

Gray Matters

Korean War Edition



**Dedicated to Those OLLI @ Furman Members
Who Served During the Korean Conflict
Fall 2014**

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INTRODUCTION

Gary Aten

OLLI @ Furman is proud to present this edition honoring our Korean War Veterans. As in the World War II edition, these stories are by necessity abbreviated. Hopefully, you can get a flavor of their service. We tried to contact as many OLLI vets as possible, but probably have missed some. To all of our Korean War vets we say **THANK YOU** for your service. A special thanks to the vets featured here for sharing their experiences.

The Korean War has been referred to as “The Forgotten War.” It’s easy to see why, with the millions upon millions in service during WWII, and the turmoil involved with the Viet Nam conflict. In between these though, the Korean “police action” was a real war, and the trials, dedication, and sacrifice made by those who served should not be forgotten. I still remember, as a child, looking at the map of Korea during the war, which showed the “front line.” We are glad to put a few faces to go with that, probably very inaccurate, line.

My wife, Judy, participated in the interviews and she wrote and edited much of the information. I thank her for all her work. Thanks also to Carole Eisen, Sue Renault, and Nancy Williams for their editing efforts.

I also thank Jeffrey Leimsieder. He kept pushing (or rather hounding) me to do this and, in the end, I’m glad he did.

One more group deserves thanks — the women in our vets’ lives. In some cases they participated in the interviews. Often, when we asked the men for a picture of themselves during the war, it was the women that knew where they were. The articles are much richer with those pictures.

KOREAN WAR FACTS

The first war in which the United Nations played a role.

Troops or ground support sent by 22 countries. Other aid sent by 19 countries.

The U.S. sent 88% of the troops that were sent to aid South Korea.

The U.S. spent around \$67 billion on the war.

The war lasted 37 months. The truce talks lasted two years and 17 days.

There has never been a peace treaty, so the Korean War has technically never ended.

The Demilitarized Zone (DMZ) is about 160 miles long, 2.5 miles wide, and is the most heavily militarized border in the world. It crosses the 38th Parallel, the original dividing line between North and South Korea.



North Korea



United Nations



South Korea

U.S. Troops Statistics

Source: Dept. of Defense

U.S. Deaths:

Hostile: 33,739

Non-Hostile: 2,835

Total In-Theatre: 36,574

U.S. Wounded in Action - 103,284

Other Casualties by Country (killed and missing)

Source: Encyclopedia Britannica

South Korea - 217,000 military, 1,000,000 civilian

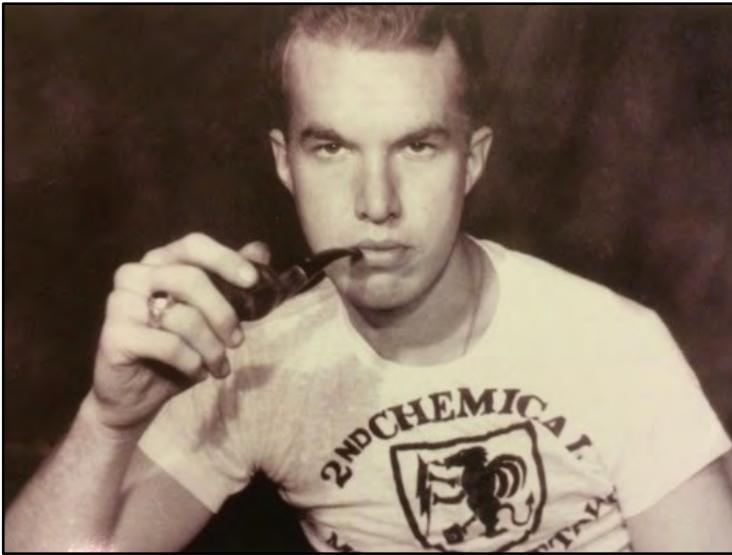
North Korea - 406,000 military, 600,000 civilian

China - 600,000 military

An order was signed authorizing the transfer of nine atomic bombs to U.S. Air Force control for possible use during the war. None were transported to Korea.

BILL FOSTER - PROCESSED TO THE MAX

Bill Foster was born in Savannah, GA, not far from the family home in Estill, SC. Not long after that, Bill's family moved to Atlanta and then back to South Carolina. Returning to South Carolina would become a theme in Bill's life. He graduated from Dreher High School in Columbia. He was living near Emory University and working at the Ansley Hotel in Atlanta when he got his draft notice for a November, 1950, induction, the same year he married Fredericka Bredow. That draft notice delayed his plan to enter Cornell and earn a degree in hotel management. Curious about where he might be headed, Bill read up on Korea in the the Emory library. He learned that in 1871 the U.S. had made its first stand in Asia in Korea and 15 Medals of Honor were awarded for this action. In 1894, Marines were dispatched to Korea to protect the American Delegation in Seoul during the Japanese advance on the capital of Korea. Bill returned to Columbia and its large infantry training base, Fort Jackson. He completed his basic training, and then, after a 30-day leave, he took the train to Ft. Lawton, WA, a beautiful base overlooking Puget Sound. During his stay at Ft. Lawton, Bill learned it was named after a distant relative of his who had distinguished himself in the "War of Yankee Aggression."



After processing, Bill boarded a troop ship in Seattle, expecting a smooth crossing to Japan. However, his ship did not cooperate, breaking down near Adak in the Aleutian Islands. After several days in Adak while the ship was repaired, Bill concluded Korea was a preferable destination. Once he reached Japan, Bill was sent to Camp Drake for processing. There he was "processed" several times. It was a mystery to him, but it seemed to make sense to the Army. Eventually, he boarded a ship and steamed to Korea. Bill

still remembers the unpleasant smell, which he dubbed the "olfactory trauma," of Japan and Korea that wafted to his ship. In March, 1951, he reached Korea and traveled via railroad boxcars to Ichon. At this point, further processing determined his future. Luck (and his last name) played a major part in his assignment. There were a set number of slots for a chemical mortar battalion. It turned out that the list of men whose names ended in "F" and "G" added up to the correct number. That was when Bill became part of the 2nd Chemical Mortar Battalion, an independent battalion that supported 18 divisions from four nations. This group began its history as the First Gas Regiment, conducting all U.S. chemical warfare missions in WWI. In WWII, the unit deployed with the 4.2-inch chemical mortar, tasked for close infantry support, firing high explosives and white phosphorus. In Korea, the battalion achieved an incredible record of 1,007 consecutive days in combat. The battalion was called the Red Dragons.

At Ichon, he was interviewed by a Captain Dale Henry, who asked him what he wanted to do. Bill replied, "Get a discharge." Since that was not an option, he said he wanted to be a cook, feeling this food knowledge might help in his hotel training. Captain Henry, seeing that Bill had a couple of years in college, talked him into working in personnel for 4 weeks as a trial. If, after that time, Bill still wanted to be a cook, he would see to it. Four weeks later, after comparing his current work to the monotonous preparation of chipped beef on toast and the cooks' early hours, he remained in personnel, working for a line company, a medical company, and the headquarters company. Bill managed all the normal personnel paperwork, for which the Army is famous. Among his other duties he co-founded a newspaper for the division called the *Stovepipe Scoop*, named after the appearance of the mortars.



Bill spent about 4 months in the Hwachon Reservoir area. Winters were frigid; one November day it was 8° with a 35 mph north wind, yielding a -60° wind chill. The winter weather was typically very cold for 4 or 5 days and then a little warmer, a relative term, for 3 or 4 days. Summers in Korea brought the monsoons, heat, and deep mud that made driving and even walking hazardous. They lived in tents, using mortar ammo boxes for the floors.

The duty Bill had was fairly routine, but not without some emotional events. He had to complete what were called Final Crown Reports for casualties, including those killed in action. Once, during warm weather, he was swimming in a nearby river when something brushed by him. It turned out to be a dead Chinese soldier. This ended his river swimming. Bill says the enemies, both North Korean and Chinese, were smart and tough, using swarm tactics. He felt the U.S. almost lost Korea a few times because of the sheer difference in numbers. The enemy's use of bugles and cymbals was unnerving.

