

Running with Eyes Shut

The Condensed Life of a Richmond Boy

Chapter 9 - Seoul - It's Not Vietnam 1966-67

Daniel Joseph Friedman, Jr. - last update **2026/05/31**

This is a chapter in [RUNNING with EYES SHUT](#) - a Small Boy's Condensed Life

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Welcome to Korea



Vincent McRae welcomes his replacement, aka his *turtle* to Korea by a small celebration held in UN Village. Vince and turtle drive in their army jeep, direct from Kimpo airport to an apartment where four friends wait and where Miss Cho had been engaged.

Photo: Welcome monument on the highway from Kimpo air base to the Han River bridge across which one would enter Seoul in 1966. This monument was finished in time for Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey's visit to Seoul. Humphrey was in Korea for the inauguration of President Park Chung-Kee (June 29 - July 3, 1967).

Why the party? Once your turtle has arrived in-country you know you are really going to leave - to go home. The arrival of your turtle is even better than the previous arrival of your orders commanding

future travel to a next assignment. Better than that FIGMO¹ attitude you had for the last month. The turtle is special. Before the turtle has crawled up from the sea you cannot leave.

It is indeed *turtles, all the way down*.

Direct from Kimpo airport McRae does not bring his turtle to the aquarium as he's supposed-to. No. He's got other plans. They drive to a rental apartment, rare in its style as a western motel room instead of a traditional Korean hooch (turtle's first new word).

McRae's welcome party for turtle is hosted by three other young friends, all lieutenants, lots of whiskey, and Miss Cho.

Turtle is jet-lagged, having just flown from Seattle to Alaska to Japan to Seoul. The ride into Seoul and thence up the mountainside to UN Village was filled with sights so new and alien that even jet-lagged he was wide-eyed.

[elaborate ... what he saw, wondered, thought]

They drank and talked. What was happening back in the U.S. U.S. news was heavily edited before appearing in the Stars and Stripes - their source of US news. That and letters from home. No Internet, no streaming, no NPR, no Fox News.

The turtle welcoming committed turned to describing Korea as seen by visiting GIs and young looies. Then they directed Turtle's gaze to the open door of the bedroom of this tiny UN Village (Etaewon village) apartment.

There was someone on the bed. A girl - just a little older than turtle. And she was naked. What the hell?

Turtle was nervous. And really not up for this. Mentally nor physically. Everyone else was shameless, or laughing, or tipsy. Turtle, pushed inside, the door left open, everyone watching - *this must be how they do it here* - he wonders, remembering some dark room makeout nights in college. At least there the lights were out.

He sits on the edge of the bed and looks at Miss Cho who is, in fact, rather pretty. Her skin is soft, slightly golden. Miss Cho is utterly without embarrassment. To her it's just a job, after all. She lifts her knees and turns to look at him. What does she see? A young scared boy-turtle. Kind of a chicken-turtle.

Come-on, GI. It's ok. She smiles. She's done this before. The turtle, it develops, never has and doesn't want-to.

¹ FIGMO is slang, the last four words being ... *It, Got My Orders* - representing the short-timer attitude that pervades servicemen and women once they have their orders to move on to the next assignment. Even if the orders specify a date a bit ahead in time, the feeling is "I'm outta here" - a sentiment that lends a certain laissez faire to their behavior.

Chicken-turtle thinks fast. How do you say *no thank you* without giving offense? Say you just said goodbye to your girlfriend back home 24 hours ago? Say you can't pay? He hesitates.

Miss Cho's face darkens and she looks angry. *Hey, they tell you I got V.D. - I no got V.D.!*

Turtle is stunned. He'd never thought of that. And he certainly wasn't expecting this.

This is not Korea. This is not the remarkable country in economic take-off stage, the country of stunning mountains and rivers, the country of a strong, generous people. This is not the country that has been divided in half at the 38th parallel, splitting family members across a new border. This is not a country with a language and art thousands of years old. This is not the hanguk - people of the Han. Instead this moment has shrunk to a tiny room outside of a foreign presence, a military base. This is not Korea.

Words have to find their own way out of his mouth.

No, ... really ... Turtle scrabbles for an excuse. In the other room the fellows are laughing.

Look, nobody said anything bad about you; you're very nice, beautiful in fact. Look ... I just got here, I've been traveling more than 24 hours. Besides, I can't even pay you. I have no money ... no MPC (Military payment certificates - GIs were paid in scrip not in actual US dollars).

It's OK GI, first time free, you like, you come back.

No, really ... thank you but can't we just ... well I dunno ... go out for a walk, maybe?

In the other room the fellows are pouring more drinks and laughing at some joke. No one is watching.

Sure GI, come on - we go out. She starts to pull on her clothes. *What your name?*

The turtle welcoming committee is disappointed. No show. Danny - he decides maybe it ought to be Dan or maybe Daniel now that he's so far from Dad who claims that version of their name - Dan and Miss Cho say thank-you and wave an awkward goodbye.

They walk through the tiny apartment, down stairs, and down a steep street to a more busy lane where taxis are as thick as bees.

Cho calls a taxi.

Come on GI-Dan - we will drive through the city - I'll show you everything.

This memorable trip through Seoul a gift - Miss Cho's taxi tour at night. They drove everywhere, through NorthGate, around NamSan, back and forth over the Han River Bridge, past Ewha University, Past and around the Yongsan compound where he'd work for more than a year, past the tree lined

slope and hill where his future friend Major Goldsmith has his office. They passed the Museum, went through South Gate, and even got out to walk around the marvelous market lit by bulbs that glared off of embroidered silks and mountains of piled-up red peppers.

This was his best taxi ride. Miss Cho had to pay the Taxi driver since Dan had not only no MPC but no Korean won either.

Over more than a year of rides through Seoul and through much of the rest of South Korea, no other taxi ride equalled this one and a couple were dramatically-different, and a couple were as wild and careening as some of the taxi rides you can have in New York City - almost as bad as the taxis in Boston or Mumbai.

Once there was a taxi driver playing chicken with a street car. Swerving at the last minute he nicked a pedestrian, running over the man's leg. We got out and sent the injured man to hospital in our taxi. Stopping in a strange neighborhood we found a place to eat. The waitress brought the specialty of the house - a chicken-in-a-pot dinner. By this time I could eat almost anything - unfamiliar food was no deterrent.

But when the steaming pot's lid was lifted with a flourish, there she was, an entire chicken. Entire except naked - feathers. The pot was too small and the chicken was sort of distorted to get jammed into the pot. One milky eye stared up at us, surrounded by pale white bumpy chicken skin. Our minds turned to the poor man with the broken leg. The lid went back on.

Most taxi drivers were helpful and generous. Some asked me to please stop trying to speak Korean and just speak English. It'd be easier for everyone. But occasionally tempers flared.

In one other harrowing taxi ride my driver began an argument with a pedestrian.

The walker reached in the open window and slapped the driver's cheek. The driver quickly rolled up his window, trapping the arm of the man, then began driving off, dragging the man by his arm up the street. Stop stop I wanted to shout.

I had laryngitis and could only whisper in my pathetic Korean "you are a bad man, a bad man." The driver did stop, but only when I opened the door and made as if I were going to leap out of the moving taxi. He didn't want to lose the fare.

The EUSA Command in 1966-1967 included: HQ Eighth US Army, Special Troops, Eighth US Army, 4th Missile Command, I Corps (Gp), 2nd Infantry Division, 7th Infantry Division, KMAC, Eighth US Army Support Command, Eighth US Army Depot/Eighth US Army Rear, Eighth US Army Support Group, 38th Artillery Brigade, and the 38th Replacement Battalion. In all that comprised about 40,000 U.S. Troops.

To those one could add an un-counted number of British soldiers and another un-counted number of Turkish soldiers - members of NATO and sharing the United Nations peacekeeping mission. There

was as well as a still larger force of the Korean Troops (cf KMAG). In the 60's Koreans wanted the U.S. presence - unlike today.

In addition there were several thousand USDA civilian employees in various supply, support, and administrative jobs. I estimate a total foreign presence in Korea of perhaps 60,000.

Miss Cho dropped Chicken-Turtle off at the main gate to Yongsan compound where the guard told him where to officially report for duty.

Seoul 1966-1967



During the Vietnam war it was common to obtain a deferment of an obligation to report for active military service while one was in college.

High school ROTC at Fork Union gave a college student credit for the first two years of college ROTC. That paid the student an extra monthly stipend - was tempting. It cost nothing (sic) to sign up. And better still, you could skip the first two years of ROTC classes and drills in college.

