



**Selected
Memories
of a
U.S. Marine**

**JOHN ROBERT SHAW
SARA JANET SHAW**



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SELECTED MEMORIES OF A U.S. MARINE

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DEDICATION

I undertook the preparation of this book as a tribute to my late husband, John, who was an unusually talented, caring, and loving person. The love that he has had for me is what enables me to face each day without his being physically at my side. He is constantly in my thoughts, and frequently when I'm thinking of him, these lines run through my mind.

You know John Robert Shaw
You're the man I absolutely adore
I love your keen mind
Your kind and generous nature
Your soft silky brown hair
Your beautiful blue eyes
Your warm friendly smile
Your sweet hot lips
Your teasing tongue
Your caressing hands
Your loving arms
Your handsome body
And all your other endearing charms

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Introduction

“ONCE UPON A TIME” IS HOW FAIRY TALES BEGIN, but my story is not a fairy tale. It is a true tale about the relationship of a man with a woman as well as his relationship with members of several Korean Marine Corp Intelligence Units. The relationship between the man and the woman has some magical qualities about it. Therefore I am going to begin with that phrase. Once upon a time—on the evening of Thursday, the seventh of September, 1950 to be exact—Marine Corps Staff Sergeant John Robert Shaw (called Shaw by everybody but his family) entered my life. There was no roll of drums, no blare of trumpets, no streak of lightning, no clap of thunder. There was nothing to indicate that I was at the beginning of a significant change in my life.

I was enrolled at the Institute of Languages and Linguistics of Georgetown University in Washington, D. C. My studying elementary Chinese was to be a form of mental closure. The Institute was not located on the main campus but rather housed in a converted Victorian mansion on Massachusetts Avenue NW just one block from DuPont Circle. Former small bedrooms had been made into classrooms and our so-called assembly hall was a former salon, its wall still covered with rich red damask.

Why was I studying Chinese? A relationship I had with a Chinese Nationalist army colonel had ended some months before. My studying Chinese was to be a form of mental closure. If you were studying a language at the Institute, you were expected to take a course in Basic Linguistics plus an Area Course covering the country in which the language was spoken.

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The subjects of the latter course included geography, history, religion, sociology, culture and politics. The class met once a week for two hours.

There were just six students in the class I attended—five males and me. The youngest student was a Chinese American fresh out of college. He was an engaging person. Later Shaw and I became good friends with him. There was a substantial looking Japanese businessman, forty or so, who wore beautifully tailored suits. He was very pleasant. There was a tall fellow, rather good looking in a Slavic sort of way. There was another good-looking fellow with black wavy hair who was very nice. He was a former marine whom Shaw had known overseas.

The last student to enter the classroom was Shaw, a very ordinary looking man. He was thirty-eight I later learned. He was wearing his uniform having just come from his office. He was head of the English department of the Marine Corps Institute. That organization offers high school subjects by mail to marines, which enables them to earn a high school diploma. This latter information I also learned later. Shaw was of medium height, about five feet nine inches. He had a trim figure. His hair was light brown, brush cut in military style. His eyes were blue. That day he looked quite serious. I had never even met a marine before, although I had met many soldiers and sailors at the USO where I was a volunteer during World War II. Frankly I wasn't particularly curious about or interested in Shaw.



I am Sara Janet Shaw, called by my middle name, Janet. My father's mother's name was Sara. She had died when he was twelve and he wanted to honor her by giving me her name. For some reason my mother did not like the name Sara, so she and my father agreed to give me a middle name. I would not have minded being called Sara but I was satisfied with Janet, which never turned into Jan. I was twenty-eight. I was five feet six inches tall, of medium build (not slim, alas!) with a pretty face, blue eyes and naturally wavy brown hair worn about an inch above my shoulders. I was friendly but just a little shy. A colleague at a cocktail party once told me that I should be circulating and not waiting for people to come up and talk

to me. I tried to follow his advice then and in the future; I didn't always find it easy but I tried to do so.

I had already earned a BA in Education from New York State College for Teachers in Albany, New York and an MA in Education from the University of Kansas in Lawrence, Kansas. I had worked in a number of different jobs. I had taught seventh grade (mainly English and Social Studies plus one class in general science and one in math) in Long Beach Junior High School on Long Island for two years. At the time World War II was being waged. I wanted to be more involved in the war effort and my family was living in Washington, D.C. I got a job as an economist with the Office of the Quartermaster General projecting what supplies the Army needed for tent repairs. When the War was over, my services were no longer needed.

