

# Carleton ‘David’ Nash

as interviewed by Judy Hansen  
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I was born 1935 in Fitchburg, Massachusetts to Frank and Mildred Nash. I was named Carleton David Nash but one of my uncles didn’t like Carlton so everyone just started calling me David. I grew up in East Templeton, Massachusetts and West Quincy; we kept moving back and forth.

I had graduated high school and gone out to Pittsfield, Massachusetts as an apprentice draftsman with General Electric. I left General Electric because I wasn’t interested in drafting. I thought it was too boring. I went back to Templeton, Massachusetts and tried to get a job but I couldn’t. Nobody wanted to hire me because I was eligible for the draft and they would say as soon as they got me trained Uncle Sam would take me; so thanks but no thanks. I was finally able to get a position as a hospital orderly.



It was 1954 and the draft was going strong. I didn’t want to spend my life in the military. I wanted it to be as short and sweet as possible. Since I couldn’t get a job I said, “Well, let’s get this over with.” I went and checked with the Air Force; that was my first choice. They would have put me in for four years. The Navy was my second choice and it had a minimum of four years. I found out if I volunteered for the draft it was only two years. The Army was the only one drafting at that time so I volunteered for the draft and asked them to put me on the top of the list.

It took about three months before they sent me to Fort Dix, New Jersey to process in. I had been in with a bunch of Seventh Day Adventists and since 99.9% of them were conscientious objectors<sup>1</sup> they all became medics. They decided I was part of them so they assigned me as a medic also.

It was in December and it was COLD. After that they sent me to boot camp for 8 weeks at Fort Sam Houston in Texas to teach me what it’s like to be a soldier and all the SOP’s<sup>2</sup>. I liked being at Fort Sam.

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<sup>1</sup> An individual who has claimed the right to refuse to perform military service on the grounds of freedom of thought, conscience, and/or religion (Wikipedia).

It was a nice post. It was neat and clean. Right outside the front gate was San Antonio, Texas and I was free to go every weekend. They had a lot there; a zoo, Movie Theater, and a Christian servicemen's organization that gave free cookies and donuts. The river walk in San Antonia was off limits to servicemen after 6:00 pm. They never said why but you would see the signs all over the place. Besides eating the cookies and donuts at the Christian Serviceman's Center my favorite activity was going to the movie theater. They had a nice theater there. When you went inside after the lights would dim there were little lights in the ceiling that looked like stars twinkling. It was kind of soothing and relaxing.

Boot camp was the typical hurry up and wait. They were rushing us all over the place. Since it was December, even in San Antonio there would be some cold days. We would be out in the grandstands (like bleachers) for training and then they would take us inside of a wooden building that was overheated so we had trouble trying to stay awake for the classes.

Since I was a medic I didn't do any rifle training. They taught us how to deal with rattle snake bites. An instructor had seven rattle snakes up on a stage and was demonstrating them. He said, "They're not that fast, they only strike about 7 miles an hour." Then he put his hand out in front and pulled it back as the snake tried to bite it. It missed him every time; luckily."

There was the shot class; we practiced giving injections to each other. We would have to sit across from each other, bare our thigh, and then we'd plunge the syringe into each other with a saline solution. It took me about seven tries. I kept stopping right before the needle would go in. I'd just freeze. The other guy said, "Will you just hurry up, do it, and get it over with? You're driving me crazy." I finally injected the solution and then it was his turn to inject me. He hit a blood vessel and when he pulled the needle out blood was coming out everywhere. He kept apologizing to me. It didn't hurt; it just looked awful. The instructor just came by and said, "Oh that happens once in a while" then he walked off.

We had to go out and dig fox holes. In the baked clay it was like sticking a shovel in concrete. The Sergeant said he was going to have a tank come out and run over the fox hole with us in it. We were only able to get the fox hole 6 or 8 inches deep. It was pretty hard clay and there was no way we were going to dig any hole deep enough. They called off the tank.

