

Roger Evans Bradley
Narrator

Wayne Clark
Mike Russert
Interviewers

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Roger Bradley **RB**
Wayne Clark **WC**
Mike Russert **MR**

MR: This is an interview at the New York State Military Museum, Saratoga Springs, New York. It is the 10th of August, 2005 approximately 9:45 a.m. The interviewers are Wayne Clark and Mike Russert. Could you give me your full name, date of birth and place of birth, please?

RB: Roger Evans Bradley. I was born in Sharon, Connecticut, April 23, 1932.

MR: What was your educational background prior to entering service?

RB: I had twelve years of school. I graduated from Millikin High School.

MR: Did you enlist, or were you drafted?

RB: I was drafted.

MR: When were you drafted?

RB: August 21, 1952.

MR: And you were drafted into the Army?

RB: Yes.

MR: Where did you go for your basic training?

RB: Fort Lee, Virginia. Eight weeks —

MR: --Can you tell us a little bit about your basic?

RB: Yes. I did eight weeks of basic and then I had eight weeks of Materials Handling; that course was for the Quartermaster Corps. When I graduated from that I went on to Advanced Quartermaster Storage, and I graduated from that. And from there I went on to Korea.

MR: Ok. What was your total amount of specialized training?

RB: Specialized training would be sixteen weeks.

MR: When did you go to Korea?

RB: March of 1953.

MR: How did you go to Korea?

RB: I went to Fort Lewis, Washington, and from there by ship, the USS Marine Links. It was a Liberty ship. Kaiser coffins is what we called them. They're very small, and there were approximately 3000 GIs on the ship. We had kind of a rough trip over, and we kind of joked because the ship would do the in and outs (gestures alternating up and down movements with both arms), and the rudders would come out of the water and the thing would shake. Our joke was that

it was pulling up tree stumps as it progressed. We went from there to Yokohama.

MR: How long did your trip take?

RB: I really don't recall.

MR: Were you assigned to a unit before you left?

RB: No. I went in as what they called "pipeline," replacement.

MR: So you went in to Yokohama. How long were you there?

RB: Camp Drake one night then back on the same ship and into Inchon.

MR: What was it like when you went into Korea? What were your impressions?

RB: Well, we knew we were going to Inchon. The invasion had taken place at Inchon and we were kind of antsy about that, but everything was secure by the time we got there. We could hear the guns, but there was no combat in the areas that we were in. We were boarded onto trains and sent to a replacement depot in Pusan.

MR: How long were you there before you were assigned to a unit?

RB: One day.

MR: What unit were you assigned to?

RB: I was assigned to the 8201st Army unit, which was at that time was UNKCAC, United Nations Korea Civil Assistance Command, and that later was shortened to Korea Civil Assistance Command, KCAC.

MR: Could you tell us about this Command, what its purpose was and what they did? I think you're the first person we've interviewed that was with them.

RB: It was a unique organization. It was designed to create stability among the refugees, with the war going back and forth up and down the peninsula. Needless to say, the refugees were all around, and our job was to concentrate them, establish a living area for them and create services for them--governmental work with the Korean government actually--and establish an infrastructure. Also our purpose was to bring relief goods in to the refugees.

WC: Did you have much personal contact with them?

RB: No. When I got there I was immediately assigned to a supply room. The first sergeant came in a couple days after I was there, and I was sitting at a typewriter typing, and his comment was "I didn't know you could type. Pick up your desk and chair and typewriter and come to the orderly room. You're our new company clerk." So that's where I spent my sixteen months, headquarters company clerk. So I had very little hands-on with the personnel. The only hands-on I had were the people we picked up at the replacement depot, the various teams would come through us, and they would be headquartered with us until they were assigned to whatever province they were going to. We had teams all over Korea.

MR: How many in a team, approximately? I imagine they varied.

RB: It did vary. It depended on the size, I suppose, and I really don't know the T.O. on something like that.

MR: What did one of these teams do in the area where they were assigned?

RB: They would have direct involvement with the civilians in the area and whatever governing body there was in the area to see to the

supply of relief goods. Also the water supply and the agriculture, sanitation, and the whole gamut of a community or a government.

MR: Now did they themselves establish the government, or was there already a government body established?

RB: The Koreans had their own government. Syngman Rhee was the president.

MR: Yes, I realize that, but I meant at these lower levels.

RB: No. Provinces were established and we just assisted those government agencies.

