

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE PACIFIC WAR
(Nimitz Museum)

NIMITZ EDUCATION AND RESEARCH CENTER
Fredericksburg, TX 78624

Interview with

GEORGE E. MOORE
U. S. ARMY

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

GEORGE E. MOORE

Today is April 1st, year 2005. My name is Floyd Cox. I'm a volunteer at the National Museum of the Pacific War. We're here in Dallas, Texas, to interview veterans who are associated with the CBI, China-Burma-India Veterans Association and we have the pleasure today to interview Mr. George Moore concerning his experiences during World War II. George, I appreciate your taking the time to do this with us and I'd like to start out by asking you a few questions about your early life, when you were born, where you were born, a little bit about your family and then we'll just take it from there.

MR. MOORE: I was born in San Antonio, Texas, December 13, 1925. My mother died when I was two years old and my father was in the service and couldn't take care of me. His father turned me over to a family in California and my name was George E. Tappin and they changed my name to George E. Moore. I didn't know that until many years later.

MR. COX: Did they adopt you, George?

MR. MOORE: No, they didn't adopt me they just took me and raised me as a son. I had a very good father and a sorry mother. They took me from California to Houston to Dallas to California and back to Dallas. My father died in Houston, I can't remember the date now.

MR. COX: What type business was he in, George?

MR. MOORE: He was in real estate and selling oil leases and things like that.

MR. COX: So you went to school in all these towns?

MR. MOORE: Yes, back and forth and round and round.

MR. COX: Where did you graduate from, what high school?

MR. MOORE: Well, I didn't exactly graduate. I got kickuated out.

MR. COX: What city were you living in at that time?

MR. MOORE: In Dallas. I was going to Tech High School here in Dallas. I made it to the seventh grade and got in trouble with the principal and got kicked out.

MR. COX: How old were you at that time?

MR. MOORE: I was close to sixteen, fifteen or sixteen years old.

MR. COX: So what did you do once you were kicked out of school?

MR. MOORE: Well, I tried to get a job and couldn't find one because I was too young. Finally the foster mother wanted money to get her hair fixed and I couldn't make any so I ran away from home to keep from getting the hell beat out of me. I ran away from home and went to walk all the way to El Paso. I worked at a few places washing dishes in between times. Then I dug ditches in Barger, Texas, at a rubber plant out there, a big rubber plant out there.

MR. COX: About what year was this?

MR. MOORE: This was in '43 or '44, something like that. I came back to Dallas and finally an uncle found me and made me go back home. I didn't want to and shortly after that I was called into the army at eighteen.

MR. COX: Were you kind of glad that happened?

MR. MOORE: Yes, the army would be better than putting up with a foster mother. I had a good foster father.

MR. COX: Where were you inducted?

MR. MOORE: I was inducted in Oak Cliff, Dallas, up on Jefferson Blvd. in some building up there close to the Texas theatre. Then we were sent to a camp in Mineral Wells, I can't think of the name of it now.

MR. COX: Mineral Wells, Texas?

MR. MOORE: Mineral Wells, Texas.

MR. COX: You took basic there?

MR. MOORE: No, that was where they inducted me into the army and issued us our clothes. Then they sent me to Fort Riley, Kansas. While I was at Mineral Wells I had to guard General Ral L's supermen.

MR. COX: Germans, you were guarding German prisoners.

MR. MOORE: With a machine gun with one bullet in it. They didn't want to escape, they had it made. They sent me from there to Ft. Riley, Kansas, where I took horse training and infantry training.

MR. COX: Were you assigned to the 7th Cavalry?

MR. MOORE: No, when we went overseas I was supposed to be attached to the 124th Cavalry but I got sick and had to make a later call. They took me to Burma and I was still in the cavalry and they changed me over to infantry. They sent us to the battle of Michenau???. They sent me by plane to a place called Nansens, Burma.

MR. COX: Okay, to get back to when you first went over after you got your training at Ft. Riley, got infantry training there?

MR. MOORE: Yes, both the cavalry and infantry training.

MR. COX: Then did they send you right to...

MR. MOORE: They sent me to Ft. Ord, California, and had to take some more training in sand dunes out there where you walked two steps and slide back five. I had some training walking in that. Then they sent me to Riverside, California, and then from there they sent us on to San Francisco. We went over from San Francisco, didn't know where in the devil we were going. They took us and I landed in Bombay, India, and we stopped in the meantime in Australia. They wouldn't let us off the boat, they were afraid we wouldn't get back on. Then we went to Bombay, India. In Bombay we got a train, one of the slow trains to Burma. You can get out and walk faster than the train goes. We had a stop close to the Ganges River because one of our men had appendicitis. I had to sleep beside the Ganges River that night and I couldn't sleep because it was hard underneath my blanket. It was dark I couldn't tell what was under there. The next morning when I woke up I lifted my blanket and there was a skull looking at me, open eyeballs there 'cause they buried their poor people in the Ganges River. That's a religious river and those that have the money get cremated and the ashes thrown on the Ganges. Those that can't get cremated they just dump his body and let the fish eat him. We went from there past the Taj Mahal and all through India. I don't know where all we went through India. Then we went to Burma, had to stop a couple of places, and...