Photo: Detachment 1, 1st DPU (Data Processing Unit), Seoul,

1966.

One graduated as an OBV - an obligated volunteer. Good military terminology, OBV meant you have an obligation, and we'll draft you as a buck private or you can volunteer and we'll take you, maybe, as a second lieutenant (easier job, more pay, one less set of people to hassle you).

My particular cohort of OBVs included not the most aggressive types among military folks. Whether out of fear or out of interest in computers, these particular OBVs opted for Adjutant General school. In AG school we'd learn to run funds or count widgets or fill out morning reports. And we'd probably do the least harm to the Army or to anybody else.

In high school I'd enjoyed arguing and debating and of course writing. At W&L the new computer used for class scheduling piqued my interest in computer programming and design.

So I was lined up for two main jobs: computer programming and military law.²



In the Army, in my free time I'd taken some beginning law classes at GW University, intending to follow my long-standing interest in law as a place to enjoy argument while seeking justice and truth.

Photo: the Univac 1004 used a plugboard and jumper wires to program the unit to calculate simple totals and print strength accounting and other reports. This was to be replaced with a "real" computer, the Univac 1005.

At each Army assignment, when the commander found that he had a law "student" not yet an attorney it seemed

² They said that military law is to "law" as military music is to "music" and there's some truth to that.

useful to appoint me to various legal duties not handled directly by JAG - typically this meant serving as prosecutor at the Special Court martial level.

A law student would follow the Army's special court martial cookbook procedures with rigor and care that might be expected of someone more serious about law, while at once the commander did not have to find a real attorney to represent the defendant.

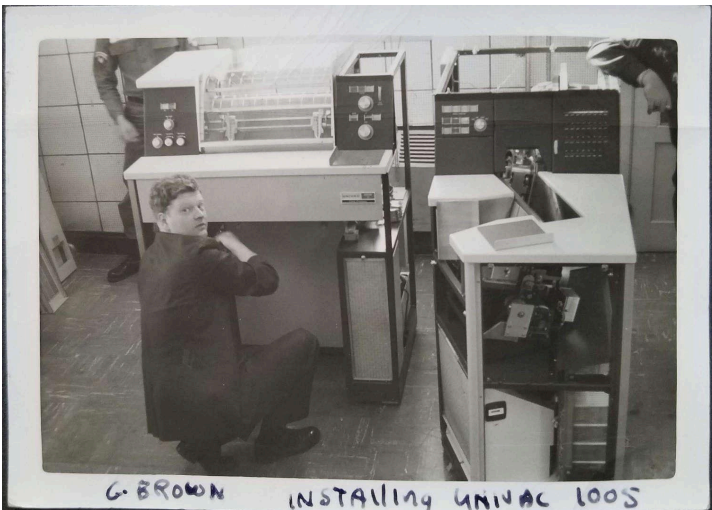


Although these additional duties continued throughout my army years, it became increasingly obvious that Derrida as well as Justices Holmes and Black were right, we were promised law, not justice.

Data processing or computer programming, by comparison, was mentally challenging while less unjust. And best of all, you could work in an air-conditioned space.

Photo: we drove over two days from Seoul to Inchon to pick up a new Univac 1005 Single Address Language computer for the 1st DPU.

I took correspondence courses in "unit record equipment" and am the last living person born in the computer age (after 1940) who knows how to wire a 407 Punch Card Accounting Machine, run an 083 Sorter, and program a Univac 1005, and an IBM Model 20. Not that you should care.



But my punch card correspondence courses resulted in an assignment not to Viet Nam, for which I'd quite ignorantly volunteered along with most of my other uninformed classmates, but to the 1st Data Processing Unit in the Eighth Army in Seoul.

There we did strength accounting: how many men were fit for duty each morning, how many were sick, AWOL, in jail or dead.

Other jobs included implementing a system to contact and evacuate all of the civilian

employees and non-combatants in the U.N. command, country wide, should open hostilities break out. (There were clandestine hostilities almost every night.) With no cellphones we needed another system: messengers and phone trees. It meant traveling around the country to find where all these noncombatants actually lived and worked. A great job!

Clara Washington Dead at 40

On 23 October 1966 my first letter from Mom arrives in Seoul. With an enclosure.

THE OBITUARY

Dunnsville, Virginia
October 22, 1966

On October 18, 1966 Mrs. Clara Phillips Washington departed from her family to her eternal home in heaven. She was born November 11, 1926. She was the daughter of the late Helen Phillips and Mr. Sibley Phillips of Montaque, Virginia. When she was quite young, her mother died and she was reared by her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Brockenbrough of Dunnsville, Virginia.

She attended Sunday School of the Good Hope Baptist Church and at an early age became a member and a faithful worker of this church. She attended the Public School of Dunnsville and the Rappahannock Industrial Academy of Ozena, Virginia. She was married to Mr. Ivory Washington, and to this union two children were born, Brenda and Charles.

She served faithfully on the Usher Board, in the Sunday School, The Missionary Circle, and the Choir. She was an efficient and cooperative worker. She was a devoted wife and loving mother. Among those left to mourn her passing are a devoted husband Mr. Ivory Washington, a daughter Brenda Washington, a son Charles Washington, father Mr. Sibley Phillips, step-mother Mrs. Beatrice Phillips of New Jersey, two sisters, Mrs. Everdean Jackson of Baltimore, Maryland, and Mrs. Jennie Carter of Washington, D. C. Three brothers Messers John Vanderbilt Phillips, Sibley Phillips and Charles Phillips of New Jersey; seven brothers-in-laws, eight sisters-in-laws, neices and nephews and other relatives.

You left a beautiful memory,
A Sorrow to great to be told.
And to us who loved and lost you,
Our memory of you will never grow old.

The Family

On Tuesday Nite the 18th (of October 1966) we had a call from the Hiltons (who bought Lindan) to say Clara had died that day in "Lindan" - she was babysitting for Hilton's grandchild. We drove to Dunnsville yesterday for the funeral, brought a wreath. Ivory, Charlie who's 18 now, and Brinda, first year college, all asked for you. The house looked like Vinita, all our furniture and Clara had on display pictures of us! They were so proud & pleased we'd come. It was long and very sad, she was only 40 and never ill! You can write Ivory & family to Dunnsville, Va. I'm enclosing the "program" as the minister called it. - given verbatim below.

On Running Away

TWO CARS crash. Shall you stop? If you do, you may be subpoenaed as a witness in a nasty court trial. Or you may become involved in irksome and even costly necessities to help. At best, you will be delayed in the appointment you are hurrying to meet.

Your neighbor next door exasperates you. His yard is not clean. He comes home drunk occasionally, and there's a lot of noise. Besides he does not belong to your church or your political party. Obviously he needs help of some kind. But if you attempt to befriend him, may he not be offended by your meddling? Or perhaps he will get you uncomfortably involved in his affairs.

We all run away—from other people's troubles—and even from our own.

In all candor, let us ask why God created us. Was it that we might escape as many responsibilities as possible in these swift years between birth and death? Can we call our lives successful and complete in terms of how many difficulties we have avoided, or in terms of how many difficulties we have helped to solve?

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, said that all during his life he had awakened in the morning in eager anticipation to discover what problems might be waiting for him. He added that at the age of seventy he was losing some zest for this daily encounter with trouble, and that therefore he thought it wise to retire from office.

In the final analysis, is there any other reason for living than to be eligible to carry other people's troubles? If you are no longer needed for this, or if you are running away from the wants and needs of other people, why should you live? The world does not need you. In fact, you yourself are then no more than another of the world's burdens. To search out the man in need and stop to help him—this alone makes your life on earth a worthy one.

A.P.H. No. ESSF6623. Litho in U.S.A.

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SERVICE OF VICTORY FOR THE LATE MRS. CLARA PHILLIPS WASHINGTON GOOD HOPE BAPTIST CHURCH DUNNSVILLE, VIRGINIA

OCTOBER 22, 1966 - 2:00 P. M.

Processional	
Selection	Jesus Keeps Me Near The Cross
Scripture	
Prayer	Deacon Samuel Jackson
Hymn	What A Friend We Have In Jesus
Acknowledgements	Mrs. W. H. Baughan
Hymn	God Will Take Care of You
The Eulogy	Rev. C. P. Morris
Solo	Mrs. Clara Lindsey
The Recessional	

1926

1966

Running with Eyes Shut does not mean you should run away. Clara never ran. But she was taken awfully soon.

Hyang Lim Won Orphanage



The unit enjoyed off-duty picnics, local trips, and it had a special relationship with the Hyang Lim Won orphanage.