WC: Basically, as the company clerk you were the first sergeant's right hand man. Did you enjoy that position?

RB: Yeah, it had a lot of perks. I became very close to the first sergeant and the CO, actually, very close. The first sergeant was a lieutenant colonel in the reserves. He was a captain during the Normandy invasion; he had 29-1/2 years of service when I got there, and he was there for maybe another six months before he rotated home, and then we got another first sergeant. He was a unique individual.

MR: In what ways?

RB: He knew the military inside out and backwards. Anything, uniform code of military justice, he could almost quote it verbatim. If something would happen, he would know directly where to go in the book to find the regulation that covered it. He just knew the military. Our headquarters company was on a maritime college right on the bay at Pusan. We were right on the beach. That compound also housed the POW command, prisoner of war command. So we had two one-star generals plus all the officers that went with that. Our particular unit, we had two officers for every enlisted man. Plus a lot of Department of the Army civilians in the various sections.

MR: Were these civilians Korean, or non-Korean?

RB: They were American. They called them DACS, Department of the Army Civilians. And they had a GS rating which would give them a military elevation. I don't know the breakdown any more; I used to.

MR: Were you armed at all where you were?

RB: When we first got there, if we left the compound, yes. Whenever I went out I always had a sidearm, and I also carried an M1 carbine, which was a select fire automatic weapon. I own one now (not a select fire, which is of course against the law); my son gave me one a few years ago for Christmas. It was quite a surprise.

WC: What did you think of the M1 carbine?

RB: If I was in combat, I certainly wouldn't have wanted it. I would want something with a little more firepower. The M1 certainly had the knockdown. The M1 was designed to be used by service personnel in place of a .45. It just had a little more knockdown than a .45, and it gave you a little more firepower. It was light, it was easy for truck drivers and company clerks and cooks and whatnot to use in the event that you needed it.

MR: Now did you have a POW camp near you?

RB: No. We just had the headquarters compound.

MR: What was daily life like?

RB: It was like a 9 to 5 office job. All the enlisted personnel worked in the various sections and they would go out in the morning at 8 o'clock to the various offices and work until 4 and then come back. We had reveille and we had our mess, so we did have that in the morning, assembly, and then from 8 until 4 it was like an office job.

We had retreat at whatever time it was, 4:30 maybe. From then on you were on your own, you went to chow, you did whatever you wanted until reveille the next morning.

WC: What kind of quarters did you have?

RB: We had Quonset huts, and we had maybe a dozen men to a hut. As company clerk, one of my functions was to get up in the morning and go into the orderly room, and we had a PA system with a turntable and I would use recorded bugle calls, so I would play the reveille and then we would have martial music until assembly. And then I would go back in and play the assembly, and bugle call, and we would all fall in for our assembly. This went on morning after morning after morning. The first sergeant would report to the CO, and the CO would report to the headquarters commandant all present and accounted for, or whatever the situation may be. The headquarters commandant was a lieutenant colonel and this went on for months, the same music every morning. You can imagine all these officers and everybody listening to this. Finally, we also had on the compound an AFRS, and Armed Forces Radio Station. So I went down there one morning and I said, "You know, this music is getting to me, and the guys are complaining a little bit. Do you have anything that I might be able to play that would kind of temper this thing off?" And he said, "I think I do," and he came up with a Glenn Miller recording of "Song of the Volga Boatman" and "America on Patrol" and "Little Brown Jug." So I said, well it may be break time, but I'm going to do it, so I played it. And that morning, after we fell in and all the reports were in, the headquarters commandant, the lieutenant colonel, wanted to know who played the music. He asked the CO, who was a major at the time, and he turned around and he asked the first sergeant, and the first sergeant asked me to please step out, and I thought "Here it comes." And all he said was "Thank you very much. We appreciate it." From then on, I played whatever I could scarf up from the AFRS. So, we had a lot of humor.

MR: What kind of food did you have there? You must have had hot meals?

RB: Yes, we did. We had a good mess. We had good mess cooks, and it was an established college so we had their kitchen facilities, and it was good food.

WC: You didn't have powdered eggs?

RB: We probably did. None of us pulled KP. All KP was done by Korean nationals. So you'd have scrambled eggs--I didn't see any fried eggs--so I have to assume most of them were powdered.

WC: Now did you have to pull guard duty at all?

RB: Yes.

WC: What was that like?