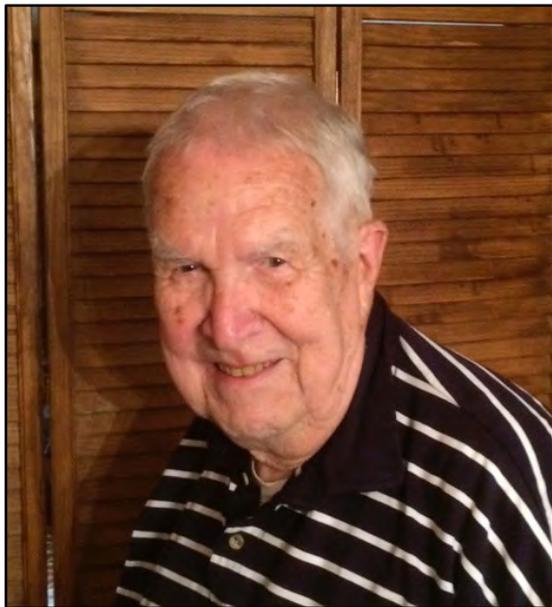
Eventually, he completed his 9-month tour and left the Hwachon area for the port of Pusan. From there he was sent to Sasebo, Japan. It was at Sasebo that Bill was issued new clothes, given a haircut, and, best of all, took a hot shower. As expected, the processing continued. In early 1952, now a sergeant, Bill returned to the U.S., sailing under the Golden Gate Bridge. He swore that he would come back to visit that bridge as a civilian. Since that day, he has flown both over and under it and has both driven and walked across it. He says the 2.7-mile walk is beautiful trip, having undertaken it twice.

After stopping at Camp Stoneman, CA, he flew back to Columbia (again) and then was processed (again) at the Army transport center in Ft. Eustis, VA. He worked as a personnel supervisor at the Transportation Research and Development Station (TRADS), which dealt with every form of transportation the Army used, including watercraft, aircraft, locomotives, and trucks. One of the bigger projects was a landing craft. He lived off the post in Williamsburg, VA, where he had some relatives. His work was interrupted by a mysterious disease that none of the young hospital interns could

diagnose. It was thought he might have polio. An older, more experienced, doctor immediately knew what ailed Bill — malaria! No one had told Bill that the malaria-suppressing pills he had been taking in Korea needed to be continued when he returned to the States. During this time, he was promoted to sergeant major and was due to be discharged. However, his expectant wife had some medical problems, and travel was not recommended. So, Bill stayed in the Army for another year and awaited the birth of his first daughter in January, 1953. Bill was then discharged in August that year.

Army life suited Bill, and he re-enlisted in October for 3 more years. During this enlistment he worked in personnel in the Georgia Military District offices in Atlanta. He was part of a USAR/ROTC inspection team and also distributed non-appropriated funds — money that came in through the base exchanges and the like. Bill attended Atlanta Law School while in the Army, earning an LLB law degree. At that time law school only required 2 years of college, so after completing the Law degree Bill took a job as an IBM operator and attended Oglethorpe University where he finished his bachelor's degree. A second daughter was born in 1957 while he was attending school.

Now Army life was truly over for Bill, and he returned after his final processing to (where else) Columbia. He traveled a lot working for an insurance company but ended his days on the road when he became a human resources manager. His wife Fredericka passed



away in 1971. He bade Columbia farewell forever when he moved to Greenville in April, 1972, the same year he married Lois Andrews. He retired in 1999 and started attending FULIR, the forerunner of OLLI. His wife Lois died in 2013. His two daughters live in Greenville and St. Matthews, SC. Bill has been an adjunct professor at Greenville Tech and is a devotee of the theater, volunteering with Warehouse Theater and Centre Stage in the past. He serves on the Advisory Board, Senior Adult Ministries of Christ Church Episcopal. He also enjoys travel and looking into unusual names. If you doubt his expertise in this area Bill can show you his doctorate in onomastics. He lives with a wonderful German shepherd, Sophie Joy, and two cats named Willie and Bitsy.

Although it was not where he chose to be, he found Korea interesting and has followed its progress ever since he left it. He feels that going to aid the South Koreans was the right thing to do and is glad to see their economic rise. Bill said there are many good things about Korea. He appreciates the art, especially the ceramics, feeling that the finest pieces are produced in the area around Ichon, where the artisans have perfected a blue/green glaze. He was not as appreciative about eating fly-covered raw fish in the Seoul fish market.

DAN REIDY - FIRED ON BY BOTH SIDES

Dan was born in Tucson, AZ, on February 3, 1930. His family lived on a homestead in the Tortolita Mountains, now called the Oro Valley, 25 miles north of Tucson. Dan's dreams of military service began as a schoolboy. He would watch the cavalry mounted drill team as it passed by the playground of his childhood school returning to the ROTC stables of the University of Arizona. Early in World War II, Dan's Boy Scout troop won the award for best marching unit in the 1942 Veterans Day parade. This inspired him to implore his parents to send him away to St. Joseph's College and Military Academy in Hays, KS. Dan continued his education and ROTC training at the University of Arizona. His cadet training continued at Fort Hood with the 2nd Armored Division. Dan completed his training and was a commissioned officer with a degree in business and public administration when he went to Fort Knox.



Dan was then assigned to the Third Armored Division at Fort Knox, where he was a weapons training officer. The peace talks were going on when he completed his training, and the war seemed to be as good as over. That was not to be.

In May, 1952, Dan found himself in Korea, assigned to "A" Company, 73rd Tank Battalion attached to the 1st Republic of Korea (ROK) Division as direct fire support of the "Queen" and "Betty" outposts. In June, he was called to headquarters and informed that his duties were to serve as Assistant S-3 and Personnel Officer.

Dan's unit moved during a rainy night on July 3 to a position near the railhead off 31W, which was just south of the twin peaks where the 73rd had the mission of blocking any attempted advance down the Chorwon Valley. They were joined on the 4th of July by the 7th Reconnaissance Company, so the armored personnel carriers of the 7th and 73rd could be used in the last battle of "Pork Chop," which was an outpost position that changed hands several times in the last months of the battle. On the 4th, during a softball game with the 7th MP Company, Dan saw an old college buddy who was now an MP. He offered to take Dan on a tour of the Main Line of Resistance, and, on Sunday, he and his buddy headed out in a jeep. As they were driving along, there was a loud explosion nearby and Dan started to jump from the jeep. His buddy grabbed him and started laughing. The U.S. artillery had standing orders to fire at targets of opportunity, and their

favorite time to fire was when an MP jeep was coming up the hidden road near them. It was the first time he was “fired on” in Korea.

Even though the end of the war was near, there were still a few incidents. That same week, he was in a tent at night with three other men. He was dozing in his cot while the others swapped stories in the dark. Then he heard what sounded like a freight train overhead. Everyone in the tent, with the exception of Dan, hit the deck. Dan was caught in his mosquito net when there was a huge explosion. It was rumored that earlier in the day our Corps 16-inch railroad guns had fired on the enemy. They had retaliated with their biggest mortar that night, scoring a hit on the division’s communications switchboard, killing two men. This was the second, and last, time Dan was fired on in Korea.

After the truce, Dan wrote up one interesting casualty report about a first lieutenant who took over “B” Company. At noon on July 27, 1953, that lieutenant was on his way to read the truce agreement to the last two units in his company and was walking from section to section along a barren ridge when a shell hit nearby. The lieutenant had shrapnel go through his hand, hip, and back of his neck. He managed to read the agreement to the last two units, then signed the document and went to the hospital, now eligible for his captaincy *and* a Purple Heart. His jeep driver was killed by the same explosion and may have been the last KIA of the war.

After the truce, Dan flew in an L-14 observer plane over Chorwan. To his dismay, the city had been leveled. He was also distressed to discover that he suffered from airsickness, and he and the pilot spent a couple of hours cleaning out the colonel’s plane. Later on, Dan talked the pilot into giving him a ride to the Suwon airstrip to visit an old buddy who had promised to take him up in a T-33. They were unable to land at the airbase due to a number of jets practicing touch-and-goes. After circling repeatedly, they were finally forced to land in a space between revetments. When Dan finally found his friend, he learned that someone else had taken the T-33 out while his pal was sleeping.

After the truce, they had problems getting replacements. Hardest hit were the tank organizations, because the adjutant general assignments favored the infantry. They eventually got 16 enlisted men. By then, Dan was ready to come home. He had to give TI&E (troop information and education) pep talks to these men, because there was little to relieve the boredom of occupation duty above the Farm Line.

Dan was due to ship out in December, but his commanding officer asked him to stay until after Christmas to help get the other troops out. Disappointed, Dan continued his duties. He did not want to attend the colonel’s New Year’s party but was commanded to do so. It turned out to be a promotion party for Dan! He was not eligible for a promotion until January 2, which was why his commanding officer demanded he stay. The colonel presented Dan with his silver bar, promoting him to first lieutenant, together with his transfer orders specifying air transport priority to Allied Forces Far East headquarters in Tokyo. He flew to

Tokyo and then on to San Francisco via Hawaii, where he delighted in filling up on pineapple, cottage cheese, and milk. At the separation center in California, he was released from active duty and 4 days later was back in Tucson.