I found a job teaching conversational English to a group of Chinese Nationalist Army officers. They were being rewarded with a visit of more than a year to the United States for their work with the American Army in China in the Sino-American Organization. My teaching included eating lunch with them Monday through Friday at Chinese restaurants. That's when I learned how to use chopsticks.

During that time I had a very embarrassing and disturbing experience. I saw a notice in the newspaper that Pearl Buck, the noted author who had lived in China for many years and wrote numerous novels about China, was going to give a lecture at one of the public libraries in the evening a couple of weeks hence. I asked my students whether they would like to hear her speak at a local public library. They all knew about her and seemed enthusiastic about the idea.

We arrived early and sat in front row seats so that the men could hear easily. They were in their Chinese Nationalist Army uniforms that they customarily wore. Pearl Buck started out blandly telling a little bit about her experiences in China. Then her tone changed as she talked about the government of Nationalist China. She spewed forth one vitriolic sentence after the other demeaning Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalist Army, which, of course, included my officers. Had we been further back, we would not have been so conspicuous and perhaps could

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have walked out. As it was, we stayed put. The officers sat expressionless until the bitter end.

I felt that Pearl Buck, seeing who was in the front row, could have made her points in a somewhat more genteel manner. Such a feeling was, no doubt, naive on my part. I, of course, apologized profusely to my students. They kindly assured me I should not be concerned. “You know,” one of them said, “the Chinese people do not think very highly of Pearl Buck’s novels. We think her knowledge of the Chinese people is very limited.” I appreciated the fact that the officers did not blame me for the fiasco but I still felt exceedingly chagrined.

Next I took time off to get my MA. After that I went to work as secretary to my father who was then the National Legislative Representative for the Jewish War Veterans. In the fall of 1950 I was a clerk in the library at the Office of the Housing and Home Finance Agency. That’s where I was working when Shaw entered my life.

CHAPTER ONE

The Making of a Marine

SHAW WAS BORN IN THE TINY TOWN OF Olmsteadville, New York, on October 30, 1911. He had told me that his parents, Isabelle (Belle) and Robert (Rob) Shaw, were very intelligent though they had little formal schooling. When his parents were growing up, there were no regulations about how long children had to stay in school. Belle had gone through fifth grade and Rob just through fourth. They both were, however, omnivorous readers and had self educated themselves.

When Belle was a young single woman, she worked as a cook/housekeeper for a well-to-do family in New York City. They had a large library in their home. The head of the family told her that, whenever she had free time and the library was unoccupied, she was welcome to go in and read there or borrow a book and take it to her room to read. She was grateful for his generosity and took advantage of his offer as frequently as she could. She read widely—fiction, biography, history, travel, philosophy and poetry. When her children were growing up, she often recited or read poems to them and instilled in them a deep love for poetry.

I recall two important episodes from Shaw's childhood about which he told me. They had occurred before Joan, John's younger sister, was born. He showed me a letter he had written to her so she could know about this part of the family history. What follows are excerpts from that letter:

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Mother and Dad spent a season as part of a crew of camp cooks and maintenance workers at a logging camp in what they described as “the north woods.” She also earned extra money washing and ironing clothing for the loggers who apparently often simply threw their dirty clothes away. Most of the logging seemed to have been done in the winter when there were no leaves to bother with and snow helped in moving the logs.

In the spring, my two older sisters, Mary and Margaret, and I were playing not far from our cabin in which our family lived when we found what we decided was a fairy pool. I often saw such things later in uncultivated land where little mounds or hillocks have been made by falling trees that tore roots and earth from the ground or from other natural sources. This hollow beside a little mound was filled with melted snow water. Black leaves covered the bottom to which clung hundreds of tiny bubbles that made a mirror. Sparkling and inviting, we three swore solemnly to be loyal and faithful to fairyland and each of us drank from the little pool.

All three of us became ill from what in those days was described as cholera infantum. Mary recovered after a few days. I lingered on the edge of life and death for some time with a high fever but then recovered and grew into a sturdy little boy who loved to fight other boys. Margaret died. At age six suddenly childhood diseases left me weak-kneed and a poor choice for teams of baseball and other sports. I had no coordination and I hated the noise connected with sports. Still I’ve been making it in the Marine Corps.