They had different classes about bacteria and taught us how bacteria are great little swimmers. They said the worse part of contamination is if there is liquid around because it travels so fast in liquid but not so fast on dry surfaces.

They also taught us military discipline including how to salute. We all had to get our shots. I had to get my shots twice. I got them in Fort Dix but my records didn't catch up with me in Fort Sam Houston so I had to get my shots all over again. We had to practice drills, marching, and a lot of physical exercise. We had one exercise where we had to carry someone on a litter through the woods; it was really some bushes that were about six or eight feet high. They made us carry the biggest guy on this litter. There was a river we had to cross and when we got there; since I was the smallest guy, they had me swap places with the big guy and they carried me across and then swap back again on the other side. Of

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<sup>2</sup> Standard Operating Procedures

course, none of the cadre<sup>3</sup> were around to see the swap and no one questioned why the guy on the litter was wet and I was dry when we got to the end. We had to be creative if we wanted to survive.

They had obstacle courses and places we had to crawl under barbed wire. We had to crawl while someone was firing a machine gun overhead. They would fire about three feet above the ground. It was real live ammunition; we could see the tracers coming across. They said in the class just before ours one guy didn't believe they were real bullets and he stood up. Luckily the machine gunner was paying attention and he stopped firing. They had to aim the machine gun at a target and show him they were real bullets.

I remember Christmas day in San Antonio was 85 degrees. It didn't feel like Christmas. After eight weeks of basic training at Fort Sam I went home on leave for a month. I actually had started to miss the snow for a while. It was nice in February when I went home on leave. There was some snow. I didn't think I would ever miss that stuff but I did. Then I went back for another eight weeks of training but this time it was all medical stuff.

There were two MOS's; military occupational specialties, one was a corpsman and one was an aid-man. The corpsman worked in the hospital, doctor's offices, and stuff like that. The aid-man was the one that went on the ambulances, worked the emergency room, or went out in the combat field. Lucky me, I was classified as an aid-man.

My first assignment was Fort Sill Oklahoma main hospital. It was the summer of '55. I got to work in the emergency room. I enjoyed it; I really did. I felt like I was doing something useful; something worthwhile. I was treating the military and their families. There was no air conditioning at that time except two places; the cafeteria and the laboratory. Every chance I got I volunteered to bring samples to the laboratory; just for a breath of cool air. The hottest temperature I saw there was 120°. That particular day I wasn't on duty. I was in the day room reading a magazine and when I put it down and got up my whole backside was wet with perspiration. It looked like somebody put a hose on me. It was brutal. We looked forward to thunder storms because it would cool stuff down and give some relief from the heat. But then the sun would come out and all that moisture would turn to steam. You would see the steam rising from the ground and it was worse than ever. The water was like bleach. In fact, as I would walk down the hallway towards the drinking fountain you could smell the chlorine.

I was at Fort Sill about six months and then I got orders to transfer. The Sergeant said, "Oh lucky you – you're going to Europe. Your orders say AFE." He thought it was Armed Forces Europe but it really said AFFE; Armed Forces Far East. When they asked me where I wanted to go I said 'east.' I meant back to the east coast. I ended up going a little too far east.

They sent me to Fort Lewis Washington and I was there about a month waiting for the ship to take us out. We went out on the USS General W.A. Mann. It carried 2,200 people including the crew. It was one of the faster ones. It was a WWII vintage just like our food; you know the K-rations and C-rations. I

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<sup>3</sup> A non-commissioned officer such as the Drill Sergeant

was on the advanced party which meant I got to board the ship first. These were the troops that got to work in the kitchen; KP all the way across.

On the first day out we were in a storm and I got so sea sick I couldn't keep anything down. They gave me a Dramamine pill and I couldn't even keep that down. I'm in the galley working around all this food and I got a little inspiration. I thought why don't you try some plain tea and crackers? I don't know where the idea came from but it settled my stomach the rest of the way there. It took us about two weeks but after the tea and crackers I was out on the bow of the ship watching the ship lift up out of the water and slamming back in with a hollow gong. We only saw one other ship on the way across going the other direction. We had flying fish accompany us twice and that was pretty neat.