RB: We had guard towers, and you pulled it on a roster basis, and were you ever in the military?

WC: Yes.

RB: Ok, then you know what guard duty is. We would have the supernumeraries and the whole deal. We had a main gate that was staffed by MPs that were part of our unit, and we would supplement them. I actually pulled tower duty, and that was interesting because there was a village not too far from us. I recall one night I was there and I could see movement in this open field coming toward me on hands and knees, crawling toward me. And I watched and watched and watched. Whoever it was, it was a Korean obviously, was wearing a white shirt. Why anyone would infiltrate with a white shirt on, I don't know. It was a moonlit night. I had pretty good vision. So I watched and watched and watched and finally when he got within pretty good earshot, I just slammed the bolt on a rifle and he stood up and made a beeline right back to where he came from. It was funny. I knew it was probably a houseboy or someone coming in to pick up something that he may have planted that he stole

during the day. We called them “slicky boys.” That’s the only thing I could figure. I would never have shot him, because that’s what I thought it was.

WC: Was there a lot of blackmarket activity?

RB: Oh yeah. While I was there they had a scrip change and all the military personnel were asked to report to their units immediately. Of course, we had no idea what it was, and being the company clerk I scooted on back into the compound. I think it was on a Sunday, and I was out in the village, in Seoul, at the time, and we had moved our headquarters. I got back into headquarters and they told me what it was. Everybody was asked to come in and turn in whatever scrip they had and they were given a receipt for it. When the money was exchanged, we would call them back in and repay them. We had a big blanket on the floor, and we just threw all this money in there and we had quite a pile of money. So we tied up the blanket, the CO and myself and the head of the security guard, which was our MP, took this money down to Finance. I was also the armorer and we could draw any weapon we wanted. And I always wanted to be kind of a cowboy, and we had a .45 revolver, and it had a barrel... we didn’t even have a holster big enough for it. So I tucked it in my pants and it came almost to my knee. So we got there, and I went with the driver to park the vehicle, and they went on in. Now the building had no steps, they had pulled them in, and you came up to a dock, so you’re looking at the dock at vehicle height. So I came back with this gun in my hand and I knocked on the door. Wrong move. He took one look (gestures holding the gun), and I said, “No, no, I’m here on official business,” and I told him who I was and he verified it and let me in. I never gave it a thought – they had all this money in there and I’m standing there with a cannon. (Laughs)

MR: Did you ever get any R&R?

RB: No. R&R was available, but I figured I was on R&R there, so I just never took it.

MR: Any USO shows at all?

RB: We didn't have any. They went to the front line troops, and rightly so. So we really didn't get any of them.

MR: How long were you there, until what date?

RB: I came out of Korea in July of 1954. I was in Korea sixteen months.

MR: How did you feel, or did you have any feelings at all about MacArthur's relief?

RB: It's hard to put that into perspective now. We kind of thought we should go all the way, but what did we care? We were back in a safe area, the Bay of Pusan, what did we care? Anyway, we felt that he should have been allowed to take the whole of Korea and Manchuria if he wanted to, but Truman didn't want that.

MR: Well, that was the feeling of the troops at the time. Did you ever have... the Army was integrated at this time. Did you have blacks in your unit at all?

RB: Sure, and in basic training.

MR: How were the relationships?

RB: It was an eye opener for me being from the north. I have always lived in an [un]segregated society, I had some good friends in school that were black and never gave it a thought. And when I got to Fort Lee, Virginia, it was kind of like the Mason-Dixon line was drawn in the barracks. I was an acting platoon sergeant, and I would march the troops back and forth to the various classes that we had. It was up to me to select an assistant, and I selected a black kid. He was a sharp soldier and just a good guy. That was a wrong move, but I survived that. He and I went into Richmond, no Petersburg, on furlough one night, and we got off the bus —

MR: Was he a northerner?

RB: No he wasn't. We started to walk down the street, and he said, "I'll see you." I said "Where you going?" He said, "You walk over there, I'm going to walk over here." I said, "Why can't we....?" He said, "That's not the way it is here." And that was really an awakening to me. The next day when we were back in camp I spoke to him about it, and he just informed me that's the way of the south. The military was [un]segregated, but it wasn't.