Just before Margaret’s funeral a photographer appeared. He persuaded our parents to let him take a picture of Margaret in her coffin.

“But her eyes are closed.” Mother had protested.

The photographer promised that the photograph of Margaret’s head and shoulders would be retouched so that her eyes would look perfectly natural. As a gesture of good faith he gave them

the unstable proof of the remaining family. When the photographer returned with the finished portrait photograph nearly life size, our parents were shocked. The touched up eyes were horrible, wild, insane and threatening. Moreover the price was more than twice the amount agreed upon. They refused to take the picture.

“Then I will simply cut the eyes out and send them to you in an envelope,” he threatened. The photographer was threatened in turn and departed.

Shortly after that the family left the north woods for new employment with the Untermeyer’s, a wealthy family who had a summer home beside what I think was called Schroon Lake. Their property was large enough to ensure privacy but without a sense of isolation. Their residence, or cottage, as it was called, was near the lake reached by an entrance road that divided to enclose a long rockery with shrubs and flowers. The two story buildings seemed to spread from side to side with gables at the upper story covered with dark shingles making it look rather somber.

A hundred yards or so along the encircling road were the other buildings—the garages, the boathouse, the stables and other farm buildings and finally the farmhouse itself where our parents, Mary and I lived. We were not always alone. The two chauffeurs always had their meals and stayed with us when the Untermeyer’s stayed at the cottage. Sometimes, too, the two or three people who came to open the cottage and stayed to close it, had their meals with us as well.

I have only a vague memory of these buildings. Mother’s responsibility was only for the farmhouse and dad’s was for the farm buildings and animals. I remember seeing horses and sheep but no cows or chickens although it would have been natural to have one or two cows at least for milk, butter and the cottage cheese and a kind of cream cheese that mother knew how to make.

I can picture the inside of the dining room that apparently was a long added room with a row of identical windows on each side. At Christmas a folding paper ball was hung from each window

shade and I was told that they would ring at midnight on Christmas Eve. A glass paddle wheel ship more than a foot long stood on the sideboard. I was permitted to examine but not play with it on the rug. It had no moving parts but many details inside I could somehow see corridors and rooms for passengers as well as an engine room.

There were two chauffeurs. Robert was English, handsome and witty with a small mustache in two parts. Max Ebting was larger with a Wilhelm Kaiser mustache like bristly straw that turned up sharply at the corners of his mouth. His round eyes bulged from his head and his pink porcine flesh was hard with fat although he was not obese.

Robert ignored me. Max on the other hand loved me almost as much as if he were a member of the family. My parents realizing this let him take me away for hours on end. I would watch him clean and polish the Untermeyer's' luxurious touring car. We often would take a short ride with me snuggled by the side of Max.

At the boathouse there were two motorboats. One was long and sleek and the other was the launch. Max took me on exciting rides in the first boat. Max always explained that our brief trips in this boat were only to make sure that everything was in working order. The launch was more satisfying in a different way. It was wide and commodious partly covered by an awning and meant for relaxed entertaining. Servicing the boat took a gratifying length of time. There were banquettes around the sides and a good deal of wicker furniture. It floated gently and smoothly over the water.

When the young master Untermeyer came to the cottage, I was invited to the cottage since we were of the same age. A girl from across the lake also came. We played in the rockery among the shrubs and flowers under the watchful but unobtrusive eye of someone who was probably a governess. Our young host was a perfect gentleman who never used the word "my."



By the time Shaw was in elementary school, his family had moved to Oneonta, New York, where his father worked for the Delaware and Hudson Railway in the locomotive cab of trains. Shaw contributed to the family earnings by delivering newspapers. The weight of his load of papers resulted in his left shoulder becoming permanently slightly lower than his right one. Because Shaw's father eventually joined a labor union, he was fired. Fortunately the family was able to buy a small subsistence farm in nearby Otego, a small town with a population of about 1,000. The family moved there using a horse and wagon with the household goods piled on the wagon. Shaw's parents rode on the buckboard while the children sometimes walked behind the wagon and sometimes rode.

