FAMILY NEWSLETTER

Some of my History

by

Robert Bernard Davidson

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I doubt very much if a government could draft older and more mature men, and make killers of them. They always select the young men who are still not quite sure of themselves.

I was twenty-two, when I was drafted November, 1950. I was among friends, right from the start. There were thirty-seven guys with me, and all from Ben Davis High.

The recruiting sergeant filled out my induction papers, then threw them across his desk for me to sign. I did, and he blew his top.

"I said I wanted your signature, stupid!"

"That is my signature! I've always signed my name Bernard Davidson!"

"Well, sign it Robert Bernard Davidson!"

"No, sir! That would not be my signature and not legal!"

"Okay, then, I'll have to change your name! Bernard Robert Davidson!" and throughout my service-record, my name was Bernard Robert Davidson.

All of my friends and I took our basic training in heavy weapons at Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky, for four months. My M.O. was machine-gunner. And my friend, Gene Haley, too. Harry Darbro lived in Mars Hill on Rybolt, across from the McQueens. He and I used to pitch horseshoes in his backyard. When the rest of us left Camp Breckenridge, Gene Haley stayed behind as a machine-gun instructor, and Harry Darbro stayed on as golf instructor. The rest of us flew together to Tokyo, Japan by way of Anchorage, Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. It was seventy degrees below zero, when we arrived in Anchorage!

We were in Tokyo for about a week, but in a compound area, and told not to leave. Naturally, we climbed over the fence, every night! I was still young enough to be prejudiced, so I carried a .45 automatic in my waistband, under my battle-jacket. And I was suspicious of cab-drivers and everyone else. When I went to bed with my first Japanese friendy I took out the pistol and

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slid it under the pillow. She never said a word about it, but I knew by her actions that she was afraid of me. We had parties and danced a lot. I didn't like the downtown area of Tokyo, because it was too crowded.

We were taken by an antique railroad to Sasebo, Japan, where we stayed two days, then shipped out for Korea. And we all stayed together, until we arrived in Seul, Korea, where we were all assigned to different outfits.

While riding in a truck on the way to the front-lines, I remembered what our sergeant back in Kentucky had told us to expect in Korea.

"You're going to get a lot of hand-to-hand combat! So, learn to use that bayonet! I'll give every man a ten-dollar-bill who brings me the head off the post in bayonet training!"

I went to him with the head in one hand, and my rifle in two pieces in the other. He presented me with the ten-spot, and later, a new rifle that he had personally cleaned the cosmoline out of. I stood inspection with that rifle along they before it ever had to clean it!

Arrived on the front-line about two o'clock in the morning. And I was so scared, I was shaking like a leaf! One of the "old timers" I was told to stay with, knew how I felt.

"It'll be okay, buddy, as soon as we get through this morning's charge! Just stay close to me, and don't try to do anything!"

About four o'clock, a loud trumpeting was heard. Someone was blowing a bugle with high pitched notes, very rapidly. And the Chinks, or "gooks", came running over a hill in a solid mass. Even in the twilight, I could make out lots of forms. The fellow I was with, started shooting his rifle, immediately, and emptied his clip, first. I handed him my rifle, and reloaded his.

"That's a boy, buddy! We make a good team!" And the charge only lasted a few minutes. But it let me

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I went through three companies of men, in Korea. I was the "oldest man" in the third one, in eleven months and five days. Major Burdell was still the battalion commander. And he had been the battalion commander back in Kentucky.

On a bivouac-training trip, we had gone up to Leadville. The mountains were supposed to provide us with training for Korea. En route by truck-convoy, we were told not to stand in between the vehicles, when stopped for a rest period. My buddy and I were standing behind our truck, when a colored captain came by. He nicely told us to move off the road. I told him where he could go and that he was a nigger to me. He took my name, rank, and serial number.

When we got to the bivouac area, I was summoned to Major Burdell's tent. I noticed a uniform on a hanger on a limb of a tree in front of the tent, as I entered it.

"Davidson, have you got anything against the captain's uniform in this nigger army?"

"No, sir! Only, I won't salute it if a nigger is in it, sir!"

