

**John A Jacobs Jr.
Veteran**

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New York State Military Museum
Interviewers**

**Stratton VA Medical Facility
Albany, New York
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Q: This is April 18th, 2005. We are interviewing John Jacobs, a United States Marine Corps Rifleman who is a former Prisoner of War during the Korean War. He served in the United States Marine Corps from April 1951 until June 1954. This interview is being conducted by June and Kenneth Hunter at the Stratton VA Medical Facility in Albany, New York. Please tell us your full name and when and where you were born.

JJ: John A. Jacobs Jr. I was born in Amsterdam, New York, St. Mary's Hospital.

Q: When were you born?

JJ: 1932. July 3rd, 1932.

Q: What did you do before you entered the Marine Corps?

JJ: I went through high school and then I went to work for General Electric Company. I worked there approximately six months, maybe a little longer. One day a friend of mine, a childhood friend of mine, who was working there too, he came to me and said, "How do you like your job John?" and I said, "I don't like it." Which eighteen-year-old likes their job? Not too many. So, he said well let's join the Marines. We had a lot of friends who were in the Marine Corps. At that particular time, if we didn't join, we'd have probably been drafted. So, we were going to go in where we wanted to go. We took the next day off and when down in town to Albany recruiting office and joined the Marines. They gave us two weeks to report to active duty.

The next day I went back to work and my foreman told me the superintendent would like to see me. Right away I thought I was going to get in trouble for taking the previous day off. Lo and behold, he offered me an apprentice course that GE used to run. I told him I was going to go into the service. He related to me that anybody going on the apprentice course and did good would get a four-year deferral and wouldn't have to go. I told him that I had joined yesterday. He informed me that it was too late. I'd have to go. So, I was a day late and a dollar short there.

Q: Where did you go once you reported?

JJ: Once we reported to the Marines, we went to Parris Island, the great boot camp. After going through the training on Parris Island, I think we got a week leave home. Then I had to report to Camp Pendleton in California for advanced infantry training.

That took about two months. After completing our advanced infantry training, we boarded ships to go overseas. This was the 13th draft because every month they had a draft. I happen to be on the 13th draft.

We went overseas and we got put in our respective outfits. I was assigned to E2-5, 1st Marine Division, FMF. Our outfit. The reason we were assigned to that was because people were getting rotated in for people who got wounded in the front. We were in the north part of Korea where the big hills were. I'd spend like seven, eight months on these hills. We'd go from hill to hill. We'd go on patrols to seek out the enemy. We'd get in a skirmish with them every once and awhile. I spent about eight months there.

After a period of eight months, then we got shifted to a different line. We went to a position 40 miles from Seoul on the front line. I had just gotten there and was put on a listening post. A listening post is a post where you're on a platoon outpost and this is on the front of the lines. Then outpost puts out listening posts outside of that in order to warn them if the enemy is coming. If the enemy comes, you're supposed to try to delay them for five, ten minutes and then retreat back to the outpost. Then, our artillery is zeroed on where we were so it starts coming in.

We were on that listening post. There was nothing there. We got over there and we start digging holes, foxholes. You could only dig about two feet down then you'd hit solid rock. You couldn't make too much of a hole, two or three feet. You couldn't make much of a hole. One day, the Captain of our company came up on the front. I told him we need sand bags up here so we can fill them and make a position. He said that they didn't have any sand bags and he said that this is a relatively safe position because he pointed out that in front of us was a barbed wire line.

On the other side of that barbed wire was the General VanVleet zone. The General VanVleet zone circled Panmunjom. Panmunjom is where the peace talks were being held for the past two or three years and there was supposed to be no enemy fire or no fire at all from us or the enemy and no troops through that area. So, he says you have a relatively easy position here because the enemy weren't supposed to come through there.