The orphanage was a Joint U.S. - Korean Construction Project under the Armed Forces Assistance to Korea Program (AFAK) and even had a project number: 67-520(c).

But to function under the agreement the orphanage also had to have a U.S. armed forces sponsor.

It was trivial: I simply had to sign a bit of paper -

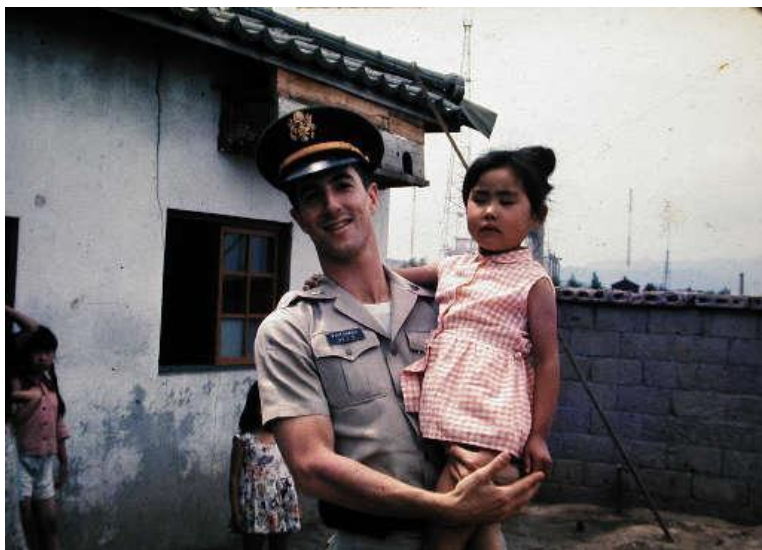
probably this was continuing an ongoing project.



I agreed that we'd sponsor the Fragrant Flower orphanage - which involved little except qualifying the orphanage to receive joint project funding for construction, food, medicine, clothes.



Everyone had their favorite child. When I picked up this little girl, she immediately grabbed on to my nose - the most-convenient handle. (She let go for the photo below).



Koh Kumnida! She exclaimed, and grinned. *Koh Kumnida, Miguk Saram Koh Kumnida. Cho sum ni dah!*

Miguk Saram - American people, OK and *Cho Sum ni dah* - ok that means something's good. But what's *Koh Kumnida*?

Sergeant Allen, married to a Korean woman, spoke better Korean and grinning, he translated:

She says big nose, she says all Americans have big noses.

Yeah! I exclaimed, right all Americans have big noses. That was not the way I'd heard the owners of big noses described back at Tuckahoe Elementary School.

Below: Univac Sperry Rand Memory Maps for the 1004 and its successor the 1005. Knowing how to program these machines led to the Crook Report.

40 COLUMN-UNIT DEPOSIT STORAGE AREA

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100 INTR-UNIT STORAGE AREA

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The PX Crook Report



Some of our reports were a bit long and difficult to handle. In addition to strength accounting and some less exciting status reports there was the crown jewel: the PX purchases report.

Photo: restoring order to a troublesome copy of the controlled substances monthly report, Seoul 1966.

Prepared monthly this listed every controlled-item sold, its sale price, and the identity of its purchaser. Controlled items included televisions, radios, other appliances, whiskey - things for which there was a big demand on the Korean black market.

The purchase of these items for resale was illegal, violated US-Korea trade and status of forces agreements, and ... well ... could land you in trouble.

When the military police had a black-marketer suspect in mind, usually a U.S. noncom, occasionally a civilian employee or an officer, they'd leaf through our thousands of pages of computer printout to see if they could find purchases by their suspect.

In a meeting with the colonel in charge of the local MP's investigating team we (I) had an idea: why not print just the names of people who had bought multiple of the controlled items. After all, how many TVs does a soldier need? One to use and one to mail back home?

For each category we agreed on a threshold. I re-programmed the UNIVAC 1004 patch panel with help from the NCO who actually knew the wiring, later we re-programmed the 1005 to do the same job by pretending to be a 1004.

I called the new report, now just a few pages long, the *monthly crook report* - it listed only the big item repeat-purchasers.

There was something odd about this report, though. We, me and a couple of friends, were sure that Sgt. Allen was buying and selling on the black market - he seemed to spend a lot of time arranging packages to be sent to and from himself and to and from other men in the DPU. It seemed funny.

But the sergeant's name never appeared on the *monthly crook list*.

Digging only slightly deeper we cleared up the question: the two keypunch operators who entered all of the purchase data, one item per punch card, worked right there in the DPU. It was a cinch for the good sergeant to simply pull his purchase slips out of their in-box each week. All we had to do was

intercept the purchase slips right at the PX, sort through them, find his name, and notice that it never made the printed report.

The sergeant was a good man, aside from being tempted to make a little extra money, and he was instrumental to the operation of the unit. He actually knew stuff. We had a talk. He made promises. We dropped the matter - for a time. That was before the great silk party.

A Silk Party at Midnight: it's not what you think

David Smith, a fellow second lieutenant, was the base Postal Officer. Dave knew there were all sorts of rules and regulations about mailing stuff, buying and selling stuff, and contraband. On the phone he sounded nervous.

Can you stop by the post office? there's something here you need to see.

At the PO Dave showed me eleven big boxes, all the same size, each addressed to a different member of Detachment 1, 1st DPU, Seoul, and all having just arrived from Japan. Uh oh. The handwriting on those labels was familiar. Sgt. Allen was in Japan, enjoying a much-deserved leave as he'd worked for nearly a year with no time off - sort-of. Apparently he was sending stuff "home".

Dave, what do you think is in these boxes?

Smith explained: *Under postal regulations we're not allowed to open anyone's mail. I don't know but they're all the same weight and size. It seems really suspicious - like contraband?*

Hmm. What if one of these got accidentally dropped and it burst open? If what's inside looked like contraband then you'd have justification to look in the remaining identical packages.

David was stunned. You'd suggest an accidental opening of someone's mail? He sputtered. He was so shocked that he staggered backwards. To our amazement Dave fell against the stack of packages that had been atop the sorting table.

The stack wobbled, leaned, and toppled over with a sort of thunk sound.

Hmmm. No crashing sound. Doesn't sound like TVs or glassware.

One of the box tops somehow split and tore open. Neither of us knows quite how the impact did that, but it did, I promise.

We looked at the open corner and saw the most beautiful blue and red silk. Silk, and embroidered silk tapestries were hot on the contraband list and sold for a premium in the Korean market.

More boxes needed to be checked, then all of them. Each box contained, beautifully folded, embroidered silk. It was stunning. And valuable.

We conferred - first just between us, then with the head of our MP Criminal Investigative Branch in Seoul - all off the record of course.

Just mailing silk from Kimpo to Seoul was legal. But re-selling it could land Floyd in jail. Worse, still, if the eleven men in Det. 1, 1st DPU received these boxes for the good sergeant, each of them was guilty of a crime. Our entire unit - at least of everybody who knew how to do anything useful - would be in jail. Boy would I get in trouble over that.

If we'd had smartphones we'd have been texting OMG OMG OMG. But we didn't.

Giving to stay out of jail



Now, with those eleven boxes of silk in hand, Dave and I had an idea of how to dispose of the material legally. December and Christmas were nigh.

I visited our enlisted men's barracks and we had a little meeting. The fellows were there, along with some friends, and gave me the standard officer's greeting.

Hang on a minute this is serious, I said.

Summing up what was not really a long conversation it went something like this:

So you fellows were paid a receiver's fee to accept packages - boxes of silk - for Sergeant Floyd, right?

Yes, \$50. A box. Which in 1966 was a reasonably nice sum. Some of the fellows insisted they didn't actually know what was in the boxes. But they were to hold them for the sergeant's return.

Me: OK so here's the deal. We have all of your boxes on a truck outside. If you accept them, all of you could go to jail along with Floyd.

Even in the dim barracks light I could see several faces turning pale.

But you could, if you wanted, simply tell me, officially, here and now, that you were never receiving anything for resale on the black market. Instead, you were receiving gifts from Sergeant Floyd, all of which you were intending to give to the orphanage we sponsor - the Hyang Lim Won orphanage on the edge of town.

Six heads nodded “yes”. Outside it was getting late, and very dark.

If you agree with that, we'll simply drive over there, give Mrs. Kim the silk - me and Dave Smith, the postal officer, and in return he and Col. Fink promise that no charges will be filed on anyone.