"Okay, Davidson. Tomorrow morning, you will salute that nigger's uniform! From sunup until sundown!"

"Yes, sir!"

My arm became so numb by noon, I couldn't feel it anymore. And, now and then, the major would come out of his tent, and count cadence: "Hup, two! Hup, two!"

At one time, they had told us that we would be "rotated" every six months. Nothing was ever said about it, when I had nine months over there. But, occasionally, we would at least be taken off the front lines and

know that the Chinese were crazy people. Out of maybe twenty men, one would have a weapon. And the line-of-charge was perhaps fifty man deep. They only wanted to overrun us, and grab any weapons they could get their hands on. I had to dance and side-step a lot to keep a hold of the rifle I had. I shook off a dozen bodies that piled onto my back, trying to bear me to the ground.

When it was over, and quiet again, the fellow I was with, led me back away from our fighting-hole.

"Well, buddy, that's all there's to it! What do you think?"

"I think those guys must be crazy to go unarmed against an enemy!"

"You think so, huh? Stop and think about it! If there had been ten times as many, we wouldn't have stood a chance! They could have walked up to us and taken our guns away from us, couldn't they?"

I had to admit that there was logic in his concept. And, when I was given my machine-gun, I found it didn't help much, no matter how expert I was with it. I could pile up the bodies in front of my gun, then grab it up and run back to set it up again, and pile up more bodies. But the Chinks kept on coming. They wanted my machine-gun, at any cost.

Now, that is the truth about the Korean War. It was useless killing on both sides. But mostly the Chinese paid more dearly.

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There were Turks, Greeks, every nationality with us in the Korean fighting. The Turks are very fierce fighters. They love hand-to-hand combat. They even wrestled with each other, all the time. I had one Turk who liked me, and stood by me, helping me to keep my machine-gun, during several charges.

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A new "second-louie" took charge of our platoon, and tried to march us up a hill to take it from the Krauts. We "old timers" refused to do so, and I was elected spokesman for the rest of the guys.

"Sir, if you will please go to the rest of the platoon, and stay there, we will take that hill for you! And I will be the first man up on top, with my machine-gun, sir!"

"So, it's like that, is it? Okay! You men know your job, better than I do! Let's go!"

But, while we were standing there gabbing, I noticed the fellow in front of me look over my shoulder with very wide eyes and his mouth flew open. I fell to the ground, turning my body as I fell, and landed on my belly and elbows, with my pistol in hand. Two Krauts, with "burp-guns," were standing in a trench in front of me. I emptied my clip into them. Back in our company area, a reporter for the Stars and Stripes, wrote up the incident, calling me "Fastdraw Davidson." I was awarded a silver star for killing two men.

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a mile to the rear. I was told to take my bedroll, I took my gaffney too. The captain liked to sing and would finish the Old Grandad.

When I stepped into his tent, he said, "Davidson, you tell me what you've gotten us into, this time? You know, I'm behind you one-hundred-percent!"

I told him, and he blew his top. He rang up Major Burdell on the phone, and cussed him up one side and down the other.

"And furthermore, major, why whenever my men are given an order by some ..... platoon-sergeant, it has to go through channels! All the way up to you, and down through me! Is that understood, sir?"

Then, while we were on that river, in Korea, an order came through for us to conduct a machine-gun drill, out on an open spot, without any ammo or side-arms, either. I was standing in line, giving Major Burdell a hard, when I turned to look directly into his eyes. He was standing within ten feet of me, with his campaign hat, quirt, and breeches and boots. His hands were on his hips and a wicked look on his face.

"Davidson, would you like to be running this man's army?"

"No, sir! I wouldn't want the responsibility of ordering my men to kill or to be killed, sir!"

"Then, you'd better let somebody else do the job! Like me! And I can do it, without your big mouth! Is that clear, Davidson?"

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I finally became the most heavily armed man in the Army. I carried my machine-gun, naturally. I also had a gunny-sack with straps, filled with ammo. I had an M-1 rifle and carbine, a .45 pistol, a Russian revolver that was a .38, and a "tommy-gun" I paid $300 script for, from a Canadian.