We didn't feel too good about it anyway. He left. There was a lot of rock there so we built a rock, fort like, out of rocks. As we were building this fort, I smashed my finger, as a matter of fact my trigger finger. I smashed my finger, so I went down to the outpost to see the corpsman and he bandaged it up. He asked me if I wanted a Purple Heart for it. I said no because he would have sent me back to the rear. I said no. I had to go back up to the listening post over the hills and if I had come back it would have been at dawn or evening and that's when you get picked off by enemy snipers. I said no I'll stay up there because I understand tomorrow we're all leaving this hill. My squad leader came up and told me that. As a matter of fact, he was from Buffalo, New York and he said him and I were going home the next day.

That evening, about one o'clock, the enemy came through that neutral zone and attacked our listening post. From what I understand, there was about four hundred of them. At that particular time there were five of us. One of my men got killed. The other one got severely wounded and was in the hospital for almost two or three years. He's paralyzed now and I got captured.

Incidentally, the Captain who said it was relatively safe duty there, when I went to sleep at night I used to take my boots off. You don't do that on the front. You keep your boots on, ready to go. This was an easy post, so I took my boots off. When they hit, I ran out of my lean-to whatever it was and went to where my gun emplacement was. I didn't really make it. I ran toward the front. The enemy was coming towards me. It was a wall of them. It was pitch black. You couldn't see your hand in front of your face.

I jumped in this little hole that we'd started. They ran right over the top of me. What happens is at times they attack and generally leave your position before daylight. I think this was a harassing kind of attack they were pulling off there. My fire team leader, he got hit. He lay there wounded. The other two men tried to take him out of there but he said, I heard him, I couldn't see any of this but I could hear it that if they tried to take him with them, they wouldn't make it themselves. They traded rifles with them because one was full (unclear). He laid there. They fired the rest of their ammunition and they hollered for me. I couldn't say anything because I was surrounded by the enemy.

The last thing I heard from them, one says to the other guy how much ammunition do you have left. The guy said I've got just what's left in my rifle and one grenade. They said let's fire that and give me one more yell. They left. So, those two got off of there. The one that was on the position that I was headed for, he got killed on that position. Of course, the guy that got hit and they left him there, the enemy came up and put 20-30 burp gun slugs in his stomach and left him for dead although he wasn't dead. The next morning our side came over and pulled him off that hill. Of course, he spent the next two years or better in the hospital and he was paralyzed. He came from (unclear), New York not too far from where we are right now. They put him in a VA hospital.

So, I'm laying there saying my prayers. They setup a machine gun right over that hole. They had an e-mortar and they were shooting to an outpost. Eventually, the clouds parted a little bit and the moon came out. It shined on that hole and they saw me. By this time, I have no more ammunition left, all out of grenades, I threw them all. They were going to grab me.

One of the enemy, he pulled out a grenade. He started to throw it down in on me. Another one hollered. I don't know what they said because I don't speak the...he threw the grenade over the hill and they grabbed me out of there. From what I understand is that they wanted to take a prisoner. We had just gotten there three, four weeks before that. They thought that we were planning something and they wanted to know. My

friend, I don't know why they didn't take him as a prisoner. He was already wounded. They wanted to make sure he was dead and they shot him with the burp gun. They grabbed me out of there and I got up out of that hole. All of the sudden, incoming came in because its all zeroed in anyway. That's the way it's supposed to work. The shrapnel got a bunch of those and knocked them down. They were all around me. I got a little shrapnel. I got hit too. They grabbed me and down over the side of the hill we went.

I got over the side of the hill and my feet started killing me and I was wondering what the heck was happening. I got hit in the upper back and my feet were killing me. I looked down. I got no shoes on. I remember I went into my sack without my shoes because it was easy duty there. I sat down there and said I ain't going any further. Of course, they don't understand any English. They're pointing their rifle at me trying to get me to go. I pointed down to my feet. I've got no shoes and I ain't going any further. Do what you got to do. I gave them the best motions I could.