By then Shaw was in high school. His time was fully occupied. He had chores to do on the farm. He acquired farming skills. He learned how to plant, harvest and bale hay; how to care for the fruit and vegetable garden; how to tend the chickens and pigs; how to care for the cows including milking them. He was a diligent student. He was also a door-to-door sales boy of prepared food. The time was the depths of the Depression. Shaw's mother was a wonderful cook and her neighbors were always delighted when they had a chance to eat what she baked or cooked. She decided to add to the family's income by baking bread, pies and cakes and making baked beans and other casseroles to sell to the villagers.

Shaw's father constructed a cart, which had compartments to keep the hot food hot, and shelves for the other food. Shaw wheeled the cart from house to house in the town selling his wares to those residents who hadn't been impoverished by the 1929 crash. He always was sold out and the family had sufficient cash to scrape by, a fact of which the family was very proud.

One Thanksgiving a group of well meaning citizens decided to distribute baskets filled with the fixings for a turkey dinner to those families who would otherwise be unable to have such a meal. Shaw's mother was in the kitchen when she heard a noise on the porch. She went out and saw a basket filled with food and caught sight of two people scurrying away. She picked up the basket and started running after them shouting, "Here! Take this

basket back! We don't need charity from anyone!" The two people halted allowing her to catch up with them. She thrust the basket at them without so much as a "thank you."

Shaw graduated as valedictorian of his class, a small one of just twelve students. He should have gone to college but there was no money for that. Instead he enlisted in the Civilian Conservation Corps for six months. Then he went to work for his uncle helping to build houses in the Adirondack Mountains. When that activity was beginning to peter out, Shaw found out about a job as an aide at the Hospital for the Mentally Disturbed in Philadelphia. It was a private institution that catered to wealthy patients, some very intelligent and interesting. Shaw liked working there because basically he was a gentle, caring person.

He had been hired as an intern for a year for room and board plus an infinitesimal wage. Each year the hospital hired a couple of dozen aides to be interns and then kept on four or five as regular employees. Toward the end of the year when it became evident to Shaw and a couple of his fellow aides that they were not going to be kept on, more or less as a lark they stopped in at a Marine Corps Recruiting Office to inquire about enlisting in the Corps. Only Shaw was found to be eligible and he enlisted then and there.



In April 1936 Shaw was sent to Parris Island in Beaufort, South Carolina for Basic Training and then was stationed in Norfolk, Virginia and then Philadelphia before being sent to China in October 1937. There in Peking (now called Beijing) a whole new world opened up for him. He was mesmerized by the country, the people and their culture. Almost immediately he hired a tutor to teach him Chinese. Shaw had an excellent ear for Oriental languages and when he decided to study any subject he devoted all his energy to doing so.

In a relatively short time Shaw became sufficiently fluent in both spoken and written Chinese to become an interpreter for the Investigation Section of the Marine Corps Military Police in Peking. During the course of his studies, he was called into the office of his company commander who asked Shaw whether it was true that he was studying Chinese. When Shaw

responded, “Yes, sir,” he was told to stop. Not in the least daunted, Shaw asked whether there were any regulations forbidding his study of the language. He was told there were none but that, if he continued with his studies, he would not be promoted. Of course, he continued with his studies, and he was not promoted while he was in China.

Shaw became acquainted with members of a Chinese theater company and soon was regularly attending Chinese theater and Chinese opera. Because of his knowledge of Chinese he became acquainted with many of the cultural figures in the Chinese community and then in the foreign community. He became very interested in Buddhism and began studying its principles. He often visited Buddhist temples. On one occasion, in February 1941, this fact was brought to the attention of his commanding officer. He had Shaw report to him at once. “Did you visit the such and such Buddhist temple on such and such a date? Just answer ‘yes’ or ‘no’!” Shaw, of course, replied, “Yes, sir.” Forty-eight hours later Shaw was on his way back to the States.

War with Japan was looming. Shaw was on the West Coast and in a military hospital because of a contagious infection that kept him isolated for about a month. He came across a basic Japanese language textbook in his room and began studying it. Japanese and Chinese are very different languages but they do they have some things in common in their written forms. Shaw put his month to good use. By the time he was released from the hospital, he felt he knew enough to qualify for enrollment in the Japanese Language School at Camp Elliott in California. He was tested by the officer who was the director of the school and accepted as a student. Shaw was on his way to becoming a Japanese interpreter.