Our first stop was Yokohama, Japan. We couldn't get off the ship. We were in port about two days while they were replenishing supplies. From there we went to Incheon, Korea. The port wasn't deep enough for the ship to dock so it had to sit out in the harbor. They brought out the landing craft and packed us in there so tight it was like the Boston Subway during rush hour. We could hardly breathe. They ferried us into the dock and from there we got on those deuce-and-a-half's; two and a half ton trucks where the backs were wide open. As we drove up from the dock to the compound the streets were lined with South Korean's. It was just the mama's and kids; I didn't see any men around and the kids were throwing rocks at us. These were the ones we went over there to help. The guy right next to me got hit above his temple right in the head. There was nothing he could do; he couldn't duck because we were packed in there so tight. He just stood there with the blood running down the side of his face. I asked if he was all right and he said it hurt a little. When we got to the base they sent him over to the dispensary and patched him up.

From there we were given our assignments. I was a medic for the 17<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment; called the Buffalo's, 7th Infantry Division along the DMZ<sup>4</sup>. They stuck us on these trains. These trains looked like something from an old west movie. The Korean trains didn't even have headlights so you had to be careful at night at railroad crossings. It was hard to see them coming; you really had to listen.

There was a long uphill incline; I think they said it was about 2 ½ miles and the train couldn't always make it to the top. It would have to stop, back up, and try again. Sure enough ours couldn't make it to the top. It ground to a halt, backed down, and built up a head of steam. It took about ½ hour but it made it up.

We got to a post south of the DMZ and they again put us on a deuce-and-a-half and took us up to our post. At that time we were all in eight man tents. The only buildings were some Quonset huts for the mess hall, recreation center, and storage facility. We were in tents heated by diesel stoves which at times would over-heat. You could see the stove and the stove-pipe turn red all the way up to the opening in the tent. I'm surprised the tent never caught fire. There were times they just clogged up and quit all together. This would usually happen in the middle of the night.

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<sup>4</sup> Korean Demilitarized Zone along the 38<sup>th</sup> parallel that separates North and South Korea.

It was getting winter again. I think I went over there in November 1955. I remember the cold wind whistling through those hills; and the hills were bare. You didn't see much in the way of trees because when the Japanese had occupied Korea they had stripped all the forests and all the mines; everything that was worth taking they took. The only thing there was a lot of was rice paddies and crows; crows galore. I had never seen so many crows but no dogs, no cats, no animals. The crows loved our post because we had food scraps. There were about 500 of us there so there were a lot of scraps.

The North Koreans had been pushed back by this time in the war. Just to the north of us there was a chasm that was probably 200 or 300 feet deep. On our side was barbed wire and then you had this deep chasm. You would look across and it was just barren land as far as you could see. We knew the North Korean's were over there somewhere just out of sight. Every once in a while the infantry would go out on a problem and just leave a skeleton force behind. If you pulled guard duty; like I did at that time, you were armed with a flashlight and a baton. Medics didn't have any rifles. If something happened we'd have to call infantry with our voice or set fire to something because that was the only way we could get anyone over. We did have one fatal fire at one of the mess halls.

They always had a Sergeant on duty inside any building that has anything the slicky boys might want to steal; that's what we called the South Koreans that ran the black markets. You could buy anything on the black market. It had stuff we didn't have. When I needed patches for my clothing, the quartermaster only issued me two patches. For all the rest of my uniforms, I had to go off base outside the main post and buy them from the Koreans. They said in Seoul they had all the components of a helicopter. You just had to assemble it yourself.