Lo and behold, about four of five minutes later along comes one of those guys and threw down a pair of boots. They were my boots. He got them out of the (unclear) where we were staying. He took them and threw them down. I put the boots on. They grabbed me and away we went. We went right down through the neutral zone to Panmunjom. There was a light that shined up in the air. As soon as they hit, the light went out. After they made their initial attack, and this time when I was going through there, they lead me through there, the light went back on. They must have put it back on.

Now I see rows and rows of dead enemy. They had them piled up like cord wood. Out artillery fire must have gotten a lot of them. I've never seen so many dead people but apparently they take all their dead off the field. They don't want to give us the feeling that we killed a lot of them. In different areas, after an attack we'd go down there and there would be no bodies like this. Of course, that's what they were doing there piling them all up and (unclear) would take them away. There was a good many of them. I was very surprised how many there were. That's why I can remember this.

They took me through there and they brought me to a bunker on their side. I sat there. After time went by, it was time to eat, to feed me. I got what they eat, fish heads and rice. There's no way I was going to eat fish heads, so I didn't eat. As a matter of fact, I didn't eat for three or four days anyway and I couldn't eat their kind of food. After that, I generally got used to it and I started eating. After they got me off the front line and I got toward the rear more, they didn't have fish heads anymore. Their diets were peanuts and rice or turnips and stuff like that. Of course, you didn't get that much.

So, from there I had to walk to the rear of their lines. A couple of days later, there were four other fellas, Marines, that got captured on that hill on that outpost near a machine gun nest. Four of those they got captured, they put them in with me. Now it made a total of five of us. One of those guys in particular, his name was Custage and he was from Yugoslavia and he joined the Marines to acquire his citizenship papers. This guy was in

pretty good shape. A couple of the guys were wounded. Not bad but bad enough. So, as they walked us back, this guy Custage he (unclear). We had a couple of guys, one got wounded in the eye, the other one got wounded in the leg, they could only go slow. The enemy was back there with their rifles urging them on with punching then with their rifles to keep up. I holler at this Custage to slow down. He says he's in as good a shape as the enemy was. (unclear) but you're not helping us. These guys can't make it. He was pretty hard headed. That's when I first ran into him. I pretty much had a hard time from him for quite some time.

From there, we went back to the rear. We got questioned every now and again. I remember one time we got questioned by the enemy. We were in this, on a side hill, in this coop or whatever. They were taking us out one at a time to question us. I was going down the hill, they were taking me there, I heard a shot. The guy that was marching me down said that's probably your friend. He didn't cooperate. That's the last of him.

They brought me into a room. There's an officer sitting there. He had a big machine pistol on the table. He as much as told me that my friend didn't cooperate so he is no more. They started asking me a number of questions. What they were interested in is why we moved from the north over in front of Seoul. They thought that we were planning a big push. As far as I know, I don't know nothing because they don't tell me. I'm a ground soldier, a grunt, that's in the front and I'm luck if I know my commander's name. Sometimes I do, Sometimes I don't because they change.

They're asking me all of these questions, who my commander was. I remember that. I told them who my commander was although he's the one that used to be there, but he left, and we had a new commander. I didn't know his name anyway. As far as finding out anything from a foot soldier, you can't find out a hell of a lot because he's on the front line. What does he know. They don't clear anything with him to begin with.

On the way back up there, we passed some big guns called the (unclear). They asked me what position they were in. I said I don't know. I have no idea. I might have seen them but just where they were setting as far as dimensions go, land location, I wouldn't know. They asked you a lot of questions. If you go to the library, you can find most of them. They wanted to see if you were being honest with them. I went through that session and got through it all right. The guy they said he shot, they didn't shoot him. That's a ploy to try to scare you.

