced the machine gun and pulverized the crown of the rock. Later in the afternoon we were joined by a lieutenant (Paul LaFond, I think) from one of the other companies. He took a look at me and suggested that I evacuate but my hearing was almost back and I wasn't any more interested than before.

Here another replacement, Bob Smith, a former 7th Marine who had been on the Canal and evacuated from Cape Gloucester with scrub typhus, was assigned to our fire team (with Boisfort). We were the anchor of the right of our line and we stayed there until shortly before dusk when we were withdrawn and the three of us (our squad) assigned to a hole near the company CP. We were assigned to defend the CP. We stayed there through the next day. We were pretty well protected from the knees up but our lower legs were exposed and I expected for one or all of us to get shot during the day but the only thing that hit our hole was a rock kicked up by a mortar that hit my shoe. It startled me but did no damage.

This was our second day without food. We had a can of ham and eggs with potatoes but it was so bad we couldn't eat it. It was the morning of the fourth day before we got anything to eat. We had dumped our packs some time back and had only our

dungaree pockets (they were the old style) to carry anything. No one had a toothbrush, razor or similar personal item.

RELIEVED

The night of June 16th we were replaced by the second battalion of the Fifth Marines. We pulled out with the CP and walked back across the valley and into a small valley where we were allowed to get some sleep. Early the next morning we were rudely awakened by an artillery fire mission. It seems that our valley was on the muzzle side of a hill shielding a battalion of Corps artillery.

The next day we began to walk north. We were assigned to furnish a perimeter around army or corps headquarters (we were told). We walked to the "rest area" and shortly after leaving our initial bivouac we were strafed by an Air Corps P-47. Fortunately he must have been an amateur because he didn't start shooting until he got to G Company at the end of our column and at that point the bullets missed them completely.

When we got our perimeter set up we were able to take stock of our situation. Boisfort, a PFC, was our platoon, squad and fire team leader. Smitty and I were the rest of our team and there were three other members of the platoon left. We had two machine gunners from the machine gun squad assigned to our platoon for the campaign (one of them was Narcissas Cuneco from Chicago) and one light machine gun. We had four BARs, six Tommyguns, seven .45 automatic pistols and that light MG.

Okinawa was declared secure on June 22. In addition to our perimeter guard we were making patrols through the countryside. We didn't discover anything but other military units- most of them Army and most in Khakis nice campsites. We were allowed to visit two such camps to watch movies. It was amusing because we had to go everywhere armed and our hosts were in starched khakis.

There were several events during this period which I remember. One night I was on watch in my hole when I saw a figure diving into the deck. Then I spotted another and another. No one was getting close but I thought we were being surrounded and it was just a matter of time. I decided to find out so I told Smitty and the guys in the holes on either side that I was going out. I took my .45 in my hand and rolled out of my hole and began to "snoop and poop" forward. Then I saw my enemy- several small pines were blowing over as gusts of wind blew. I crawled back and didn't say a word.

Someone had discovered a pool of water among the rocks and it provided blessed relief to dive in and swim underwater to the other side leaving our fleas behind. It didn't do much good for long until we got new dungarees (none of them fit).

During this period we got an issue of "white light" (190 proof grain alcohol. Our platoon (eight of us) got a whole tin which meant a canteen cup for each of us. We cut it with lemon powder from K rations and everyone got stoned. Some one saw, or thought they saw, a Japanese sneak out of a tomb between us and F Company. Alcohol did what night on the line couldn't; we began to fire at that poor little fellow. It's a good thing that nothing serious happened.

We got a draft of replacement officers. Our platoon drew a young Second Lieutenant named Blackwell. He was clean, neat and fresh from the ship. Somewhere he must have heard of young second lieutenants being shot in the back by their men. We were really pretty rough looking and he decided to make friends right away. Nothing would do but we had to call him "Blacky" (nobody did) and look at pictures of his new wife (all of us did that, she was cute). After the war was over "Blacky" got real "GI" requiring strict military courtesy be observed. We thought this was pretty "chicken" after his "please like me" performance.

A few weeks later I got into trouble with "Blacky". We were exploring some tombs in the area and came on several cases of our "frag" grenades. One case was minus the pitch which usually sealed the body to the firing mechanism. We disarmed several to play with and I pulled the pin almost loose and hooked the spoon in my belt. When I got to where a group of our platoon was sitting around a fire I knocked the grenade loose and yelled, "Fire in the hole." The striker hit the primer and the grenade sizzled. Most of the people just hit the deck but Blacky ran- about 50 yards. He was furious when he saw everyone watching him. I've never been too bright in dealing with superiors.