At this period of the Korean War it was pretty calm most of the time on the DMZ but the North Korean's would love to play games. When you heard "Operation George" you had to grab your steel helmet. That was an alert and we had to wear our steel pots until the alert was over. For instance, one day they lined their tanks up along the DMZ right insight of our people and aimed everything at our position. They just sat there for 24 hours and then overnight they disappeared again. Another time, some of the North Korean soldiers called across to the South Korean Soldiers, "Hey, we're having a birthday party here for our friend. Do you want to come and join us?" They had some kind of alcohol to drink. After a while three or four of the South Korean soldiers reluctantly decided to go and join these North Koreans and partied with them. As they were returning back to the south side the North Koreans shot them down in the back. There was stuff like this going on all the time over there.<sup>5</sup>

We finally built Quonset huts for ourselves. That was kind of nice to get out of those tents. The tents were so dark all of the time. The Quonset huts had windows at least. The stoves weren't so apt to set the building on fire because they weren't made of fabric; they were made of metal.

One guy knew how to cut hair so he would get a quarter every time he cut someone's hair, 25¢ was his going rate back then. For showers they hooked together a couple of 55 gallon barrels, they stuck an inversion heater in there, a tube running out of that into this little shack. You'd would go into the shack,

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<sup>5</sup> Despite its name, the DMZ is the most heavily militarized border in the world. It is approximately 4 km (2.5 mi) wide. *Wikipedia*

they'd turn on the water so you could get wet, they'd turn the water back off while you lathered up, then they would turn the water back on so you could rinse off. Well, I was about the 35<sup>th</sup> guy to go in. I got all lathered up and they ran out of water. So I had to go back to the Quonset hut, fill up a basin, and try to rinse all that soap off.

There were plenty of rice paddies and the Koreans would fertilize their rice paddies from our latrines. They complained because they didn't like our toilet paper. They insisted we stop using it; were they kidding?

We did have the armed forces radio that we could listen to one or two hours a day. I enjoyed that. We had the generator turned on for 1 hour at lunch-time and then two hours in the evening. They did have the U.S.O.<sup>6</sup> shows that were nice. They had a lot of Korean entertainment people come in the service clubs too. Once a month we had entertainment at the service club which was a nice break and enjoyable.

One time I saw a tank caught on fire. There were three tanks going the other way on a dirt road as we were going out to the field. All of a sudden I heard this loud POW; I looked and a jet of flame came out of the back exhaust pipe of a tank. It stopped dead in its tracks and everyone scrambled out. The truck I was on kept going so I didn't get to see much after that. When we came back they were all gone.

Yea, those guys that went over there in '52 and '53 had it really bad. They were the ones that got pushed down all the way to the southern tip of Korea and then had to push their way back up again. All we had to do was occupy what they had claimed.

I had been up at the DMZ about four months right through the hardest part of the winter. My Uncle Vic; Victor Harper my mother's brother was a Major at that time. He was a dentist and was assigned to the 548<sup>th</sup> general dispensary down in Seoul. When he found out I was in Korea he pulled some strings and got me transferred down to Seoul in the 548<sup>th</sup> general dispensary with him. This was pretty nice because now I had running hot and cold water, heat, and electricity 24 hours a day most days. One night some guy came in drunk and knocked over one of our stoves and spilt diesel fuel all over the place. It took two weeks for that odor to go away. It made it tough for sleeping. They had a library, a PX<sup>7</sup>, Movie Theater, and all the comforts of home.

One time there was an accident and our ambulance went out on call. One of the other guys hanging around said he would go out with them so I stayed back in case another call came in; well it did. The M.P.'s called and said there was a jeep accident and I told them there was no one to send. They asked if there was a medic there and I said yes. They sent an M.P. jeep to pick me up. On the way to the accident I found out the M.P. was from Massachusetts two towns away from where I grew up. Imagine that; being across the world and running into someone that lived two towns away from you.