They kept marching us back. This is on the way back to the rear. So, they kept marching us back. Finally, we got to this one camp. They put us in a camp that other Chinese prisoners were there. They're all men that were in jail. There were Koreans there. Koreans and Chinese, everything there. According to the Geneva Convention, you're not supposed to do that but they did. They were in this camp. One thing I noticed about it, the cells had about two inches of dust on the floor and if you stepped quickly, you'd bring the dust right up. You had to go very slowly to keep the dust down. I think that

was another one of their ways to keep prisoners from making any abrupt moves. They let us out in the courtyard and fed us with rice and anything else they had. I know the first time they set it down there, the Koreans and the Chinese they rushed to the pail and got whatever the food. They gave us cups. We went to the pail and scooped out some rice. How you got it in your mouth, you had no spoons, no nothing. Eventually, they said, there were trees growing there you had to take the tree and make chopsticks out of them and scoop it in. So, we didn't get a whole hell of a lot of food that day.

The next day they put the food out there and they held back the other prisoners and let us eat first. Then we had the option of getting seconds before those guys. You know you're not getting enough food. I was kind of wondering why these other guys were prisoners. I started asking them questions the best I could. Apparently, I was asking them too many questions. The next morning about one o'clock in the morning, two o'clock in the morning they came and took us out of that camp. They just marched us the heck out.

They put us in a bunker. It wasn't too far from there. That turned out to be a labor camp. So, the five of us were in this bunker. As time went on the census got bigger. Toward the end, there were sixty of us there. We were carrying logs from mountains that the Koreans chopped down. We were bringing the logs down into that area and they were making a rest camp for their soldiers – an R&R camp. So, we were under forced labor, you might call it.

Of course, they asked the men who they wanted to be their representative. The men I was with said they wanted me to be their representative. So, I was the men's representative. When they came and wanted us to go on these work details, they'd asked me. They told me what they wanted. I'd tell the men. If they had any trouble, not enough to eat, clothes weren't right, I had to go to tell them. It didn't do much good but that was my job.

Over time, more men got there. When the men doubled, we started out with five, when it got to be ten, twelve, they had another vote of who would be the leader. To my demise, I became the leader every time. They voted me as the leader. I didn't want to be the leader. They voted me as the leader. Then, after a while, they had so many that had to have an assistant leader so they voted a guy named George Emson and he was from England. He was the assistant leader.

There came a time when they were trying to brainwash us. These interpreters were well educated people from the United States. They had been over there ten, fifteen years studying our country. They knew more about the United States than any of us did because they were well travelled and well-schooled.

One day, they gave me a book, two books to read. It was communist books. It was communism. They wanted us to read that. Then they wanted me to have the men write a

book report. They were going to give us, when we finished the books, pencil and paper and you could write a story on what you read.

I informed them that these guys couldn't write. Seeing that they were in this country a long time, everybody can write in the United States. I was giving them the wrong information. I had to think fast. I said yeah everybody writes but everybody's got different kind of handwriting, so you may not understand the handwriting. Why don't we just interview them and ask questions on it. That would be much easier than writing and it would be better for us. They went along with that idea.

This fella George Emson, he liked to read and all of us guys, we don't want to read those books, but he read them. He read them anyway and went around him and he gave us the highlights. Then, when they came back and said did you read the books, I said yeah, and they went and interviewed us on what we read. So, that worked out pretty good.

Then, they got my friend Custage. He was captured with me. They asked him if he read the book and he said he didn't. He hated the communists because he came from Yugoslavia. Marshall Tito was the boss over there. So, he said he didn't read the books. They didn't bother him too much for not reading the books, but they bothered me because I told them that he read the books, everybody read the books. I said I'd seen him with the book in his hand, so I can't really tell what his eyes are doing. I thought he'd read the book and they're pounding on me about it.

I said, I don't want this job and they said do you want to go in jail? I thought for a minute and I wonder where I am now? I knew better than to ask them that because when they said jail it put me in the mind of down by where their kitchen was a couple of cages where they kept the pilots from the planes that they shot down there. The crew members were kept in a separate area but not in the cages, but the pilots and the officers were. They as much threatened me with one of those. So, he (almost put) me in one of those cages.

