

Corrected Copy!

Lee

sorry about my delay in acknowledging receipt of the patrol reports?

Sometimes I procrastinate -- most often I procrastinate!

I am really not familiar with the dailies that report rendered

either it was some other troop or I was at Wal-Mart trying to find a parking spot,

Apollo 13 said they had a problem!

My problem, I just don't remember stuff,

I would be in a group, my wife and some folks

and someone would say, yes we did so and so in 1957, I'd ask my wife, where did we live then, that would be the only semblance of remembering to put a date that coincided where we were living at that time to jog my memory!

I don't worry about it, never did!

I worry about an enlarged earlobe, are a bad hangnail!

I just read that -- I hope it doesn't sound cynical?

However, however, to resurrect detail stuff or nuance of things that happened in the beautiful South Pacific and the swaying of the palm trees, the gentle breeze and beautiful beaches, I know I was there, for when I came home, my wife and I were walking down the street and this little kid stared at me, I asked my young beautiful wife of about five days, what is he looking at? My wife says, your yellow,

I'd been taking [Atabern] for two years, supposedly a ^{medication} ~~meditation~~ to minimize malaria fever? True my skin was yellow. That I remember!

I suppose all of this blabber is my hesitancy to write something of some significance pertaining to our,

To my activities in that 2 1/2 year adventure!

Just writing this, stuff flashes through my mind but how pertinent would it be, I certainly never did anything heroic, you went out on patrols, mostly to see where the bad guys were!

I'll tell you one[of many] I don't remember, - a couple of squads of us, we are on a little Navy scooter, I don't know how wide are long that thing was, but it sure cut through the water, how about this, I remember looking overboard and the phosphorous wake, I thought, we're going up where the bad guys are and would they see us coming?

Anyway, I don't remember getting off of that thing.

However -- we picked up some natives and started inland how long and how far I don't remember!

Two things I do remember, we were far enough in there, a

C 47 dropped us rations wrapped in blankets, didn't want to use parachutes, of course it would give our location away!

but one of the natives wrapped his arms around a tree to hide behind from the following boxes, wouldn't you know it, one of them hit the poor little guy I believe it broke his arm?

Unfortunately, a sniper got one of our guys, I remember some of us giving up our ponchos to make a litter to carry his body out.

For the life of me, I believe the captain had me and another trooper and some natives take him back to the beach??

I truly, truly want to remember it that way?

The trooper was a big guy, and the natives had their hands full trying not to drop him.

medication!

That is the part I remember, that I remember that happening?
how did the captain organize that little adventure?
Who talked with the Navy?
I don't remember seeing any maps, how did we know where to get off and proceed inland?
Did we have a radio man with us, I don't remember,
how did we communicate with the airplane for the drop
I don't remember.
I do remember, I was yellow when I came home!
I have a Sunday school buddy, he served on an LST dropping supplies and troops to some of the romantic locations, Saipan, Iwo Jima
Guadalcanal and others, he kept a daily journal!
He said that was a positive no-no --
but if he were I, and his journal, possibly, quite possibly those recollections would be more precise?

I have a problem! I don't want to sound holier than thou,
are any semblance of hero stuff, or anything that would be
Remotely, construed as having done **anything** other than what was expected of us.
Said that because you rattled my cage in your first E,
Quote" *What an honor it was talking with you today*"
the only honor I would accept, that I had the honor to have served with some great guys!
But of course the reason for these exchanges of letters is the personage of, Captain
Herman F. Boettcher,
Now that was an Honor!

When they Bury me, I have made one request, and the family knows,
my nameplate must read
Pfc. Phillip E. Christ!-- The Pfc. Is in Honor of **The Captain!!!**
There was a time, there was an attitude, after 'Pearl'
Yeah, this will be different, this will be adventurous, so we raised our right hand, some of us went to Europe, some of us went to the Pacific

I wrote a letter to Major Steel, I'll send a copy by snail mail that will include some pictures,
the reason for snail-I don't have a 4 or 5-year-old grandson to send it via 'E'.

Kindest regards --Pfc. Phil.,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Pfc. Phil.", followed by a long horizontal flourish line.