It was different back in the States. He enjoyed purchasing quarts of Drambuie for \$1.25 in Korea but was shocked to learn that \$1.00 bought him only a shot in the States. Dan resumed working for his father in his accounting practice. Using the GI Bill, he entered a graduate program at the University of Arizona to prepare for passing his CPA exam. In the fall of 1955, he completed the requirements of that exam and entered law school. By then he was married to Joyce and they were to raise five sons and a daughter. He completed a law degree and opened his own practice, specializing in corporate law and estate planning, where his accounting background was really put to use.

After his wife passed away, he arrived in Travelers Rest at the urging of his daughter, and soon registered for the OLLI program. He has enjoyed the fellowship and camaraderie, particularly in the SNAFU classes. Dan has noticed the similarity of Paris Mountain in size and shape to his view years ago of "Pork Chop."

Reflecting on his experience in Korea, Dan noted that he underwent a change in his views about war and military service. Even at the outset Dan was "gung ho," particularly after seeing a demonstration at Fort Hood of the 3.5-inch bazooka by an ordnance team from Fort Belvoir, VA, which was en route to Korea with five C-47 loads of these weapons. Up until then, though, the United Nations was an idealistic theoretical exercise in words to him. Dan's assignment to the 7th Division exposed him to contact with troops from Turkey, Ethiopia, Columbia, England, Australia, and Canada, not to mention nurses from Norway and other UN forces throughout the Far East Command. The military aggression of North Korea with the participation of communist Russia and China was met and repelled, establishing the effectiveness of United Nations solidarity in support of its members' treaties, becoming more than just words.



KOREAN WAR - A SHORT HISTORY

A short definition of the Korean War is that it was a conflict (June 25, 1950 – July 27, 1953) between South Korea and North Korea, in which a United Nations force led by the United States of America fought for the South, and China fought for the North. It was much more than that to United States armed forces members that served during the conflict. A very abbreviated history of the war is included here to give some perspective to the stories of our OLLI members' service.

Korea was ruled by Japan from 1910 until the closing days of WWII. In August, 1945, the Soviet Union declared war on Japan, and, by the Potsdam Conference agreement, occupied Korea north of the 38th parallel. U.S. forces subsequently occupied the south.



By 1948, two separate governments had been set up — a Communist government in North Korea and a democratic one in South Korea. Both governments claimed to be the legitimate government of Korea, and neither side accepted the border as permanent. The conflict escalated into open warfare when North Korean forces, supported by the Soviet Union and China, invaded South Korea on June 25, 1950. The United Nations Security Council recognized this North Korean act as invasion and called for an immediate ceasefire. Subsequently, the United Nations moved to defend South Korea. Twenty-two countries contributed to the defense of South Korea, with the United States providing 88% of the soldiers.

Outmaneuvered and suffering heavy casualties in the first two months of the conflict, South Korean and American forces were forced back to the Pusan perimeter in the southeast. An amphibious U.N. counter-offensive at Inchon was launched in mid-September, which cut off many of the North Korean attackers. Those that escaped

envelopment and capture were forced back north all the way to the Yalu River at the Korea-China border, or into the mountainous interior. At this point Chinese forces crossed over the

Yalu and entered the war on the side of North Korea. Chinese intervention rapidly forced the United Nations Command back into South Korea, and the last two years of the war saw stalemate and attrition warfare. The fighting ended on July 27, 1953, when the armistice agreement was signed. The agreement established a new border between the Koreas close to the previous one and created the Korean Demilitarized Zone (DMZ), a 2.5-mile-wide fortified buffer zone between them. Border incidents have continued to the present.



The war has been seen both as a civil war and as a proxy conflict in the Cold War between the United States and the Soviet Union. While not directly committing forces to the conflict, the Soviet Union provided strategic planning, weapons, and material aid to both the North Korean and Chinese armies. From a military science perspective, the Korean War was initially fought using the mobile operations of World War II, but after the first year the conflict settled down into a holding operation while an armistice was argued over. The static tactics of World War I trench warfare became the norm for the last two years of the conflict. The war also saw the first combat between jet aircraft, such as the F-86 Sabre Jet (shown below) used by the UN and the MiG-15 used by the Chinese.



BILL FARMER - CODE SPECIALIST



Bill, in the back, with three friends in Japan.

Bill and Peggy Farmer are a couple of anomalies in OLLI @ Furman - they are both Greenville natives. Bill was born at home in a house on 510 Pine Knoll Drive, near a monument to Camp Sevier, a WWI training camp. His dad served in France during WWI. He attended Paris High School, also located in the former area of Camp Sevier. He remembers taking typing and shorthand in high school, mainly because of a pretty teacher. After graduation he worked in a chemical and industrial lab, where he had worked part-time while in high school, until he received his draft notice.

He had been dating Peggy while they were in high school. She remembers she was at her home sitting with a boy named Jimmy one day when she was only 14. Bill came up and said, "You can go home now, Jimmy." Jimmy did. That foretold a relationship that has yielded a 63-year marriage. They got married before he was inducted into the Army in May, 1951.

Bill first went to Fort Jackson in Columbia for testing. Then it was onto Camp Gordon, near Augusta, GA, where he was assigned to the Signal Corps. He suspected the Signal Corps assignment was influenced by his typing and shorthand classes. He still feels those classes may have saved his life because he was assigned to Japan rather than Korea. The Signal Corps assignees had to go through only 6 weeks of basic training. Afterward, Bill was assigned to cryptology school. The classes had a strange schedule: 4 hours on and 8 hours off, around the clock. In December, he was ordered to report to a replacement depot in Seattle. Scheduled to report on December 26, Bill was delayed first by a snow storm in Chicago and again when the plane he was on skidded off the runway while landing in Minneapolis. Bill arrived in Seattle on December 27, remaining there only 2 weeks.

Then it was on to Yokohama via ship. The winter of 1951 proved to be one of the worst on record, making for a rough crossing on the northern Pacific route. It was a good thing that there were fewer than the normal number of soldiers on the ship. The rough weather confined all of the servicemen below deck, and they were almost all seasick. The U.S. and Canadian troops endured the miserable 11- to 12-day crossing. Bill managed to get a top bunk with nobody below him. As he recalled his experience, Bill said, "I won't describe the condition of the ship's quarters to you." When asked why they went the longer northern route instead of a shorter route, Bill responded with a statement many soldiers make when asked similar questions: "That's the Army."

The war was not going well, and he was issued an M-1, a helmet, and other field equipment. He was convinced he was going to Korea when he was given three cartridges to sight in an M-1 rifle he had never even held before. To Bill's relief, once it was discovered he was a cryptologist with "Top Secret" security clearance, he was told to turn in his weapon and field

equipment. He was assigned to the Japan Logistical Command near Yokohama. His offices were housed in the former Japan Customs Building. There they handled message traffic between Korea and the U.S. Bill is still moved by one of his duties — transmitting the casualty lists from the fighting in Korea. He said it was a duty everyone tried to avoid, for they all felt a kinship with the men on the ground in Korea.

Working in cryptology did have an advantage — he was aware of all ship movements. Knowing this gave him a heads-up whenever Navy friends were due in town, and he could arrange to see them. The communications center operated 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. The work was regular 8-hour shifts and the shifts were rotated every 2 weeks. Bill enjoyed working on messages that would not decipher. This required him to investigate how the sender might have made a mistake in the transmission. Their work was important, and they did it well enough that their command was given the Korean Service Medal.

Bill used a little laundry in Japan, where he was a familiar face. One day when he dropped off his laundry, the owner asked him if he had an “okusan.” Bill assumed he was asking what type of car he had, so he told him that he did not have one, but came on his bicycle. The remark produced polite Japanese laughter. Later Bill found out that okusan means “wife.” When he went in the laundry after that, the man would point to Bill’s bicycle and say “Nice okusan.”

After the Japanese Logistical Command was disbanded early in 1953, Bill was assigned to Armed Forces Far East HQ in Tokyo. This unit handled all types of armed forces equipment, and Bill still was involved in cryptological work. Amazingly enough, the secret work did not seem so secret. The Russians knew every one of the men in the code work unit and would approach one of them from time to time to see if he could be compromised. Bill said that more than once he would be on the street when a stranger would call him by name and ask about his wife and son back in the states, knowing their names and where they lived. Bill thought this was a little spooky.

Bill’s commander, a major, was required to inspect other units. He did not care for that task, so he assigned Bill, a corporal, to carry out the task. Corporal Farmer was well treated when he carried out a major’s duty. The men he was sent to inspect assumed he was a high ranking officer operating under cover and gave him the best possible treatment.

When his enlistment was nearly up, Bill was offered a civilian job equal to a captain’s position. This would have required extending his time in Japan for a lengthy period, so he turned it down. In May, 1953, he returned to the U.S. The trip home was much better this time, for he flew to Midway, Hawaii, and then to San Francisco. A train ride to Columbia’s Camp Jackson brought him full circle back to where he started his military career.



