

Telephone interview with CPhM William Bailey, hospital corpsman during World War II Pacific campaigns. Conducted by Jan K. Herman, Historian, Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, 21 March, 2002.

Are you from North Carolina?

Yes. I was born in Stantonsburg just below Wilson.

When did you join the Navy?

I went in right after Pearl Harbor in 1941.

Why did you pick the Navy?

I had a cousin who was a chief water tender on the *Augusta* (CA-31) He was home on shipping over leave and got after me. He wanted to know what I was going to do. He said, "You know, you're going to have to go in." I figured I'd go in the Army. He said, "You ought to go in the Navy. You live a whole lot better." He suggested that I tell them that I knew everything about first aid and that I should be hospital corpsman. According to him, they always stayed inside and drank coffee all the time and never had outside watch.

Did he ever lie to you...

He didn't know. He never heard of the Fleet Marine Force. After the war, I told him that he had lied to me.

Where did you go for boot camp?

Norfolk.

How long was basic training?

Five weeks, I believe it was.

And you were assured that you could go to Corps school?

I never went to Corps school.

Well, what happened after you got out of boot camp?

The recruiter asked me if I knew anything about first aid. I told him I had first aid courses and showed him my certificates. So he signed me up as a hospital corpsman. I was then sent to Annapolis, MD, to the naval hospital right straight from Norfolk. I was assigned to a medical ward. I checked in there on a Thursday. I had a red-headed nurse and she'd tell me things to do. Finally, on Saturday morning she told me it was time to go to work. "We've got an inspection today and you have a sick man over there named Ashcroft. I want you to give him a bed bath. I'll show you how to do it. Get a curtain, a basin of water, and soap and I'll show you everything you need to know."

So I came back and she showed me what I was supposed to do. I went ahead and gave the man a bed bath and when I was finished he said, "Doc, can I have a little water?" I had a pitcher of fresh water there and a glass. So I poured him some water. "You'll have to hold my head up. I

can't lift it," he said. So I reached underneath and lifted his head up and started giving him some water when he fell back and died right on the spot. Good Lord, it like scared me to death! I was devastated. I thought, "Lord, what have I done to have gotten myself into something like this?"

Did you think that you were responsible for what happened?

I didn't know what I was responsible for. Anyhow, she told me to get Dr. Mermod. Well, I didn't know Dr. Mermod from a hole in the ground. I went running down the hall and by the time I got back she already had the doctor and he had pronounced him dead and they were rolling him out.

I'd go to the mess hall after that and for 2 or 3 days, some guy would come up and slap me on the shoulder. "Hey, you're the new corpsman here that had a man die on you. How did you do that? I've been here 3 years and never seen a man die yet."

But in about a month I was right in there doing my job.

How long did you stay at Annapolis?

Not very long. I left the first day of August and was sent to the Fleet Marine Force.

Did you know what that was at that time?

Let me tell you what happened. I got into a little trouble. We had a nurse and for some reason she just didn't like me. She was critical of everything I did. I had a bandsman on the ward who was real sick and right on the point of death. The day before, they had moved about 15 corpsmen out to some ships in Chesapeake Bay and left us short-handed. I was on the ward by myself and had to give him 10 bed baths and change his bed 10 times that day because he was throwing up and messing up everything. I was working like hell to try to get it done and ran out of sheets.

I ran down the hallway of the nearest ward and asked a corpsman there if I could get some sheets. She [the nurse] chewed me out for not going to her since she was the senior officer and I was supposed to go to her first. I told her I didn't have time to do a damn thing but get those sheets and get under way. And I walked off and left her. Well, she reported me. It wasn't 15 minutes before I was standing before the old man. He was very nice about it. He asked me why I talked like that to her. I told him I was doing all I could to take care of this man. He told me I couldn't talk to her that way. I said I was sorry but that I had work to do and didn't have time to talk to her. He told me he would have to move me. "I'll give you a choice. You can go to St. Elizabeth's for duty or I'll send you to the Fleet Marine Force."

I knew about St. Elizabeth's. It was a psychiatric hospital and I didn't want any part of that. I told him I'd take the Marines. And he asked me if I knew what I was doing. And I said yes sir. I'd seen them all the time. Well, all I knew about the Marine Corps was what I saw at the main gate. That was my total knowledge. Lord have mercy. The next day I was headed down to Camp Lejeune.