I stayed as the leader until the winter came. When the winter came, it was around Christmas eve, they came out to bring us to the regular prison camp. That was up by the Yalu River. I think this labor camp was at Pyongyang which is about half way between South Korea and the Yalu River.

Christmas Eve, they came over with two trucks. They're going to ship us back to the regular prison camp. They put us on the truck and tied our hands behind us on the racks. We went to the prison camp. When we started out for the prison camp, they figured Christmas Eve we (wouldn't have any) planes out there so they could get by easier.

The roads were terrible, snow and everything else. The truck that was in front of us tipped over on the road and a couple of the men got pinned between the rack and the

ground. What really saved them was there were two 50-gallon drums of fuel oil at each corner of the back of the truck and the weight of the truck rested on those barrels. These trucks didn't weigh too much. They were Russian trucks. Our truck came up and we stopped. They let us off the truck and we got out there and all of us together picked the truck back up on its wheels. It's a couple of guys we got out from under there. Nobody got hurt bad except one of the interpreters got hurt bad. That guy got caught between the barrel and the ground. That guy really got hurt. A couple of guys got pinned back there.

As a matter of fact, a couple of years ago, I met one of the fellas who was pinned there. He started telling me his story. After so many years, you don't recognize him. He started telling me his story and I said jeez I'm one of the guys who helped pick the truck off of you. Then we got talking and talked over old times. He was from Detroit, Michigan. I go to a reunion of the Korean POWs once a year.

The camp that we were in was an isolation camp back by the Yalu River. There was about seventy, eighty guys there. They were all supposed to be the bad apples. These guys came from other camps. They made up this camp. Incidentally, when I came from the labor camp, they asked me if I had a brother that was in the service. Just before I got captured, my mother wrote me a letter that said that my brother joined the service. Now she didn't say what service or anything. She just said he joined the service. The Chinese are telling me that they've got my brother in a prison camp in the back there. That's where (unclear).

When I got back to the camp, we met the guys and I said where's this guy George Jacobs? They said he's down on the camp. I said how about getting him. I want to see this guy. OK. So, they got the guy and brought him up. Here he is. He says, I understand you wanted to see me. I said yeah you know I'm happy to see you. He said why are you happy to see me. I don't know you. I said because you are not my brother. They told me that they had my brother and his name is George Jacobs and your name is George Jacobs and you're not my brother. So, I'm happy to see you. As a matter of fact, he lives in Australia. This guy is an Australian.

About ten or fifteen years ago, my daughter was in Australia. I was in Australia too, but I couldn't find him. My daughter found him and talked to him on the phone. He's still in Australia. He's probably about eighty-five, eighty-eight years old right now. I never did see him after that. He had the same name that my brother did. That's how that worked.

Anyway, we were in this camp for awhile there. That's where I got released from being a prisoner at this camp. On that ride back in the trucks, when that truck tipped over, that truck stopped at what their so-called hospital and put a man on there. He was in a gurney like. They put him on there. When the truck tipped over, it threw him out into a snow bank. We grabbed him and had to put him in our truck then. I noticed a pair of shoes there, boots. That's why I grabbed his boots and I said to the guy hey I got your

boots. He says I'll never wear those boots again. He had one leg off already and the other leg was rotten so bad that you could smell it. When you can smell flesh rotting in below zero weather, its bad. He says to me what size boots do you wear? I told him. He says they'll fit you. He said you can have them. I'll never use them again.

After we got that truck tipped over and everything, it was way out of line, we had to go back to the prison camp. We weren't too far from there anyway. They stopped and dropped that guy off at the hospital again were we picked him up. I never saw him again, but I had the boots.

A week later they came in the camp with a couple more trucks. This is New Year's Eve and they took us to the regular camp. Like I said, I had these boots with me. The reason I remember the boots so good is when the peace talks were signed, and they were getting us ready to let us come home, they would march us to a staging area. I was at one of these staging areas. I was marching in the camp. Another group was marching out going to another staging area. As a matter of fact, they were going to the last staging area before getting released.