One day, while we were in a reserve position, I was cleaning my machine-gun. A fellow walked into the tent, having just washed his mess-kit, and told me that there was a new rotation-list posted. A warrant officer, the top-kick, and a sergeant were on the list. Now everybody knew that the sergeant had shot himself in the foot and was out of action for three months!

I picked up my machine-gun, a belt of ammo, and pulled the bolt back twice, as I entered the mess-hall tent where the officers were holding a meeting. I fired a burst over their heads, and yelled "Anybody goes before me, on rotation goes feet first!" And I turned around and walked out. I was put on that new rotation-list, instead of the sergeant.

When our ship landed at San Francisco, and we were filing down the gangplank to American soil, there was a radio-announcer interviewing some of the guys. About every twentieth man, the fellow would pull a guy (over)

out of the line and ask him what we felt we had accomplished over there in Korea. I told my buddy I hoped that I'd be picked, because I wanted that announcer to tell me what we accomplished. Luckily, I wasn't picked.

On my way home to Indiana, I was given a ride by an air force major. We stopped in Cheyenne, and were having a drink in a bar, when a couple of loudmouths started a ballyhoo about the Korean war and that General MacArthur should have been shot.

I had the General personally shake my hand up on the front-lines in Korea, and he was asking each man, "If I gave you the order to cross the Yalu River and go on up into China would you be willing?" And I never heard anyone answer to the negative. We all thought that was the way to put an end to Communism.

So, I got into a fight with the two truck drivers, and the air force major jumped in to help me. And we won. But it didn't prove anything to the truck drivers, I'm sure.

When we arrived in Des Moines, Iowa, the major was an Elks Club member, so we stayed at that hotel. We had adjoining rooms, and the major opened the door to come into my room.

"Davidson, why is it I feel that you are a very haughty man? You always say, "Sir!" and keep treating me like I'm an officer! We're both going home, and it's all over! We're equal, again! I have to wipe my ass, the same as you! So, let's forget rank and all that protocol! Okay?"

"Okay, John! Thank you! But it had to be your move! Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see, and I have a lot of respect for you, because of your manners! Now, let's go have some fun! Shall we?"

In the bar downstairs, they had an organ-player who was a female, about the age of the major. When we walked in, she played the Air Force song, briefly, and then "Back Home Again in Indiana." The major was not in uniform, and neither was I, but I'm sure I didn't look like a farmboy!

We asked her how she did it. She told us that she had been doing it for twelve years, and it was a psychic thing.

The bar was a merry-go-round, with earphones at each stool. The earphones were controlled by her through foot-switches, and she could speak to you, alone. They held contests of naming songs, by being given a word or two by her. I won so many times she wanted to know how I came by my knowledge. When I told her about my background of playing music with my father and learning all the old songs from him, she was thrilled. She wanted to know if I could play a guitar with her. I said I could. And she sent out to have a guitar purchased for me to play. I played and sang with her for about three hours. When the bar was ready to close, she called a friend for me. A younger female. And the major had already set his cap for the organ-player. We all visited several other nightclubs, that night, and the major wouldn't let me spend a dime.

When he dropped me off in Downtown Indianapolis, he said, "Bernard, don't ever let them change you! You're a helluva guy, in my book! I'll write to you, sam! And you come to visit my home in Boston! I'll do you a lot of good!"

I never heard from the man, again. Perhaps it was due to an accident, before he even got home to Boston.

I knew I was very glad to be back home! I bought a Chrysler New Yorker coupe and asked dad what was

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lacking for the home he had built on Foltz Street (2932, I believe it was.) He was standing beside my car, with the sun shining on my head.

"Boy, it must have pretty rough over there! You've got a lot of gray hair!"

"Pops, I had those gray hairs when I was sixteen!"

He needed a dump-trk around the building and told me how many. I went to the lumber yard and filled the trunk of my car with the tile, came back, and we dug a trench and laid the tile.

One time, after I had gotten married, dad was putting up a four-strand clothesline for Clara. It was to be so that she wouldn't have to use a prop under the lines. So he was stretching the cables very tightly. He was down to the last one, with Tony, Gary and Danny standing there watching him.