Ricky, the Farmers' only child, had been born prematurely and had many problems; Peggy devoted herself to caring for their special needs child. Bill worked for Polymer Industries, making polymers for the textile industry. As textiles went into decline, the company started making paper coatings. During this time, Bill rose to plant manager. As the company changed, so did the conditions at work, prompting Bill to retire early in 1985.

While working at Polymer Industries, Bill became very active in the Jaycees, serving as the president of the local organization and winning several national awards. Bill also joined Peggy in community work on behalf of the handicapped. He volunteered with the Greenville Association for the Retarded, becoming the organization's president. He also worked with the County Commission for the Retarded and served as their Chairman. After a couple of years, he was encouraged to assume the position of Assistant Executive Director, a position he held for approximately 10 years. Presently, Peggy continues community work with the Greenville Special Needs Board. Peggy and Bill say they have seen encouraging increases in capabilities and services from these local organizations.

In 1993, Peggy received a letter from Sarah Fletcher inviting her to a meeting. That meeting resulted in the formation of Furman University Learning In Retirement (FULIR), which is now OLLI @ Furman. A founding member of FULIR, Peggy attended the first session of classes and has taken classes every term since. After a couple of years she talked Bill into taking a popular FULIR class — Roy Greene's basket weaving class. Their home is filled with examples of his talent and productivity.

Bill hiked every Thursday with a group of friends for many years. They took a trip every summer and hiked all over the country, going as far off as Alaska. He was asked to start a FULIR hiking class in addition to the one that Bill Bozeman offered. Bill felt there would not be enough interest in just hiking so he called it "Waterfalls and Wildflowers." He has been surprised by the popularity and variety of hiking "classes."



While Peggy concentrates on academic classes, Bill is best known for his hiking involvement. He has also taken other classes and especially likes history and religion subjects. Not long ago, Bill had to give up hiking due to medical complications, but the outdoors is not far away. A comfortable glassed-in porch overlooks a large backyard where they spend a lot of time. With deer, turkeys, and even a fox appearing regularly, Bill continues to be in the outdoor scene.

On July 25, 2014, Bill was awarded a quilt by the "Quilt of Valor Foundation," honoring his military service. In its beginning, the Quilt of Valor was presented as a lap quilt only to wounded veterans. Recently, however, it is being presented to any elderly veteran.

Bill says, "We have had a great life, very eventful, interesting, and filled with love."

DICK ROUBAUD - AN EXPLOSIVE SERVICE

Dick, second of three sons, was born in Jersey City, NJ, near Manhattan. His father was a developer whose talents resulted in well-built homes in subdivisions he created. Typical of the time, his mother stayed at home and looked after her family. After Dick graduated from Ramsey High School, he volunteered for the draft to “get it over with.” Even though most of his family had served in the Marines, Dick followed in his dad’s footsteps and opted for the Army, the branch his father had served in during WWI. His father was just fine with this, although other members of the family ribbed him about his choice.

In October, about a month after signing the papers, Dick reported for basic training at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds near Baltimore. After basic training, Dick was assigned to the Army’s Explosive Ordnance Disposal Unit. Just why he was picked for this program eluded him, but he remained at Aberdeen for 10 more weeks of training and learned all about disposing of unexploded ammunition and bombs. Dick said of the training, “You only get one mistake.” Finishing in the top 10 percent of his class meant Dick could choose where he wanted to be assigned. He put in for an opening in Virginia, but another soldier with “FBI connections” went there. So, instead of Virginia, Dick wound up at Fort Lewis, WA.



Located between Tacoma and Seattle, Fort Lewis got a lot of rain. When asked about that, Dick said he “got used to it.” He was attached to the 123rd Field Artillery Battery, part of the 44th Infantry Division, working with 155mm howitzers. When the battery held live-fire exercises, his unit was on hand to deal with “duds” and unexploded rounds. Duds were rounds that did not fire in the cannon and were easy to deal with. There was something wrong with the primer and there was little chance they would go off. The duds were removed from the howitzer and stacked to one side, allowing the Ordnance Disposal Unit to collect them to be exploded later. On the other hand, unexploded rounds were dangerous. These were shells that fired properly but did not explode when they hit the ground, posing a double problem. First, the shell had to be located, which was not easy for some shells had burrowed deep into the ground, some too deep to ever locate. Second, once a shell was located, there was a real possibility it would explode. The disposal personnel had no idea why it did not go off, and the shell had to be transported to a safe location and exploded. Dealing with these shells required following detailed procedures to ensure that no one made the dreaded “one mistake.”

While some of the live-fire exercises were not far from the base, the larger division-wide maneuvers involved many more soldiers and were held in a desert area near Yakima, WA. This required extended time in the field; one lasted 10 days. Dick felt sorry for most of the soldiers on those maneuvers. Even though hot meals were prepared, the men were so spread out that some of them received a cold breakfast long after lunchtime. This unfortunate cycle continued for the rest of the meals. Dick’s 10-man Explosive Ordnance Unit, part of a larger service battery, received its meals much sooner. Their service battery was located near a

place appropriately dubbed Rattlesnake Hill. Tracked vehicles pulled the howitzers around, stirring up tremendous amounts of desert dust, rendering the men barely recognizable after being in the field. Dick's group made friends with a group of combat engineers who had access to numerous types of equipment and were helpful in a pinch. Most importantly, it was the hot showers they had built and their better food that were most appreciated. Dick never questioned how they got the food that they shared.

While at the Fort Lewis swimming pool, Dick discovered an old high school friend. When they arranged to meet, it turned out that, even though their barracks were across the road from each other, they had never caught sight of each other until they were at that pool! Shortly after their reunion, portions of the movie *To Hell and Back* about Audie Murphy's life started filming at the base. Soldiers from Fort Lewis were used to reenact Murphy's Medal of Honor presentation. Dick said his high school friend always claimed he could recognize himself in the movie. Dick declared that short bit of film was just a big blur to him.



Dick (center) and his best friend (left) on leave in Washington state.

At the end of his time at Fort Lewis, four of the men were paired up. Dick and his partner were slated to go to Korea, while the other two men were going to Europe. Dick's Jewish partner expressed a desire to learn more about his family's history during WWII. The commanding officer felt it was appropriate to accommodate this wish, and, rather than split the pairings up, they reversed their assignments. Dick wound up in Europe instead of Korea. They were given a 30-day leave, with a 12-day travel time allowance for those headed to Europe. Since Dick's transport ship was leaving from Camp Kilmer, NJ, he essentially had a 42-day pass! He made good use of it by visiting family and friends.

Dick traveled by ship to Germany and then by rail to APO 213, an ex-German base near the Atlantic coast, about 30 miles south of Bordeaux, France. The base was now an ammunition depot that received shells and bombs from incoming ships. There was not much work for Dick, for the Army hired civilians to do the ordnance exploding. Dick never knew why this was the policy, but he accepted his new duty of unloading ammunition from boxcars. A Polish guerrilla force assigned to this base turned out to be another

group it was good to know. After serving on the U.S. base for three years, the Polish soldiers were offered the opportunity to emigrate to the United States. These men were fearless hunters of wild boars that roamed freely near the base. No firearms are allowed at ammunition dumps, so they trapped or lassoed their prey. They threw raucous wild boar roasts where they served excellent home-made vodka. Dick recalled that the boar was good and the vodka was extremely strong.

At APO 213 Dick met a soldier from New Jersey who said they needed an armorer to repair the various weapons the infantry used. Even though Dick had little experience in this area, he knew how an M-1 worked, so he volunteered. (Anything was better than unloading boxcars!) His new position was not that difficult to handle, as all the weapons had similar features. The

only time weapons were allowed out on the base was during inspection or what Dick called "The Russians are Coming!" drills. Had the Russians really come, Dick expressed doubt that the ammo storage facility would have presented much resistance. Rather than check each weapon in the locked storage area, the armorers would accompany the officers during inspection, make note of which weapons failed to perform, and then repair them.

Headquarters for his division was in La Rochelle, the site of a large German submarine port during WWII. He visited the sub pens and was impressed with the thickness of the roofs and walls. After several WWII allied bombings of the site were unproductive, the French underground asked for a 2-horsepower Johnson outboard motor from the Allies. They loaded a barge with explosives, engaged the little outboard motor, and sent it into the pens. This unsophisticated attack put the Nazi pens out of use.

