11-28-1953

Albert J. Sedlacek Korean War Correspondence #2

Albert J. Sedlacek

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Dear Jeanie,

"Susan in Flames", "Thousands Homeless", "Million Burning Equipment; Dollars", "Susan Center Burned to a Skeleton", "Sparks's poorness burnt to only a frame" — This is what happened within 24 hrs. I can't describe the way Susan looks except, if a atomic bomb was dropped, I wouldn't do worse. I feel sorry for those people, no place to go and its freezing out. Their homes were small wooden shacks, still I was home to them. To see them walking around, not knowing where to go.

Last night before I went to sleep we were watching the fire from the hill on our post. It looked small & far away, but 11 o'clock they woke me up, to get in a jeep and get my radio dismantled. The wind (40MPH) was forcing the fire down onto the Coexport, KBS Headquarters, & the N & S, Chapel buildings. When I got down there the fire was about two blocks away & I quietly stood working on the radio. Most of the men were working like nothing was wrong, the men in the Krypto Room (code)
were the only ones, beside myself trying to salvage this equipment. I got one transmitter undamaged when, our crazy Captain became panic and ordered all men out of the com-center. Now nobody is allowed to enter my radio room or the Crypto room, unless you are cleared by the Intelligence Corps. Reason being that there are certain things the one is suppose to see. This procedure goes for officers as well as C. 44's, even if in danger. Well, this out of a Captain breaks my door down, says get out, then breaks down the door to the Crypto room down. I told him my messages today were all classified and up material I can't leave them here, now that the door is broken. He said never mind, get out, so I went out. Meanwhile all the equipment was left in the com-center, teleprinters, radios set, tape recorders, switchboard, etc. Instead of having one man take one of each of these items and put them in a truck, they load the truck with furniture from the officers mess. We finally evacuated to the broken down alter man com-center. In the morning we visited the com-center, everything was burnt, all my messages, radio & machine melted nothing!
I can go on and on about this fire, it was something you don’t forget for some time. When I get back, if we don’t have anything better to do, ask me about the fire!

As far as the reason I want to be a V-24, I stay, it’s mostly because of girls in bathing suits, remember one, I’ll be married to you, you suppose to take all those wants, do? ?

Well I’m glad you joined Brown, you’ll be able to teach me ??, I wonder.

We had a storm the night that I was to call home. The circuit went out about 12:30 and couldn’t get them back in, I fell back but in long as we can write to each other, that’s what really counts, rest to our love for one another.

How was Thanksgiving, eat enough, chubly? Will pack lighter, that is, I have to go out again tonight and fix up some radio equipment that we received from Japan and work the rest of the night receiving those messages that were burned and thrown.

As far as sleep, lots of coffee & two meals, nothing like the Army. Give my regards to your folks & Ray.

all my love

[Signature]
P.F.C. Albert J. Sedlacek  
RA 12422130  
507th Sig. Co (SVC)  
APO 59, % P.M. S.F. Calif  
Attn: 8069th A.U.  

Miss Joan C. Palmer  
84 West 176th St.  
Bronx 53, N.Y.  
USA
Nov 28, 1953

Dear Joanie;

“Pusan in Flames”, “Thousands Homeless”,
“Millions, -Burning Equipment, - Dollars”, Pusan Com-
Center Burned to a Sh[[-]]ston”, “Sedlaceks Radio Burned
to only a Frame” --- This is what happened
within 24 hrs. I can’t describe the way Pusan
looks except, if a atomic bomb was dropped
it couldn’t do worse. I feel sorry for the
people, no place to go and its freezing out.
Their homes were small wooden shacks, still
it was home to them. To see them walking
around, not knowing where to go.

Last night before I went to sleep we
were watching the fire from the hill on our
post. It looked small + far away. At 11 o’clock
they woke me up, to get me in a jeep and get my
radio dismantled. The wind (40MPH) was forcing
the fire down onto the [[Comauter?]], KBS Headquarters,
+ the AG, Chapel building. When I got down there
the fire was about two blocks away + I quickly started
working on the radio. Most of the men were working
like nothing was wrong, the men in the [[Cypo?]] Room (code)
(2)
were the only ones, beside myself trying to salvage their equipment. I got one Transmitter [[unbolted?]]
when, our crazy Captain became panicky and ordered all men out of the Com-center. Now Nobody
is allowed to enter my radio room or the [[Crypto?]]
room, unless you are cleared by the Intelligence Corps. Reason being that there are certain things that
[[strikethrough]] know [[/strikethrough]] no one is supposed to see. This procedure goes for officers + well as E.M’s, even if in danger. Well
this [[?]] of a Captain breaks my door down, says
get out, + then breaks down the door to the
Crypto room down. I told him my messages
+ logs are all classified and up [[material?]] +
I can’t leave them [[alone?]], now that the door is
[[strikethrough]] apar [[/strikethrough]] broken. He said nevermind, get out, so I went out. Meanwhile all the equipment was left in the
comcenter, teletypewriters, radio set, Tape recorders, [[switchboard?]],
easy. Instead of having one man take one of each of the
items and put them in the truck, they loaded the truck
with furniture from the office mess. We finally
evacuated to the broken down alternate com-center.
In the morning we visited the com-center, everything
was burned, all my messages, radio + machines melted, nothing!
I can go on and on about this fire, it was something you don’t forget, for some time. When I get back, if we don’t have anything to do, ask me about the fire!

As for the reason I want to be a Phys-Ed teacher, it’s not because of the girls in bathing suits, remember. I’ll be married to you, your supposed to take [[^]] care of [[/]] all those wants, no????

Well I’m glad you passed Grammar, you’ll be able to teach me?????, I wonder!

We had a storm the night that I was supposed to call home. The [[?]] went out, about 12:30 and couldn’t get them back in, I felt bad but so long as we can write to each other, that’s what really counts, next to our love for one another.

How was Thanksgiving, eat enough, chubby? Well Joanie darling, thats it, I have to go out again tonight and fix up some radio equipment that we received from Japan and work the the rest of the night rereceiving those messages that were [[burned?]] + send them out. So on 3 hrs sleep, lots of coffee + two meals, nothing like the Army. Give my regards to your folks + Ray

all my Love,
Albert