We stayed here listening to rumors about going "stateside" or to Hawaii or back to Australia. Most were from our chaplain, "Bum Dope" (self-described) Turner. In the end of June we were sent north to build our camp on Okinawa. We were trucked to the site. We met replacements and returnees here to bring us to almost full strength.

Our campsite was in the Okinawa countryside and we had to clear the land. Several of us were detailed to blow cisterns and buildings. This lasted until one evening we used all of

our charges on one cistern and blew rocks and reinforcing rod all over the area. We were thereafter shovel men.

Our battalion site and company area were pretty grim. We had eight man tents with about twelve men in them. The tents had dirt floors and our area was low so when it rained we had a real problem. We "strongbacked" our tent (a log across the back mounted on posts). The night of the big typhoon we were called out to look for survivors from a YMS that foundered off the coast. While we were gone our "strongback" pulled out and was across our cots. Here also our group always had five gallons of "Jungle Juice" going.

After a while our galleys were set up and we got a meal of steak and eggs. That evening we got hamburgers and fried potatoes. The next morning each company had to send messmen to the galley. Smitty and I volunteered.

The previous day's meal was the last fresh food (except bread) which we had on Okinawa. The chow got pretty bad because of its sameness. Breakfasts were powdered eggs, pancakes and orange marmalade and French toast also with orange marmilade from Australia. Dinners were canned stew or fried Spam or Vienna sausages in sequence. One day we had weevils in the cereal with our eggs. When a complaint was made, the OD replied, "Quit complaining. We haven't had fresh meat in the officer's club for a month."

Smitty and I had a good life though. We had our own tent near the galley and just handled the mess gear water. Our playhouse was broken up when we had to return to the company for the move to China.

One of my tentmates got a package from home. We opened it with great anticipation (not many packages were coming through in any kind of condition). It was full of cans of Vienna sausage. I hope my friend's mother never learned that the cans she had used her meat points for were used as pistol target practice.

Because I couldn't see my teeth when I smiled, I decided I needed my teeth cleaned. I trotted over to the the Division Dental Office where I found a Dental Officer with his feet up, reading a comic book. Upon hearing my request, he said, "We're so busy we're only taking emergency cases", recrossed his legs and turned the page. I was unarmed at the time. I went back to my tent and scraped my teeth with my K-Bar knife.

While we were gone we got another 2nd lieutenant. The Corps

wisely decided to assign two platoon leaders to each platoon. They both would train with the platoon and the junior would stay at the CP until the senior went hors 'd combat. Our draw was a recent graduate of Quantico we called "Sleepy" (why, I don't remember). We soon had much more confidence in him than in Blackwell.

The war finally ended after a couple of false alarms. Smitty and I had gone to the 5th Marines movie (they had 35 mm and a good supply of films; we had 16 mm and only a couple films). A sergeant got up and announced that it was all over. There was no celebrating- we just wanted to see the movie.

About a month later we left for China. I went as a Prisoner-at-Large. One evening a day or so before we went aboard ship I was on guard at the officers mess. A rat ran across a wire and I snapped in on it just as Lt. Tebbs came around the corner. Lt. Tebbs was full-time Treasurer of the Officer's Mess. I don't know when he joined the battalion but I do know that he had no regular assignment. He charged me with attempted manslaughter because the rat was between me and the 5th Marines area.

CHINA

We shipped out of Okinawa on September 26th in a small convoy aboard the APA USS Effingham. I remember the ship because of the captain's attitude about feeding the troops. The meals aboard ship were great. Most of our time was spent watching the convoy dodge mines. It was unusual to have running lights on at night.

After a brush with a typhoon in the South China Sea we reached the Chinese coast near Tanku on September 30th. No one knew how we would be greeted by the Japanese or the Chinese so we were fully armed and equipped. The harbor at Tanku is very shallow so the convoy anchored out at sea and we went down cargo nets into LSTs. Another outfit was the assault unit and we could hear them on our radios so that as our LSTs circled until our time to land (our LST went aground twice and had to be towed off once) we knew that the landing was peaceful. We landed and marched to the railroad station. The 2nd Bn. was on the first train to Tientsin.

We were, I believe, the first large line outfit to enter the city. We began a triumphal parade from the railroad station to the British Barracks in the British section of the city. We were mobbed by cheering Chinese and by the time we'd gone a

half mile or so, we were fighting our way one at a time through people (primarily kids) who just wanted to touch us.