A popular place to go when the men got a pass off base was San Sebastian, Spain, just over the nearby border. Swimming in the Atlantic was a popular activity. Once while Dick was swimming and body surfing, he noticed some soldiers gesturing for him to swim farther out. He did and discovered a boy hanging onto an overturned boat. Dick pulled him to shore, made sure he was okay, and then went about his business. Not long after his return he was called to the base commander's office, which made him uneasy. The commander chastised him for making a mistake on that leave. Dick was no longer uneasy, but downright worried. Then he was told that he should have reported that swimming incident, as the Army was looking for ways to increase the positive attitude of civilians toward the US military. In no time, the PR people did their job and embarrassing headlines touting "GI saves Spanish Boy" popped up. When Dick learned he was to be awarded the Soldiers Medal for his efforts, he cringed, for that ceremony required a review parade in which his buddies would have to march. It brought about a good bit of ribbing, but, when Dick got a heartfelt letter from the parents of the youngster he had rescued, he felt better.



After his time was up in France, he returned to Fort Dix, NJ, and was discharged after serving "1 year, 11 months, and 22 days." He went to work for his father in construction, remaining in that line of work until he retired. He met his wife when her parents bought a house from his father just before Dick entered the service. They got back together when he returned and were married in 1957. They had three boys and moved to Fishkill, NY near Poughkeepsie, which they thought would be a better place to raise them. He was talked into serving on the town board to fill out a term and ended up serving on the board for 12 years. His wife died in 1997, and, since he had a son living in Mauldin, he came to visit. Dick liked the area and moved here that same year. He met his present wife, Carol, and they were married toward the end of 1998. Another son lives in the Seattle area, and, sadly, the third son was killed in an accident in 1991.

Dick started taking OLLI classes in 2002, beginning with one class, SNAFU. He tries to take a couple of courses each term. Dick is an avid reader of history and enjoys playing golf with his son weekly.

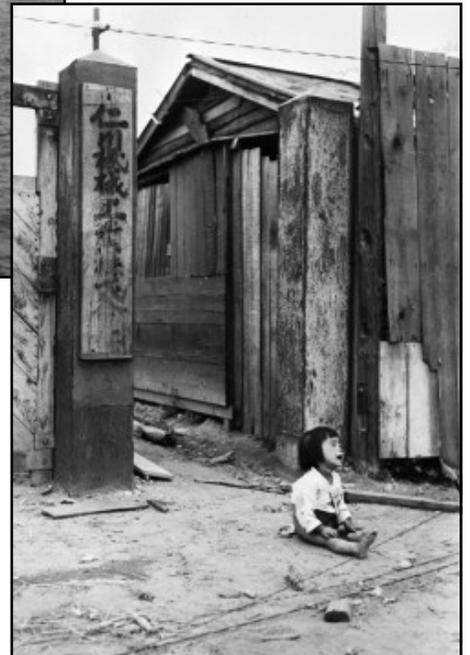
KOREAN WAR ALBUM



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GENE WARD - ON THE FRONT LINE IN THE COLD WAR

Clifford Eugene Ward was born in Bessemer, AL, the youngest of three boys. His father worked in a red ore mine in nearby Rainerd, where the family lived. His mother wanted better schools for Gene, and, when he was about 12 years old, they moved to Bessemer. After high school graduation in 1952, he joined the Army, following in the footsteps of his older brothers, who both served in WWII. Those who enlisted for 3 years instead of 2 had a better choice of assignment area, so the newly minted graduate enlisted for 3 years. Gene went into the Army Security Agency (ASA), going to Fort Jackson near Columbia for processing and then taking his basic training at Fort Knox, home of the 3rd Armored Division. Although not technically a member of the 3rd, the picture taken during basic shows him wearing that patch. After an abbreviated basic training of 8 weeks for ASA personnel, he was sent to a processing center at Fort Devens before continuing on to Camp Gordon, at Augusta, GA.



Camp Gordon was close enough to Bessemer that he could drive home to Alabama some weekends. At Camp Gordon, he spent 6 months training in Morse Code high speed radio, learning how to send and receive code at greater than 25 words per minute. Gene said receiving code was harder than sending. Another challenge was how code was sent, not in easily recognized words, but in 5-letter groups. Upon completion of that training, Gene was a radio operator for the ASA, which operated under the umbrella of the relatively new National Security Agency (NSA).

Out of the approximately 160 men who underwent this training, all but two were sent to the Far East, understandable because of the Korean War. Gene has no idea why he and another man were sent to Germany instead, but he wonders if their last names, Ward and Watkins, were the reason. In mid-1953, he went to Frankfurt, Germany for processing and then on to the town of Scheyern, north of Munich, where he was assigned to a field station. There were also smaller outstations that were assigned to the field stations and mobile radios with infantry units. Basically the field stations and their outstations were listening for radio traffic during the Cold War. Ironically, the German army had used the same posts for similar duty during the last war, so it was relatively easy for the locals to guess what the Americans were up to there.

After 3 years, Gene re-enlisted and went on leave back to Alabama. Gene declares he does not remember not knowing Pat...she was always there, and he wanted her to be with him now. Although Pat had not yet graduated from high school, they got married before he went back to Germany. Why? Because the Army would pay to send his wife overseas. Mrs. Ward graduated, and the Army paid for her to join her spouse. They lived in the village of Phaffenhofen in Army housing. The approximately 30 Army wives in the village took the 17-year-old bride under their wings, and Pat enjoyed her time there, learning enough German to get by.

The nature of radio communication at that time made Gene's work interesting and challenging. All countries' military used the same general area of wavelengths, resulting in many signals (plus static) on a given wavelength. Picking out one message took skill. Additionally, infantry units constantly changed their frequencies and call signs. Gene was a sergeant in charge of two of the outstations. There were four sections that rotated the 3-shift cycle. The evening shift was the shortest at only 7 hours. It was the most difficult because radio transmission is affected by atmospheric conditions, which change most in the evening.

In November, 1956, Gene and Pat left Germany for the U.S. Of the three places he might have been assigned he was posted to a 12-man ASA / NSA liaison office in Fort Meade, MD. There Gene was the only enlisted man in the office, and he felt that was an experiment. They worked on interpreting information. Most of the time Pat had no idea what Gene was up to. This changed a little when she got a clerical job at the NSA and received her own security clearance. While Gene was at Fort Meade, they lived in Savage, MD, located between DC and Baltimore.

Gene left the NSA assignment in mid-1958, and was sent to Monterrey, CA. where he, Pat, and their first child set up housekeeping. They resided there for a year while Gene and a few other students attended a school to learn the Polish language. The school was intensive with daily 6-hour classes, hours of homework each night, and no English allowed after 6 weeks. Even lunchtime was with other students and an instructor speaking Polish. Gene closed himself up in their apartment's kitchen to do the required homework, memorizing Polish language tapes. How hard was the school? Consider that one student, a native Polish speaker, never finished.

At the conclusion of the school, Gene was offered a position in Copenhagen at the American Embassy. When he asked if he could take his family, which by this time included both their children, he was informed that if they did not go, he could not go. The army wanted families to accompany the men so they would not "get into trouble" and be vulnerable to coercion and blackmail. Traveling in Europe with two small children was difficult and infrequent, but they did make some trips to Sweden to go bowling. (There were no bowling alleys in Copenhagen.)

Gene's enlistment ended while they were in Copenhagen, and he left the Army and returned to Alabama, where he attended the University of Alabama from 1962 through 1964, earning a degree in Russian Area Studies and History. Not wanting to return to the NSA in Maryland, Gene continued his education, earning a masters in Economic Geography. Gene chuckled when he told us about that degree, "Try to get a job with *that*." He did. When the local high school agreed to add a Russian language class he became a teacher of history and Russian in January, 1966. A few years after that Pat enrolled in the University of Alabama - Birmingham, majoring in elementary education. Upon graduation, she became a teacher near Bessemer, where she taught in the same school for 23 years.

Gene taught for 20 years in two segments, taking a job for a textbook company for 15 years to bolster the funds needed to send children to college before returning to the classroom. Gene finally retired in May, 1994. When asked what he did then, he had one word, "golf," but that was not all. Since his time in California, he has been active in church work, especially in the choir, eventually becoming a choir director. It turned out when they changed locations, their new church often needed a choir director. The same year he retired, Gene stopped directing the choirs and became the church organist, relinquishing that position only after arthritis in his hands made it difficult to play.



He and Pat moved to Greenville in 2003 after deciding it was easier to move here than to continue making frequent trips from Alabama to see their their son and three grandchildren. Not long after that, their daughter moved to Greenville as well. Their son is Greenville's medical examiner, and their daughter teaches at League Elementary School. The Wards had a house built east of Travelers Rest and moved into it in the fall of 2004. Gene and Pat joined OLLI this past spring, and look forward to continuing to take classes.

JOHN THOMPSON - DESTROYER MAN



During the Korean War, John served in the Navy in the Atlantic, never actually seeing Korea. The war was to have an effect on John, though, over and above his decision to enter the Navy. His wife Susie lost her younger brother in Korea. He was an infantry sergeant in a unit that was attacked, although Susie thought he was a cook because he had told her of his boot camp KP duty. His unit was overrun by Chinese soldiers, and she heard by telegram in February, 1951, that he had been killed. John also had friends who were wounded; one was left a paraplegic.