MR. COX: What unit were you assigned to at this time?

MR. MOORE: Well, I was still in cavalry at that time. We stopped someplace where they had some Gurkas and the Gurkas are the meanest fighters there are.

MR. COX: Those are Indians?

MR. MOORE: Well, they come from Nepal, India, and one of our men stepped over one of the Gurkas' turban and the Gurka jumped up and was going to cut his head off with his Kukooie knife.

MR. COX: The Kunkuran was like a half moon.

MR. MOORE: They can cut heads with them. Jumped up and was going to cut this guy's head off and his officer jumped up in front of him and don't know what their language is and explained to him that we didn't know their religions. He had to draw blood if he pulls his knife so he took a whack at his own arm and drew blood. That's my first encounter with a Gurka. Thank god it wasn't me. Then we went on into Burma. We took truck up a certain way into Burma and just before we got to Michenal we were dropped off and had to walk into Michenal and they were still fighting in Michenal.

MR. COX: Did you guys get involved in the fighting?

MR. MOORE: Very little fighting that we got involved, some of them did. They took me and put me on a plane as soon as they cleared one end of the airport and flew me up to Unansen, Burma, where we were guarding Christmas supplies and other supplies. It was supposed to be an AK AK Battalion in there but I never did see them. They told us to guard that stuff and not to leave the tent because we were in the middle of Japanese territory. We didn't know it but within about a thousand yards of us there were Japanese. They had gotten their butts whipped in Bavo, Burma, and they come down this river, they had a creek bed comes down through there. They had fires and they were eating and all that and we didn't know anything about it until the rest of the group caught up with us and had to march from Michenal to there. They came in and we had Christmas all right there and then after that we marched on out and walked across this river bed and all these

fires were still burning. The Japs didn't want another scrap so they took on off in that river bed. I was in the infantry then. They changed me from the infantry when I got to Michenal.

MR. COX: What infantry division?

MR. MOORE: It was 475th Infantry. We went from Merrill's Marauders to Morris Task Force. Merrill's Marauders had pooped out because they had had it. They had been promised so many things and got nothing.

MR. COX: Was that what the 475th Infantry was, Merrill's Marauders?

MR. MOORE: No, they were Merrill's Marauders and then they changed me to the 475th after I got in there. Then we went on down several miles out into the jungles and an officer came down through there and starts counting off men. It's almost dark. Are you George Moore? I said, "Yes sir." He said, "Give your rifle to another man and come with me. You're in the medic." One of our medics had died of malaria after we left Michenal and they had to have another medic, so I was it. From there on I was a combat medic through the rest of the deal.

MR. COX: So by the time you were assigned to be a medic, what outfit were you in now?

MR. MOORE: Still 475th Infantry, Mars Taskforce.

MR. COX: Were they called Morris Taskforce?

MR. MOORE: Mars.

MR. COX: Oh, Mars Taskforce.

MR. MOORE: That's the closest we can get to Mars, it's still beyond land.

MR. COX: So now you're a medic with the Taskforce. Take it from there and tell me a little bit about what you went through.

MR. MOORE: Well, we marched many a danged mile through the Himalayan Mountains. I can't remember any of the names of the places that we went through. We got mules, gave me a mule pack carrying supplies for the medics. Mountains were anywhere from five to ten thousand feet tall and most of them we marched between five and ten thousand feet on trails. The Cachens, like head hunters, are our guide.

MR. COX: Did they call them Cachens?

MR. MOORE: Yes.

MR. COX: How do you spell that?

MR. MOORE: Achins, I think. They were Naga head hunters.

MR. COX: And Naga is Naga?

MR. MOORE: Yes.

MR. COX: And they were head hunters in Burma?

MR. MOORE: Yes. They would cut your head off.

MR. COX: The head hunters were they pro American or pro Japanese or either?

MR. MOORE: They hated the Japs. The Japs would go in and rape and kill anybody they could, so they hated the Japs and we were lucky. Otherwise they would have cut our heads off.

MR. COX: Did they kind of join forces with you all?

MR. MOORE: Well, they didn't join but they helped. They helped anyway they could. Helped us through the areas and showed us how to back trails and all because we fought behind enemy lines. Then we got to, I don't know how long but we had several thirty-six

hour marches through the mountains. I thought they were seventy-two hour marches but I read later they were thirty-six. That's long enough, seemed like seventy-two hours. We did do without food a lot; five or six days after we ran out of rations without food mainly because of the weather and the combat cargo being unable to deliver food to us. They had to get all of our food by parachute and sometimes the Japs got our food instead of us.

MR. COX: What was your job behind enemy lines, harass the enemy troops?

