I ran across this picture on the internet that really brought back some memories from my Navy service in 1953-1954. The plane in the picture is a gasoline engine Piasecki HUP-2 helicopter. The kind I served on as crewman. The plane is manned by the pilot and one crewman. One of the crewman's responsibilities was to operate the hoist used to pick up personnel out of the water (i.e. a pilot whose plane had crashed into the ocean, which seems to be the case in the picture.). Normally the individual being rescued is hoisted aboard the copter through the hatch which opened from the bottom of the plane's cabin compartment. The crewman operated the hoist attached to the top of the plane's interior directly above the open hatch. The crewman would help the hoisted individual into the plane through the hatch and then close the hatch. My squadron was HU-1, the Navy's first operational helicopter squadron. Commissioned in April 1948. I was assigned to the squadron in December 1952 and served with it until December 1954.

(Bill Shepherd)
1951 - Bill Shepherd on patrol sentry duty at NAS (Naval Air Station), Agana, Guam, Marianas Islands. The weapon is an M1 Carbine which was the standard weapon at the time for patrol sentry duty. The 45 automatic was the weapon carried when on Gate or Shore Patrol duty.
SOME SNAPSHOTS OF THE FIRST TWO YEARS OF MY NAVY SERVICE 1951-52
(Bill Shepherd)

From San Diego "Boot Camp" to Duty on Guam and Return to Birmingham, Alabama to get married - with stops in between.
NAVY BOOT CAMP AT THE SAN DIEGO NAVAL TRAINING CENTER JANUARY-APRIL 1951

U.S. Navy Recruit Training Center (Boot Camp), San Diego, California
Whadya mean I gotta wash my own clothes, make my bed, shave every morning, march everywhere....???
Ouch! What's this shot for? This has to be the 14th or 15th one!

Let's see, the pointy end goes that way. Geesh, if I wanted to play with a rifle, I would'a joined the marines!
Morning physical fitness exercises - I still get tired just looking at this photo!
Entering the gas chamber with gas masks on. While inside, they had us remove our masks, with the chamber full of tear gas. Now I understand why the bad guys give up after experiencing that stuff! It's nasty!

Boat drills - learning teamwork and seamanship.
fire fighting training

Evening routine - washing our uniforms
Qualifying at the Camp Elliot Firing Range

**USS Recruit TDE-1**

Affectionately known as USS Neversail, the Recruit was a two-thirds scale mock-up and served as a Sea Daddy to new recruits. When completed in 1949, it was 225 long, had a 24-foot, four inch beam and a 41-foot mast. It served as a school for all recruits going through basic seamanship indoctrination. The ship's deck was an exact replica of what a Sailor could expect in the fleet. The Recruit had cleats, chocks nd mooring lines and operated as any standard Navy ship.
Aerial view of Treasure Island Naval Base with San Francisco in the background

The USNS General Daniel L. Sultan – the ship I sailed on from San Francisco to Guam by way of Pearl Harbor – a voyage of over 5,000 miles.
The island of Guam. Approx. 10 miles wide by 35 miles long

NAS (Naval Air Station) Agana, Guam
When it rains here it sho nuff pours. They say we have only two seasons here......the wet season and the monsoons (or wetter season)

A “Banana Typhoon” is a weak typhoon, so called because banana trees are the first plants to be damaged. Bananas are blown from the banana trees but there is not much damage to other plants in a Banana Typhoon..
Guam is located just a short hop from Japan, Korea, China, Taiwan, the Philippines and Indonesia.
JAPANESE SOLDIERS ON GUAM STILL FIGHTING WW2

One Sunday I got a jeep and three of us (Scotty, Red and me) drove to a secluded, but nice, beach near the village of Umatac on the other side of the island to have a picnic and some beach fun, swimming etc.

While we were eating our picnic lunch someone fired some shots at us that kicked up the sand close to us. The shots came from the cliffs that rose up three or four hundred yards from the beach. After seeking shelter and lying low for a while, Scotty crawled over to the jeep and used the portable 2-way radio we had with us to contact the base and tell them what happened.

While we continued to lie low, the base dispatched an armed squad and a Japanese interpreter to our location. The Japanese interpreter, using a bullhorn type of speaker/amplifier, talked two Japanese soldiers, who didn’t know WW2 was over, down from the cliffs where they were living in caves. They were carried back to the base and eventually returned to their families in Japan. Bet that was a great reunion.

I found the following information on the internet about the last known Japanese soldier hiding out on Guam who didn’t know the war was over.

1972: Japanese soldier found hiding on Guam

In January 1972, the last surviving Japanese soldier from WWII, Sergeant Shoichi Yokoi, came out of the jungle with a rusty, non-functional rifle. Local farmers discovered Shoichi Yokoi, a Japanese sergeant who, unaware that World War II was over, had been hiding in the jungles of Guam for 28 years.