I rode the train down to Wilmington and they picked me up in a worn out school bus. It was on a Sunday, August 2nd, and it was about 110 degrees. I was traveling in blues. They lost my seabag. That was the most terrible thing I had ever seen.

We slept in tents that night. The headquarters of the 3rd Marine Division was there. Three

days later they moved us over to become the cadre unit of the 23rd Marines. We were 2 weeks down there without a uniform. So we were running up and down the roads in those blues about to die.

I was there for a year and 10 days. I was there while they formed the 25th Marines. On the West Coast they formed the 24th Marines. When we moved out, we joined the 24th at Pendleton to make the 4th Marine Division.

What were you doing at Lejeune for a whole year?

Training every single day.

What kind of training did you get?

We were issued Marine uniforms. I had to learn to shoot a rifle. I was assigned to a mortar squad one time. I weighed about 135 pounds and the baseplate on that mortar was about 80 pounds. I had all I could do to lift that thing.

As far as we were concerned, we were Marines. I wore a Marine uniform. I was paid by the Marines.

Were you assigned to a hospital company?

I was primarily assigned to a hospital unit but I had training with company aid and independent duty. One time I was assigned to the Coast Guard down on the beach there at Camp Lejeune for a period of 6 or 8 weeks. They had landing craft going out to sea and making landings over and over all day long. I had a little sick bay set up and all I did was take care of the Coast Guard. At night we were all blacked out because we were right on the ocean. The whole time I was there--6 weeks--I never had anything serious happen. They secured everything every afternoon at 4 o'clock because they had to take the Marines back to the base by truck. They assigned me to a crew and we'd take boats out and go fishing almost every afternoon.

So you shipped out to the West Coast.

Shipped to the West Coast.

How did you get there?

On a troop train. That was the best thing they gave us. I swear it was good. We had sleepers. Each man had his own bunk. They had diners. The Army troop trains followed us. We passed each other every day and they were sleeping two to a bunk. They had field kitchens set up in a boxcar. We'd pass them and we'd hold napkins and silver and shake them so they could see it as we went by. You could hear them cussing and carrying on. That was the last good thing the Marine Corps did for me. It wasn't that bad, really, although the training got tougher all the time.

Where did the train end up?

We went straight to Camp Pendleton.

What did you do there?

We were assigned to a barracks and from there we'd go out in field and set up hospitals

or we'd be assigned to an infantry company. We worked with the Marine Corps as part of the Marine Corps. The Navy didn't know me.

How did you know you were shipping out from Camp Pendleton?

We were restricted to base for about a week before hand. Only a few men were able to get out. Then they took us by truck to San Diego and we were there about 2 days and nights aboard these transports. Finally, on New Year's Day 1943 we put out to sea.

Do you remember what troop transport you went over on?

USS *LaSalle* (AP-102).

What was the crossing like?

Oh, God! Slow. And it was a round bottom job and it rolled all day and all night. It was miserable. We went directly to Hawaii and anchored at Leihai Roads between Maui and Molokai for 1 day while the rest of the ships assembled. We went directly from there to Kwajelein atoll--Roi Namur.

So you never even stepped off the ship in Hawaii.

No. We were aboard ship the whole time.

What do you recall about landing on Roi Namur?

When I got ashore everything had gotten kind of quiet. Roi Namur was not a real rough operation. They had blasted that thing so heavily that there was practically nothing left. When I got ashore it was more of a tourist tour than anything else. We stayed there for a day or two and then went back aboard ship all the way back to Maui, where we set up our main base. We operated out of Maui the whole time after that.

Did the camp have a name?

It didn't have a name that I know of. It was just a tent camp.

Did you do any training while you were there?

Oh, sure. We'd stay there about 3 months between each operation. We'd train and receive new replacements and equipment. Sometimes they'd have transports laying off the beach. We'd go aboard those and make practice landings. We also made cross-country trips. It was a continuous training deal.

Then you got ready for your second operation.

Yes. We went aboard ship and went directly to Saipan.

That wasn't a cakewalk.

That was right tough.

How did you get ashore?

I went in on an alligator tractor. I left the ship on a landing craft but as we neared the island there was a rim of coral around it. These alligator tractors would pull up alongside and we'd climb aboard. They could climb over that coral and land us on the beach.

Even before you set out from the ship, what did Saipan look like? Could you see the bombardment?

Oh, yes. It was all very clear. It was a mountainous area. Tinian was off to the right about 3 miles off.