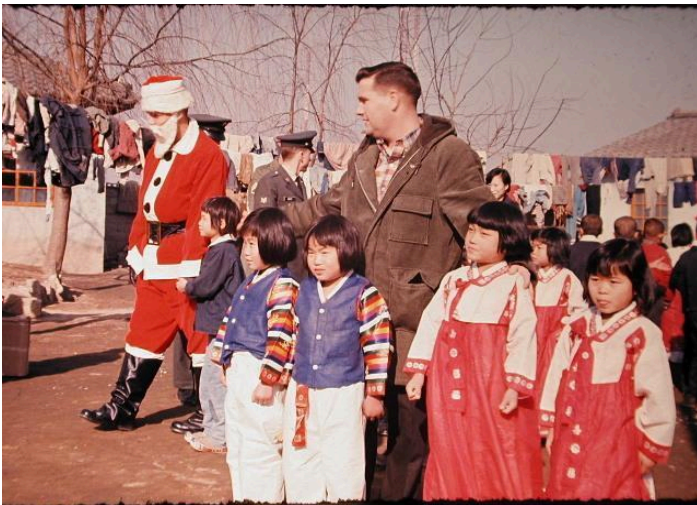
Five more heads nodded “yes” - that was everyone.

OK guys, on behalf of Mrs. Kim we thank you for such wonderful generosity - these silks will make wonderful clothes for the kids.

And they did. Sergeant Allen would not happy to be out the cost of all that silk but I like to think he would be happy to have supported Hyang Lim Won and happy to be out of jail. Or was it Sergeant Allen? I forget.

At midnight we (David Smith the postal officer) and I drove out to Hyang Lim Won where we gave the silk to the director for use to make holiday clothes for the kids.

The verb “give” is a bit awkward as the orphanage mistress was nervous about opening the doors in the middle of the night.

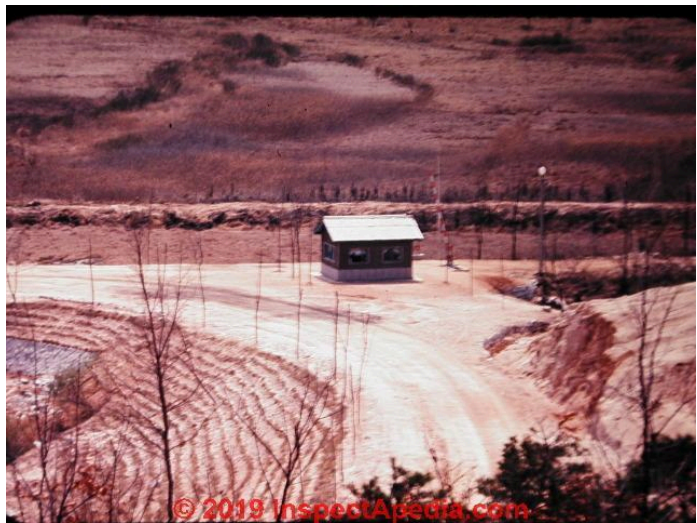


The doors were locked. With some through the door and over the wall discussion, and with appropriate apologies for our inability to speak enough Korean to explain what was up, finally we had to toss a box of Allen’s silk over the orphanage walls to a waiting “catcher”.

Things got sorted out after that. At Christmas the kids modelled Allen’s contraband silk, now all sewn into traditional blue or red and white outfits.

Sgt. Allen also imported pornographic movies as another sideline. Forgiving man, and still out of jail, he invited me to my only hard porn experience. More flesh and bodies slapping together than one can tolerate sampling. Industrious, Allen re-upped and married to a Korean woman. I think he’s still in Seoul.

Panmunjom Korea 1966



Above: the DMZ at Panmunjom in 1966

Unlike the huge losses on all sides in the closest active combat zone to Korea, Viet Nam, in Korea we were losing about fourteen army soldiers a month in 1966 and 67.

Of those, perhaps ten were soldiers shooting one another, by mistake or by alcohol in the stressful and remote areas at Camp Casey or right near the DMZ.

Another one or two troops would be late returning from leave and out of the more than forty thousand of U.S., Turkish, and British troops in the country under the U.N. Command, another one or two might be hurt in traffic accidents.



The North Koreans (supervised by the Chinese) regularly sent teams to infiltrate South to see what damage or murder could be invoked, (particularly aimed at General Cicoella) but the South Koreans were so alert and adept that there was not a single successful such attempt during the thirteen months of my tour there in 1966-1967.

I visited Panmunjom and saw the North Korean General Pak (or Park) - and took some photos of the armistice meeting that took place in the central quonset hut. We peered in through windows while a crowd of troops from North and South milled about outside.

While Cicoella was facing Pak, a North Korean Press Agency photographer and I took turns glaring at one another and snapping one another's picture.

We were warned to never look scared no matter how intimidating were the North Korean or Red Chinese soldiers, as NKPA (North Korean Press Agency) indeed had agents in towers photographing everyone, hoping to catch a newsworthy image of a frightened US Soldier.

To me the North Korean soldiers guarding their side of the line looked so young as to be mere kids.



Above: UNC Gen. Ciccolella (left) reading a statement and NK Gen. Pak (right) at Panmunjom in 1966.

General Ciccolella headed the U.N. presence at Pan Mun Jom in the demilitarized zone. In 1966, he was the Army's youngest active duty Major General and had been assigned as the Senior Member of the UN Armistice Commission in Korea.

A Brooklyn native who had fought as a rifleman in WWII, with three silver stars, two battlefield promotions, and having led an assault on the city of Bad Tolz that resulted in the capture of Field Marshall von Runstedt, the ranking German General commanding the Western Sector of Europe, and especially as he'd led the 101st Airborne, if you needed a fearless guy on your side, he was the man.³

³ "Richard G. Ciccolella Obituary", *Daily Press* on January 2, 2005, retrieved 7/4/2013
<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/dailypress/obituary.aspx?page=lifestory&pid=2989814#fbLoggedOut>



At Panmunjom in 1966 General Cicoella of the UN Command was arguing with Pak about the latest incursion of NK troops into S. Korea (weekly). He displayed weapons captured from the last night's NK raiding party. (Above)

General Pak denied everything. A dump truck pulled up outside the quonset hut in which they were meeting and where us visitors were witnessing. South Korean soldiers threw about a dozen NK soldiers' bodies onto the dirt outside the quonset windows.



Deny it now Chicollela demanded. There are your troops we killed during their raid last night. The North Koreans and Chinese walked out. The meeting was over.

Despite the fact that he wore checkered socks that didn't go with his uniform, the North Korean General, General Pak, was coolly adversarial.

The fighting epoch of the Korean war lasted from June 25, 1950 – July 27, 1953. In 1967 The UN Command in South Korea was there to assist the South Korean army and to keep the armistice. No peace accord was ever signed. The UN-member countries participating rotated but in 1966 and 1967 there were forces from the US, the UK, and Turkey.

The more brutal Turks had no trouble with "slickyboy" petty barracks-thieves. They caught one. They hung him from a lamppost outside their barracks.

Back In Seoul around the Yongsan military compound the prostitutes who surround many military bases had limited personal facilities. Someone might pee in the deep drainage ditch along the

Yongsan compound, then climbing back up the bank, on seeing a GI would proposition him while still wiping.



Too many young Koreans were hoping for a ticket back to the big PX in the U.S.

Mothers would pinch their small children and with a swat send them up to beg for 10 won (about 2.7 cents), tears streaming down their faces. I cashed a paycheck into bags of 10 won coins to give away in the park.



There were more begging kids than coins. But I wouldn't give to pinched-kids - which may have been right - or wrong.

Major Goldsmith

In the 1960's South Koreans, intensely nationalistic and proud, populated a country in steep economic takeoff. There is construction everywhere in Seoul and streets are often busy with trucks of stone, bags of cement, scaffolding, and workers.



And they welcomed U.S. soldiers. Required to wear our uniform when off-base, and being taller and more pale than many Koreans, even in civvies we stuck out like a sore thumb in public.

There's no pretending to "fit in" but that discomfort was offset by people's warmth and genuineness. One felt safe and welcomed.