The first sergeant was biased, to say the least. I had an instance one time where I had to go down to the depot and pick up a first lieutenant. We had jeep station wagons, and I would request a vehicle, and I had a Korean driver. And the first sergeant told me, "Now this first lieutenant you're picking up is black, he rides in the back, you ride in the front, you're in command of the vehicle, you requisitioned the vehicle so you ride in the front." So, ok, again from the north, not thinking anything, down I go. But, doing what the first sergeant told me, I go in and say, "Lieutenant Johnson." He said "Right here. My bag is over there." I said, the jeep is out there, and I turned around and walked out. He came out and he started to get in the front. I said "I'm sorry, Lieutenant. You have to ride in the back. The vehicle is assigned to me and it's required that I ride up front." Again not thinking that they had to ride in the back, or that the blacks in the south ride in the back. I thought about it later, and I thought that really shouldn't have been. I should have jumped in the back and gave deference to the rank, but hindsight is 20/20. Whenever I would meet him on the compound, it really wasn't friendly. Again, it was a case where we never saluted the officers for the simple reason that there were too many of them. They told us "Don't salute us; we don't want to be saluted." So we just... rank was nothing to us over there, absolutely nothing.

After the war was over..... we had an NCO club which was a regular small Quonset, and we had so much money amassed that we spent it on a new Quonset, a jumbo Quonset. We had a beautiful NCO club,

hardwood floors, just everything. It far surpassed what the officers had, and many of them wanted to come there. So we told them, "Take your brass off at the door, and you're more than welcome to come in," and that they did, so we had a good time with them.

It was an experience. There were no heroics on my part; there was no combat. I didn't shoot anybody, which I find interesting with kids when we do programs in schools for Veterans Day. "Did you ever shoot anybody?" "No, I didn't."

MR: Did you have any incidents that you thought were humorous while you were over there? Or things, maybe not humorous, that stand out a little bit?

RB: Well, our frog jumping contests were a lot of fun. We'd go to the NCO club at night and we would get two bottles of beer, Japanese beer, either [unclear] or Nippon, and we would get two glasses and fill one and put a frog in there--there were frogs all over the place. We'd just immerse them in beer and let them sit there for an hour or so. Then we would take them out and line them up, and then we would bet whose frog would hit the wall at the other end. And that first leap that they made was spectacular, when they came to. (Laughs) So that was a little humor.

We were always joking among ourselves, the guys. We were from all over the country. Our NCO club brought in a lot of foreign troops, also.

MR: I was going to ask you had any contact with foreign troops.

RB: Yeah. The British came in all the time. They loved our NCO club, and they loved cold beer. We were invited to theirs, and we went. They'd get it out of the back room, so I could see why they liked to come to our club. They were always cordial, any of them that came in. They were always great. The Turks would come in once in a while. They were kind of menacing; they would have

knives in their belts – they were tough soldiers. But again, they were cordial.

MR: When did you go home?

RB: My orders were cut on 6 July, 1954, and I went to Pusan replacement depot. From there I boarded a troop transport, it was a USS General Randolph, a general ship which was great to come back on because it was a big two-stacker. We went from Pusan to Sasebo and picked up civilians there and then came home. The thing that we didn't like was that they had chain link fence separating us from the civilians. We were relegated to the worse of the decks; not being a sailor, I don't know so much about it. But anyway, it just seemed like the civilians had priority.

MR: Who were the civilians?

RB: Department of the Army civilians. They might have been officers' wives or even enlisted men's wives going back to the States. Japan was an occupied country at the time, so there were a lot of occupation troops there. That kind of rattled our chain a little bit, but we survived. It was going home, was the thing. That was interesting – we landed in Seattle. As we debarked, we were told not to cross any ropes. It was all roped off on the dock. We were told to go down and report to wherever we were supposed to go. There were some family there to meet the guys and naturally the rope didn't mean anything, and over they went. Nothing was done; they finally corralled them and got them back in line. But I can understand....

So we boarded airplanes for our various destinations, and I came back to Camp Kilmer and I was separated in Camp Kilmer. Probably the second week of July I was out of there.

MR: Now, did you stay in until 1960?

RB: No, I did not. I chose inactive reserve. And then I had a bunch of buddies that I palled around with, and a couple of cousins in Canaan, Connecticut. There was a reserve unit, and they begged me to come in. The CO, I got to know him, and he needed a company clerk. So I joined the thing and I stayed about nine months, and I didn't... "This military's enough, I've had enough of it," and I resigned from that unit and became inactive for the remainder of my tenure.

MR: Ok. So in 1960, that was the end of your inactive reserve?