Were you under fire heading in to shore?

There was a little bit of fire but not a lot. We had no problem at all going in. We landed, moved off the beach, and set up our forward area.

Was it an aid station you set up?

Well, originally it was just an aid station until we could move into an area that was more secluded. Once we moved away from the beach to an area with some trees--a little protection--we'd set up some tents and start receiving just like a hospital.

Did you have a lot of casualties right away?

Oh, yes. We sure did--right off the bat. And we had a lot of civilians there, too.

Japanese civilians?

We called them Japanese. They were not, though. They were natives of the island. They were just caught in the cross-fire there and some were beat up pretty badly.

What kind of injuries were you seeing?

At that time, from shell fire. Later on, we had more rifle fire as you got near the end of the island. But when we first got there, there were more wounds from mortars and artillery.

Did you evacuate any of them to the beach?

For the civilians they set up a camp area with barbed wire around it. They posted guards and kept those who were not injured in there. They also had a little sick bay set up for those who were sick. But as far as our Marines were concerned, as fast as we could take care of them, we sent them back out to the ships.

Were there any hospital ships offshore?

Yes. They would come in, load up, and go back. But in the meantime, any excess casualties we had, we'd send out to the transports where they'd take a wardroom and make a sick bay out of it. We'd have men who had bad head wounds or bad intestinal wounds where they had been hit through the stomach and were torn up pretty bad. We'd try to send those out to the hospital ships because they were better equipped to handle that sort of thing.

You could deal with shock? You had plasma, morphine, and that type of thing?

We had everything. We had a portable lab, a pharmacy setup. We had x-ray equipment that could be moved. We worked just like a regular hospital would but it wasn't very clean.

How many doctors did you have?

We had about five doctors and one dentist in my company. And about a hundred corpsmen.

So this was a pretty sized unit.

Oh, yeah.

Was it in a series of tents?

Yes. We set them up and handled the casualties as best we could. Sometimes we had men who were very injured, hemorrhaging and that sort of thing. We had to operate on them in order to save or try to save them. We used the operating room for that. There were three or four tables set up and working at one time. We'd get them stabilized and get them on DUKWs or landing craft right at the beach and take them out to the transports. They'd hook lines to the stretchers and lift them up to the level of the deck. They'd handle them from there.

How long did this operation go on while you were there?

I believe we were on Saipan about 28 days. It seemed like forever.

Where did you go after that?

After we secured Saipan, we had a week in which to rest up and to regroup, clean up our weapons, and clean up the gear. We repacked and reloaded and went aboard an LST and back out to sea. They reformed the night before and the next morning we landed on Tinian. Instead of going in on the beach, where the Japanese thought we would land, the 2nd Division made like they were going to land there, making a feint, then went back to the ship while we were coming ashore on the other side.

Did you set up another aid station?

Oh, yeah.

What did that look like?

That was really raw bones. I got in about 4 o'clock that afternoon and we tried to set up. They moved us down the beach and we'd dig foxholes three or four times before we found a place they wanted us to be and settled in. We set up a first aid in a big shell hole. That first night was tough. They broke the back of the Japanese on the island that first night. They threw everything they had at us. We had artillery grouped in front of us--the 14th Marines--with 75s and machine guns. And the Japs just poured in all night long and the Marines were just cuttin' them down. When the sun came up the next morning there were Japs piled up four and five deep in some places. And only half of our company got ashore that night.

Those of us who had come ashore that first day were hunkered down in foxholes. The artillery in front of us took care of everything, just as long as we stayed low. Only one man got

hit in the arm, the only casualty we had. The next morning at sunrise the others started coming in and the Japanese sunk two or three of those landing craft.

Was this a banzai charge?

That's what it was.

Did you see any of that going on?

Oh, yes. It was going on only about a hundred yards in front of us.

Were they screaming and yelling?

Yes. We even had Japanese killed in back of us.

So, when daylight came you could see what had happened.

There were dead Japanese everywhere.

None of them got through?

No. They literally broke their back that night. From that time on Tinian was just a cleanup job.

So you didn't have a lot of casualties, certainly not a lot of Marines injured that night.

There were some casualties that night but not near what you'd think. But the Japanese took a helluva lick.

And you didn't treat any of them, did you?

Oh, no. They were all dead. I don't remember treating a single Japanese on Tinian. I did treat some on Saipan. We just bandaged them up, gave them water, and sent them back under guard. Most were begging for water. They needed that more than anything else.