MR. MOORE: Harass and cut off their supply lines and then cut them off and then kill as many as we could and slip back up into the mountains.

MR. COX: Did they dispose of quite a few Japanese troops that way?

MR. MOORE: Yes, quite a few.

MR. COX: What about casualties to your own group?

MR. MOORE: Well, there were several deals where the 2nd Battalion had a helluva a battle with the Japs. Of course they were closer to the Burma Road than we were. I was in the 1st Battalion which was in between the 2nd and the 3rd Battalion. I don't know what kind of combat they saw until we got in the lower Cane Valley. When we got to lower Cane Valley we saw all kinds of hell there. We had a medical set up in kind of a horseshoe deal between two mountains there with combat medics and surgeons. I mostly helped with kind of nursing those that were wounded and patching them up in operations and giving shots, band aids and all that and bandaged them up.

MR. COX: What kind of combat conditions? Were there jungle conditions or rocky, can you describe how it was?

MR. MOORE: When we got to lower Cane it was mostly jungle, well, most of it was jungle. We would come out of the jungle and into the mountains and go a certain

distance and then back into the jungle again. I'm sure some of our men could go down in and cut lines but I was a medic so I didn't get into that part of it. I did have one man that was cut half in two with a Japanese Ambo(?) gun which is kind of like a machine gun. It had these Gatlin(?) guns, not like a Gatlin gun. He got cut from the left shoulder to the right hip, just almost cut in half. I had to give him morphine and I don't know what ever happened to him. I came back and going down in the valley and he was gone. I don't know whether he died or they got him out. For awhile we couldn't get anybody out. Our first contact with them on that mountain we got over two hundred men killed.

MR. COX: In your group?

MR. MOORE: In less than an hour. I'm sorry I break up when I think about it.

MR. COX: It must have been an all out battle then.

MR. MOORE: It was a hell of a battle.

MR. COX: Did they use any field guns and mortars or was it mostly hand weapons?

MR. MOORE: Well, mostly hand weapons, we did have mortars and hand grenades.

Now I can't think of something. We did have artillery by the time we got there and the artillery was shooting. The Japs had a gun that was landed in the side of a hill on one side and we were on the top of the hill firing back. They were firing over our medical outfit and a lot of our men got killed in the crossfire. We had a hole cut in the side of the mountain and one of the men came running trying to get in the hole with us. Just as he got about two feet from us a shell hit him right in the chest and blew him everywhere.

MR. COX: He just disintegrated more or less.

MR. MOORE: Just disintegrated. One jumped under a pack saddle and shrapnel hit him in the rear end and cut him all the way from his rear end to his neck, bleeding half in two.

We had several of those things happen and I can't remember. I probably don't want to remember. Then I had to go down in the valley and get supplies, medical supplies, and bring back.

MR. COX: Did you drive your own mule?

MR. MOORE: Yeh.

MR. COX: You had to drive your own mule?

MR. MOORE: You didn't drive them you took them.

MR. COX: You coaxed them.

MR. MOORE: You coaxed them, tried to anyhow. On one trip, I'll back up, I stopped on a plateau and looked down in the valley. I heard all this shooting going on and I looked down in the valley and there was a hell of a battle going on. While I was there where the shell hit, shrapnel hit me in the leg, cut my leg open. I had to walk on another five thousand feet up into the mountains before I could get back to our medical outfit, bleeding. Then they checked me out for shrapnel and they couldn't find any more so I had to bandage myself up. They didn't send me back to the hospital because they needed medics more. That's why I had trouble getting my Purple Heart because they didn't send me to the hospital. I did have a letter saying I did have a Purple Heart because I had gotten wounded in combat. Another trip I went down into the valley to get supplies and on the way back a Jap jumped up out of the jungle from the side of the mountain right in front of me. He was getting ready to shoot me and I jumped behind my mule. I said, "You son of a bitch you're going to have get the mule before you get me." The outer perimeter guard was coming up behind me and he heard those footsteps. He took on over

the other side. I guess I turned as white as a sheet. They said, "Did you see a Jap going down here?" I couldn't talk.

MR. COX: Did they find him or did he get away?

MR. MOORE: I imagine they found him. I didn't stay around. I had to go up and wipe first. It's funny now but it wasn't so funny right then.

MR. COX: In your hospital area did you have tents for the wounded? They lay right out in the open under the jungle canopy?

MR. MOORE: Well, we had a Buddhist temple that we put them underneath the Buddhist temple. Being that the Japanese were Buddhists they always missed that temple but they hit all around that son of a gun. They hit everything they could all around it. We had a captain Davis that dug a hole in the side of this mountain. He dug it so far back we had to have a telephone back there to get hold of him when they needed him. Our major was a little braver than that, he stayed out in the open most of the time.

MR. COX: As a medic did you have a certified doctor that was in charge of you medics?

MR. MOORE: Yeh, he was a major and he was our surgeon and the captain was also a surgeon but not to that degree. I had to keep sprinkling sulfa powder into cavities in those that got their guts blown out, they were trying to save them, and that was to keep the germs from...