Most of what we dealt with were accidents, fights, and diseases. I had exciting times washing wax out of peoples ears (sarcasm). It would go from one extreme to another. One time we had a guy brought in

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<sup>6</sup> United Service Organizations

<sup>7</sup> Post Exchange

who had been loading a bulldozer onto the back of a flatbed trailer. The bulldozer went off the ramps, tipped over, and landed right on him. It crushed his whole right side. He was still alive. What was unbelievable was when I went to cut his shirt off he sat up for me and helped get his shirt off. I don't know how he could do that with all those broken bones and damage. They sent him down to the Inchon evacuation hospital. From there if you were really in a bad way they would send you back to the States. My uncle ended up having a heart attack so he went down to Inchon and then back to the States.

I got to ride on one of those M.A.S.H.<sup>8</sup> helicopters once. We had another bulldozer injuring somebody. The helicopter pilot said he needed someone to hold the I.V. while he flew the patient down to Inchon. Since I was again the lightest, smallest guy around he pointed and said, "You, you're coming with me." I was 5'8" 150 lbs. I climbed in next to the pilot. They took a web belt, looped it through the handle of the I.V., through the opening in the plastic bubble, and I just sat in there holding it all the way down to Inchon; for about 20 minutes. After we dropped the guy off I told the pilot, "You know when I was 13 years old I took flying lessons down at the Gardner airport; a little single engine Taylorcraft." He asked if I would like to try to fly the helicopter and I said, "Yeh." He told me once what each control did. Then he said, "Here, take over and head for that." Well, the controls in a helicopter are nothing like the controls in an airplane so the helicopter took me for a ride. I wanted to go one way and the helicopter went the other way. Finally he took over the controls and took me back to the dispensary. It was fun trying.

Something was always going on over there. The dispensary was across the parade field; maybe ½ a mile from my barracks. One day they had a big parade going on in Seoul and we were called out to an emergency. We wanted a M.P. jeep to escort us but there were none available and sure enough we came to this parade. We told them we had to go through because a Korean electrician had been working on a telephone pole outside one of the smaller units and had electrocuted himself. It threw him right off the pole. We were trying to go see what we could do for him. One of the Korean police officers tried to stop the parade and make a hole so we could go through but another Officer over-rode him and made us sit there and wait for the parade to finish before we could go through. I was so mad. Of course by the time we got there, there was nothing we could do. The Major that was in charge just lit into us, "Why weren't you here sooner? We called you guys and you should have been here 20 minutes ago!" We tried to explain to him what had gone on but he was just beet red and was mad at US. What could you do? We couldn't take the guy because we didn't have a morgue. They just had to call the Korean authorities so they could do whatever it is they do to take care of him and notify his family.

We responded to any kind of emergency that happened on a military post. We also had to respond if it was outside the post if it involved a Korean with a military vehicle. First time I got to suture somebody it was a Korean that was holding on the back of a deuce-and-a-half on his bicycle and the truck stopped short. He sliced open the back of his hand so they brought him into our dispensary. It was in the evening and we only had a skeleton crew. The Doc on duty didn't want to be bothered so he just said, "Nash, you take care of it." I got out the suture kit and sewed up his hand. I felt pretty good. The

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<sup>8</sup> Mobile Army Surgical Hospital

Commanding Officer happened to come by, stood behind me, watched for five or ten minutes, and then left without saying a word so I guess I was doing all right.