The fella sees me there and he says hey soldier the boots you got, you're not going to be able to keep those because they take everything away that isn't their issue. This is after the peace talks were signed. So, we're walking along, and I see a big hay pile where the Koreans pile the hay up and they come in and take it away in a wagon. I took my boots and I put them under the hay pile.

I went down in the camp and they searched us all, told us where to sleep and they checked all our belongings. They did what that fella said. They took everything away that wasn't their issue. After they got done, they fell us out. I hurried up and ran back to that pile. Just as I got there, there was this old Korean there. He was there with his wagon to bring the pile to his barn and whatever he was bringing. He found the boots and just got his hand on the boots. I reached over and grabbed the boots and told them they were my boots. He said they were his boots.

We're having an argument there, but I don't talk Korean and he don't talk English. So, we're having a problem there. But eventually – he had his daughter with him – and I don't know how old she was, but she wasn't too old, in her teens probably. He wanted to give me his daughter for the boots. What would I do with that. I said no, no, no, I want the boots. Eventually – and I had to get out of there because if the Chinese had ever seen me arguing with this Korean there both of us would have been in trouble. I sat down there and took my sneakers off, their issue. I gave him the sneakers. He gave me the boots. I put the boots on and went back down to the camp.

The next morning, they fell us out and were going to inspect us again. All these men had sneakers on and I'm the only one with black shiny boots. They went wild. They brought me over to the commandant of the camp and asked me how come I had those boots.

How come they didn't find them the day before. I told them I don't know. So, they threatened to send me to China. It was only a day or two before I was supposed to go back. So, I got pretty scared there. They wanted to send me to China.

They let me run around that camp for a couple of days with no boots. They marched me over to a hut, opened the door and said throw them in there. In there, there were a pile of boots, all kinds of boots. I had to throw them in there. They didn't give me any foot ware. For a couple of days, I was around there barefooted thinking that there is a possibility they were going to send me to China. The day before we got repatriated to (unclear), they gave me a pair of sneakers and I was fortunate enough to get repatriated at the Peace Bridge.

That's about my story. There's a number of things that happened. We had a lot of fellas that died out there especially in the labor camp. We had dysentery bad and had no medicine for it. If guys got dysentery real bad, they'd take them out and said they were going to take them to the hospital but that's the last we'd ever see them. I had guys who had dysentery. One day, for example, I had this guy Romero his name was. He was from Colorado in that machine gun nest with me. He had dysentery bad. We were out in this field eating the dinner they served. They were like rice, things made out of rice made out of rice flour they called it.

He was eating this and all of the sudden he had to go to the bathroom. What he does is he takes that thing and, in disgust, he throws it and it lands where somebody else had gone to the bathroom. The guards seen us. He went over there, and he wanted that guy to pick that up and eat it although he was going to the bathroom at this time. The guards were hollering like hell, so I had to go grab it. I wiped it off as well as I could then I had to eat it. Things like that happened quite frequently there. The guards themselves weren't too nice a lot of times. We made it anyway, some of us did. A lot of us didn't.

Q: What was it like when you came home?

JJ: Well, it was very hard to get accustomed to being home again. I was gone for nearly three years. You're like in isolation. Things has happened. Then I belonged to the Purple Heart organization. This is what got me one day more so than anything else. I went to a dinner, a Purple Heart dinner. They called it a George Washington dinner. They have one every year, George Washington Society. We honor our veterans. I was there.

This one guy who was in the Marines, he was a sergeant major, an old timer whatever who was at that party there. They told them that I had been a prisoner. He comes to me and he says how did you become a prisoner. What do you do? You go out there just run out there and just raise your hands and say I give up you know something like that. It really hurt me. He's lucky I didn't take a punch at him, but I didn't but its hard to get used to things like that.