MR. COX: Did they do amputations?

MR. MOORE: I never saw them do an amputation. Most of the times they needed to be amputated they were dead. We went on from there then after that battle was over. We headed towards Mandalay and a lot of them went home from Loy Cain, and a lot of us went on again. Merrill's Marauders ran with us still had some men that had been

wounded but they put them back in to fight. Those that were beyond help as far as fighting was concerned, they sent them home. They still sent a lot of them the rest of the way through Burma. We went through Mandalay. We did have a trip in there somewhere where a gal said you ought to tell them about that new ass kicking fight you had with that mule. We did we had another thirty-six hour march where we didn't get anything to eat. We were starving and we all had dysentery. A lot of them had malaria and a lot of them had typhus and scab typhus and dengue fever. Scab typhus and dengue fever you can easily not come back from it.

MR. COX: What kind of treatment, you as a medic, could you provide out there in the jungle?

MR. MOORE: There wasn't a whole lot of treatment you could provide for scab typhus or dengue fever. All you could give for malaria was aspirin tablets. We started out with quinine. I might mess up and say strychnine, I had a better treatment alright but not that one. We marched and we stopped in this valley to rest and after thirty-six hours of marching. I couldn't go to sleep so I took sleeping pills. Then what, I took redbirds, bluebirds, canaries, black birds, we had them all named. I had to go feed my mule, well I had to feed the whole ??? mules. I fed them and it was alright. I went over and went to sleep under a tree. Come time to take the feed bags off they shook me and woke me up finally. I went to take the bags off and I got to my mule. I don't remember a damn thing about it. A bunch of guys sitting on a corral fence there they had made a corral for them and they were telling me about it after I woke up. We had about a forty-five minute ass-kicking fight between me and my mule.

MR. COX: Trying to get the feed bag off of him?

MR. MOORE: Trying to get the feed bag off of him. He didn't want to go, he didn't want to go that way, so we had a fight. They said I'd move in and kick him in the rear and then I'd jump back and he'd kick at me and I'd move back in and I'd kick him and that went on for about forty-five minutes, stupid son of a bitch, I don't know how you didn't get killed, but I wasn't knowing anything about it.

MR. COX: Because you were kind of loaded up with sleeping pills?

MR. MOORE: Oh, I was out of it with sleeping pills.

MR. COX: You were doped up actually.

MR. MOORE: When I got through I just went back to sleep and didn't know anything about it until the next day and they told me when I woke up what had happened. We built a bamboo house on the side of the hill there and they took a drop parachute that they dropped our supplies in. They had it fixed up like a French whore house all these draping...

MR. COX: They draped curtains and so on.

MR. MOORE: Oh, yeh, and we made a bamboo bed and all of us had to sleep on the same bed. Then they all got to drinking and throwing beer cans and cigarettes over on me and I went outside and laughing hyenas got around the place. I went back in I said you son of bitches, I'm going to beat hell out everybody in this damn thing if you do that again. I said I'm not going to stay out there with them damn jackals.

MR. COX: They had jackals in that country?

MR. MOORE: Oh, yeh. They sure do. They have everything over there. They often have tigers and snakes. I almost got killed by one snake.

MR. COX: What kind of a snake was that?

MR. MOORE: It was a python. We were on another plateau with one tree on it and a whole bunch of people had gone under that tree. No one had undoubtedly paid any attention and that snake was up in that tree. I guess the thing was so much color of the trees you couldn't tell. I walked under it and a guy behind me walked under it and it flipped around him and the tree like coil. It constricted and killed him before anybody could lift a rifle to shoot it. That was my first encounter with a snake, too close. Then later on after we had another little march I think it was after Mandalay, we marched through Mandalay, and we'd had a battle in Mandalay, too. I guess it was some of our guys 1st Battalion probably. All I can remember about it is there was a bunch of people going around the side of a mountain and I think Mandalay is close to China, I'm not sure. All these refugees were going back to where ever they came from through Mandalay around the side of this mountain. After that we had another thirty-six hour march and we bivouacked somewhere, I don't remember where it was, it's close to a statue of the laughing Buddha. One of my jobs was to check on people that had died of dysentery during the night and I'd go and check the footprints and pull them out.

MR. COX: They'd fall in?

MR. MOORE: They'd go to take a crap and they just died because they'd bleed to death, they'd rupture their insides. So I just happened to look down and saw a letter from a gal that I was writing in the States. I hadn't read that letter and someone had wiped their ass on it and threw it in the ????. So I got to asking around about it and they told me who did it. Well, one of the little guys was a judo or jujitsu expert and I knew some of it, too, but I didn't notice whether he did. They said he had killed several Japanese imperial on the range. They said there weren't any imperial marines but there were. They're the bravest

Japs there are outside of the Summo wrestlers. So Friday knew about it, he said, "Yeah, what the hell you going to do about it?" So I reached back in my tent and got my carbine and started shooting at him. He took his ace and bags and going like that down through there and every now and then he'd hit the ground and roll and then take off again. He was pretty damn quick. I filled his tent full of holes and we had a monsoon rain that night. The next morning they all went in my tent and got me and took me down and taped me up and threw me out in the sugarcane field. There was an anaconda which is another water snake like a boa constrictor

MR. COX: A huge one.