"I'll bet if your older brother was to walk through that front gate, now, he would say 'Looks like you could use some help, pops!' and he'd be doing this, instead of me."

He hadn't hardly said the words, when my car pulled up in front, and I walked up to take over the job.

"What did I just tell you boys?" And he had to repeat himself, for my benefit.

One time Clara paid me a very high compliment, that I've always remembered.

"I'd sometimes rather ask you to do something, than your dad! You jump right in and get it done! But it takes your dad forever to decide to do it!"

I can recall one morning, when we lived on Rybolt, Clara had to have two washtubs filled with water from the pump and heated outside, before dad and I went to work. We had eaten breakfast and were drinking our coffee.

"Bernard, I wish you'd get that water for me!

Your dad's going to be ready to go, in a minute!"

"Woman, I finished my breakfast in a hurry, so I could smoke a cigarette and drink my coffee! And that's what I'm gonna do!"

BANG! BIFF! CRASH! Dad hit me on the jaw so hard, I slid across the floor towards the door!

"Boy, don't you ever speak to Clara like that again! Or, I'll kill you!"

I sure never did, either!

And I had taken to drinking quite a lot. I came home drunk, and staggered into our room to lay down on my bed. I left the light on. So dad came to turn it off.

"Hey, pops! Hold this bed still, so I can go to sleep!"

"Oh-oh! Come on! Get up from there!"

Dad quickly took me outside, near the toilet, and I heaved it up.

The next morning at breakfast, he laid it down to me.

"Boy, I don't want your brothers and sisters to ever see you like that, again! If you get to drinking too much, don't come home!"

I never did go home drunk, again.

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"Okay, Davidson. Tomorrow morning, you will salute that nigger's uniform! From sunup until sundown!"

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At one time, they had told us that we would be "rotated" every six months. Nothing was ever said about it, when I had nine months over there. But, occasionally, we would at least be taken off the front lines and

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When our ship landed at San Francisco, and we were filing down the gangplank to American soil, there was a radio-announcer interviewing some of the guys. About every twentieth man, the fellow would pull a guy (over)

out of the line and ask him what we felt we had accomplished over there in Korea. I told my buddy I hoped that I'd be picked, because I wanted that announcer to tell me what we accomplished. Luckily, I wasn't picked.

On my way home to Indiana, I was given a ride by an air force major. We stopped in Cheyenne, and were having a drink in a bar, when a couple of loudmouths started a ballyhoo about the Korean war and that General MacArthur should have been shot.

I had the General personally shake my hand up on the front-lines in Korea, and he was asking each man, "If I gave you the order to cross the Yalu River and go on up into China would you be willing?" And I never heard anyone answer to the negative. We all thought that was the way to put an end to Communism.

So, I got into a fight with the two truck drivers, and the air force major jumped in to help me. And we won. But it didn't prove anything to the truck drivers, I'm sure.

When we arrived in Des Moines, Iowa, the major was an Elks Club member, so we stayed at that hotel. We had adjoining rooms, and the major opened the door to come into my room.

"Davidson, why is it I feel that you are a very haughty [redacted] man? You always say, "Sir!" and keep treating me like I'm an officer! We're both going home, and it's all over! We're equal, again! I have to wipe my ass, the same as you! So, let's forget rank and all that protocol! Okay?"

"Okay, John! Thank you! But it had to be your move! Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see, and I have a lot of respect for you, because of your manners! Now, let's go have some fun! Shall we?"

In the bar downstairs, they had an organ-player who was a female, about the age of the major. When we walked in, she played the Air Force song, briefly, and then "Back Home Again in Indiana." The major was not in uniform, and neither was I, but I'm sure I didn't look like a farmboy!

We asked her how she did it. She told us that she had been doing it for twelve years, and it was a psychic thing.