When I first went there on the front I vowed to myself that I would never be taken a prisoner. I think most people do that, but it just happens. You can't prevent it. Sometimes you could but at this particular time it just didn't happen that way. Its not easy to become a prisoner. The worst thing about being a prisoner is that you lose your freedom. The biggest thing is the flag when you are under the flag and you see the flag you know you have your freedom. That's what I did over there.

One day they were questioning me, this commissar was questioning me trying to brainwash me so I kind of made him believe that I was going in his direction although you can't do it too easy. You've really got to put the act on to make them believe. Its real hard. So, we're doing this. He'd give us a cigarette. There were four of us there, five of us. He'd give us each a cigarette. We ate pretty good considering where we were.

One day he got me so ticked off that I said one of these days you're going to see the men coming over that hill and the United States American flag coming over there and I said they're going to wipe all of you birds out. I'm only about eighteen, nineteen years old and this guy I will bet you was in his fifties. He started crying and that kind of scared me. He went out of the bunker and in came one of the guards. In the little English he might have known, we wondered what we did to make the guy cry, you know. We didn't get no more cigarettes after that. The food wasn't quite that good, but they tried that stuff.

Q: Were there occasions when you were visited by the Red Cross?

JJ: I'd never seen a Red Cross in my life over there. We never got nothing from the Red Cross or anybody else. The Chinese would not allow anything coming to us. If it did get shipped over to us they used it. We never seen nothing. Nobody ever seen anything from the Red Cross. The only thing I would see over there once and a while was a Russian. He'd come from Russia and I could tell from the uniform that he was Russian. He'd come in when they were interrogating us and he'd listen.

Q: What was it like from the time you were released until you were separated. What did you go through?

JJ: Separated from the service?

Q: From the Marines.

JJ: Well, when I got released, I was supposed to come home and get discharged the day I got captured. When I came home, they wouldn't let me out. They shipped me over for six months for medical reasons. They tried to get me to stay in as a recruiting officer. I didn't want to stay in, but it was very hard to get accustomed to getting into everyday things again after being a prisoner.

I really feel that they had, our government had people that were watching us because one day I was still in the service and they wanted me to go to Washington DC to testify on behalf of this Colonel Schwable his name was. He was a flight commander, a fighter

pilot. He went over and got shot down. I saw him when he got shot down. I saw him bail out. They brought him in the camp right where we were. They really treated him bad. They punched him with the bayonet. They asked him all kinds of questions and all of that. I remember one question they asked him. They asked him how he got down there. They like to question these pilots to say they got shot down. This guy said he shifted the machine, put the plane in reverse and he came down. They weren't very happy about that answer. They walked him down the path in front of us. We couldn't even look at him. They'd punch him with the bayonet every once and a while.

They claimed he said that we used germ warfare. I don't know whether he did or not. I didn't hear him say we had germ warfare. So, I had to go down to Washington DC to testify with people who'd seen him. Seeing that I was still in the service, I had to go down there.

On the way down, I was on a train and a guy came in there and he as in the Marines and he sat down with me. He said anybody sitting with you. I said no. He said can I sit down with you. I said go ahead. He said where are you going. I said I'm going down to Washington to report on this guy and germ warfare and I told him the story. He said you want a drink. I said no I don't drink. He threw his hat down there and went up and got a drink. In the hat it said don't talk to anyone. There was a message in there. He came back. I don't say no more because, first, he says he was just out of boot camp. After I looked at him again, I know darn well that his dress greens look like they've been pressed a hundred times. They weren't new, so they were planted there to see if I was talking.

Then when I got to Grand Central the same thing. I went on a train there. I was hanging on a thing there and I bumped a guy. The guy turned a around and he said hey Marine where you from? He said on I know a guy from there. He knew the same guy I did and he was telling me about and asking me where I was going. I wouldn't tell him, but they were following me. They done that for a while. It made me pretty paranoid.

Q: I know that we could talk for many more minutes, but we thank you very much for your service to the United States as well as for the time you just spent with us.

JJ: You're welcome.