MR. MOORE: A huge one, yeh, and I don't remember how long it was but I was scared shitless. I tied to roll that thing off but I couldn't. I couldn't scream I couldn't do anything. That anaconda was coming in fifteen feet of me. The only thing that saved me he had just eaten a wart hog and he had that knot in the middle of him. It hadn't digested it and he wasn't hungry. I went back and told them and, aw, you're full of shitzu. It was a damn six ??? going down through there. I said a six ??? makes more tracks than one. There's only one track going through there and it was about that wide. They said, "Aw, bullshit." Well, come with me and I'll show you. It didn't have any tracks in it, it was just smooth. My second encounter with a snake. From there we headed on toward Rangoon. I'm trying to think of something else that I did but I can't remember it now. We went on to Rangoon. We had a fellow that got a "Dear John" letter from his wife been married quite a few years and said I can't do without him and I've got me a boyfriend. She put it in a letter and said this is the last you'll hear of this. He picked up his gun. He headed out toward the road and we headed after him 'cause we knew he was

going to shoot himself. We were just a little ways out of Rangoon and we marched on down the road where they had some guys stringing wire and asked if they saw him.

Well, a guy went by here awhile ago and he did have a gun. It was a little ways down the road we met Smaldee(sp?) prisoners of war, that death camp they had there in Rangoon, and we talked to them. They were trying to find their way back to their unit. I'd hate to try to find my way back through Burma but they're going to find their way back to their unit. We stopped and talked to them a few minutes and they told us what they had to go through, drinking their own piss to get water and eating grass or whatever they could to survive, rats or anything. We headed on out after we got through talking to them. Just about the time we got into Rangoon there was a little beer joint that set up over on 5 bamboo and we heard a gun go off. We ran over there and looked in there and he had blown his brains out. That tears you up. We went on into Rangoon and it was pretty much demolished. They had buildings there that I'd never seen. They put dye in their cement and all these buildings were different colors, deals kind of like a Roman building. They had Roman-type baths inside of them and stuff like that. We went out and looked over into the Bay of Bengal and the last Japanese ship was taking off out there. I didn't know we were that close to them. I didn't see any of them and that damn ship just taking off. Then we made it back to our outfit, of course, I was nineteen then, I was eighteen when the Japs were a thousand feet from feet me. We made our way back to our outfit and about that time all our guys were dying of ??? and maybe dysentery and I had it pretty bad, too. I only weighed seventy-five pounds when I got out of there. I heard him say he weighed ninety-eight but he was a bigger man to start with than I was. I only weighed seventy-five pounds. Our clothes were rotting off of us 'cause we had been in

the jungles for nine months and they supplied us with food but no clothes. So they put us on a plane. My major told me to get the hell out of here while you can. So we got on a plane and took off. Sulfa drug was the only thing that even began to dry up the dysentery. They flew us into Kunderen, China, and they made me a clerk sending guys home, with less points than I had, from the air force. So I got mad at the air force for that. I never saw a damn plane but one, oh, I forgot a part in there, too. We were coming down a hill, my sure footed mule, and we were coming down this steep mountain and almost ran like a sled going down through there. The rest of them had gone on and gotten ahead of us. When we got to the bottom of that mountain there wasn't anybody down there. There was a track leading over into the jungles here with one mule. The other side they pulled an old Indian trick, they'd taken brush and brushed out the tracks way on up the road there both ways and took this one mule and made a track over into the jungle. I stopped and I looked at it. An old boy said "Go on, Go on." I said, "Hell no. Somebody is pulling a trick on us. There is only one mule track in this sand going down this way. There aren't any over here. I'm not moving until you get an officer up here to tell me to move." They said, "Okay." And they hollered back and got an officer up there and he came up there, "Well, something funny." He sent a group out up this way to check it. They got up there about a mile and the rest of them were standing up there waiting for us. The Japanese had blocked out all the tracks and they were sitting over in that jungle waiting for us.

MR. COX: They had one track leading over there and they were going to ambush you.

MR. MOORE: We got up on the side of the hill and they called in a plane to bomb it, one of those fast boogers. That's the only damn plane I saw while I was over there outside of those that delivered food to us.

MR. COX: That's what I was going to ask you. Did they drop your supplies to you while you were out in the jungle?

MR. MOORE: Yeh, they had to drop because there was no way they could get them to you otherwise.

MR. COX: They dropped everything? Did they ever drop you any mules that way?