During World War II Shaw was with the Second Marine Division and saw action on Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan and Tinian islands. He was awarded the Bronze Star for his courage and devotion to duty. His citation read in part that “he consistently rendered valuable service translating and extracting timely intelligence from captured Japanese documents. During the Saipan and Tinian campaigns, he skillfully performed pioneer service

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in the organization and care of Japanese civilian internees, formed thousands of disorganized civilians into manageable groups, established chains of responsibility and set up the system whereby these groups fed and cared for members, thereby contributing materially to the organization of civilian internees into civil affair camps.”

From February 1945 to December 1946 Shaw was a Japanese language instructor at Camp Lejeune. Then he returned to China for two and one half years serving in Tientsin and Tsingtao. Aboard ship on the way over to China Shaw was offered a choice between being on KP or giving a series of lectures about China to the troops aboard. Naturally he chose the latter. More than ten years later a colleague of mine, after identifying me as Shaw’s wife, told me that he had listened to those lectures and found them very interesting and informative.

After that China tour of duty Shaw was stationed at Quantico, Virginia serving as a supply sergeant. While there, a friend, a fellow enlisted marine stationed in D.C. got in touch with him and said, “You belong at the Marine Corps Institute (MCI) in Washington. If you want to be there, I can get you transferred.” The idea appealed to Shaw and soon he was at MCI, which is the Marine Corps correspondence school that enables marines to take the necessary courses to earn a high school diploma. First he was head of the Grammar Section and then of both the Grammar and Literature Sections. During those periods that Shaw was in the United States, he took college language courses whenever he could fit them in with his duty schedule. That’s how he happened to be enrolled in September 1950 at Georgetown University in its Institute of Languages and Linguistics.

CHAPTER TWO

The Friendship

DR. TENNYSON CHANG, OUR PROFESSOR FOR THE Chinese Area course, was born in Mainland China. He was a lively individual. He was a font of knowledge, which he imparted so interestingly that we students all listened to him with rapt attention. He did not, however, only lecture. He asked questions of us students: whether we were familiar with certain outstanding Chinese figures of the past and present, whether we had ever seen pictures of various places in China and so on. He turned to Sergeant Shaw more often than anyone else for in-depth commentary. Dr. Chang told us that Sergeant Shaw had served two tours in China totaling six years with his first tour from 1937-1941 and his second from 1945-1948. He began studying the language (Mandarin) almost from the day he arrived in China hiring as a tutor a man who had formerly served as a secretary to a provincial governor. Shaw spoke Chinese fluently and also read and wrote it. "Well," I thought, "Maybe Sergeant Shaw isn't as ordinary as he looks."

Although I was beginning to be impressed with him, he very definitely was not impressed with me or at least not favorably. I couldn't really point to anything in particular that made me think that was the case. Perhaps it was the tone of his voice, coldly polite with an undertone of hostility or the expression on his face when he had occasion to speak to me. However, I felt strongly that he considered my presence was going to lower the tenor of the class and that I wasn't a serious student. Of course, he knew nothing

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about me on which to base these conclusions. As I learned more about him, I realized that this attitude was very out of character for him. Shaw believed that women were the equal of men mentally and therefore were capable of doing anything that required mental ability as well as men could.

Dr. Chang was a very kind and considerate individual. He had noticed from our registration forms that Sergeant Shaw and I lived (although some miles apart) on his route home. Consequently he offered the two of us a lift after class. We both gratefully accepted. I would've had to take at least two and sometimes three buses to get home to Chevy Chase, Maryland where I was living with my parents, sister and brother. Shaw sat up front with Dr. Chang and the two of them carried on an animated conversation. I sat in back and mostly listened but occasionally I made a comment or asked a question. After we had been riding with Dr. Chang for several weeks, Shaw asked him whether he would be free the following week to come to his apartment to partake of a light supper and to see some of the things that he had brought back from China. Dr. Chang accepted the invitation with pleasure. Then Shaw turned around to me and said rather pleasantly, "You're invited, too, Miss Weitzer." I also accepted the invitation with pleasure.

The next Thursday we drove up to a detached red brick house. In the basement, which was halfway above ground, was Shaw's apartment. It was attractively furnished by the landlord. There were no kitchen facilities in the apartment but Shaw was allowed to use the landlord's kitchen and had prepared several tasty cold dishes for us, which we savored. After our light supper Shaw acted as a docent as he showed us his treasures. He had bronze statuettes, multicolored and blue and white porcelain plaques, bowls and snuff bottles as well as colorful painted scrolls depicting warriors and court ladies. He related when and where and how he acquired the various items that gave the apartment an oriental ambiance. For my benefit he explained the symbolism of the designs and figures in each object. Shaw had gathered together a striking collection. What he had in his apartment was just a fraction of what he had acquired in China. The remainder of his acquisitions were at the home of his

younger sister Joan who lived with her husband and children in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Then he led Dr. Chang to his collection of books, which they discussed at some length as I just listened. We were at the apartment for a fascinating two hours.