RB: Exactly, that's when I received my discharge.

MR: Did you ever join any veterans' organizations?

RB: Yes, the American Legion. My dad was a Legionnaire, very devout. He was a charter member of the Lakeville, Connecticut post and he was active in chartering neighboring posts – this was back in the 1920s. He was a Marine Corps veteran of World War I. So he had me enrolled in the American Legion, I think before the ship docked! So I just celebrated 51 years in the Legion. I've held every office within the post, twice as [unclear] commander, and I was a county vice commander.

I'm a life member of the VFW. I joined a post in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, there being none in the Millerton area. Millerton is a tri-state area. New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts come together in that township that I live in.

I joined the Korean War Veterans' Association, the Columbia County chapter, and we're housed in Hudson, New York. That was a newly formed chapter, I think we're only about four years old.

MR: Did you ever make use of the GI Bill?

RB: No. The only association I have is with the VA Hospital. I went back into my own job. I was a clerk for A&P and I saw a career as a

grocer, and I stayed in that for a few years. Then I went to work for the State of New York as a security officer at a mental health institution. And I said, there's no future here. And I became a salesman for Suburban Propane Gas Corporation, and I retired from North American Van Lines, where I was a relocation consultant. I enjoyed being out on the road and talking to people, and getting away from the confinement of a store.

MR: How do you think your time in the service had an affect on your life?

RB: Maturity, to say the least, the military being a very close....

MR: Was that the first time you'd ever been away from home, when you went into the service?

RB: Other than Boy Scout camp, I think so. We're from there – I'm one of eight kids, the fourth oldest, six sisters and I have a brother that was a sailor in World War II. Just, that was my life, and that's where I wanted to come back to. But since then, North American Van Lines, I went to Las Vegas and I worked there for a couple years, and then I came back to the Albany area. I worked out of Poughkeepsie, that you (nods to WC) referred to earlier, for Arnoff Moving and Storage, that was the agent for North American Van Lines. As I said, I went to Las Vegas, I was there for two years, came back to Albany, went into the office that they have here, Arnoff Moving and Storage, then I retired from there in 1996.

MR: Could you hold these up in front of you (hands him a stack of papers), and Wayne can take focus of them? I know they're delicate. What are those?

RB: While I was company clerk, the CO decided that we should have a company paper and it should be highlights of what was going on within headquarters and what was going on within the field teams. So this was a weekly deal, and I have volume 1, edition 17. (I don't

know how that happened... that's the year, I guess.) Anyway there are several issues here.

MR: Did you do any of the writing for it?

RB: Yeah. Very little. We had some very talented people, in the fact that we were headquarters company. We had a lot of high ranking NCOs, master sergeants and whatnot, who had really been around and who knew the military. The stories that they contributed were of great interest to us. A lot of them were region-only, things that happened around the camp.

On this one, it's Sergeant Frederick E. Swatt, he was one of the NCOs. Every week they would do a feature on one of these NCOs, and the first sergeant is in here somewhere.

WC: Do you want to hold that up, and I'll zoom in on it?

RB: Yeah. These are over fifty years old. This edition is 1953, so 48 [years], I guess. This is December 5th. I think this is the last issue I have. I think the first one probably predates this; it's somewhere in here. Also included in here, we had a very talented illustrator who'd do cartoons in each section, and they were humorous. Some of our more illustrious members are highlighted here (shows a cartoon with names of figures noted). These were looked after. When I say illustrious, we had a corporal who worked in the motor pool, Cpl. Luth, and I was fortunate to have him as a neighbor to my bunk in my Quonset. He was a scrounger. If you needed anything, he could find it. It was what we would call midnight requisitions. For some reason, and this is one incident, we were missing gas caps, and our motor pool had deuce and-a-halves and all nature of vehicles, and they needed gas caps. So the motor officer, who was a major, asked him while he was down at ordnance, to see if he could get some gas caps. Well, supply didn't have any, and he said, "Well, I'm not going back without them." So he had a weapons carrier and he parked it in with some other weapons carriers, and he started down through collecting gas caps. He had fatigues with these big cargo pockets, and he'd put

them in there. And an officer spotted him and hollered at him, and he jumped in a jeep that was handy and took off around the motor pool, and the officer did the same thing. He kind of outfoxed him and got back to his weapons carrier, jumped in it, and headed back to the compound. Well, this officer got his markings off the bumper. Luth came back into headquarters and told the major what had happened. And he said, "Well pull it down there," and he sent the mechanics down there and told them "Pull the motor out of that vehicle immediately." Down they go, and they pulled the motor. By the time the MPs came down the vehicle was over there stripped, and he says "It couldn't possibly be this one, there's no motor in it. Here's the paperwork, back when we...." And he'd fudged the paperwork, predated it. So he got away with it. It was (laughs), this was the type of thing he could do.