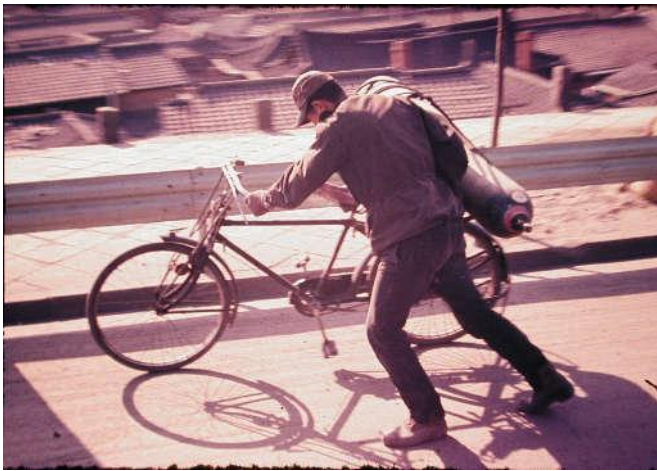
Traffic was a more dangerous risk to U.S. troops in Seoul. We joked that Korea, considered a hazardous duty assignment, was the best kept secret in the army.

I wrote to friends that unlike my fellow trainees who'd gone to Viet Nam, the greatest danger we faced in Korea was the traffic. The distant second greatest was being shot by a drunken or crazy G.I. In fact those statistics were reversed.

Major Goldsmith, along with four other lower ranking officers share a table at the Seoul base cafeteria.

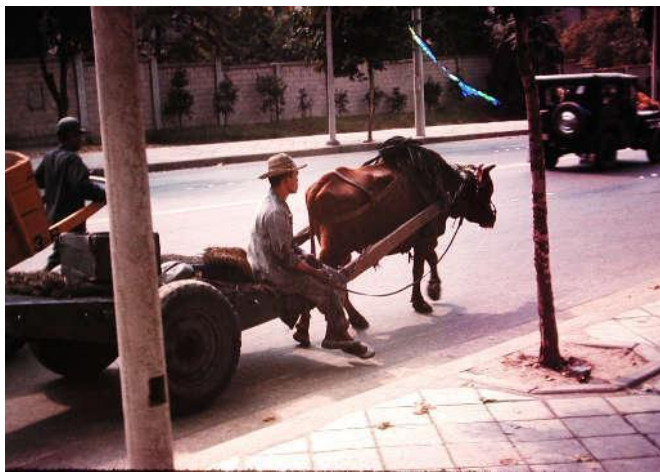
Because one of my duties is setting up a nationwide non-combatant emergency evacuation notification system for DA employees and military families across Korea, I'm allowed separate rations and most often dine off base on Kimchi and rice.

But when I'm back in Seoul we like to dine together and we catch up - friends.



We walk together outdoors and head to the military compound gate. Outside the busy and wide roadway is packed with trucks, cabs, bicycles whiz by, another bike loaded with an acetylene tank rolls slowly, pushed by hand.

A train of blue three-wheeled pickup trucks loaded with heavy bags of cement head to a compound gate and a construction project.



Still, an ox plods slowly up the street, pulling a two wheeled cart. Hapsangs, basically a VW bus with a driver and a pusher to jam passengers aboard stop to accept or discharge local workers.

A drainage ditch running along the main Yongsan compound wall is enormous, more than six feet deep, to accommodate the monsoon rains as well as, in an emergency, biological needs of certain workers along the street and outside the GI compound. We cross the ditch a sentry gate #7 and step onto the sidewalk.

I walk west towards the gate closest to my office in the data processing unit.

The major crosses the street and heads in the same direction. Fifty feet apart we continue.



On his side of the roadway the major walks along a low stone fence separating the sidewalk and road from a grassy hillside and a paved road that climbs to the building where he is headed.

As I'm in parallel and can see over the wall, I still see Major Goldsmith trudging, slowing as he's nearing the entry in the stone wall - his turn away from the busy street.

There is a break in traffic. Taxis pull to the roadway center to pass slower drivers like a man pulling a

pushcart piled high with baskets.

By fateful coincidence - or perhaps they'd expected to meet - Major Goldsmith's jeep and driver pull up and the Major turns to climb aboard.

Major Goldsmith pauses, then waves to me as the driver pulls into traffic to go just a short distance before turning right to head uphill on the much smaller, quiet roadway. That hillside is much steeper than the main road, as steep as NamSan - North Mountain - in the center of Seoul.

The army jeep is much like of those used since WWII, small, light, with a canvas top and open sides. There are no doors. The open sides make stepping in and out quick and easy, easier still because in 1966 there are no seatbelts.



There is a surge of traffic along the main road.

The trouble begins.

A blue *hapsang* has stopped just past this turnoff and is surrounded by a melee of passengers trying to get off while new passengers are being pushed on by the hapsang assistant.

The Hapsang helper grasps handles on either side of the doorway and literally plants a foot to shove the last passenger on board. There is a pause.

The street in front of the Yongsan compound near gate 7 is wide and traffic has become heavier still. Soldiers and civilians are walking fast along the ample sidewalk.

We all are walking, pushing, driving, or hitching a ride as if this day and our lives will go on forever.



My attention shifts. There is a loud horn blowing from a truck heading downhill on the busy road. It's a simple horn, a plain *beeeeeeeeeeeep*. But it's frantic.

A large black low-bed truck is weaving crazily through traffic like a madman, horn screaming.

On the verge of loss of all control, the truck has no brakes. Its driver is in panic, trying to avoid a terrible collision on the busy street.

The truck itself is heavy, filled with stone. Too heavy.

These stone and cement carriers are a common sight - Seoul is bursting with growth. But this driver is in trouble.

He passes me close by and through his windshield I see that the driver is terrified. He looks to his left - towards the hillside where he sees the near-empty smaller roadway onto which the Major's jeep has turned and is climbing, now fifty feet up the steep hill.

Seeing his only chance to avoid colliding with the *Hapsang* and the crowd of people around it, the driver whips his truck to his left, veers and teeters across the road in front of me, then careens up the side road where Major Goldsmith and his driver have their backs to the street. Looking only ahead, they can not imagine what is behind them.

The cement truck driver, sees the jeep directly ahead and still with enormous forward momentum from the weight of his load, tries to steer around the jeep, but he cannot. The jeep is clipped on its rear left corner and spins sideways as the truck continues past.

I see Major Goldsmith thrown out of the jeep. He lands on the roadside as the jeep. His driver, fighting to avoid a roll-over, veers off onto the grass and turns downhill. The cement truck passes them and continues uphill another forty feet and slows. The steep hill has finally eaten the truck's forward momentum.

On the thoroughfare, I am running towards my friend who is lying now in the center of the roadway - he is perhaps just stunned from the impact - from a distance he doesn't look badly hurt. *He just fell out of the jeep*, I tell myself. *He'll be ok*. I am running, running, running, running, running.

I look up. The truck, having lost its forward movement pauses briefly and now in a terrible, awful change, begins to move slowly backwards, now gaining speed as it rolls back down the hill. This is too terrible, this exact moment, for words.

Then, *Turn off, turn to one side, turn your wheel* I am screaming. The driver is paralyzed. He cannot.

The heavy truck rolls straight backwards over the Major, its enormous weight crushing his head and chest before continuing to roll back downhill out into busy traffic where it blocks the roadway, zig-zags to the opposite curb, slams into the heavier stone wall, and halts.

Traffic stops. ... Time stops.

We run to the Major's side. His head and chest are horribly a flattened inhuman pulp. The remains of what is no longer Major-Goldsmith struggles to breathe fruitless breaths making a terrible sucking noise. The details of this death are so disturbing that while I see them vividly fifty years later, I will not add more except to say, for the solace of his family, that when the truck rolled backwards over him the stunned Major Goldsmith was killed instantly and could not have been conscious nor suffered.

A taxi stops. The driver and bystanders open its back door and in a frantic rush actually throw the now-no-longer-major onto the seat, chest down, as if that could stop the blood pouring from his chest and the sorrow pouring from the hearts of those left behind. ⁴ They, we, rush to the hospital.

#####

1966 September

Dad continues to offer encouragement about the future and Dan Jr.'s interest in computer engineering.

⁴ 7/4/2013 To: lynnita@koreanwar-educator.org <http://8tharmy.korea.army.mil/>

RE: Eighth U.S. Army Command, United Nations Command, Seoul Korea 1966-1967
Detachment 1, 1st Data Processing Unit, Seoul
U.S. Army Strength Accounting - Personnel Identification

When serving in the Eighth U.S. Army (Det. 1 1st DPU 1LT USAR) in 1966 and 67 I worked with a Major Goldsmith whose tragic death I witnessed in Seoul during that time. I am writing a recollection of that tragic event and would like to cite the Major's first name, and place of birth and his assignment at that time. Have you a clue about how I might find this information?

In case it helps identify this case, the Major's death was not combat related. Having dined together, we got up from breakfast, walked outside of the Seoul base cafeteria and onto a public street to walk back to our respective jobs.