The oldest of eight brothers and sisters, John was born on a farm near Horatio, SC, which is near Camden. The reason he was there to begin with was that during the Revolutionary War, a distant Thompson relative received the land for his service. Many people lived on farms when John was born, and a lot of these were 40-acre home farms where they may have raised tobacco. This was a far cry from today, and John told of one current “farm” that is about 5000 acres. His father had a sawmill, so logging and working with the lumber were part of his growing up. The family moved to Lake City when John was about 5 years old and stayed there while he was in school.

Jobs were hard to find and John wanted to join the service. He wanted to join the National Guard first for training before going on active duty, but the Guard was full. A recently opened Naval Reserve unit in nearby Florence had openings, and he enlisted in March, 1952, when he had just turned 19 years old. He spent 2 weeks in basic training at the Great Lakes Navy Base in July. After he was placed on active duty in February, 1953 he went to the Bainbridge, MD, Naval Training Station for 9 weeks more of basic training. He remembers seeing Eisenhower in a parade in Chicago. He still remembers the car Eisenhower was riding in — a 1952 Buick convertible. In Bainbridge, he was given several tests and scored very well in math. He was offered the opportunity to attend a special 54-week radar fire control school. This would have meant extending his enlistment for a year, and he had planned to meet friends at a college after his 2 years of active duty were up, so he turned that down.

After finishing basic training, John went to the Key West Navy Base. At the time, this was a fairly large base that catered to destroyers and submarines. It was not a tourist destination then. The only things of any consequence other than the Navy were a fishing fleet and the town, which was loaded with bars. He was assigned to DD-837, the USS Sarsfield, a Fletcher-class destroyer. On this ship, he had several duties. John described it: “I was basically a ‘Deck Ape.’” During battle drills, he was a loader on a fantail-positioned 40-mm anti-aircraft gun. His assigned gun was just above the aft turret that had twin 5-inch guns. When those went off the concussion would just about knock the men off their feet. His watch assignment could be a general lookout duty on the fantail or on the ship’s bridge. When asked what he was looking out for, John looked a little puzzled by the question. After thinking it over for a second, he told

us other ships “and just anything I saw.” The midnight to 4:00 watch was the worst because revelry was at 6:00 and the men were not allowed to sleep in. Later, another assignment on the bridge was as a helmsman, no easy task on a destroyer because of wind and tides, especially in heavier weather. The other assignment he shared with most of the other sailors was as a deckhand, maintaining the ship. He said they always kept busy with one thing or the other. Especially time consuming was handling rust, a continuing battle against the elements.

Once while maneuvering for a man overboard drill, the officer on the bridge gave the command to put one engine ahead and one in reverse, a standard move. But then he gave the order to John, at the helm, to put the rudder hard over to the opposite direction that was required. It was standard procedure to repeat the order, which John did, anticipating a change before he moved the wheel. The change never came, so he repeated this order a few more times, getting louder each time. He said “You just didn’t up and say ‘that’s not right,’ but I wanted to do something.” The order was finally reversed to the correct direction. John said the officer was really a good man but, in this instance had just made a mistake.

As you might expect if a base had both submarines and destroyers, there were exercises against each other as part of their training. During these exercises, the destroyers would drop what John described as “dummy” depth charges to test their ability to find the subs. These dummies had explosive charges, just not as much as a standard depth charge. He and an officer got to go on a sub in an exchange during an exercise. They were at 250 feet and could hear the dummy charges going off, and then there was a very loud blast. One of the charges had landed on the deck and gone off. It had landed just forward of the conning tower and left a 4-inch dent in the deck, resulting in a leak. When they came to the surface they almost collided with the destroyer. John said of the experience, “It was exciting, but this almost never happens.”

The other exercises and training for the destroyers were in Infantry support and screening sub hunters. Destroyers draw less water than most ships, so they can get close into shore, where they can use their guns. Since they are closer the fire is more accurate. The other assignment would be to set up a screen around an aircraft carrier and protect it.



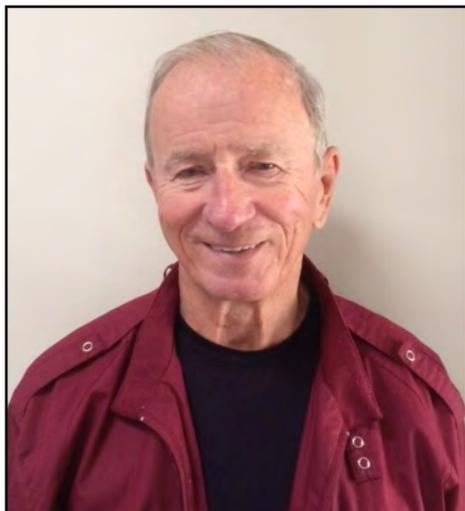
The cruises did not always just include returning to Key West. They were in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, the North Atlantic, and some ports in South America. During these “showing the flag” tours, they would typically go into a port and stay a couple of days before moving on. During one cruise, the Sarsfield was at maximum speed when a superheater, a portion of the boiler, blew up. After a loud explosion, everyone went to his duty station, not knowing at that point what had happened. There was considerable damage and fire. A petty officer cutting off the fuel stopped the fire, but the ship did not have power so a tug was sent to tow them into port. Although there were several injuries, there were no deaths and the ship did not sink as John feared it might at first.

During one assignment, they went to New London, CT, and went into dry dock. They had to unload all the ammunition from the ship. When the dry dock period was over, they had to reload it all again. They were also in dry dock in Charleston once after going through a severe storm that resulted in a bent propeller shaft.

Those were not typical days, but most days were not really doing the same things day after day. The drills were different with battle drills, anti-sub training, man overboard, and the like. Then there was the ever-present rust. John said there were not many on a ship who gained a lot of weight. As if these duties were not enough, or really perhaps because of them, he became a boxer. John had never boxed before he joined the Navy, but he knew that two things would happen if you got on the boxing team: You would get out of some of the other duties, and the food, not bad on board anyway, would be even better. So he and a couple of buddies signed up and John boxed as a welterweight for about 3 months until his active duty ended.

After 2 years of active duty, John was discharged from the regular Navy. When he was discharged he had accumulated mustering out and back pay and felt flush with money. He and some friends rented a penthouse in a Miami hotel and celebrated. While in Miami, he saw a 1951 Plymouth for sale and bought it for \$595. He drove it home to Sumter and worked until he went to college. John graduated from the University of South Carolina with a degree in Business Administration. During this time, he needed to fulfill his commitment to the Navy and began 4 years in the Naval Reserve. He joined a Seabee unit in Columbia for this. Working in the timber industry prepared him well for a Construction Battalion, as he was familiar with heavy equipment and building. In July 1958, he was sent to Parris Island for emergency combat training. John's 8 years of active and reserve duty ended on March 5, 1960, and he received his discharge.

After college, John worked at American Discount Company in Greensboro, NC, and then Ford Motor Credit in Columbia, SC. When they wanted him to transfer to Dearborn, MI, he left Ford and went for work with the IRS in their revenue office. He trained and worked for a year in Columbia and then transferred to Greenville in October, 1968. Meanwhile, he met his wife Susie. She had actually lived in Lake City when he was there but was younger and had not known him. He became acquainted with her while visiting friends. John started attending FULIR/OLLI classes after he retired in November, 2001.



You might have a problem keeping up with John. He started running in the 1970s. This became an important part of his life. He has been a member of the Greenville Track Club since 1975 and was its president for 3 years. He even found time to train for and run the Boston Marathon. In 1993, he and two friends had a conversation that turned to cycling and the possibility of cycling in Europe. He found out his two friends were serious, so he bought a bike. Up to that point he did not even own one. He trained for a year and then they spent 3 weeks cycling all over Europe. His accomplishments are not all in the distant past. The day he turned 80 years old he went to the gym and did 80 push-ups, 80 pull-ups, and then rode his bike for 80 miles!

KOREAN WAR MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON, DC

A triangular field tapers to a circular pool. In the field, a group of 19 stainless-steel statues, heading toward the pool, depicts a squad on patrol and represents the experience of American ground troops in Korea. The field of granite strips and scrubby juniper bushes suggest the rugged Korean terrain, while windblown ponchos recall the harsh weather. This symbolic patrol brings together members of all United States Armed Forces in Korea.

A granite curb on the north side of the statues lists the 22 countries of the United Nations that sent troops or gave medical support in defense of South Korea. On the south side is a black granite wall. Its polished surface mirrors the statues, intermingling the reflected images with the faces etched into the granite. When the 19 statues are reflected they total 38, symbolizing the 38th parallel, the dividing line between North and South Korea. The etched mural is based on actual photographs of unidentified American soldiers, sailors, airmen, and marines. The etched figures represent all those who provided support for the ground troops. The wavy placement of the images represents the mountainous terrain of Korea.