I pulled guard duty in the intersection outside the barracks the first day from noon to four and from midnight to four (I shouldn't have as a PAL). The first relief was a real problem. It took three or four of us to keep the intersection open for our trucks and equipment. If we stopped or smiled we were mobbed; eight to twenty kids would grab at us- three or four on each arm trying to climb on us. When I went out at midnight (alone) the street was still crowded. By two it had thinned out and a man brought a little boy to meet me. The man told me (he spoke English) that people had been waiting 48 hours to greet us and most of the first 20 hours were in the rain.

Tientsin was a treaty port. The major powers (Japan, Italy, France, Great Britain and Germany) each owned and controlled a section of the city. The foreign area was the center of commerce and rather modern. All the clubs and restaurants were here. Prostitution was a big business. There were several houses a block square and three or four stories high and many smaller ones in the foreign area (houses of prostitution were numbered in Pieping and the best hotel was Number One).

We just got settled when I had my trial for "attempted manslaughter." The Top (first sergeant) marched me in to the office where Lts. Watkins and Robbins (our XO) were sitting. I breathed a sigh of relief when Watkins asked Robbins to defend me. It was all over in a few minutes and I about faced and marched out a free man. I felt that they thought Tebbs was a real jerk.

The units in the British Barracks got liberty shortly. The Marine Corps issued condoms and prophylactic (pro) kits to combat venereal disease. There was also a sea of bad booze. Along about dinner time the drunks began to arrive. I've never seen so many and so drunk. If they made the gate but couldn't make their units the drunks were put in the guardhouse. I was on another relief of the guard (I drew guard again because I wasn't supposed to be on the first time) but was called out to help. Soon we were layering the drunks. Many were sick and it was really bad. We finally got several Marines from each unit to meet their buddies and cart them home.

When we got liberty Cpl. Palmer (our new squad leader), Harold Chute and I went into town and ate \$2,000 (Chinese) worth of

ice cream. We got back early and gathered around a fire with a group from the platoon. Smitty, who had been married before returning overseas, had gotten drunk and gone to a house of ill-repute. Afterward he had taken a Pro. Then he had a Pro and the pro-station which was next to the guardhouse at the gate as he returned to the Barracks. Now he was ashamed of himself and worried about venereal disease (about which we were warned in no uncertain terms). Soon we saw him trying to give himself another pro. We got him calmed down (or so we thought) but soon we missed him. We looked around but couldn't find him. One of us had an idea and we raced for the gate. Nothing in the pro shack but we heard a noise in the guardhouse. There was Smitty holding up our junior platoon leader, banging him against the wall yelling, "Gimme a pro, Doc."

A few days after our arrival 2-1 was designated to provide the honor guard for the Japanese surrender in North China. I felt that this was quite appropriate. Each company furnished about a platoon for the guard.

We then moved into a school in an area of the old city (or Japanese section) populated by Japanese. Between the school and the Japanese living area was a stream. Our mission was to maintain order and guard a Japanese arsenal, factory and brigade headquarters. We had a pleasant relationship with the Japanese and even had a meal in a Japanese home. We protected them because while we were there a Chinese soldier forced his way in and we were able to throw him out.

Shortly after our arrival we faced off against a platoon-sized group of Chinese communists. They had taken over the factory. When we deployed (also a platoon), they packed up and left. Blackwell did a pretty fair job of handling the situation although our interpreter did all the talking. That was when our protection of the Japanese installations began.

We also broke up a number of riots in our area of the city (my left foot appeared in a picture published in Time magazine describing the situation in North China).

A friend of mine, Sam Lefcourt, talked Colonel Magee (he said) into letting him put out a battalion newspaper, the Crackerjack (our code name in the China operation). He asked me to help; Sam was the publisher and I was the editor. It was Sam's only duty but I did it in my spare time. I did most of the original writing (such as biographies of men in the battalion and descriptions of our activities) and Sam collected other articles and pictures.

The paper (it was four sheet, letter size) was printed by a Chinese firm and Sam handled that. It was a pretty good paper if I do say so, and it was eagerly awaited by the troops. We almost lost it, however, when Sam decided to publish a clever but caustic editorial criticizing the Colonel for one of his actions. I knew, and I believe I told Sam, that the criticism was unjust and unfair. Colonel Magee had really acted in our best interests. We printed it anyway and the Colonel was furious. We denied writing the editorial (it was signed "Socrates" or some such name) but we wouldn't identify the writer- it was his personal clerk.