We said good day and I crossed to the opposite side of the street from my friend. The major's jeep and driver happened by and the Major got in the jeep to continue his journey. The driver of a commercial flatbed truck loaded with bags of cement lost control, struck the jeep, and in ensuing events best omitted here, Major Goldsmith perished.

Daniel Friedman

Any studies you that you can make in the matter of data processing would prove invaluable to you in time to come. There is no question that we are reaching the computer age in business. We will, no doubt, have to have it in our business before long.

Of course, you know that we have a little of it now in the matter of our payroll and salesman's record keeping; but we will have to go ever further and use it in the factories I am sure ... I saw three brand new installation, including one at the Popular [Dry Goods] in El Paso which actually checks credits automatically.

It's fantastic! It is certainly a must for every large retail operation. - Daniel Friedman Sr. to Jr. 29 Sept 1966.

1966 - Midterm Leave

I had completed my punch card data processing course taught by Army Extension Service Correspondence Schools, and I'd completed a Univac 1005 programming course in Japan. Anyone wanting to learn computer programming in the mid 1960s counted on education provided by one of the big boys.

Mid-way through an overseas tour we were allowed a mid-term leave. I considered two options for more serious education and ultimate work in the computer industry: application to the two leading computer manufacturing companies or application to extend military duty with a request for assignment to USARP Hawaii where working in a large comp-center there would permit more schooling.

Why was the computer industry so appealing? My legal career as a not-lawyer but working in-court was a dose of the painful reality of the law. And the smell of B.V.D., Glen Alden, Rapid American and large conglomerates was getting stronger by the day.

Considering Tom Watson's people-oriented corporation as less "business like" than BVD / Rapid American, from Seoul wrote to IBM in Denver (where I had three friends including Marie Majors) to request a job interview. I sent a second application to Univac Sperry Rand.

I'm interviewed by a manager in the IBM branch office in Denver.

The Majors family are cool. Marie explains that they are confused and disappointed that on my return to Colorado I did not bring an engagement ring.

I'm stunned. We had several dates, the family very generously hosted me and took me skiing, and indeed I liked Marie alot but we never spoken nor written a single word about such a commitment. I inferred that it was the news that I was seeking a job interview in Denver that caused this painful misunderstanding.

To Marie my explanation was more prosaic but consistent with a lifetime of the most-stern admonitions. I would not even consider a permanent relationship with someone, even if I had such a prospect, which I did not, when I was still so distant from both on active duty in Korea and without a means of earning a living on my return.

Both companies offer a job, within the legal constraints of wishing to avoid being accused of proselytizing, the offer was contingent on my first having separated from active military service - something I expected to do before the end of 1967.

1967 June

Letter, Daniel Sr. to Jr. in Seoul, excerpts:

Your description of Korea is interesting. Frankly, the impression we have been given over here is that Seoul is a very modern and up-to-date city.⁵ Evidently this is anti-Communist propaganda. I note that you are to leave [for Japan] on 1 June which means you are there at this writing.

Your description of the court-martial [at which I was prosecutor in a case of assault charged as attempted murder] sounds quite interesting. Don't feel bad about winning the case. I am sure the accused must have deserved it or he would not have been found guilty; or, were you one of those slick lawyers that won the case in spite of innocence? It is hard to believe that since, after all, you are not a lawyer. You know my inherent distrust of lawyers. But, since you are just a soldier doing his duty, I don't have that distrust insofar as your legal activity is concerned.

It is good news that you will be back early in October. I think it is perfectly in order for you to take a logical period of time to readjust to civilian life and to relax and enjoy it.

As to contacting Sol Kittay [B.V.D.], I do not think there would be any purpose in doing it now. It would seem much more logical and business-like to set up an appointment with him when you are actually on the scene. You will find him a most interesting guy and you will be able to see quickly what has been behind his ability to build up this large complex in a comparatively short time.

With their latest merger into the Glen Alden setup, their complex is more complex than ever including, for example RKO theaters, McCrory Variety Stores and the Lerner Shops, one of the country's largest medium-priced ladies' specialty stores.

Of course, you have learned of the Middle East conflagration. We are all quite concerned here - not only for our co-religionists who, in my opinion are just the dupes of the violent pro-Zionist propaganda which created the country in the first place, but who are really a brave people and deserve our help. ... [discussing appeals to raise money for Israel] ... I really believe it will be raised, for many of us, including myself, who are more or less lukewarm on the U.J.A. [United Jewish Appeal] proposition because of the ideological disagreement, feel that Israel must not be permitted to disintegrate.

At this moment they are over-running Egypt but I am afraid that the innumerable millions of Arabs can, in the long run, make their weight felt against the tiny country.

By the time you get this letter the situation might be clarified and let's hope that the "cease fire" will have been accomplished. - Letter, DF Sr. to DF Jr 7 June 1967.

Caught empty-handed without stolen audio-visual gear

⁵ Seoul in the late 1960s was in my opinion a very modern city, growing like gangbusters, with scaffolding and construction everywhere. It was, however, nothing like the enormous, skyscraper filled modern city of 2019. Today and for some decades Seoul has been well past the economic take-off stage one saw in the 1960s when heavy industry was being built and consumer goods were ... well not so easy.

A bit year after my lemon-juice treatment of a little drano-eater in the Cameron Station Commissary and well after my impossible base-wide inventory project was ended (thank god) by a transfer to Seoul, CAMSTA reared its drain-foamy head one last time.

An official letter, having passed through all sorts of Department of Army investigative-body hands enroute from Cameron Station, reaches me in Seoul.

It's from my successor at CAMSTA who demands:

ATT: Lt. Daniel J. Friedman, Det. 1 1st DPU, Seoul

You were station adjutant in the Spring and Summer of 1966. We have determined that among the equipment whose inventory was in your charge was a complete set of audio-visual playback equipment, to wit: recorder SN39385858, amplifier SN 39383838 , as well as speaker set SN 767687594.

I am unable to locate that equipment. You were accountable for this equipment last year and as the equipment is missing, please tell us what you did with it.

H. D. Wellslyian

This was the ass who had succeeded me as station adjutant and whose duties, like mine, probably included commissary officer, security officer, and inventory officer as well as having to perform other duties as assigned. Passing such a letter through official registered channels also made a federal case that suggested criminal charges could be in the offing.

I don't even like audio visual equipment, I'd never heard of the equipment in his letter and I could not possibly actually explain its whereabouts. Nobody could. Fortunately, just how to answer the suggestion that I might have stolen some equipment was obvious.

CAMSTA hosted nearly 100 buildings, included besides the world's largest commissary, numerous offices and barracks and a police station, a chain of nine enormous warehouses, each forty feet wide by 100 feet long, and each packed floor to ceiling with military junk.

Over a few months of military assignment it was not and would never be possible for anyone assigned to inventory to find much less tag and account for every one of the millions of items stacked there.

I replied right away, sending my answer back through all of the same investigative Department of Army channels, experts, military police criminal investigative division, as well as my own commanding officers, all of whom had seen the impugning letter from Lieutenant W.

We both knew it would be impossible to find or not find anything that was not on the very outer perimeter of the stacks and stacks of tons of equipment, debris, and junk stored in the warehouse complex.

Lieutenant Wellslyian could not know that beginning at FUMA and continuing at Ft. Myer, developed at Cameron Station, and having reached new heights at Det. 1, 1st DPU, Seoul, I'd got considerable training and expertise in the use of both actual and other USDA forms and regulations that might be either cited or actually created from whole cloth should the need arise.

Lieutenant Wellslyian also did not know that in addition to attending law classes at G.W. University, during my two assignments within the MDW (Military District of Washington) and continued in Seoul, I had now nearly two years of experience as a military prosecutor at the intermediate or Special Court Martial level.

I loved the law. This was before I'd come to understand the difference between law and justice.⁶

At the time of Wellslyian's letter I'd stumbled through prosecution of three court martial cases in the MDW and another six in EUSA - Eighth U.S. Army Command in Seoul.⁷

It was but a matter of a few minutes to draft a respectful and thorough reply to the query about the missing, possibly stolen audio visual equipment that H.D. was having trouble finding back at CAMSTA.

⁶ Jacques Derrida, Heidegger: The Question of Being and History 1965-1965 "It is just that there be law, but law is not justice."

⁷ At each assignment the base commanding general took advantage of having a "law student" on board who was not actually a lawyer. That meant that at the Special Court level they could have someone who would read the UCMJ and prosecute by following the rules with care, yet at the same time the commander did not have to find an actual lawyer to defend the accused. Typically as prosecutor at a Special Court Martial my opposition was the commissary officer - not someone who approached his job with fervor.