MR. MOORE: No, they didn't drop the mules. They wouldn't be worth a damn once they hit the ground. We couldn't figure out why we had dysentery because we were drinking spring water out of the side of a mountain or out of the little creek bed or something. Well, the little bastards had been putting dysentery germs into it and we caught one. He had a hypodermic needle.

MR. COX: If I understand you correctly, you say the Japanese put...

MR. MOORE: Dysentery germs into the spring water. It was a spring coming out of the mountains and they had a little bowl there like the Burmese go by and get them a drink of water. He squirted that stuff up in there and about that time we caught him. We found out why we were getting dysentery because they were sneaking up there and doing that to us. The more you have dysentery the less you got to fight. That was another one of those deals we ran into.

MR. COX: On some of these marches that you had all the time you were up there, did you have any kind of motorized equipment?

MR. MOORE: You couldn't get a motor in there; you couldn't get anything unless it was a bike.

MR. COX: You couldn't even have a motorcycle motor.

MR. MOORE: No, nothing. The Japanese had all the roads, they had the Burma Road, and that was flatter land than what we were on. We were up in the mountains and we'd go up in the mountains and then go down off the mountains down through the jungles and cut off their supply lines. Then we'd sneak back out and kill as many as we could and then disappear, behind line fighters. The gal at the VA said, oh you were, I can't think of the name she was calling it, but it was behind lines fighters. They flew us from Rangoon to Koming China. They made me a clerk sending people home with less points than I had. I think I had a hundred and ninety-five points. Then after that they sent me to a place called Kutsing(sp?), China, training Chinese Nationalists to shoot small arms.

While we were there we had another man that got a "Dear John" letter from his wife. He grabbed a gun and was going to kill himself and we tackled him and knocked a tent pole out in the middle of the tent. About six of us tackled him and no one knew whether he still had the gun or not. Finally we got him out of there and he dropped the gun. It was something else. We'd sneak into town, we'd have guys get drunk. They had what they called jean pouches and jean pouches about one hundred ninety proof grain alcohol.

MR. COX: How do you spell that, do you know?

MR. MOORE: I'll be damned if I know. I have a hard enough time pronouncing it. That's like those little towns over there, villages. They were all sitting around one night well, don't have no gasoline. Well, I'll go into town to see the girls. One ole boy said, "Well, let's see what this will do" and he poured some of that jean pouch juice on the

floor and he threw a match in it, poof, well I burned (could not understand several sentences) We had to sneak back into our outfit because the MPs were looking for us.

MR. COX: I imagine so.

MR. MOORE: We'd hear one coming we'd jump over in the bushes and we jumped in a graveyard. The grave robbers had opened up one of the graves and we jumped over into one of the graves to hide from the MPs. We got back and we were still training the Chinese Nationalists in small arms fire. My Chinaman was getting ready to get up to shoot and all of a sudden he bent over to talk to his gun. He was leaning on his gun, he bent over it, reached down and pulled the trigger and blew his brains out all over me. The rest of 'em standing around laughing about it, they don't think anything about life anyhow.

MR. COX: Orientals?

MR. MOORE: Oh, yeh. Then from there that's when the war was over. That's when they dropped the atomic bomb and we found out they had dropped the atomic bomb. So from there they flew us into Shanghai, China, and they made me a clerk again. I was still sending people home with less points than I had. We had a compound at a hotel there in Shananghai and we stayed there. When we went in they were just rounding up the Japs and putting them in a prison camp. We passed by where they were and they had Japanese guarding them with Japanese guards. They were just as bad on them as they would be on us if we tried to escape. They shoot them. So they lose face otherwise. We went into Shanghai and I stayed there for a little while and then they sent me to Peking, China and made me a billeting NCR.

MR. COX: What was your rank at this time?

MR. MOORE: I was still just as rank as any of them. I was a pfc. When they made me a billeting NCR I was supposed to be a staff sergeant but I never got the rank because it was an (several works not understandable) and these 1st. lieutenants came in and just fresh from the United States and wanted you to salute them. But, sir, not supposed to salute you. There's still a possibility of Japs being around in some of these buildings, snipers. "I said I deserve a salute and I want a salute." I'm sorry, I'm not supposed to. Well, they would report me as arguing with an officer instead of telling what the whole story was. Well, they called me up in front of the judge advocate and asked what my side of the story was. They just took his side of the story. So I never got that staff sergeant rate. I had to billet the guys going in and out talking to the communists and the nationalists, trying to negotiate with them. Then they made me a guard for General Marshall. We had to guard him while he was holding negotiations with Chiang Kai-shek.

MR. COX: George Marshall?

MR. MOORE: Yeh, while he was holding negotiations with Chiang Kai-shek and I can't think of the other name.

MR. COX: Tai Son, wasn't it?

MR. MOORE: The communist general's name, the head mogo, the one they put in to run the country after they...

MR. COX: Jo En Lei.

MR. MOORE: No, Jo En Lei is Vietnamese.

MR. COX: That's right. It's on the tip of my tongue.