We got held up one night in the Officer's quarters. When my Uncle was in the hospital, he shared quarters with a Major. They each had separate bedrooms and a common area. I was sitting in that common area and it was pay-day. I had been a blood donor that day so luckily I didn't get paid. I came back and was just sitting there relaxing reading a magazine and all of a sudden there came a knock on the Major's bedroom door. He opened the door to the hallway and I saw him look out there. I was thinking it was some Officer just coming over to visit. All of a sudden I see him slam the door shut and noticed someone was on the other side pushing. I thought it was some guy horsing around. All of a sudden in pops two South Koreans holding 45's. They weren't horsing around. The Major said, "Take anything you want and go." They looked around and he handed them his wallet. I was just watching them boiling underneath thinking, "Oh the nerve of these guys to come into Officer's quarters to rob us." The other one came over to me; he didn't speak much English but said, "You have a pass?" I said, "What?" He repeated, "You have a pass?" I told him "No." I wasn't an officer I was an enlisted man and showed him the patch on my arm. When I did, he saw the bulge in my back pocket where my wallet was. He came over and pulled the wallet out of my pocket and then went back to where he was standing still pointing the gun at me. I thought, "I could take this guy down so easily because he's just a scrawny little thing." But if I did the other guy would probably shoot us both and I couldn't coordinate with the Major. But I thought, "If he doesn't give me back my wallet I'm going to get him." He must have read my thoughts. I had thirteen dollars in the wallet and he took that out then threw the wallet on the floor. The other guy had some hedge clippers and they used that to cut the telephone wire then the two of them bailed; out they went. As soon as they were gone the Major went next door and called the M.P.'s. The M.P.'s found a hole in the fence where they must have come through. A couple days later they said they had someone in custody and had me look out a little window at the guy outside but I told him he wasn't either one of them. They told me they thought he was the get-away driver. The next Monday I went in and gathered my pay. The Major had got paid but had paid off a lot of bills. He had \$90.00 in his wallet they got away with. They got \$103.00 between the two of us.

The Korean's were always stealing stuff. You had to watch your watches because they would take them right off a guy's wrist. One time we were down in Seoul in the ambulance. It was summer time so the windows were open. This mama-san jumped up on the running board and tried to take my watch right off my wrist while I was sitting there. I moved back where she couldn't reach me so she finally gave up and left. She left the driver alone. She didn't want to go on that side.

Another thing I thought was interesting; now remember this was 1955, 1956, in Seoul there was only one traffic light and it was manually operated. It was up on a pedestal with an umbrella. The Officer would sit under the umbrella with this big handle and whenever he felt like it he would turn it 90° so the red lights and the green lights would face in opposite directions.

Every once in a while we had to take our turn going TDY; temporary duty to the stockade. That would be a one week assignment. You'd go inside the stockade and there was a dispensary in there and you'd stay there for a week; that was it. Prisoners would get sick and they'd come in. Nobody told me but as



you cross the yard if there are prisoners out there and they'd see someone that was not a prisoner they were supposed to stop at attention, slam their hat against their thigh, and stand there until you told them to carry on. I didn't know that so I just walked on by and left the guy standing there until one of the M.P.'s on guard duty called out "Carry on." After that, one of them came into the dispensary and explained things to me.

Once a month we had to do a stand-by near Kimpo air force base in Seoul. There were a small group of paratroopers there and they had to practice parachute jumping. They would fly over the Han River. There was a big wide sand bank and they would try to land on this sand bank without hitting any of the little trees. We would have to go out and stand on the sand bank and watch them jump. We would look up and see the bomb bay doors open. Then we'd see faces and outlines of the guys looking out the bomb bay doors getting ready to jump. It was kind-of neat watching them come down. Luckily nobody got hurt while I was there but I understand one day one of them landed in a tree. He got hurt pretty bad. To keep busy while I was there their Sergeant had a 45 so he took it out and was shooting beer cans on the beach. He said, "You want to try it?" I said, "Sure" but I couldn't hit one for the life of me. There was such a kick to that thing, unlike shooting my syringes. They didn't kick like that.

I was in Korea a total of 13 ½ months. I spent 4 months up in the DMZ and 9 ½ months in Seoul. There were figmo charts; figure the months. When you would get down to 90 days from going home you would start X'ing off the days from the calendar to see how close you were getting. The closer you got to going home you would get more and more cautious trying to make sure you didn't do anything to keep you from going back home. Since I was a medic I talked to the doctors and said, "You know I got really sea sick on the way over here. Can you do something about that?" The doc wrote up a slip that said due to my sea sickness they would have to fly me home. So they flew me to Japan in a big, what they called a 'crash master.' It's a big cargo carrier where the doors open up in the front. One day this type of plane was flying between Japan and Korea. The doors opened up in mid-air and it lost its aerodynamics. It crashed and everyone on board was killed. So after that they were called 'crash-masters.' If you were going on R & R or going home they would fly you over to Japan in one of those.