Early, early one morning I had a "head call". It was outdoors and as I crossed the parade ground I saw a light where one shouldn't have been. Walking over I saw that it was coming from our radio jeep. There were two of our radio people listening to the World Series- Chicago (my team at the time) and Detroit.

Thanksgiving week I was selected to take a trip to Peiping. We went by train and had no trouble (we tourists weren't armed but there were guards on the train). While there we stayed in the Palace of Prince Tuan and we were taken on tours. We could hear the Communist/ Nationalist guns north of the city so we stayed pretty close.

I had an unfortunate experience with Chinese justice in Peiping. As a buddy and I were walking through the square in front of the Forbidden City (we called it the Thieve's Market because of the kind and amount of things for sale). I had just put a wad of bills in my field jacket pocket (it was an old-style short jacket) and when I put my hand back into my pocket there was another hand in it. I grabbed the arm and began to swat the owner about the head and shoulders. He was yelling and I was yelling when a policeman came up. He took the pickpocket in charge and, although the policeman didn't speak English, he got the idea. An English speaking Chinese came up and explained the situation and, as the miscreant was taken away wailing, told me that his hand would be cut off.

The Marine Corps had an unfortunate experience with Chinese justice about this time. One of the Chinese workers was caught leaving the post with a case of cans of condensed milk tied around his waist. The Colonel or the Corps decided to turn the man over to the local authorities. He was sentenced to 100 lashes at the scene of his crime. The police tied him to one of our football goalposts and beat him with a bamboo pole. At about 85 the pole broke and they finished with a tree limb. Then the policemen threw him out into the street.

Most of the Marines were very upset and blamed Colonel Magee. This time the Crackerjack was able to calm the situation.

In February I got a joint pain in my left ankle. I couldn't walk so I turned in to sick bay. They sent me to the 1st Field Hospital for tests which showed a high blood sed rate. The pain lasted about a week and, because we were having a big parade, I decided to try for one more no-duty slip. Instead, our battalion surgeon sent me to the hospital. The doctor who examined me said, "If you have what I think you have, you'll be going back to the States." I thought, "I don't know what you think I have, but I've got it."

After about three weeks a group of us was put on a Marine R4D and flown to Shanghai. We went aboard a hospital ship which was the receiving medical facility for the Asiatic Fleet. Nobody knew what was wrong with me (nothing) because the Ward Doctor was diddling his nurse in the examining room. All we heard from him were grunts and groans.

A few days later a larger group of us were put on a Navy R6D and flown via Okinawa to Guam. It was a fun flight; when we landed in Okinawa the pilot bounced the tail of the airplane. When we took off most of us were standing in the cockpit. Landing on Guam we were sent to Fleet Hospital 111. I was sent to a "heart" ward and examined. The doctor indicated that there was nothing wrong but since I had enough points for discharge, it would be easier and better for me to go through the medical system.

After a of couple weeks we went aboard a hospital ship for our return trip. I was a class 5 patient (class 1 is complete bedrest, 2 is head privileges only, 3 is around the ward, 4 is around the hospital and 5 is work and liberty) and was assigned cleaning duties aboard ship. Although the ship's crap game was right by my sack, it was a good trip. We landed in San Francisco and it was still near enough to the war's end that we were met by a small boat with horn tooting and passengers cheering. A band was waiting on the dock.

STATESIDE

We went to Oak Knoll Hospital in Oakland. The Navy told us to ship our sea bags home and even gave us Railway Express tags and paid for the shipment. The Marine Corps gave us about a three-quarter issue of clothes and one blanket. After an examination I was confirmed as a class 5 patient and scheduled for liberty Thursday afternoon. Thursday morning we were

loaded aboard a hospital train and sent on our way to Chicago. It was quite a ride. We beat the time of the City of San Francisco by four hours.

Our car was destined for Georgia and was placed on a siding for a day and a half. The Army nurse and soldier on the car wouldn't let any of us off- even for a phone call. The train south was as slow as the train from the coast was fast. We could actually walk along side. The last leg of our trip to the Naval Hospital at Dublin, Georgia, was by bus. We had a fuss about seating before we left because we had three black men in the group. The bus driver wouldn't leave until the seating conformed to Georgia law. After a short discussion we left.