MR. MOORE: I can't think of it. Anyhow, we had to sit out and wait in the foyer at the Forbidden City and Chiang Kai-shek came out and shook hands with us.

MR. COX: Oh, he did.

MR. MOORE: But Marshall had nothing to do with it. If he knew how much we wanted to shoot him, he'd just come out and talk to us a little bit 'cause he was selling China down the drain to the communists. A lot of people don't know that but we knew it because we were there. After we got through with that they sent me back to man I had in the first place. I had to go and get my tonsils pulled in Shanghai. They sent me back to Shanghai, got my tonsils pulled. The officer in charge pulled my tonsils came in all dressed up to go to town to flirt with the women. He didn't have a smock on or anything. He just reached in there with a thing and twisted my tonsils and they weren't completely dead and I spit blood all over him. He cussed me for everything I was worth and later on he came back in and apologized. He said, "It wasn't your fault. It was my fault. I should have had a smock on." Then they sent me back to Peking and I stayed there a little while longer. I had to billet the men, I had to see that they had their supplies, shoes, clothes and what have you. I had to see that they got their food and had to check them in and out, when they went out, who went in and who went out, and all that. I couldn't type so they gave me a French secretary, damn hairy-legged one. Give me a good looking woman. I guess they knew me. After that we had a guy came from Big Springs, Texas. He was talking about marines as soldiers fight. Well, the marines thought they owned Peking and this ole boy was about six foot six. He'd pick me up, course I had gained a little weight about seventy-five pounds, his hands were about three times the size of mine. He went out one night decided he was going to go get drunk. He did and two marines brought him in. He beat the shit out of the two marines and left them on the ground. These Chinese come a running. I went out to see what was going on. I said, "Come on. You go to

bed.” They brought him in for being out of uniform. He was in uniform but it wasn’t their uniform. So, he said okay. He went back. In a little while here he comes again. Four marines brought him in then. He beat the hell out of all four of them. Last count twelve of them brought him in and he beat hell out of all of them. I said, “Now come on. Get your ass back there and go to bed and behave yourself.” “Yesssir, I’ll whip your ass.” I said, “Fella, that’s no job for a fellow your size. You know you can whip me. You just be a good boy and go to bed.” Finally I talked him into going to bed; didn’t have any more trouble out of him that night. Well, the next morning they wanted us at executive headquarters to take papers into them. Here comes four marines, one on each side of him and one on the front and one on the back with sub machine guns. They were taking him to be court martialed. He whipped their asses and they didn’t like him. Then we had another deal there. I had to check on the barracks every morning, you know, to see if everybody’s alright. Well, the guys brought in a prostitute.

MR. COX: In the barracks?

MR. MOORE: In the barracks. I heard them and I went to see what the hell was going on. Well, here stands this great big ole Chinese gal, her breasts were down to her knees, one of them was the other one was eaten off, and her nose had been eaten off. She’d had one of them diseases eats your flesh away they have so much over there, leprosy. She had leprosy plus a whole bunch of other things. I said what the hell. He said, “I couldn’t have been that drunk, no way I could have been that drunk.” I said, “Kinda looks to me like you were, fellow.” He was arguing over a can of peaches he had promised her. I said, “Get her the hell out of here and go down there and get you a shot,” course I was still a medic and I had to give penicillin shots. Didn’t do a damn bit of good. He had

every disease under the sun, blue balls, gonorrhea, syphilis, what do you call that eats flesh away again, and elephantiasis, and Chinese rot. Elephantiasis you swell up about yea big and Chinese rot just ate holes through him. I went over to see him in the hospital and he was left like a water hose that had holes punched through it, a sprinkler hose. I said, "Well, do you think it was worth it?" He said, "Oh, shit no. It wasn't worth it at all."

MR. COX: Nothing worse than that.

MR. MOORE: They put him down as wounded in action. They didn't say what kind of action. They sent him to leprosy colony off the coast of China somewhere because he was the same as dead. He had everything. Then they sent me back to Shanghai and then they sent me home. I think that was in December and the communists were killing people in the streets of Shanghai. They were burning them to death in what they called trams, street cars is what we call them. They were turning the street cars over full of people and setting fire to them. We were on ship leaving out when that happened. We tried to get them to give us guns and let us go back in town and they said no, it is not our fight. Let's get out of here. So we went. I headed back home and we passed the coast of Japan coming back and some fishermen out there. We ought to shoot them but we didn't. Our outfit was one we didn't have any prisoners. If you caught them you killed them.

MR. COX: While you were up in the mountains?