In Japan I had to wait several days for an opening on a MATS plane; military air transport service. That was a four engine prop job. We flew in the middle of the night and there was nothing but blackness around. You could see the blue exhaust from the engines. I was sitting near the wing, kind-of ½ awake and ½ asleep. All of a sudden these flood lights came on. They had these flood lights built into the fuselage. They shined them out on the engine on the right side; the closest one to us. Instead of blue coming out of the exhaust it was red. They trained the lights on that one engine and then they started feathering the prop. You could hear the change in sound as they changed the angle of the propeller. They kept watching that for hours. It seemed to be overheating and I think they were concerned it would catch fire.

Anyway, we flew from Japan to Wake Island. I don't know how they found it out there in the pacific; it was this little island sitting there all by itself. We flew all night long. I looked down on that little island and all that was there was a runway that went from one end of the island to the other. Out to the side

were a few little buildings and some little vehicles. We landed there and they fueled us up, checked the plane out, and repaired the engine.

From Wake Island we went to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. I got out of the plane and went to the terminal and into the cafeteria. I looked in the case and saw a Boston cream pie – WOW! I hadn't seen one of those for a couple of years. I ordered that Boston Cream pie and savored the whole thing. I was in Hawaii for 28 hours. I could see Diamond Head, Honolulu, and the ocean from where I was but I couldn't leave the post. I had to stay within ear shot of the P.A. system because they would announce your name and the flight you were going out on. I came home on a commercial flight.

After I reached Oakland, California they bused us two hours north to San Francisco. I stayed there for two days and then caught another commercial flight to Philadelphia. From Philadelphia we got on another bus that took us to Fort Dix. I remember when we were at the bus station in Philadelphia there was a cop and he had a civilian by the throat holding him up against the wall waiting for back-up. The cop was short; he was maybe 5'6" and the guy he had was a good 6 feet tall.

At Fort Dix it took about a week to process us out of there. They called us for K-P one morning at 4:30 am. I was an E-4 so I figured they would have me do a head count when everyone came in that morning. The Sergeant marched us over there and the door was locked. We knocked several times but no one would let us in. We walked around the building and could see people inside working. We found another door and knocked on it but no one came. The Sergeant dismissed us and told us to go back to the barracks. All we could think of was someone got their wires crossed and called two groups to K-P duty at the same time and the other group got there first. We got the day off.

When we were processing out they had to do blood tests on us. They put us in a room and had us sit on chairs in a big semi-circle. There were about 28 of us. They had a syringe, needle, tube, and a plastic bag. They plunged a needle into our arms and let the plastic bag hang from the needle while it filled up with blood. The plastic bag was about the size of a sandwich bag. Then they popped the needle out. It was sure a strange way to draw blood. I had never seen it done like that before; don't want to see it done that way again either. There were about a half dozen of us going back to Massachusetts and one of the guys had a car. We all chipped in for the gas and he drove us home. He dropped me off in Worcester. I took a Greyhound bus from Worcester to Pittsfield where my girlfriend and future wife at the time lived. The bus driver dropped me off right on the corner. They usually are only supposed to drop you off at the station but since I was a soldier in uniform he dropped me off at her corner and I walked to her house with my duffle bag.

At first I went back to work at the hospital as an orderly. Then I decided to go to college. I signed up for Business College in Fitchburg. Meanwhile I got engaged to Patricia Lawrence and married her on the 1<sup>st</sup> of June 1957. I found an apartment in Fitchburg, Worcester County. I had the GI bill to help pay for school and I had saved up enough money to buy all the furniture and appliances we needed. I got a part-time job at the Old Mill Restaurant in Westminster and worked there for two years while I was going to school. After I graduated from Business College I went to work for Leominster Savings and Loan association as assistant treasurer. Accounting was backwards for me there. In a bank, a loan was

considered an asset rather than a liability. From there, I went to work for a plastics company also in Leominster. After that I went to work at Simonds Saw and Steel Company where I worked for several years. I was doing well there but they were not particular generous with the wages.