A couple of weeks later Shaw and I happened to come out of the Institute together, although we had been attending separate classes because it was not a Thursday night. David, my brother, had offered to pick me up after class because he was going to be in the neighborhood. I asked Shaw whether he would like a ride home because my brother was picking me up. Shaw replied, "I'd appreciate that." I introduced the two men and this time I sat in the front seat of the car. The three of us carried on a casual conversation. After we dropped off Shaw, David said to me, "My, he's a good looking fellow!" "Oh do you think so? I queried. "I hadn't noticed." I was glad that it was dark so that David couldn't see me blushing. By that time I had realized that Shaw was very handsome and wondered how I could've thought, when I first saw him, that he was only just ordinary looking.



For several months I had been looking for an efficiency apartment because I thought it was high time for me to be out on my own. My mother was not at all happy about the idea of my leaving home. "What will all my friends say when my daughter is living by herself in an apartment downtown when she could be living at home with her family who live just four miles away?!" she exclaimed.

It turned out to be a casual friend of the family who found an apartment for me just five blocks from the White House. I moved in at the beginning of November. The apartment was rather dark because it faced a brick wall of the neighboring building just a driveway apart. To lighten things up David painted the apartment walls sky blue for me. I bought minimum furnishings: a studio couch covered with red fabric threaded with gold on which to sit and for potential overnight guests to sleep on (the apartment had a Murphy bed on which I slept), a modern easy chair covered with light gray fabric embroidered with red cherry blossoms and a four drawer

blond wood bureau with handles of an oriental design. I also bought a couple of standing lamps and the family lent me a bridge table and two bridge chairs.

At that point I thought about inviting Shaw to dinner in return for the enjoyable time that I had spent at his apartment with him and Dr. Chang. I wasn't sure that Shaw would accept my invitation for a Saturday night but he did. I might not have been so carefree about issuing the invitation had I known that he was a gourmet chef. I don't remember what I served but he made some complimentary remarks about my cooking. Conversation flowed easily. We talked a little bit about our families. He had a younger brother, Homer, an older sister, Mary, and his younger sister, Joan. His parents who were in their seventies lived on a subsistence farm of ten acres in Otego, New York, a small town of 1,000 or so residents. It is midway between Albany and Binghamton. I had, in addition to my younger brother, David, a younger sister Edith. My parents were approaching sixty. My father, as I mentioned previously, was the Legislative Representative for the Jewish War Veterans. My mother was a substitute teacher in Montgomery County, Maryland. Most of our conversation, though, was about China. I kept asking Shaw about his experiences there. It was very interesting to hear him contrast conditions during the three years before and after World War II.

Time slipped by and it was getting close to midnight. As Shaw got ready to leave, he looked around the apartment and asked, "Do you remember the statuette I have of Kuan Yin?"

"Yes, I do" I replied. Kuan Yin is the Chinese Goddess of Mercy and Compassion. Shaw's statuette, about a foot high, was made of bronze. Kuan Yin was posed seated on a lotus blossom with her legs crossed, her arms outstretched and in one hand she was holding a bowl. Her expression was serene. It was a lovely piece.

Shaw continued, "I think the statuette would look very nice on top of your chest of drawers. I'd be glad to lend it to you if you like and, when I'm sent to my next duty station, you could mail it back to my parents."

"That's very generous of you. I'd like that if you really are willing to lend it to me."

“Of course,” Shaw said, “I’ll bring it with me the next time I come.”

I was a little taken aback by his saying that he was coming again since I hadn’t actually invited him. But, of course, I was very pleased. He was good company.

“Thank you. That would be fine.”

“I could come next Saturday for lunch. If you like, I’ll stop and pick up something to cook.”

“Fine. I’ll look forward to seeing you then. But, of course, we’ll see each other in class Thursday night.” And on that note he departed. I was somewhat overwhelmed but relieved and glad that the evening had gone well.