MR. MOORE: In the mountains and if they got loose they'd go back and tell where you were and what was going on. They kept no records because if they captured us and then find the records then we'd be in trouble there. But when we got home we were in trouble because we had no proof of what we did. I had a Purple Heart, but I had a hell of a time

proving it. I had the letter saying I had received a Purple Heart but it wasn't on my record because they didn't keep the records. That's what I can't understand. I had to go through Ralph Hall and the Purple Heart Association to prove that I had a Purple Heart. So I had to get help at the VA. When he got on it, I found out I had all kinds of damn medals I didn't even know anything about, Bronze Star, the Burma Indian Theater Medal, Thailand Theater Medal, Presidential Citation, plus the Purple Heart, Good Combat Medal and I don't know how I got it. They didn't tell me how I got the Good Combat Medal because I was in all kinds of trouble. I got out in 1946 down in San Antonio. They didn't ask us a whole lot about anything there. One of the guys that was talking, I think he was a Yankee because he talked so damn fast I couldn't understand, no one could. One of the guys in the back really had a Texas drawl. He said, "Say, fellow, would you mind talking a little slower. I don't want to re-enlist I just want to get out of this damn man's army." Then I came home, nobody met me, I had to walk home. They let me out on Jefferson Boulevard in ??? . I had to walk home it was about two miles. When I got home nobody greeted me, hello, how are you, that's it, you know. Then I had an uncle, so-called uncle, that was supposed to have been our senator in Washington during that time. He made a remark, "There's just one thing wrong with veterans." I said, "What's that?" He said, "Too damn many of them came back alive." I tried to kill him right there. It took six men and I only weighed a little over seventy-five pounds at the time. I had his tongue hanging to the floor, I was going to kill that S.O.B.

MR. COX: He hadn't seen what you had seen, had he?

MR. MOORE: No. He was a drunk. I don't think he served but one term. I think he came out before he got through his term. He was smart but as soon as he got a good job

and doing real good he'd go on a drunk. He was drunk when he said what he did but that's no excuse for making a remark like that. So I was kind of like the Viet Nam veterans when they came back and got treated the way they did. That'll give you an ??? outlook on life. When I went to get a job some guy out there said, "Well you ain't worth anything except for carrying a gun." I said, "Well, you take this job and stick it up your ass then." I was ready to kill him, too, for making a remark like that. You ain't worth a damn for anything but carrying a gun. I had a hundred and eighty IQ but I wasn't worth a damn. I didn't know what a hundred and eighty IQ was but that's what they gave me when I went into the army is one hundred and eighty IQ. They tried to get me to go and take officer training. Hell, I don't want no officer training, I want to get in and out and go on my way. That was my story.

MR. COX: What did you end up doing after you got out? What kind of business did you get into?

MR. MOORE: I had a hell of a time getting into any kind of business. I wanted to dance. I wanted to be a dancer so I finally found out I could get G. I. training and I took G.I. training in dancing at Arthur Murray's. I took that training and I taught for them for about two years and then I taught instructors for about two years as well as people. Then they fired me because I didn't have a college education. I know what they fired me for 'cause the gals that run the studio wanted me to go around the country picking up new steps for them. Well, I had heard what she'd done with the last one. She'd want me to bed her down and my girlfriend at the time said, "No way." She decided that if I wouldn't do that for her she just wouldn't let me teach there. So I had to go and teach for someone else for awhile. Then I took up upholstering and became an upholsterer and I

taught upholstery. Then while I was teaching upholstery I ran into a bunch of fellows and we got drunk which caused my first divorce. She thought I was out with some woman all night long and I was out with these guys. Some of them were on the fire department and people I had known. We did get a little drunk. I decided I'd join the fire department and I had a couple of them trying to get me to join the fire department for a long time. No, I'm going to be a dancing instructor. Several people in there wanted me to go learn adagio dancing where you throw the gal across the floor, yank her around by the hair and all that stuff. I felt like doing that to a few but not in a dance. I had a couple of them wanting me to do that. Then I went to another studio and Arthur Murray said I couldn't do it because I had signed a contract with him that I would not teach anywhere else for at least two or three years after I left them. I got checking around and found that's not true. If that's the only thing you know then that's null and void because that's the only thing you know how to do. So I went and taught for another fellow for two or three years and he wanted me to go on the road teaching. My dancing partner was a good-looking little redheaded gal with a butt on her that wouldn't quit. I told my girlfriend at the time, she was redheaded, too, mean as hell, "They want to send me to Galveston and around teaching dancing lessons and putting on floor shows." She says, "You're not going out with that red-headed bitch." I wished I had gone with that one.

MR. COX: Did you end up getting in the fire department?

MR. MOORE: Yeh, teaching upholstery and going through fire fighting school at the same time. I didn't know a damn thing about fire fighting. I made it through school by the skin of my teeth, but I made it. I was on Dallas Fire Department for twenty years. The only reason I quit there was because I had heat exhaustion about three or four times

and the next thing would have been a heat stroke and I didn't need that. I had my twenty in so I thought it was time to quit.

MR. COX: It sounds like you had a full life, too, starting at a young age.

MR. MOORE: A full life and a rough life in places. I made it anyhow.

MR. COX: Well, I want to shake your hand and tell you thank you for your service to our country. Thank you for taking the time to do this.

MR. MOORE: You're more than welcome.

Transcribed June 23, 2011, by Eunice Gary.