I had learned to program computers and there was a big demand for programmers at that time. Someone convinced me to go look for another job. I went to Boston to a head hunter and they sent my resume out to different companies. When my former boss who had left Simonds and Saws earlier found out I was looking for something new he hired me to work for Polaroid Cooperation where he was working. I worked there about twelve years doing more systems analysis instead of computer programming. I enjoyed that work. The slump in the economy started to hit and there wasn't much opportunity for advancement.

There was another company, Digital Equipment Cooperation that was building computers like gang-busters and hiring like crazy. People I knew who worked there said, "You need to come work for us. It's a great place to work." So I finally submitted my resume and got a job offer in financial systems. Another friend I had who worked in their engineering department wanted me to come work there to implement a quality cost system. I thought that sounded like more fun than what I was doing so I transferred there for a few months. They decided to disband that department so I found another job in the company and it was going well until the company started down-sizing. At that point the company employed 130,000 people and over the next few years they got rid of 100,000 before they went belly up. They had a good severance package if you volunteered to leave so I took it. It was 2 ¼ years before I found another permanent job again because the economy was so bad. This was in the 1990's.

I got a temporary job as a consultant for Wang Computer Company but while I was there they went bankrupt. I went to work in the corporate offices of a retail company; Filene's, doing EDP computer systems auditing. They owned a lot of retail stores but they were really stingy with their money. I was probably making 53% of what I was making at Digital. I got a call from a head hunter unsolicited. My boss had actually got the call and turned it over to me because he thought I would be interested, and I was. I filled out the resume and they were interested. They asked me how much I wanted and I told them. They called a few days later and said they were sorry to tell me but they didn't want to hire me for what I wanted. They wanted to pay me \$5000.00 a year more. Sold!

After working there for a while my boss there went to work for another company and took me with him. It was a raise and closer to home. After working there for a while I retired.

After I retired I said I could live anywhere I want. I had two children that went to school at BYU. We would visit them on our vacations. One of my sons worked part-time in the Roof Restaurant in the Joseph Smith Building in Salt Lake so I came out to visit and attend my son's wedding. I liked Utah so my wife and I moved to Lehi in 2004; I lived with my son in Sandy while our house was being built.

I lived in Lehi for three years when my first wife died; December 21<sup>st</sup>, 2006. It didn't take me long to realize that I didn't like living alone. I went to Massachusetts to see my sister. She took me for a drive and we went to the cemetery so she could show me where everybody was buried; boy that was a real fun place to go after losing my wife. There was this big brown envelope on the floor of the car and I

kept kicking it with my feet. I reached down and asked her what it was for. She told me it was for Peggy and that she needed to take it to her sometime; Peggy was my sister's ex-husband's sister. We went to deliver the envelope to Peggy. I hadn't seen her for 40 years. Well, we hit it off. I asked her if she would like to come to Utah with me and get married.

She told me she would come out and try it for a couple of weeks. She didn't know if she would like it because there are no trees. I told her I had six trees. She told me the only thing she remembered about Utah is when she got out of the Navy she drove through Utah and there were no trees there. She didn't think she could stand it because there is nothing but trees in Massachusetts and she lived on 30 acres in the middle of a forest. She came out and we stayed with my son in Herriman. The next day I heard her talking on the phone to her sister and she said she was staying. I thought, "Wow!" So I married Margaret (Peggy) Lehoux Valcourt on October 27, 2007. So Peggy is my sister's ex-sister-in-law and now her sister-in-law again. My sister's ex-husband is now her brother-in-law. We've continued to live in Lehi ever since.

I am the father of eight children; Judy, David, Brenda, Keith, Kevin, Michael, Matthew, and Carlton II. I am the step-father of three children Lance, Laurie, and Travis.