ATTN: 2d Lieutenant H.D. Wellslyian, Cameron Station, Virginia,

Via USDA Headquarters, Criminal Investigative Division

I will be pleased to assist you. The AV equipment about which you asked, the set of audio-visual playback equipment, recorder SN39385858 and amplifier SN 39383838 as well as speaker set SN 767687594 were all, at the time of my inspection and inventory at Cameron Station, located in the northwest corner of warehouse No. 4 on the CamSta property.

On assuming duty there you signed receipt for same.

Please see the attached copy of DA 6848-4848.3 bearing your signature.

As provided for in accordance with US AR 710-2⁸, during the ensuing nine months since my reassignment and in the interval since you assumed responsibility it is possible that some items in the inventory body have been used or otherwise re-deployed from their location at the time of my inspection and your assumption of duty.

Please also direct your attention to the role of "implication" as discussed in UCMJ Article 107.⁹

Respectfully, 1Lt Daniel J Friedman, USAR, 05229920, Det. 1, 1st DPU, Seoul, Korea

⁸ Army Regulation (AR) 710–2, Supply Policy Below the National Level, explains the different types of inventories and mandates the timeframes during which these inventories should be conducted and by whom. -

https://alu.army.mil/alog/issues/sepoct06/prop_manage.html

⁹ Uniform Code of Military Justice, Article 107, Making False Official Statements. This article deals with false statements made in writing or verbally ... by a member of the U.S. armed forces. The objective of this article is to prevent government departments/ agencies from disruption of official functions which may occur if such fraudulent practices are allowed to take place. The accused under article 107 is punished as directed by a court martial. All documents/ statements made while on duty fall under the description of 'official statements'. Under this article, the words 'official document' can refer to a record, regulation, return, order or other official material. The meaning of the word 'false' was established in *United States v. Wright*, 65 M.J. 373 (C.A.A.F. 2007). It was judged that a statement that is essentially true may still be false for the purpose of this article if it makes a false implication.

In Memoriam: Christopher H. Weiss



Having lost a dear friend whom I so much admired, and searching to understand how we, those who loved him, might have better understood and perhaps been of more use to him during Chris's depression, I kept letters from Chris and from various friends who knew him.

Photo: DF, Harriet B., Chris Fenton & Chris Weiss at Virginia Beach summer 1969

Between October 1965 when we both were reporting for active duty during the Vietnam war and the end of 1966 when we were safely out of military service we kept

in touch across continents, countries, and debacles.

A lifetime later, reading with older eyes, I once again search these letters for clues.

Chris: New York, October 7, 1965 to me in Richmond or at Ft. Ben Harrison

The army has done it again. I received a reporting date with which I am happy, but I doubt I will get to see you. I report on 2 Jan. presumably to Ft. Ben Harrison. This is great for me as I will quit work with AA¹⁰ the 17th of Dec ... [brief week with parents in West Palm Beach] ... My friends Don and Gary and I will again load up the tiger¹¹ and drier to Chicago for New Years. Kathy, the girl I met in July, and I are doing pretty damn well. I am quite serious about her. She ... is working in Sears Roebuck's home office advertising dept. You'd like her as she is quite a lady and an excellent companion.

...

My sister [Judy Weiss] is really loving Sweet Briar¹² ... She has been dating these guys in Fla this summer who drive Sting Rays etc. One of them sent her an engraved (initialed) lighter for her birthday last week. I'm really proud of her as I think she's doing damn well. She's got a lot of sense too!

Now dig this, "Artie" [Arthur Anderson] has the rest of my tenure until 12-18-65 all assigned. These last two months since I returned from the Chicago training (auditing) school I haven't had more than 2 weeks chargeable (to a client) time. I have [upcoming] ... one week on Long Island, 3 wk. to a month on the N.Y. Herald Tribune, 1 week on an oil & gas co of sorts, 4 weeks at ->Dig->Newport News Shipbuilding in ole Va. ... I got a little bored sitting around the office waiting for work. ... I envy your

¹⁰ Chris, with an accounting degree was working for a top accounting firm in New York: Arthur Anderson.

¹¹ The *Tiger* was Chris's burgundy 1966 GTO - an exciting car in its day.

¹² The beginning of terrible tragedies for the Weiss family was the death of Chris's sister in an airplane crash a few years later.

*plane flying as I always wanted to take up piloting. Someday! Also glad to hear about the sport's car rally 1st.*¹³

Chris Weiss, Oct 23, 1965 to me at Ft. Ben Harrison AG School

... so far I have learned a lot from [Arthur Anderson]. I have been doing a lot of the work at the client's office on my own. I enjoy having the responsibility. I usually work with the controller of the company ... I am doing most of the work and not just checking someone else's. Also I am able to get the overall picture of how companies are run. ... Also I am already accumulating profit sharing and this will continue while I'm in the service. I am also availing myself of their group insurance - \$20,000 life insurance and major medical, both for \$8.50 a month. So my starting work was a splendid idea. I know I will like public accounting, and I will get one attempt ... at the CPA exam in two weeks. I have grown somewhat disillusioned with living in New York City. ... Living here is too much worry. Transportation (crowded subways, expressways, and streets) is impossible. Water is short; the air is dirty; crime is continual. ... I hope to be able to move to the suburbs when I return ... I am anxious to talk to you to find out what the Fort and Army life are like. I have been seeing a few girls in the building but nothing worth mentioning specifically. ... I have also looked up a senior at Vassar and she wrote me to come up. It is about 70 miles up to Vassar through the mountains along the Hudson. It is a beautiful drive. Reminds me of dating in Virginia at school. So you can see I have a lot planned. Glad to hear your pony is looking good. My car is running like a champ, but it gets dirty in this stinking, rotten place.

Chris to me at AGOBC Indiana 11 Nov 1965

... I am glad to learn you will be able to come up to Chicago for Thanksgiving weekend ... I will give you Kathy's address and phone since I don't know where I'll be staying ... Kathy Bartholomew... I think her roommate's name is Karen Schmill ... I am sorry to admit Kathy hasn't really made it known to me that she is ready to settle down. I was quite impressed by her & she by me. I have decided just to take it easy and stop rushing things. I have been dating two college seniors, one at vassar and one at Adelphi Univ. ... Besides being darn smart she is a real party girl and wealthy as hell. So I have been getting a few goodies. I sat for the CPA exam last week and didn't find it too hard. I hope I passed a few parts but won't know for a while ... I am beginning to like New York a little bit again.

PPS: we had a good time during the [famous New York] blackout [of 1965]. I was walking down into the subway at 59th & Madison. I heard the trains weren't running. When I got on the street all the lights were out. I caught a cab quickly and got home at 6:16 only 20 minutes late. We had candles, flashlights, & the range is gas operated. We had plenty of booze.

Kathy Bartholemew to DF, 1 December 1965, following up on my report that the date Kathy had arranged for me with her friend Jo Kitchen had given me a case of trench mouth - sores being treated by the doc at the army base.

¹³ I was working in Va. Beach and ran my '65 Mustang in drag races at Creeds in N.C. where it did 14.8 in the quarter mile. Factory stock. We were excited car bums.

I am sorry this happened and am relieved to hear it isn't too serious. You're being a good sport about it.

I hope I wasn't too critical when speaking of Chris. I certainly didn't mean to derogate him in any way; but I'm concerned because he means a lot to me and I am interested in every trait of his personality as well as everything else about him. Danny I do realize what a fine person he is. Each time I'm with him I happily discover something new. So far, the quality I treasure most is his kindness. Chris told me over the phone Sun. that he considers you a good friend - and he has great respect for you. From your comment Sat. & Sun. and from your letter I know that you feel the same way about him. I respect both of you because it's seldom that I hear friends speak this way about one another ... I would like to see you again before you leave ... I love you friend.

Chris to DF, 11 Dec 1965

[he lists friends he'd seen at W&L over a weekend & continues]

I saw Dean Adams & Drs Cook, Ennis, LK Johnson & Pemberton. Ole L.K. complimented you several times & passes his regards on, as does Cassell [Anderson a college friend and fellow car lover]. ... All the professors were extremely pleasant and interested in my progress ... I loved seeing Kathy and you & ... Kathy is a wonderful person & I hope I can convince her that I am the man for her. But she has to decide for herself.