The bar was a merry-go-round, with earphones at each stool. The earphones were controlled by her through foot-switches, and she could speak to you, alone. They held contests of naming songs, by being given a word or two by her. I won so many that she wanted to know how I came by my knowledge. When I told her about my background of playing music with my father and learning all the old songs from him, she was thrilled. She wanted to know if I could play a guitar with her. I said I could. And she sent out to have a guitar purchased for me to play. I played and sang with her for about three hours. When the bar was ready to close, she called a friend for me. A younger female. And the major had already set his cap for the organ-player. We all visited several other nightclubs, that night, and the major wouldn't let me spend a dime.

When he dropped me off in Downtown Indianapolis, he said, "Bernard, don't ever let them change you! You're a helluva guy, in my book! I'll write to you, sam! And you come to visit my home in Boston! I'll do you a lot of good!"

I never heard from the man, again. Perhaps it was due to an accident, before he even got home to Boston.

I knew I was very glad to be back home! I bought a Chrysler New Yorker coupe and asked dad what was

(OVER)

looking for the home he had built on Foltz Street (2932, I believe it was.) He was standing beside my car, with the sun shining on my head.

"Boy, it must have pretty rough over there! You've gotta lot of gray hair!"

"Pops, I had those gray hairs when I was sixteen!"

He needed drain-tile around the building and told me how many. I went to the lumber yard and filled the trunk of my car with the tile, came back, and we dug a trench and laid the tile.

One time, after I had gotten married, dad was putting up a four-strand clothesline for Clara. It was to be so that she wouldn't have to use a prop under the lines. So he was stretching the cables very tightly. He was down to the last one, with Jim, Gary and Danny standing there watching him.

"I'll bet if your older brother was to walk through that front gate, now, he would say 'Looks like you could use some help, pops!' and he'd be doing this, instead of me."

He hadn't hardly said the words, when my car pulled up in front, and I walked up to take over the job.

"What did I just tell you boys?" And he had to repeat himself, for my benefit.

One time, Clara paid me a very high compliment, that I've always remembered.

"I'd ten times rather ask you to do something, than your dad! You jump right in and get it done! But it takes your dad forever to decide to do it!"

I can recall one morning, when we lived on Rybolt, Clara had to have two washtubs filled with water from the pump and heated outside, before dad and I went to work. We had eaten breakfast and were drinking our coffee.

"Bernard, I wish you'd get that water for me!

Your dad's going to be ready to go, in a minute!"

"Woman, I finished my breakfast in a hurry, so I could smoke a cigarette and drink my coffee! And that's what I'm gonna do!"

BANG! BIFF! CRASH! Dad hit me on the jaw so hard, I slid across the floor towards the door!

"Boy, don't you ever speak to Clara like that again! Or, I'll kill you!"

I sure never did, either!

And I had taken to drinking quite a lot. I came home drunk, and staggered into our room to lay down on my bed. I left the light on. So dad came to turn it off.

"Hey, pops! Hold this bed still, so I can go to sleep!"

"Oh-oh! Come on! Get up from there!"

Dad quickly took me outside, near the toilet, and I heaved it up.

The next morning at breakfast, he laid it down to me.

"Boy, I don't want your brothers and sisters to ever see you like that, again! If you get to drinking too much, don't come home!"

I never did go home drunk, again.

(July 16, 1990)

My dear brother Jim,

Then I ask myself, "What can I say, when my heart and mind are so full of love for the guy? How to make him fully understand my true feelings?" If I wrote a poem, it might be easier, since I can usually express my feelings better in that manner. But I have asked our dear God to help me and guide me in the choice of my words. And I know He will, because He knows how I feel.

But, first, let me remind you of the feelings you had, when you received that $100 from me. Then, you will know how I felt receiving the $200 from you.

The doctor hasn't paid me since back in May. So I really needed the money you sent me, all right.

And my typewriter ribbon is worse than yours. It types some letters so you can't hardly make them out. It looks pretty weird that way. Of course, I also realize my printing isn't much better, either, but that's mostly because I can't seem to control my hands too well, at times.

Now, I know you will believe that the three days of rain I had up here the 7th, 8th and 9th, messed up my road a good bit. But a newly acquired friend came up in a jeep, after the rain stopped at noon on the 9th. He had his wife with him and they hadn't seen Cedar Valley before. And they wanted to see if I needed anything. Also, they told me that I wouldn't be able to drive either of my cars out over the road, because it was full of big rocks and trenched ditches.

