

Kashein Hotel, Kobe
Feb. 6, 1951

My dear Mrs. Schmitt:

I received your letter several days ago. I was away when it came and I didn't know how to go about answering it, so I let it lay here for a while without doing anything at all about it. I would first like to say that you should be very proud to have raised a boy as fine as Bob was. I have never in my life met a man of better character. He loved his family dearly. He always talked of his mother, his two wonderful sisters and his father. I considered it a privilege to be a very close friend of his and can say he has helped me to be a much better man. Now to tell you of what I know of Bob. I was with him on Thanksgiving Day when he last wrote Joan, so I'll go from there to keep you up to date. When he wrote that last letter we had just left the Tansen Reservoir and we were back for a few days rest. The following day, Nov. 25, we took a trip to a large city called Pukchon. We rode all day to get there, arriving late at night, so he could not write. On the 26th we left Pukchon at dawn and rode all day to Hamburg, got there late at night, so again he could not write. While there an army friend of ours gave us both a brand new field coat, as it was very cold at this time. The following morning at dawn, Nov. 27, we left Hamburg and went northwest. We relieved the Marines on the northern part of the Chusen or Chunjen Reservoir late in the afternoon of the 27th. We spent the rest of the day digging in on our new positions. The Marines pulled out to the southern tip of the reservoir (12 miles south). The following morning, Nov. 28, at about 3:30 a. m. we awoke to hear lots of shooting, whistles blowing, and the bugle calling. From that moment on we fought without let up. Bob had been sleeping 30 feet away from where I was sleeping, but I didn't see him all that day, as the Chinese were all over our area; there were thousands of them and we only had our own battalion and 3 batteries of Field Artillery up there that day. We learned that day that we were completely cut off and surrounded by the Chinks. I had a small area that I was defending with a small group of men, and that night a part of M. Co. (Machine gun Co.), Bob's company, fell back into that area I had. They brought all their wounded back and Bob was one of the wounded. He was shot thru both legs, but he would never lie down for long. He kept helping us out by encouraging the men to keep on shooting. He had some very close calls then, as he and I compared the number of bullet holes we had in our new field coats. I had also been hit with mortar shell and had 8 fragments in me. Bob had 16 bullet holes in his new coat and I have 35. Mine were mortar holes -- his were all bullet holes. We were joking about that and that we both had million dollar wounds (the kind you can go back to the hospital with and take a long rest). Then Bob and I fought side by side all night Nov. 28, all day Nov. 29, all night Nov. 29, all day 30th, and all night Nov. 30. We were cut off from all outside help all this time; we were out of ammunition; we were out of food; we had not slept during all this time, so on the morning of Dec. 1 it was decided we make a break out and try to fight our way back to the Marines who were 12 miles away south. We loaded all the wounded into trucks. All the rest got in a formation to fight the trucks out. Bob refused to ride; he stayed with the fighting group even though he could hardly walk. He is a very brave man. We got to a very bad road block that required much fighting. A group of men had to take a hill that had hundreds of Chinks on it. Bob went up this hill like a man. My legs were too weak to make it, but I tried cause I was still walking. That day they took the hill and I went around it. Bob never did come down from the hill. I then got shot again in my heel. We lost almost all our battalion at the hill. We never did get the truck loads with wounded out; we had to leave them to the mercy of the Chinks. I did not get out of there for 3 more days and nights of walking and fighting. I did not see Bob again after he went up the hill so I can't say what happened to him. God was very good to me to get me out of there, so I could not have gotten out alone. Well, Mrs. Schmitt, I hope you can make head and tails of this; it may sound a bit sketchy, but I hate to even think of what things happened up there, as they sound unbelievable. I also hate to appear blunt, but I think you want to know exactly what happened. If I can answer any questions, please call on me, as I think an awful lot of Bob and everything connected with him. I think of him as a brother. I'll close for now with all my respects to you.

Your friend
Henry

W. Henry Treadick

20 Oct 50

Dear folks:

As usual, I'm a little late on
Birthday greetings, so Jim, how about
telling Marion "Happy Birthday" for
me. Smooth it over - just tell
her you forgot to carry it on.
All kidding aside "Happy Birthday
Marion"

Got an airmail letter from Mom
today. Just cost 18¢, so you can
see it enclosed letters from your
folks, Jim, Joan, aunts, & even
the N DCC Alumni Review.