

Tickee—No shee" Plight of Iron Goldizen

Occupation Forces Stationed in Korea

Interesting information from Korea, where he is now with the occupation army received through letters by parents from Vernon Goldizen. His parents took excerpts from a few to bring forth this

Folks: I have some bad news for you. A few of us went to Pusan and when we got back to the company my bill was gone. It had \$150 in it some papers and other things were missing.

My laundry ticket was in my purse, and I had to argue an hour to get my laundry. "No no washee"—you know. "Kicked in" when I gave him a package of cigarettes, but he gave me a hard time for it and vice-versa.

Shipping is an unforgettable experience. We are told to barter with the natives, and not accept their first price. Hagging is a better word to use. Kids are in droves.

We are issue ration cards, ready stamps on them but there has been no candy in the ration part of Korea for a while or so—anything slightly more would be appreciated—anything edible is at a premium. Remember, we can't eat any food, because of disease. It states it was possible to get a good meal, but

not here. I've done so much make-shift work lately that I'm doing make-shift repairs on make-shift repairs. Hope our new equipment gets here soon.

Until that time we get it from the officers for holding up communications.

What are you going to do when you repair a radio that fell out of a truck—replace it in the truck, then the whole mount falls out because the rubber shock mounts are so old they don't have any spring left?

Hope business is prospering—I like Brookings and its people. A small town has that friendliness that a city lacks. Besides, there's a lot of country round about I like to see. Is the chamber of commerce getting things done? Will the town be incorporated. I think Brookings could go places with the help of its citizenry.

There's a fellow from Idaho in this section. We pass the evenings by planning a trip into the Owyhee country on horseback. He has a sort of a chuck wagon and the horses and saddles. He wants to homestead in that area. I'd like to collect fossils, minerals, and Indian artifacts. He's a taxidermist, and says he'll teach me what he knows. Hope I can go after I get out.

We have to walk a mile and a half down the road to go to church, but it was worth it. Not many fellows attend services over here, which is a shame. Services are a big help in keeping going when things look so bleak, anyway. Joe (Idaho) and I find it worth the walk anytime. The chaplain is a very pleasant fellow, and his sermons are pretty good.

The Catholic services are con-

ducted by a missionary priest with a Van Dyke beard, and a black hat and cloak. I met him, too, and he's very interesting to talk to.

Was on guard again, but the following chain of circumstances got me off: This morning about 0900 I blew my nose rather vigorously and something popped in my left ear. This being Sunday, I went for my usual walk in the hills. It was quite windy and my ear began to hurt. Tonight after guard mount it hurt so badly I went to the medic. He put me on quarters, so here I sit by the stove, applying hot towels to my ear.

Did some wonderful camera shots today. There were some Korean kids sliding down the grassy hill on a smooth board. It looked as good as tobogganing. Later the same kids escorted us through the temple, although their English was limited to "Hello-cigarette-o" "Canny?" and "sank you O. K." we got along pretty well. The temple is the one I told you about before, but this time we got a closer look, even to the priest's special altar, which was very fancy with its mats, silk banners, golden drum, large gong and incense sticks burning in their candle-like holders.

The rest of the temple was not so fancy, but scrupulously clean. (Shoes off before entering). In fact, it is the only really clean Korean building I have seen.

After leaving the temple, we climbed a range of hills about 3000 feet high. What a view and what a surprise. We live almost on the beach, and I didn't know it! The Yellow Sea is about 13 miles west of us, and the China Sea five miles east. Pusan harbor is more or less on the corner of both.

Have started making up a package. Wait till you see the silk I bought through the PX. It was manufactured in Japan, then given to the army to be sold as part of their reparations. As a consequence, it is not too expensive to the GIs.

I have six and a quarter yards of pure white 16 mm satin, six and a quarter yards of a check that belongs on cotton, and the piece de resistance, three yards of a beautiful double weight brocade. It was worth coming to Korea for. Ought to make a fine jacket or do American women wear that kind of thing? Koreans do, and they are striking in the effect they achieve.

For the past two days a group of us have been hunting between here and Yangsan. We take a truck out about 20 miles to where we buy wood, and hunt from there. The Koreans guide us, and they are better than dogs at finding game.

The procedure is to split up into pairs; one Korean and one GI. I had two Koreans, one carried my field jacket. They don't understand English, except for "hello" and "cigarette." This makes it rather difficult to keep one's mind on the game at times, as they often try to tell you where to go so they can drive the game to you. They can spot a pheasant or deer in such thick brush that I can't see a thing, and then they smile in a deprecating manner when the game disappears without so much as a shot being fired. You laugh outright when you do fire and miss.

The country is very rough; mountains soar up suddenly to airy heights and young glaciers hang in ravines near large fields of broken, jumbled rock. The forest is very thick, consisting of 10 to 15 foot pines growing as close together as possible. That doesn't hinder the Koreans, they wriggle right through, and I manage to keep up with them somehow. You see, they try to cover as much territory as possible, and will take off at a trot up the steepest mountain I ever

want to see from the wrong end again. To use the common GI term, I was "beat" by the time we covered every mountain, hill, valley and rice paddy in sight.

Of course, you may be interested in results. Well—I missed one deer by trying to keep from shooting two Koreans, and another because I never saw it, although the guide claims there was one there. Saw a lot of Chinese pheasants and doves in the paddies, and got one beautiful cock pheasant. What a welcome relief from army chow!

There is supposed to be a mountain lion or tiger upon the top of a mountain in that area. The Koreans know where it is, but steer clear of it. We're going up there the next chance we get.

Coming Events

Set Your Calendar By These—

March 18—Rebekah Card party at Odd Fellows hall. Public is invited.

Meeting of Board of Directors of Dist. No. 17 is the first Tuesday of each month, unless otherwise specified.

Every Monday evening, 7:30 Boy Scout meeting at Odd Fellows hall. Scouts urged to be present at all meetings.

Every first and third Wednesday of month, Post 966, Veterans of Foreign Wars and Auxiliary, at Odd Fellow Hall. All ex-service men welcome.

Sidney Croft Lodge, A. F. & A. M. meets each second and fourth Friday of the month at the Odd Fellows hall. Visiting Masons are welcome.

Every Thursday evening, J. O. O. F. meets at the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting Odd Fellows are welcomed.

Cub Scouts meet every Monday at 4:00 p. m. at Mrs. Widney's home on Easy Street, and at Mrs. Taylor's home at Josephine Apts. Mrs. Leo Spangler will hold her den meetings at her apartment in the Vincent Building.

(All organizations are requested to keep the Pilot posted, concerning all coming meetings, that a date may be carried. Mail all information in, giving schedule.)

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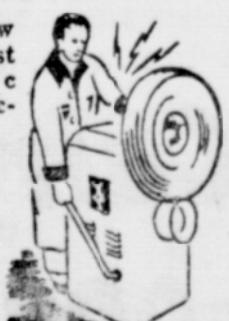


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