Along with three or four other "rheumatic fever" patients, I was assigned to the largest ward in the hospital. All of us raised hell about being classified "1" patients here. We were quickly made Class 3 but that's all the ward doctor (also a China vet) would do until the Hospital's First Lieutenant asked to have some Marines assigned to him. It seems that several patients had gone AWOL and been caught. The Navy wanted them in the brig but had no guards. I was made a Class 4 patient.

We ran a taut brig. I had the four to eight watch as turnkey one morning. I woke up about eight (each turnkey woke his relief by phone and Marines used as guards could sleep in). I rushed down to the brig and found the prisoners milling around in the bull pen, the lockup door open and the turnkey in a cell asleep. The hospital was full of Marines and Sailors who hadn't been in service very long and really didn't understand the meaning of "duty".

I finally got a chance to get my teeth cleaned. I went to the dental office but they refused because I was a transient. I found a fellow patient in my ward was a dental tech assigned to the dental office. After hearing my story he indicated that he could do it on his own time. We went in after evening chow one night and I got into the chair. I had hardly opened my mouth when a chief came in and shut down the procedure.

After I complained loudly about the Doctor's capability (wile he was standing behind me) I was made a Class 5 patient. Little changed, however, since liberty in Dublin, Georgia, wasn't too great. We were reassigned to stand guard on the lock ward which wasn't as nice as the brig.

About May 1st I got a 30 day R&R leave. After I returned to

the hospital there was a week of examinations and such and three of us were sent to Charleston for discharge.

Charleston Naval Shipyard was a nice post. The barracks were tropical style with big verandas. Mess was family style (except desserts) and on Wednesdays we got turkey and all the trimmings (steak every fourth or fifth week) free cigarettes and all the beer we wanted. I understand that the money for the extras came from our PX fund.

The Marine Detachment had two companies- the guard company and the 1st Casual Company for us discharges as well as seagoing Marines passing through because Charleston was the receiving station for the Atlantic Fleet; the hospital at Dublin had the 2nd Casual Company out of Charleston). There was also a base brig which also received prisoners from the Atlantic Fleet.

The Marine Detachment was top heavy with rank both post personal and casuals. There were more sergeant-majors and tops than privates and PFCs. Only staff NCOs could pull gate guard.

We were issued rifles (full of cosmoline) and pith helmets (shades of bootcamp) on our arrival. It took about a week to clean our rifles and ten days to get our discharges- they came from (and read) MCB Parris Island. While we waited we pulled guard duty one day and chased prisoners the next.

One of our posts was the Lock-Ward in the hospital. We had a stand-up desk at the entrance and we could talk to some of the inmates. I got friendly with a prisoner who had been tried for desertion. One night I decided to go the base theater (outdoor) and being early, I plopped down in a seat in the middle of the benches. I began to notice that no one was sitting by me. A glance told me that the Marines (from the Brig Detachment) were all seating way in the back in a corner. I was getting a little antsy because of the glares I was getting from the surrounding "Swabbies" when my friend from the Lock-Ward showed up (his sentence had been suspended and he was shipping out the next day). He bummed a cigarette, sat down and we talked. After that there was no problem.

I almost got into trouble when chasing prisoners. I "volunteered" that I and my three prisoners (two of them were kids that I had chased before) were carpenters. Charleston was getting a new CO who raised dogs rather than gardening as did Col. Muldoon. We were changing a tool shed and garden to a kennel and dog run. Our Marine participants decided to have a coffee break leaving the four of us. It was a hot day, we

were thirsty and there was a milk truck nearby. I bought a quart of milk and we shared it behind the tool shed/kennel when who should come around the corner but Colonel Muldoon. As we came to attention and explained the situation. He smiled and said, "Just don't let Mister Adams (the adjutant) catch you.

I came a lot closer to trouble on my final dental exam before discharge. The Dental Officer chewed me out for the condition of my teeth. I was again unarmed.

My last day was an anti-climax. We four marched into the Colonel's office (I nearly died because Gus has been pressing his only clean trousers when he put a big iron-burn right on the seat). The Colonel gave us a nice speech and passed out our discharges; the adjutant gave us the rest of our papers, a railroad ticket home and a check for unused leave and the Corps took us to the station.

I was a civilian on 24 July, 1946. How did I do by going to the hospital? Sam Lefcourt had fewer discharge points than I did. He stayed for one draft after he should have gone for discharge. He was discharged in the last week of April.

POST WAR

When I got home I applied to reenter the University of Michigan. They replied that both fall and spring semesters were full but that I'd be put on a waiting list. I never did go back. Like many other exes, I met a sweet young lady and became smitten.