They weren't noted for their propensity to surrender.

They generally would fight to the last man as long as they had anything to fight with. I never saw one who wasn't wounded give up.

How long were you on Tinian?

About 14 days. We then went back to Maui to the same camp for more drilling and more refitting, getting new men to replace the men who had been injured or were sick. We got new equipment and then we left there the day after Christmas on the way to Iwo.

And you didn't know where you were going. Nobody told you.

At that point, we didn't know where we were going. We knew we were going close to Japan but we didn't know where. We were feeling sorry for the people in Europe because the Battle of the Bulge was going on and we were in a nice warm climate. The day after Christmas when they were having such a hard time, we went aboard ship on the way to the toughest

operation we had ever had.

When did you actually learn that you were going to Iwo Jima?

After we got aboard ship. Once we cast off and put out to sea, they started organizing clearances, setting up classes, where you were going, where you would be landing, and what was expected. We cleaned our weapons and did general maintenance of everything while we were waiting to get there. Incidentally, when we left Hawaii, we didn't go directly. We went to Pearl Harbor and anchored there for 3 weeks. The harbor at Maui would only hold two ships at a time. They would load two and they'd pull out and go to Pearl Harbor. Then two more would pull in and they'd load those. Then the convoy had to be formed before we put out to sea. The slowest ships went first because you had to travel at the same rate of speed as the slowest ships to stay in the convoy. LSTs left a week before we did. When we left Pearl Harbor, that's when we found out where we were going. But before we got to Iwo we went to Saipan and anchored there for 24 hours, waiting for the LSTs to get ahead of us. Iwo was half way between the Marianas and Japan. We caught up with them and joined them in time for the landings on the 19th of February.

When you finally reached Iwo Jima, what did you see?

It was the ugliest piece of land I've ever set eyes on. There were no trees on it, nothing whatsoever--just smoking. It looked like smoking sand. . . very forbidding looking.

Could you see the air strikes and the bombardment?

Oh yes. You could see the strikes very clearly. You could also see the artillery when they fired back at us, which was not often because they had everything camouflaged and kept under cover until after we got ashore. But the ships laying off the island were just pounding it steady right around the clock. And the planes were coming in and diving on them and dropping napalm and bombs. It was a constant bombardment.

Did you land on the first day?

I did not go ashore on the first day but I'll tell you what I did do. I rode landing craft picking up wounded and bringing them back to the ships. I did this for 3 days. It was tough. The first day when it started, the water was just as calm as it would be in a lake. It was no trouble whatsoever. And that afternoon about 4 or 5 o'clock the wind began to blow, the waves began to build up, and it started to rain. It also got cold for that climate. Everybody was very uncomfortable. We had to pick up men and bring them back to the ships where they could be treated.

What kind of landing craft were you on that picked up the wounded?

Regular LCIs, LCVPs.

Were you under fire going in?

We were under fire going in and coming out. They had two LSTs anchored about a mile off the beach. They were listed as LST(H)s and were used as hospital ships. If you had any men who were in bad shape that needed transfusions or who needed oxygen, or anything that you

couldn't do for them on board that little craft, they'd come in there and unload them and take care of them, then reload them again and take them back out to the ship.

Did you see the hospital ships?

They were coming and going all the time.

They stayed pretty far offshore, didn't they?

No. They'd come in pretty close.

So you'd go into the beach in an LCVP and land. And there would be wounded waiting there for you.

Yes. They'd just hustle them aboard and we take them out to the ships. We were trying to take them aboard one at a time but they were banging against the side of the ship so badly that the crew dropped the hook down and hooked on to our bow and stern and start lifting. When we were level to the railing, they'd take these wounded men off and get them aboard.

They then would lower the lines from the ship's davits and raise the entire LCVP up to the level of the gunwale.

Yes. One time one of them I was on, the boy up in the bow hooked on successfully but the one in the stern missed his hook. When they started lifting, they had us hanging at about a 45 degree angle. I reckon we had 10 or 12 men roll right on top of each other off those stretchers. As badly hurt as they were, I'm sure it killed some of them. They dropped us down immediately so we could hook on, but by that time the damage had been done. It was a dangerous thing.

What kind of care had they received before you picked them up?

Strictly field first aid. If a man got hit you'd bandage him up to stop the hemorrhage as best you could, give him plasma, give him a shot of morphine, get them on a landing craft and get them out to the ship as fast as you could.