Guam, a US possession in the western Pacific, was attacked and captured by the Japanese in 1941. Three years later, American forces retook the island. It was at this time that Yokoi, left behind by the retreating Japanese, went into hiding rather than surrender to
Yokoi Shoichi, Japanese soldier, hid out on Guam during World War II. He lived in this cave in the ground for 28 years, because he didn't know the war had ended. The hunter who discovered him in 1972 told him the war ended. "It is with much embarrassment that I have returned alive," he is quoted upon his return to civilization.

This is a cave bunker that some of the Japanese soldiers hid out in, not knowing the war had ended.
THE REST OF THE STORY
Now, as Paul Harvey would say, here’s “The Rest of the Story”

HOW I GOT FLIGHT ORDERS TO RETURN TO THE STATES

MATS cargo planes were transporting materials from the states and Hawaii to Korea, the Philippines, Japan, etc. On their return flights they would provide transportation for a limited number of military personnel returning to the states on leave and for new duty assignments. These were cargo planes but they had some seats (called “bucket seats”) that were along the sides of the fuselage facing inboard in the large open cargo area so that they could carry about 20 personnel when not carrying cargo.

![MATS cargo plane](courtesy_photo_larry_kasin)

Because of the excessive number of requests (from the various different operational units on the island) relative to the seats available, special approval had to be obtained from COMNAVMAR (Commander Naval Forces Marianas) to get transportation on one of these return flights. So I filed a request form and also requested an audience with the Admiral (don’t remember his name). Surprisingly, the audience was granted.

When I was admitted to his office the Admiral was seated at his desk with a large stack of papers in front of him. I thanked him for seeing me and he then said “Shepherd, this stack of papers before me are all requests from personnel wanting flight orders for transportation back to the states. I cannot approve most of them because we
simply don’t have enough room on the return flights. Now, why should I approve your request over one of these others?”

Not knowing what the Admiral was looking for in response to his question, I mustered up some courage and said, “Admiral, if you knew the girl I’m returning home to marry, you would charter me a plane all the way to Birmingham, Alabama.” (I didn’t know, and still don’t, the Admiral’s home state)

There was a moment of anxious (on my part) silence and then the Admiral smiled, reached for his pen, signed his approval to my request, handed a copy of it to me and said “Go marry that girl Shepherd”. I thanked him, saluted him, left his office and breathed a huge sigh of thankful relief.

FROM GUAM TO HAWAII

The plane I got passage on left NAS Agana, Guam, on Sunday, November 16, flying at an altitude of approximately 10,000 feet. The first part of the flight was a little bumpy as we were flying on the outer edges of a typhoon.

We made refueling stops on Wake Island and Johnston Island, and the flight terminated at the Barber’s Point Naval Air Station, Oahu, Hawaii, on November 18. To continue flying to the U.S. Mainland, I would have to get passage on another plane.
FROM HAWAII TO SAN FRANCISCO

I quickly found that getting a flight from Hawaii to the U.S. mainland wasn't by any means automatic. I would get booked on a flight and then get bumped from the flight by someone with a higher flight priority than mine.

After a couple of days of getting bumped from flights, I went down to the docks at Pearl Harbor and managed to get passage on a WW2 Kaiser Liberty Ship on Friday, November 21, headed for San Francisco (Don't remember the name of the ship, but it creaked and groaned and shuddered all the way). It was slow sailing, making about 10-12 knots (12-15 mph).
We sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge and docked at San Francisco on Thanksgiving Eve, Wednesday, November 26, 1952.

I left San Francisco on Friday, November 28, for Los Angeles via a Northwest Airlines commercial flight. Jimmy Harless met me at the Los Angeles airport and I spent the night with he and wife Trudy. Saturday morning, 29 November, Jim drove me to my new duty station at ALF Ream Field, San Ysidro, California, a suburb of San Diego, where I reported in and then checked out on a 30 day leave. Jim then drove me to the San Diego municipal airport, dropped me off and returned to Los Angeles after assuring I was able to get a flight to Birmingham on a commercial airline (it was either Eastern or Delta.....don’t remember for sure)

The flight (a 4 engine prop plane......no commercial jet liners then) departed San Diego Saturday evening and arrived at the Birmingham Municipal Airport on Sunday morning, November 30, around 8:00 a.m. after making stops on the way at Phoenix Arizona, El Paso
Texas, Dallas Texas, Shreveport Louisiana and Jackson Mississippi. A cross-country commercial flight usually took around 10-12 hours.

Mileage from Guam to Hawaii is approximately 3,350 miles, and from Hawaii to San Francisco approximately 2,100 miles. From San Francisco to San Diego is approximately 550 miles and from San Diego to Birmingham approximately 2,500 miles.

So the total distance traveled from Guam to Birmingham, Alabama to get married on December 6, 1952 was approximately 8,500 miles.

So I was successful in making it from Guam to Birmingham in time for my wedding scheduled for Saturday, December 6, 1952. And Martha, my bride-to-be, met me at the airport..........TOGETHER AT LAST!!!
AND THAT'S "THE REST OF THE STORY"........And the beginning of another.
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