Pat worked at the local electric utility's billing office and I thought it would be nice to get a job there. The job they gave me was in the Gas Engineering Department- some miles away. I took a review math course at Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago during the fall semester of 1946. I really enjoyed my job and Pat and I were quite serious. I decided to continue to go to school at night.

Patricia Grayson and I were married on November 9, 1947. The date caused me lots of trouble later. I'd remember that something important happened in early November. Ah, it was the Marine Corps birthday! It took a few years to change my priorities.

I was graduated from Illinois Tech. with a Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering degree in January of 1954. By this time

I had been promoted to Engineer in the Station Design Department of Public Service Company of Northern Illinois (now Northern Illinois Gas Company). I also did the gas division's surveying and structural design. Pat and I had two daughters-Linda (1951) and Barbara (1953).

On February 1, 1954, I took a job as District Engineer in the East Saint Louis office of the Illinois Power Company. Our son Robert was born the same year.

On Labor Day of 1960 I left Illinois to join Southern Union Gas Company as an Engineer in their corporate office in Dallas. In 1961 we moved into our present home in Dallas and our son John was born. I got involved in gas distribution system design and had two papers published in trade magazines. I also spoke on system design and corrosion control at seminars and Distribution Conferences of the American Gas Association and was a member of the Distribution Design and Development Committee of that Association.

In 1966 I was promoted to Assistant Chief Engineer of the Company. In 1968 the Company made a deal with an Australian Oil Company to joint venture a gas pipeline from Roma to Brisbane, Australia with two gathering systems near Roma in Queensland. I was designated Engineering manager of the project and spent eight months in two sessions "down under". It was a real experience because I had to start everything from scratch. We were the second pipeline in Queensland and the first gas pipeline in Australia.

Part of my engineering responsibilities involved design and contracting for Company buildings costing less than \$150,000 and selecting and working with architects on larger projects.

In April of 1972 I was named Director of the Rate Division for the Company. Our group was responsible for analyzing the financial status of the various Company operations, preparing and presenting requests for rate increases, maintaining the Company's Rules of Service and preparing cost of gas adjustments. I have testified on plant investment and valuation, operations, accounting, utility finance and rate design before the Arizona Corporation Commission, New Mexico Public Service Commission, Oklahoma Corporation Commission, Texas Railroad Commission and several city councils in Texas. I was also a member of the American Gas Association.

In 1979 as the result of a very poor business decision, Southern Union divided their business into a number of separate companies. Because I wouldn't leave Dallas in 1980 I

was made Construction Manager of Southern Union Realty Company, a subsidiary. I hadn't even moved out to my new office when the General Manager resigned and I took his place.

In 1985 I was told to close down operations and by January of 1986 this was almost done. On February 1st I was given early retirement along with the rest of the "dead wood". A year later our big deal came undone and I was called back to do it again. I was finally retired again in February of 1991.

I consider myself fairly successful in business. I was one of the top one percent of the Company's people (the equivalent in the military of a Colonel or BG) with my name on the list of executives in the annual report. In my spare time I have been a Boy Scoutmaster and spent 25 years as a member of the Dallas Chapter of the Southwest Football Officials Association. Pat and I have attended one Presbyterian church or another since about 1956 and I sing in the choir (before I went to high school I played the cornet but I wanted to play football and you couldn't do both; my mother agreed to let me play ball but I had to do something musical; the lesser of evils was sing). I'm a member of the Dallas Chapter of the First Marine Division Association and of the Marine Corps Historical Foundation.

We're proud of our family. Our oldest Linda graduated from S.M.U., taught mathematics in Dallas and is now a very successful technical trainer in the local office of Hewlett-Packard. Barb has a business degree from UT- Dallas and was a revenue accountant for a national oil company before she decided to stay home and take care of our two grandchildren. Robert (he's Robert and I'm Bob) has a civil engineering degree from UT- Arlington and works for a local engineering firm. John has a computer engineering degree from UT- Arlington and works for a French company that bought out Rockwell's communication division. Our youngest, Judy (born here in 1969), graduated from Austin College and is now a flight attendant for American Airlines based in New York. She lives in a one bedroom- one bath apartment with four other girls in Manhattan.

Now I have the best of all worlds. My time is occupied with reading, gardening, writing, traveling and golf. I play with former officers of the Company and an ex-AF Colonel. I just don't have enough time to get it all done.