So you really didn't take care of them aboard ship. You were busy ferrying them back from the beach.

For the first 3 days I did nothing except that.

What happened on the 3rd day?

Then they took the whole company ashore, moved up the island, and set up a field hospital. We were on the edge of the runway. There was a cistern there. On that island the Japanese collected rainwater. They had water but it was full of sulfur and they couldn't drink it. So they collected fresh water in these cisterns. We took one of these cisterns, the Seabees pumped it dry, knocked down one corner, and ground it down and covered it with 2 x 4s and heavy tarpaulin to make it blackout proof. We took men in there to be operated on. This was strictly an operating room. We had about six tables. There was no ventilation except what managed to get in there. It was miserable! But they operated on them there, the absolute worst ones. And then they had another tent they had graded down through some big shell holes and

then pulled the dirt up high so it couldn't be seen from the other part of the island. We set up these long ward tents and used that as receiving stations. We did minor work there. Actually, here, it would be considered a major operation. Sometimes you'd amputate a leg, do intestinal work, whatever. You did what had to be done.

Then they started flying blood in to us. The first blood we got. . . We got 16 or 18 pints in a wooden box secured with a styrofoam type material. It was dropped by parachute. Once planes were able to land on the island, we got all the blood we needed.

Was there dry ice in there to keep it fresh?

It had been. It had a little compartment right in the center where they'd put enough dry ice to keep it cool. But that styrofoam material was about 6 inches thick surrounding the bottles of blood.

Did you see it being administered?

I gave it; I administered it myself.

I've heard from other corpsmen who were there who had used plasma previously, and then ended up getting to use whole blood. They told me there was a helluva difference between the plasma and the whole blood as far as its effect on the patient.

That's right, because you've given them red blood cells. This instantly began providing oxygen and nutrients to the body. The plasma gave them the liquid they needed to keep them alive but that's about all you were doing with the plasma. But when we started getting whole red blood, we began using it by the ton. We had a Marine captain; I cut his leg off myself. It was just hanging by a little tissue. I did the job with a scissors. He had stepped on a land mine, which about blew half his butt off. He was just bleeding like crazy. We had two bottles of blood going at one time. We ended up giving him 18 pints of blood! Let me tell you, he was almost a dead man but was damn lucky.

So you saved him?

The doctor, Dr. Charley Saint, from Louisiana, wrote a note on a card giving his address and asked him to write him and let him know how he's doing. He was a good doctor and a mighty fine man. We had some really good doctors.

Do you remember any of the other ones?

There was a Dr. McClamrock from Florida. I believe he was from Ft. Lauderdale. Dr. Johnson was our commanding officer. He was the best at first aid, the best at taking care of the wounded that I've ever seen. He had so much experience. He came from a coal mining area of Pennsylvania. He fell right in on emergency work.

How many corpsmen would you have had in this unit?

About 110.

So it was essentially the same unit you had set up on Saipan?

Yes.

What was it called?

E Medical Company.

Once the runway was secured, flights of DC-3s began coming in to pick up patients. Did you see any of those flights land?

I sure did. We set up our company hospital right at the end of the runway. We were just clear of it. So anytime one of those planes would come in we'd see them.

Did you see any of the nurses coming off?

I did not see that. I saw the first plane come in that had a nurse on it but I was busy working and didn't get to go over there. We were restricted to that area because there was no time for anyone to be gawking around. We had work to do. We handled wounded men right up to the minute we cut it off to go back aboard ship. There was no time for sightseeing. One morning I was heating some coffee and three of these P-51s had landed there a day or two before. And three of them were taking off at one time. The lead plane must have hit a soft spot on the runway. They had shelled it the night before and the Seabees had filled it in. And he must have hit a soft spot because he got to wobbling and it tipped his wings. One hit the ground and he just cartwheeled over and over and over. The other two planes took off and left him on the ground. We ran over to him and he was sitting in that thing laughing. There was nothing left of that plane left but the cockpit. He had torn everything off but the cockpit with him in it. And he didn't get a scratch on him.

Did you see any of the B-29s come in?

Yes sir. I saw the first one come in. It had a hole in the wing. Let me tell you. That was impressive! I had never been that close to one before and I couldn't believe how big it was. I was wondering whether he was going to make it on that short runway. They hadn't been able to extend that runway at that time. Really, he shouldn't have even been there but he was in trouble and he made it.