Kathy B. to DF, 15 January 1966

Chris & I had a wonderful New Year's weekend although we spent the eve in my apartment watching Chris's TV. He wasn't feeling well. (Claimed it was my cooking) so we celebrated the next evening ... Oh Danny I like Chris's friends so much ... Your assignment at Fort Myer sounds challenging; ... We're beginning to work on a new catalog (1966 Fall General) & I'm excited because this is the first time I've been able to do layouts and write headliner promotions for the whole dept. By myself ... Chris ... We're having some problems because I'm dating another boy that I met last summer in Chicago. Dan I'm worried because I care for Chris but also really like this other young man. Don't know what I'm going to do but don't want to lose either one. Chris knows I'm seeing someone else and isn't too happy about it. ...I do not want to hurt Chris by dating others. I know he's done the same so far because he has told me about his dates. [She includes for me the address of U. Chicago Law School.]

Chris to DF, 24 Jan 1966

As you can see, my letter writing has gone to hell. The readjustment here wasn't hard, just time consuming ... Also I have had a little women problems. Kathy has been quite wonderful & we've been together for some wonderful times ... When I was leaving 2 Jan she broke the news she had a date the following weekend & would not tell me who, why, or what for?

Well I went into a string of four letter words that would make anyone embarrassed. I called her again after I arrived Sunday night & again sounded off. Finally when I called again Wednesday she told me I could come up because she had heard from this "phantom" date. Well we had a wonderful time

together [with some other W&L people] ... Well for my second weekend here I got the same shit that she had a date. I took this one on the chin as I'd told her I wasn't sure if I could make it ...

Kathy is very good to me & I naturally am spoiling her (as she admits). But she still isn't sure if she wants to marry me. I guess I must pray for perseverance.

On the night compass [course] I jumped Col. Abernathy & wrestled with him as he was going to shoot off a flare. Of course I didn't recognize him but he loved it. My buddy & I went out before the problem & reconnoitered the area. We found the third legs for both the blue & red routes & the final bridge objective. We drove around & knew all the road junctions & the land. I enjoyed it. There are only 23 in our F.O.B.C. #4. Three go to Viet Nam & three more to Korea & one to Thailand....

Our Fla vacation was really great. I met one of my old flames after you left. She was a junior at U. of Miami & she has a gray super-charged Porsche. She broke two dates & went out with me Christmas Night & the next night. Sherri left home when she was 15 & danced with the Royal Canadian National Ballet. She's been all around, but she is a little too independent ... I got a warning on the turnpike (Fla.) just like you got a ticket last year. Luckily I was only doing 80 & I saw him ... It's still Ft. Carson [Colorado] When I finish up here in March.

Chris to DF 25 March 1966

... So I got a fine apt. 2 miles South of Colo. Sprgs & 5 miles North of Ft. Carson ... top floor, living room, it is furnished nicely, has a GE kitchen even with a garbage disposal and is air-conditioned ... furniture being new, is quite passable... Have already contacted a tiny blond up the hall who lives by herself. She appears interested & intelligent, but I'm afraid she's no sexpot. In one sentence, women will be even more of a problem here because they are scarce. Most of my friends are married. So I must take up the chase anew. With the apt tough things might work out.

I have only 2 main duties now ... Asst. div. Finance off.... I am in charge of two pay teams, we service one half of the division (6000 to 8000 men). We keep their pay records, handle complaints, & make sure they are paid. This is no easy task because of their new pay system CAMPS ... Also we just switched to COBOL in January. This switch caused a lot of confusion with the clerks. Naturally the IBM equipment acts up periodically. My second duty is platoon leader in a platoon ... [44 men or more].

... I caught the plane back & it was a big DC-6 completely remodeled & refurbished. It was splendid & had 2 stewards. We did have a near miss before we landed at Dayton. A large 4-engine cargo plane was at our altitude & took no diversionary course. We did see it but the pilot dropped so fast, we almost lost our seats. He really dove the aircraft. Otherwise it was a long, uneventful 7 hr. Flight. By the way the box lunches you can get on a military flight for 85 cents are tremendous.

PS: Kathy has written and was mad about the insulting letter I sent her. But she did remark that she still did care for me. To mitigate the last sentence she confessed she is again seeing her old fiancée from college & is still seeing this other dude in Chitown. I told her I didn't compete in three horse races too strenuously. I'd better give up on her! She's too busy.

Karen [Kathy B's roommate] to DF, April 1966

Chris showed up over easter (I was gone) & didn't get too welcome a reception. He hasn't been heard from since. ... Trenchie said she wrote you. So when are you coming to see us again,?

Trenchie to DF 18 April 1966

... Chris was in town last weekend. Kathy was having us to dinner so she invited him too. We all sat around and got slightly tipsy. Chris had a head-start on us, he'd been at Butch McGuire's for an hour or so so was in great shape.

Chris to DF 29 April 1966

I enjoyed the brief gab this morning. I wish I had thought of it sooner.

I didn't want to mention over the phone, but all this chicken shit is getting me down. There is such an imbalance of work. I can sit around for several days with nothing to do but sign a few vouchers. Then comes a crush of problems. Having a platoon magnifies problems one hundred fold. You know each of the captains (1) Division Finance Officer & (2) the company commander - each pester me. I would like your voluntary P.T. , but our mandatory 7:15 formation is restrictive, & the marching or P.T. from 6:30 to 8:00 is repetitious. Anyway I just walk around & do a few exercises.

Example - yesterday we had a khaki inspection; naturally short sleeve & at 7:00 AM The temperature was 29 degrees. After the inspection, we had ½ hr of marching, then a lecture until 8:20 on not keeping liquor in the barracks, driving safely, etc. After an hour & 20 minutes with our Ranger Airborne Company Commander, we were all frozen.

The next business is a local school for Lts. All the Lts must attend a series of a dozen or so classes then take a day long test. You know, it is on the usual horseshit - inspections, weapons, map reading, command voice, etc, the usual infantry stuff. I wouldn't mind most of information, but the harassment & pressure is quite bothersome.

Well only 20 months left.

... Our field problem will begin next Saturday ... we have a beautiful area around a dried up creek bed. There is some shade & the mountains are directly to the West. I should enjoy the experience as I won't have too much manual type labor. But any infantry training etc will certainly cut into our work time.

Of course this Saturday is ruined by pay day. I'll have to go in tomorrow & sit around while we listen to 1001 gripes, bitches, & sob stories about why everyone needs more pay. I know & I do too.

As I remarked socially, I haven't had a date since I've been here. Being an Army town, there are too many fellows and the decent stuff is taken or stays off the street corners.

I must remark the people here in Division Finance are like your new companions, quite easy to get along with & pleasant to work with. As you can guess I've fit in well with quite a few, but as I've remarked, females are rare now!

.... Dinner good friday with Kathy & me.

DF to DF, June 2019

Chris survived his Army duty, returned to Arthur Anderson, became a CPA. By telephone and occasional meet-up we discussed our civilian careers and hopes and fears. Mom & Dad admired Chris and often suggested I might try to be more like him. In addition to being accomplished, smart, good-looking, Chris shared Teal & Dan's love of wealth and was not shy about casting the image of material success.

Chris worked long hours. Perhaps too long, contributing to sickness. His relationship with Kathy ended. He could not find the woman of his dreams. By his own accounting he descended at work and in personal life. He grew increasingly impatient at not being promoted at A.A. and ultimately he left to take a job by an A.A. client, Newport News Shipbuilding. Chris felt increasingly frustrated by and disappointed in too-slow advancement to position and wealth and recognition. Kathy and I both warned that his impatience showed and got in his own way.

We had what we couldn't have known was our last telephone conversation. Superficially it seemed as if the glitter wasn't coming true enough nor fast enough. There was much more.

Chris's parents, much older than usual when they had children, were never very connected to them and perhaps not able to offer Chris support when he needed it.

Chris' sister Judy died in an airplane accident leaving a profound sadness.

Kathy B. and Chris separated. She complained to me that Chris was too focused on shiny, expensive tokens of success. Perhaps he mixed self esteem and accomplishment with reward and felt high pressure of competition for the trappings of "success" that I think were not on the radar of his peers. The trappings did not come fast enough. He felt he was losing life.

We did not see how depressed he was. We, his friends, under-estimated as did Chris the role of physical illness played in affecting depression. From his description I think he may have had mononucleosis. He had been exhausted and sick for months.

On a fall day my generous, kind, handsome, smart, capable friend lost his battle with physical illness and depression. Chris put his credit cards and identification on a small coffee table, sat in a chair by the table in his apartment, and with the chrome revolver that he'd bought while we were students at W&L, the revolver with which we'd laughed as we once shot at cans and bottles, Chris ended his life.

Chris I am so sorry I did not help you nor know how to do so. I wish we could talk one more time. We would find some magic. You would not have closed your eyes so soon nor made that final leap.

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