But they don't know me very well, do they?

You know and I know that if I decide that it is necessary, I'll make me a road out of here.

The man stated that he could understand why I had tried so hard to stick it out up here. And he came back up the following day to visit with me, again. And he found that I had already worked on my road, all the way down to the wye. Three miles and three hours of work.

And I don't have to worry about selling my junk with small sales, either. The man stated that he would buy it all, except for a very few items. He already knows that he can't take certain things like the generator, until I'm ready to move out of here.

So, we have an agreement about that piece of business. I can stop by his restaurant, when I need money or want a free meal.

And he also told me that when the weather has been bad, he'll come up to check on me.

Well, it rained a lot the 12th, 13th and 14th. The lightning and thunder was the worst I ever saw and heard.

The man wanted to bring his pickup truck up here on Sunday, with a friend to help him, and haul out some of my stuff. But that thunder could have caused a land slide that is blocking the road. I had told him that it was one thing that could slow me down in getting out. But I still have five sticks of dynamite and caps. That's enough to move a small mountain.

So, I'm writing you this letter, intending to mail it, when I get out again. When you receive it,

you'll not know how, but that I made it.

The man also has offered me a very tempting job, whenever I want it.

A trailer, larger than mine, is part of the deal. Water and electricity, plus a cooler, are included. But not the propane for heating. He has also agreed to fence the yard for Dotti.

It is very tempting to me because I sure have missed not having a bathroom.

The man also is aware of my wanting to go to the VA hospital in Phoenix. He even suggested the biggest and best VA hospital is in Long Beach. And stated that when I'm ready to go, he will take me even to California.

I also talked to the man about some of my ideas, and he is ready to invest money in land that we can own outright. I told him that when I come up with a nearly foot-proof scheme, I'll come to him for the money and with the facts.

I believe I once mentioned Gunsight Canyon to Barbara, when she said that she wanted some gold.

There are five old Spanish mines over there, but only one is worthwhile, from the information I have gathered.

And a person needs a 4-wheel-drive vehicle, or a darn good pickup truck and driver, to get in and out of the canyon. (I didn't mention a good team of mules, because they are scarce.)

The one tunnel of about a hundred feet in length, was following a gold vein in the ceiling. Nobody would think of it being up there overhead, would they? And it is hazardous to mine that way. But it can yeild 4 ozs of gold to the ton. It might take several trips, just to get a good looking ton out of there. But, how much does it take to make the thing worthwhile?

But my newly acquired friend said he is game to try it with me, and bring along his friend, in case of a cave-in or something.

And I may have another thing working for me soon.

I'm sure that these two ore piles right here must contain enough silver and gold to make it worth working.

And there is a man in Westsleep who does nothing. He hasn't been very busy recently. So I saw his son in the post office and sent word to the man about my wanting him to come up here and see what he thinks.

The doctor can't say or do a thing, because he doesn't own the property any more. And he had once told me to help myself to anything on the surface of the ground, just don't go into the mines.

And the owner by the sheriff's deal, sent me word that he doesn't feel that he has anything up here worth guarding, when I had asked about a job with him.

Well at the same time I received your letter, Jim, I received a reply from D&H in Hugman. They

June 21, 1990

Gentlemen:

I need to obtain verification of my service record to prove eligibility in applying for veteran's benefits, such as, hospitalization et cetera. Also, I need it for adding to my social security benefits. Therefore, I only need proof of my active-time service in which I was paid.

I was drafted into the U.S. Army, November, 1950. I believe my service number was 55049493. My name was Bernard Robert Davidson.

As a recruit, I took four months basic training in heavy weapons, at Camp Breckenridge, Ky. I was assigned an M.O. of machine gunner. I made expert marksmanship with every weapon.

March, 1951 I was flown to Tokyo, Japan, then taken by boat to Korea, and by truck to Seoul. There I was assigned to the 3rd Division. I spent eleven months and five days on active-duty in Korea.