Did you see the crew getting out?

I saw the crew getting out. But I couldn't go over there. We were busy.

I bet that was one happy crew.

You know they were.

That was the whole reason for taking Iwo Jima was to have a place for those B-29s to land.

That's exactly right. No one could have wanted that place for any other reason. Let me tell you something about that island. There were two volcanos there. Both of them were semi-active. And there were hot spots all over the island. There were places you'd dig in at nighttime and you'd have to move your foxhole from place to place because the ground was so

hot you couldn't stay there. You'd be freezing on one side and burning up on the other. Anywhere on the island, if you wanted to eat your c-rations, we'd just dig a hole about 2 feet deep, throw in a dozen cans of c-rations, cover it up, take an entrenching tool and stick it down on top of it so you could find it, wait 1 hour, come back and dig it up. And you could hardly hold those cans. And if you forgot the things and didn't get them, they'd blow up.

How long were you there on Iwo?

From the first day to the 28th of March. And I went in there the first day to the end with the first uniform I started with--and no bath. You brushed your teeth and shaved maybe once every 4 or 5 days when you had enough water. Water was very scarce, especially the first 10 days. We were on water rations. What we had we had to use for the men coming in. I'll tell you, that was a smelly crowd when we left there.

Did you ever want to go back to Iwo since the war?

I went back there for the 40th anniversary. It was impressive.

I bet it brought back some memories.

It really did. When you see it then, it makes you wonder how anyone got off the island alive. They had about a hundred of the Japanese who survived. Of course, we shook hands with them and talked to them. They had several interpreters walking around to help out. And a few of the veterans could speak enough English to get by.

How did you finally get off the island?

On the 28th of March we left and went back aboard ship, a transport laying off there to carry us out. It was a brand new ship and never had any troops on board, just supplies. They were still unloading those supplies when we went aboard. There were about three or four-hundred of us down in the hold of the ship. A chief came down with a bunch of paper bags in his arms and he said, "Fellas, we're cuttin' the fresh water on. You throw all your clothes. Take any of your possessions you might have and put in a bag and hang on to it. Throw your uniforms in a pile. (Our uniforms had our names stenciled on them.) Fresh water is on so take your showers. When you're through, we'll have your uniforms clean and food for you. You're going to have a good meal--steak and eggs."

Well, we took our shower. Have you ever tried to separate 300 uniforms in low light? We ended up going to the mess hall naked. Now they had taken the cover off above us and we were just ahead of the bridge. The men up on the bridge were looking down on us--the captain and the rest of the crew up there. And we were standing up. They had tables but no chairs. So there we were standing up eating as naked as jaybirds.

That must have been a sight.

While we were eating, a ship next to us pulled anchor and drifted into us. It tore several lifeboats loose. It took till about 9 o'clock that night to separate our uniforms. We didn't know whose was whose. They were all the same color. Everything looked alike and you had to pick them up one by one and call the man's name and throw it to him. There was no way to speed it

up. I'll never forget it.

Where did you go after that?

We went back to Maui, our main base. We were there and training. We received a lot of new recruits. They reorganized the division. They were transferring people around, rebuilding. I was transferred to the 14th Marines. Had the war continued and we gone into Japan, I would have gone back with the artillery.

Okinawa was going on by then.

Yes. That started on Easter Sunday. On that day we were crossing the International Date Line. I'm 84 years old and have had 85 Easters.

So you didn't land on Okinawa.

No. I never saw Okinawa.

In August, you heard about the bomb.

I sure did.

What was your impression of all that?

We were on the beach getting ready when the first bomb was dropped. Five days later we were supposed to go down to the quartermaster and draw winter clothes to make that landing on Japan. I was in favor of the bomb. Let me tell you something. If you'd ever made one landing, you'd never argue. I was tickled to death that they were able to do it. These bleeding hearts I read about or listen to on the television make me sick. If they had been there, they would have been damn glad to have had it. If we had gone into Japan it would have been a bad deal. That would have been terrible. Very few of us would have made it back.

The minute the war was over they pulled out all the men that had any time left on enlistments and sent them out to places like Johnson Island, some went to Japan, some to China. The whole division was literally broken up.

Where did you end up?

Back in the States. I came home. I had more time than most of the Marines did.

So, you had all your points.

Lord, I had points going to bed. I was discharged when I got home but I went back into the reserves.

Were you called back for Korea?

Never. I made chief and they didn't call back chiefs.