The adjacent Pool of Remembrance, encircled by a grove of trees, provides a quiet setting. Numbers of those killed, wounded, missing in action, and held prisoner-of-war are etched in stone nearby. Opposite this counting of the war's toll another granite wall bears a message inlaid in silver:

Freedom Is Not Free

On October 28, 1986, Congress authorized the American Battle Monuments Commission to establish a memorial in Washington, D.C., to honor members of the U.S. armed forces who served in the Korean War. A somewhat stormy start resulted in the eventual design by Cooper-Lecky Architects, who oversaw collaboration between several designers. Ground was broken in November 1993. Frank Gaylord was chosen as the principal sculptor of the statues, and Louis Nelson was selected to create the mural of etched faces on the wall. On July 27, 1995, the 42nd anniversary of the armistice that ended the Korean War, the memorial was dedicated by President William J. Clinton and Kim Young Sam, President of the Republic of Korea.



MARTIN LINDEMANN - SERVING HIS NEW COUNTRY



The fourth of five brothers, Martin resided with his family in the small German town of Hanover, the capital of Lower Saxony, where his father was a Lutheran minister. Martin continued his schooling in Germany and graduated from the Technical University of Hanover with a degree in chemistry in 1951. Shortly after his graduation, he left Germany for the US, carrying an emigration visa American friends had helped him obtain via a sponsorship.

Martin arrived in New York City in July, 1951, on the SS Washington. He then headed to Lowell, NC, where his sponsoring friends lived, and the husband managed a textile plant. After visiting them for a couple of weeks

he returned to New York and took a job as a chemist in Jersey City, NJ. As a permanent resident Martin was required to register for the draft. One year later, in 1952, he was drafted into the Army and assigned to the Signal Corps. He took his 8-week basic training at Fort Gordon near Atlanta. Afterward, he was sent to Fort Monmouth, NJ, where he went through more than 6 months of Signal Corps training. Those soldiers who completed their training at Fort Monmouth were sent all over the world. With typical Army logic, German-speaking Martin was sent to Japan, while a friend of his who spoke no German was sent to Germany.

Martin was given 2 weeks' leave before leaving for Japan. Part of that was spent visiting the friends in North Carolina. Afterward, he took his first plane ride on a DC-3 to Chicago before boarding a train to Seattle, stopping on the way to see friends in Yakima, WA. When his leave was over, he boarded a WWII cargo ship for a 3-week trip to Japan. They put in at Adak, AK, for a few days to deliver supplies before continuing on to Yokohama, Japan. Martin then took a train to Tokyo, marveling at how different Japan was with its small villages comprised of tiny wooden houses interspersed among rice paddies.

Japan's occupation was winding down and Martin lived in the Hardy Barracks, situated in downtown Tokyo. His work station was located on an island in Tokyo Bay, accessed by a wooden bridge. His unit, Company B, Signal Service Battalion, was attached to the Far East Command Headquarters. It operated a fixed station radio installation in Tokyo as part of the US Army's worldwide communication network. The many transmitters were refrigerator-sized units that still operated on vacuum tubes. Japanese technicians handled any physical repairs, but monitoring the operation, which included changing frequencies several times a day, was up to the soldiers. The 10-person crew worked 3 days on each of three rotating shifts and then had 3 days off.

When the teletype machines were not being used, the crew had access to the latest news, and, if any of the smaller radios were idle, which Martin remembers happening at Christmas, they could listen to music. Although Martin was not in an infantry company, he remembers having to qualify with an M-1 Carbine every month or two. This was necessary since they had to stand guard duty about once a month.

Although many of the men stayed on the base, Martin was curious about the local life and used his 3-day off-duty periods to travel. He visited Tokyo often enough to become familiar with the subway and the streetcars. Three days were enough time to take longer excursions to other towns. When he visited Hiroshima, he noted that the rebuilding was proceeding well because the majority of buildings were being built of wood. He also enjoyed visiting random towns and, in one case, was pulled into a local wedding celebration.

Just outside Hardy Barracks were many Japanese shops, and, although all of the Japanese he met were very polite, he noticed that when he entered a crowded shop, the people would part, allowing him to go to the counter without delay. He felt they really wanted to get him in and out in a hurry. Americans had Japanese domestic help, and the houseboy on Martin's floor, a university student who used his earnings to pay for his education, invited him home for a meal. Martin also met a college chemistry professor by simply walking into the chemistry department of the University of Tokyo. The Japanese professor spoke German, and they visited easily. Martin remembers standing guard at night monthly, watching the glowing rice paper windows of the small Japanese houses.

While in Japan, Martin, along with several other soldiers from different Asian locations, became a United States citizen on January 26, 1954. The process was very easy. A commissioner arrived, reviewed his paperwork, interviewed him, and no test was required. A general then officiated in a ceremony and handed out the naturalization certificates. His citizenship papers do not include a photograph, which has caused a few voter registration officials to raise an eyebrow.

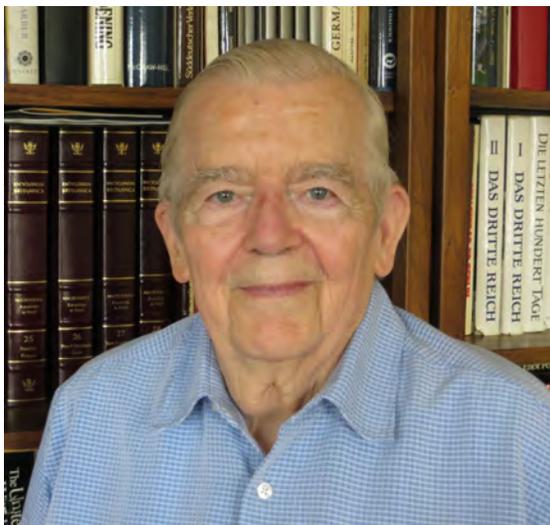


Martin, during his citizenship ceremony.

When Martin's enlistment was up in September, 1954, he returned to the U.S. Once again, he went by ship, but this time they took the faster southern route. By this time, he was a corporal and some non-commissioned officers were required to guard the ship's brig. His training consisted of a tour of the famous Sugamo prison in Tokyo and an explanation of his function, which was mainly escorting prisoners to and from their cells for meals. After a stop in Hawaii, they arrived at San Francisco and were transferred to Oakland for processing. A C-47 completed the journey, stopping two or three times before reaching Newark, NJ. He stayed at Camp Kilmer 3 days for processing and then was discharged from the Army.

Meanwhile, his brother had arrived in America. He and Martin found an apartment they shared in the Jamaica area of Queens. When Martin went back to his former employer to seek employment, he was told by a personnel employee that there were no openings. When Martin told him he had been in the Army and the law stated he was supposed to get his job back, things proceeded quickly, and he was back at his work again, remaining there for a few years.

After Martin and Simonne married, they lived in New Jersey while he worked at various companies and pursued a masters degree in polymer chemistry at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. They moved to Greenville in 1968 after Martin was named vice-president and technical director of Chas. S. Tanner Co. In 1980, he left Tanner to work for Sun Chemical in Chester, SC. After 1983, Martin became a consultant, mainly for the same company, as well as a patent agent. The number of days he consults has diminished over the years, although he still consults 1 day a month. Martin holds over 40 patents, has written many technical papers, and contributed several long articles to the "Encyclopedia of Polymer Science and Technology." In 1988, Martin was called, "One of the world's leading authorities" in emulsion polymerization by an industry publication and was the recipient of the Olney Medal for his textile chemistry achievement in that area.



Married for 58 years, Martin and Simonne have two sons, both attorneys. Paul lives in Greenville, and Andrew lives in Columbia. They have a grandson and a granddaughter. Simonne has been active in FULIR/OLLI, teaching Quilting by Hand for many sessions. Martin was persuaded to teach a two-part class on German history. He has also taught at the Cascades, where they have lived for almost 5 years. The Lindemanns have been very supportive of OLLI @ Furman, and have made the "The Lindemann Demonstration Kitchen" possible for our program.

WARREN KRAFT - A MAN WITH WINGS

Warren was born in Waukesha, WI, where his grandfather owned a dairy farm and his father was a chef at a hotel. He had three brothers and one sister. Two of his brothers served in the Navy in WWII, both in the Pacific. Unlike many families during the Great Depression, the Kraft family never went hungry because Grandpa Kraft's farm had big gardens, chickens, and plenty of milk, of course. Also, his father would bring home scrap meat from the hotel kitchen. The family moved to Racine, WI, where his father became head chef at a new hotel purchased by his employer.