So, the major wanted to have a party for some of his more select enlisted personnel, me being one of them fortunately, and he wanted to have a steak fry, and he thought filet mignon would be good. Now, where in the heck could you get filet mignon in Korea? So anyway he got Luth in there and Luth says "Let me see what I can do." So Luth went down to ration breakdown and told him what he wanted, and the meat cutters down there said "Sure, you can have those, but we want Air Force fatigues." So he went to the Air Force: "What do you want?" They wanted .45 caliber pistols. "Well, now," he says "that's a tough one to do." But anyway, he went down... he learned to sign his name in Korean, and he got into the Korean induction line and went through, and kept going through until he had enough pistols. He took them down to the Air Force, got the fatigues. Went back to ration breakdown and got the steak, and we had our steak fry. Needless to say, there was no way anybody was going to get hold of Luth, he was so valuable. Much too valuable.

We also had an Indian, who was a sergeant, and he was assigned as a security guard. Whatever you say about Indians, whenever they drank they got pretty wild. I could do anything with the guy, he and I got along very well. Again, company clerk, you got to know these people and you did things for people, and they did things in return.

But all the guards slept in one hut, the MPs. We were down at the NCO club one night, and in came a sergeant of the guard, there were twins, Sgt. Sullivan, there were two of them, twins, both sergeants. He said, "Rog, I've got a problem." I said "What is it?" He said "Montana (that was his name) has gone crazy. He's in the guard hut and he's throwing every bunk out and everything in there. He's got the whole thing stripped. He's just gone wild." And I said, "Well, let me see what I can do." "And," he says, "he's got a knife." I said, "Well, that presents a problem." So I went in and I said, "Montana, what the hell is going on?" He mumbled something. I said, "Do you have a knife?" He says "Yes." I said "Let me have it." And he hands it to me. So I tossed it out to the guard, and I said "Now settle down. Look what you've done here. You have to sleep here, and there's not even a bed in here for you." "Ok, Rog, I will." So he settled right down and brought everything back in, and lived harmoniously.

One night he was out in the village. He came in and the sergeant of the guard gave him a hard time when he came in, so he disarmed the sergeant of the guard and put him in a cell. We had a little guard house at the main gate. The guard that was on duty, he put him in the cell, took his guns. The officer of the day came in, he took his guns and put him in there. And I said "Oh, this guy's in trouble." And they gave him fourteen days restriction. But anyway, the CO went out to find out what was going on; everyone was locked up. They were supposed to be on guard duty.

MR: (Hands him a display case filled with medals) If you hold this up like this, Wayne can focus on it, and you can tell us what the different things are.

RB: Ok, I'll start here. (Points to each item in turn) This is our shoulder patch, the Korea War Civil Assistance Command. These are my collar brass, quartermaster in the United States Army. This is the First Army patch, and this is the patch I wore as a reservist. That's the Eighth Army patch; we were attached to the Eighth Army.

The medals: this is the National Defense, Korean War Service, this is United Nations Defense, and this is the Republic of Korea War Service Medal, this was just awarded in 1999 by the Korean government. Regulations state that you cannot wear a foreign medal on a United States uniform, and it was relaxed for this medal.

This is the Korean Presidential Unit Citation, and that we were allowed to wear. There was never a medal struck until lately. We could wear the ribbon, which is here; the ribbon was worn. These two here, one is the New York State Medal of Merit and one is the New York State Conspicuous Service Star, and that is awarded based on this, and this is awarded based on serving in a foreign country.

MR: Now when and where was the photo taken?

RB: This photo was taken in 1953, prior to my shipping to Korea. This shoulder patch is a services patch worn by the various service organizations, of which quartermaster is one. These are the ribbons that are worn on the uniform that coincide with the medals. This is my dogtag, and this is my rank insignia; I was a corporal. These two bars, each bar is six months foreign service, so that indicates a year. I had sixteen months.

MR: Ok. Thank you very much for your interview.