I returned from Korea and was stationed with the 1st Armored Cavalry in Colorado, where I was mustered-out July, 1952 and given a DD-214 form.

I remained in inactive reserve status until I was honorably discharged. I also received the Indiana state bonus for Korean veterans.

I was discharged with the rank of PFC.

I hope this is sufficient information to get the job done.

I thank you for your assistance in this matter.

Best Wishes,

Bob Davidson

My Service Record

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X As a recruit, took basic training in heavy weapons, at Camp Breckenridge, Ky., for four months.

X Assigned M.O. of machine gunner.

Made expert marksmanship with every weapon.

X B. March, 1951, we all flew to Tokyo, Japan, by way of Vancouver, B.C. and the Aleutians.

Held at a compound outside of Tokyo, for five days.

Then, shipped by train to Sasebo, Japan, where we were held overnight.

Taken by boat to Korea, from the waterfront docks, we were loaded onto trucks and taken to Seoul.

X At Seoul, we were assigned to the 3rd Division, and spit up into different outfits.

I was assigned to Major Burdell's battalion.

C. I arrived on the front-line about one o'clock in the morning, and was told to simply "stick with me," by a corporal who also stated a charge by the Chinese was expected about four o'clock in the morning.

About that time, we heard the bugles, and the Chinese attacked.

X D. I spent eleven months and five days in Korea.

I went through three different company commanders.

I was the only man left in my company, several times, the others having been reassigned, rotated home, or killed and wounded.

Being the "oldest man" in the company, I had a lot of fighting experience to pass on to new recruits, even new officers.

E. Being that I played a guitar and sang pretty well, I took a guitar to Korea with me.

In a short time, some other musicians showed up, and we formed a small band.

Major Burdell heard about our band and offered us the use of a powerful P.A. system, so we could entertain the battalion, whenever we were in a reserve position.

The major also provided a jeep to haul our instruments, but the Chinese captured it and burnt it all.

Major Burdell put out the word that we were to buy ourselves new instruments, when we went on R&R, and he would personally reimburse us.

I bought another guitar in Tokyo for about $20, and the next pay-day, I received the $20 from the major, with a note attached which read: Let's get the band back on stage!

F. There were two of us who were considered to be the best machine gunners in the battalion, so Major Burdell arranged for us to put on a demonstration of the effectiveness of our two machinegun's fire-power.

We were set-up on each side of a long valley, and using fixed as well as straffing movements, we literally covered that valley from one end to the other.

The tracer bullets allowed everyone to see very well the continuous coverage our two guns maintained over the entire valley.

The major was very happy with our demonstration and made the statement that not even a rat could have survived in that valley, whether two-legged or four.

sent me a form 180 to fill out regarding my service record, and an addressed and stamped envelope to be mailed to St. Louis. They also warned me that it would probably take 6 weeks to get a reply.

But I had estimated that it would take time. That's why I predicted probably going to the VA hospital in the fall. I'm sure I can last that long.

My teeth are the most bothersome now. I don't have many of the "chewing kind" left. And I keep getting the "loose ones."

I was reading a booklet about veterans' benefits, and dental problems have to been incurred during service time.

So, maybe I can't get my teeth taken care of at the VA hospital. And you know what dentures cost, nowadays!

Well, I'm sure something will turn up to help, in any case. It always does. If you have the faith, dear brother. God knows my needs, better than I do.

Now, Jim, please don't ever hesitate to write to me, again!

I suppose everyone living today needs some spiritual uplifting. I believe that is what draws so many persons to the various churches.

I recently wrote to the doctor about the shabby treatment I have received from him. And I cited the fact that I have always conducted myself as a gentleman, with certain codes of good behavior.

Number one: Make the world a better place

because you have lived in it. Two: Helping others is the best way to rid yourself of your own troubles. Three: You only fail, if you quit trying. Four: Depend more upon the intuitive forces from within and not harken so much to that of outside influences, but learn to listen to that still small voice from within. Five: He who understands nature walks close with God.