The following Thursday after class Shaw asked, “Will you be free on Saturday so that I can pick up some food and come over to prepare lunch for us?”

I replied, “That would be very nice.”

A little after noon on Saturday Shaw arrived with the Kuan Yin carefully wrapped and some groceries. He unveiled the Kuan Yin placing it on the chest of drawers. It was just the appropriate spot for her and gave that corner of the room a nice oriental air. I had not yet hung any pictures or placed any bibelots to liven up the room so I was glad to have one decorative piece to display.

Shaw prepared some delicious broiled fish filets with a salad and I had bought some fresh fruit, which I cut up for dessert. I also had some store bought cookies. I really enjoyed baking cookies but there just hadn’t been time to do that between Shaw’s self-invitation and his arrival. After lunch, though it was quite brisk outside, we decided to go for a walk. Again, conversation flowed easily between us. After an hour or so we began to feel chilled and we returned to the apartment where we continued talking.

Suddenly Shaw looked at his watch and exclaimed, “Oh, it’s five o’clock! I have to go home and study.” He jumped up and left. However, he did ask before he left “Could I fix lunch for you again next Saturday?”

I answered “Of course.” Although we were just friends, I would have preferred that he come on a Saturday night and prepare dinner. It was disappointing not to have a date on a Saturday night. But I didn’t feel that I knew him well enough to make that suggestion. After the next Saturday he asked once again if he could fix lunch the following Saturday. We

seemed to be establishing a pattern of getting together every Saturday about noon. Each time our visits ended abruptly at five or five thirty as Shaw announced that he had to go home and study.

He did break the routine though after several weeks. He asked, "Next Saturday night would you like to see the movie *The Tales of Hoffmann*, in Technicolor? I've already seen it but it's worth seeing again and I think you'd enjoy it." "I'd like that very much," I replied.

We didn't have dinner together beforehand but went directly to the movie. I was aware as I watched it that Shaw was spending a lot of the time looking at me and not the movie. We were sitting very primly and properly not holding hands. I did find the movie very enjoyable. I loved the ballet and the operatic arias and the jolly student songs. I found the story line a bit insipid but it did provide a frame for the music and dance.

When we got back to my apartment Shaw remarked, "You seemed to have had the right reactions to the picture."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well I wasn't sure whether you liked ballet or opera but I saw that you do."

"Well," I thought to myself, "I didn't know that I was having to pass a test but I'm glad that I had."



During our conversations Shaw had expressed his eagerness to be sent to Korea. He said, "After all I am studying Korean."

After a few weeks of our luncheons I said to him, "You know that my father is the Legislative Representative for the Jewish War Veterans and he has contacts with quite a few top level military officers including some in the Marine Corps. I think he might be able to speak to somebody and help facilitate your being sent to Korea sooner than you might otherwise. Would you like me to ask him whether he'd be willing to do that?"

Shaw replied, "If it wouldn't be an imposition, I certainly would appreciate anything that he could do to help me get to Korea sooner."

I spoke to my father a few days later. "There is a fellow student in one of my classes who is a marine studying Korean. He wants to get to Korea as quickly as possible. I wonder if you could do anything to help."

The Friendship

My father thought he could and said, “Why don’t you bring him out to the house this Sunday so that I can talk to him and get some idea of the kind of person he is.”

That Sunday Shaw and I went out to the family’s house in Chevy Chase, Maryland. He had already met David but not the rest of the family so I introduced them. First there was a general conversation with the whole family followed by a more focused conversation between my father and Shaw. We were there for about an hour and as we were getting ready to leave my father said, “I think I can be of some help. I certainly will try.”

Shaw said, “Thank you very much. I certainly appreciate your willingness to help me.”

In a few short weeks it was the Christmas season. Shaw got leave and went home to visit his family for two weeks. First he stopped in New York City for an overnight visit with his older sister Mary before going on to Otego to be with his parents. Toward the end of his leave he went up to Pittsfield, Massachusetts to visit his younger sister Joan, her husband Mac and their two children Bruce and Mary Lou and Mary’s daughter Elena of whom Joan and Mac were taking care.

I was surprised at how much I missed seeing Shaw for the two Saturdays he was away. When we resumed our Saturday luncheon dates, we both expressed the fact that we had missed each other. As Shaw was leaving after our first Saturday together in January, he gave me a quick peck on the cheek and then he was gone.

SELECTED MEMORIES OF A U.S. MARINE