After high school, Warren left home and headed for California, hoping to become an actor. The Hollywood lifestyle was not for him and he pursued other employment. Unfortunately, WWII veterans flooded the job market. If you were not a vet with a "ruptured duck" discharge pin, your chances of finding a good job were about nil. So he had to settle for a job as a pin-setter at a bowling alley. The work was hard, the pay not good, and he lived on one meal a day and a few snacks.

An Army recruiter lured the gaunt youth into a conversation about enlistment using Army meal coupons as an enticement. After negotiating for a whole stack of the coupons and a bus ticket home to Racine, Warren enlisted for 3 years. After a visit home, he reported for duty at Fort Sheridan, IL. When he completed basic training at Fort Knox, KY, Warren decided to volunteer for the Army Airborne and was sent to Fort Benning, GA, for parachute and glider training. The many weeks of training were the most difficult thing he had done. Of the 380 men in his group, fewer than 200 men graduated and were awarded both the coveted parachute and glider wings. Those who could not make it were washed out on a daily basis and had to wear uniforms with the word "Quitter" emblazoned on their backs. They were not permitted to talk or socialize with those who continued the punishing training. Warren well remembers the training instructors who chewed garlic as they yelled and cursed while nose-to-nose with a trainee. No movement was allowed. Just a smirk and you were sent to join the "Quitters" until the group graduated. After making five qualifying parachute jumps and four qualifying glider landings, soldiers officially became "troopers," and were awarded their wings in a ceremony "Quitters" had to watch.

Parachute jumping was really not that dangerous, Warren explained. If the chute was packed properly and the trooper did as he was taught, there was little that could go wrong. Gliders, however, were very dangerous, and were responsible for the deaths of many troopers, both in training and in combat. They were built as flimsy as a kite, and were difficult to land. They had no wheels or brakes, just two skids. Landing one was often a matter of landing between two trees that ripped the wings off and slowed the skidding fuselage. The Army eliminated gliders shortly after Warren got his glider wings. For a trooper to stay airborne-qualified and retain his \$100-a-month hazardous duty pay, he had to make monthly qualifying jumps. Some days multiple jumps were made and Warren made over 80 jumps in his career.



Warren left Fort Benning assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division and went to Fort Bragg, NC, for extended training. Later he was assigned to the 11th Airborne Division and stationed at Fort Campbell, KY, where he was when the Korean War broke out. The next day, he volunteered to join the 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team, the “Angels from Hell,” who were designated to go to Korea as soon as possible. They traveled by troop train to California and by ship to Japan. Then they flew directly to Kimpo Airbase in Korea as part of the Inchon invasion in September, 1950, an action intended to cut off the North Korean drive south. Only days later, Seoul was retaken from the communists as they were forced to retreat above the 38th parallel. Fighting as part of the United Nations forces presented many difficulties. The language barrier made coordination difficult and clear communication impossible. Warren also remembers how American forces were fighting and dying under the UN flag, not the Stars and Stripes. That did not set well with most Americans.



Eventually the North Koreans were pushed far north, and on October 20, 1950, the 187th parachuted deep behind enemy lines, north of Pyongyang, attempting to prevent the enemy from escaping to Manchuria with thousands of UN prisoners. Warren's 2nd battalion jumped at Suncheon. Pyongyang fell to the UN Forces and General MacArthur ordered, “On to the Yalu,” accompanied by declarations that the boys would be home for Christmas, winter gear and clothing would not be needed, and the Chinese would not enter the war to save the North Koreans. Warren's interpreters were already unable to interrogate prisoners they took using Korean or Japanese. They proved to be Chinese and they had been in Korea for weeks, hiding by day and moving south by night. As Warren put it, a half million Chinese throwing snowballs can do a lot of damage, and these guys were not throwing snowballs, but were using modern Russian weapons. The UN forces had to pull back south.

The strength of Chinese forces was like water pouring over a dam, Warren said. “It was unstoppable; they just came on and on, blowing horns and whistles and screaming like mad men. To their commanders they were expendable. If they stopped charging, their own men behind them shot them, so they had no choice.” However, Warren considers the Chinese good soldiers, unlike his opinion of the North Korean soldiers. He said they were savages, killing civilians by the thousands as they drove south, showing no mercy.

To discourage enemy advances the UN forces practiced a scorched-earth policy, destroying everything that might be useful to the enemy. Warren recalled how they poured gasoline over miles of loaded railroad cars and set them on fire, later discovering that many cars contained badly needed winter gear. The winter was soon on them and temperatures were 20° and 30° below zero. Warren recalled one morning at a place called Pungi Pass when the thermometer read 62° below zero and the tires and oil froze, causing the useless vehicles to be destroyed.

As UN reinforcements arrived, Sergeant First Class Kraft (known to his platoon as “Cheese”) was pulled back to a marshaling area at Dogpatch airfield near Taegu to prepare for a second airborne assault in an effort to cut off the enemy again. On Good Friday, March 23, 1951, the

187th jumped behind enemy lines at Munson-Ni, as the main UN force charged north to link up with them. Unfortunately, the mission did not succeed, and the overpowering Chinese numbers drove them back south again below the 38th parallel. With winter weather becoming colder each day, the suffering of civilians in the battle-worn country weighed heavily on Warren. Under orders not to feed the civilians the limited food rations, it was especially painful to refuse food to starving, freezing children with swollen bellies.

Being behind enemy lines was stressful. Most of the time they were reduced to living like animals in foxholes, high on the snowy, freezing mountains. As a squad leader in the battalion Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon, Warren was required to lead men on daily patrols, seeking out enemy strength and locations. The fighting was intense, Warren said, and, although he still feels guilty about things he had to do to stay alive, he is proud that he never crossed the line to cruelty, especially toward civilians, as some men did out of frustration and hatred for the enemy. He was fighting for the city of Seoul for the third time when he received word he was being rotated out, going home to the U.S. He was sent by train to Pusan, then by ship to Japan. His footlocker sailed on the Kona Maura, which was sunk in the sea of Japan, taking all of his belongings with it. When he arrived back in the States he was assigned to the 188th Airborne Regiment at Fort Campbell, KY, and beginning to enjoy the warmer weather when he was sent to Camp Drum, NY, for winter maneuvers and survival training. Returning to Fort Campbell, he finally began processing for discharge. At each stage of processing, he was encouraged to reenlist, but he turned down the offers. Finally the commanding general offered him a commission if he would stay. Warren said if he put in writing that he would never have to go back into combat again they could make a deal. That ended the reenlistment campaign.

When Warren returned to Racine, WI, in June, 1951, he had difficulties transitioning to civilian life. He married, knowing that things were not right with him, but he moved on with his life. It took a long time before he realized he was suffering from post traumatic stress, and it was something he would have to battle the rest of his life. A successful businessman taught him the insurance business, which he pursued for about 8 years. He then entered into commercial development, later consulting in that area. In 1978, he, his wife, and children moved to Hendersonville, NC. The PTS and other problems led to a divorce. Later he moved to Greenville and remarried. His wife of 35 years passed away this April, and the resulting isolation led him to seek interaction with others and to join OLLI this fall.



By the time Warren left Korea he had fought and been decorated for participation in four major battles and made two combat parachute jumps behind enemy lines. Talking about his war experiences is still difficult but he feels that it is great therapy too. "I held it inside for too many years, and that only made it worse. Besides," he said, "I believe people deserve to know history from those who lived it." Warren wonders what his life would have been like if he had never been in a war. Likely he would have been a different person today but how is difficult to say. One thing he does know: "Someone said, 'War is hell.' Korea in that winter of 1950 to 1951 was literally hell frozen over."

THE LAST WORD

varied |'ve(ə)rēd|
adjective

Incorporating a number of different types or elements; showing variation or variety: *a little effort to make life pleasant and varied* | *a long and varied career*.

Synonyms: diverse, assorted, miscellaneous, mixed, sundry, heterogeneous, wide-ranging, manifold, multifarious; disparate.

Our OLLI @ Furman Korean War veterans certainly are a varied group.

They are a cross section of the country. They were born in Alabama, Arizona, Georgia, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Germany, and two in South Carolina, one of them in Greenville.

Three of them served in Korea, two in Japan, two in Europe, and one on a ship in the Atlantic. Seven were in the Army and one in the Navy. Three were drafted, four enlisted, and one entered the Army via ROTC.

Their assignments during their service was also varied. From airborne to sailor, from ordnance to codes, they represent a wide range of experience. Some wanted to be involved in the conflict, and some didn't. One thing they have in common is that once in the service, either voluntarily or via the draft, they contributed to the best of their ability. The best part of putting this issue together was the privilege of meeting and getting to know, even slightly, these men. One thing that was not varied — they were without exception really nice guys. Hopefully you appreciated their stories, and, as you see them in OLLI classes or in the Herring Center, you will thank them for their service.