Sunrises are very important to me, Jim, because they tell me that I am still living, that I have the challenges of a new day to meet bravely. And there is much, much more I have written about the beauties of a sunrise.

Still, sunsets have always been my favorite, Jim. I think it might be because a sunset signifies the end of a day, the closing time. I can sum up what my day has been like and how I did. How well I spent the time. And it is a time, then, for relaxing, resting, recuperation; and it is a time for peace and quiet. A soothing time for the nerves. It can also be a time for healing the spirit within.

I am well acquainted with the concept of a person's self-image, or attitudes. And many times, I have been able to psyche myself up to do things. And I know that "As a man thinketh, so is he." I have thoroughly convinced myself that BELIEF is very important to me.

In other words, all things are possible to him who believes. But then, sometimes we need help for our unbelief. Right?

Mental healing is a known fact to many. And God has been referred to as the Great Physician. But it is simply divine healing that is within everyone, I'm.

"All force is one force," someone has stated.

Many years ago, when digitalis was discovered, it was considered to be a "life-saver," and still is today. So, ask yourself, "Is that plant known as Foxglove a representation of God's love in nature, to His people, or not? And, answer it yourself.

To me, it is a part of that One Force, which contains an element that can awaken a healing consciousness within the human body. Nothing more.

Man has been able to gather from nature's storehouse many things that may aid in healing. But, does that lessen at all the ability of a person to gain a consciousness, or awareness, of the divine force from within? Or, is it proof of all healing being one?

I am convinced from what has been repeated again and again that all healing comes from the divine within. But then, what does the mind have to do with healing? It simply has to be awakened, either by something without or by something within, so the divine may heal.

For my book "Cedar Valley" I have written another thing about honesty. So, keep an open mind about what I have to say, I'm.

In the old days, as everyone seems to have forgotten, a man's word was his bond. Not even a hand shake was necessary, in the beginning.

Then come the handshake. But I think it was exemplary of the honest feelings that people used to have. And it had nothing to do with any religious feelings the person might or might not have, either. It was simply being honest with the person's self and everyone else.

And, nowadays, people say, "Love ya!" as commonly as any other words they care to use. The word love is spoken without any real feeling or meaning. Simply as a gesture of friendliness, perhaps. But not honest.

It is very difficult, at times, to know "how to take" a person's statement, unless they qualify that statement in some explicit manner.

So, I want to say, "I'm very proud to call you my brother, Jim!"

And in qualifying that statement, let me offer to you one factual truth.

If there is any member in my family that I talk about the most to others, it is, "My brother Jim in Phoenix!"

I truly love you, Jim, so very, very much it "hurts" me. It's an "ache" in my mind and my heart, that tells me that I <u>need</u> your love in <u>return</u>.

There is a love, on the feelings of which that most people know nothing about, Jim. They never even give it a good deep thinking.

But I can tell you that it is a very deep emotional feeling that doesn't "surface" on a whim or on the "spur of the moment."

It is either there, working all of the time,

or you don't have it. And I'm sure you will agree that true love takes precedence over all else.

As I have written to the doctor, and may have written to you before, it is against my religious beliefs to judge others, condemn others, or criticize others. But I do have the right to complain, as long as I do so without anger, or resentment in my heart.

And so, I try very hard to "use words" in order to get my meaning across very "loud and clear."

So, believe me, Jim, when I say that there have been no "hidden meanings" in what I have written to you in this letter. Please don't "read anything in between the lines." I have tried to be very open, honest, and truthful with every word written. You know why? Because I truly love you, Jim, and being honest with you, and myself are very important reasons to me.

An' I allus likes t' leev'em with a grin or tu!

Three men were having dinner together in a very plush restaurant. An American, a German, and a Jew.

When they had dined, the waiter presented the cheque. The Jew spoke right up and said he would accept it.

The next morning, an American ventriloquist was found murdered.

Remember, Jim-bo, don't hesitate to write. And I'll love you, till my "dying day," and then some.

For now, the old man upon the mountain has run his course to the finish.

With oodles of love,

Bernie

P.S. What did you <u>expect</u> me to write, a page or two? Hardy-har-har-har!

B.