

My name is Joseph Alexander Fayant, I was born in November the 9th, 1923 and I was the eldest son in a family of nine children. I was 19 years old when I first joined the services in World War II. I participated in World War II in 1943 to 1945.

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I joined up in 1943 because there wasn't too much work around and everyone was pretty relaxed and I thought well what else am I going to do? Where am I going to make a living? They were not that great in the services either but at least in the services you had your clothing and you had your three meals a day and you knew you had a place to stay at night. Other than that in the civilian life you don't know where you're going to go and you don't know when you're going to get your next meal and things were pretty tough at that time. That is why you see a lot of guys like myself and everybody else that joined the force and a lot of them that were married, that was the only way they could feed their family was to get something from the army. It gave you a little more money and who ever was married they got a little more pay than a single person because if you were a married man you got more pay to support your family. Other than that where the hell are we going to get something to eat?

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I first signed up with the Royal Canadian Motor Mechanics Core looking after people in a motor pool. I was maintenance man in a motor pool and what they call the motor mechanic and driver, wherever they wanted a driver and generally they wanted a driver that had experience with a motor in case you had trouble on the road or something. They didn't want any old greenhorn © you got to know what you are doing. After that we took our basic training and what not. I went to Dundurn. Then from Dundurn we went to Maple Creek to do some advanced training, for combat training and what not. Then from there I went into √
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, Alberta, did some
more advance training, then from there we went to √
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just
out of Calgary to do some more advance training and after that I was given a 30 day leave. From there after my leave was over I was shipped straight down to Halifax in the fall of '43.

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From there we were shipped overseas and landed in Liverpool. Oh, she was rough, the old atlantic was pretty rough. It was in

the winter and cold! Freeze the goddamn ass off a skunk. After we disembarked off the ship we went to Aldershot in England, just outside of London oh may be about 40 or 50 miles. We stayed in that camp for 6 months. We took our manouver training outside of Aldershot. We stayed there all that winter in England and then in the spring of '44 we were shipped into Holland © that was with the Occupational Forces but I didn't get to stay in Holland very long because I had caught a virus. It took me right off my feet and I was shipped home. They shipped a bunch of Canadians back to Canada in a hospital ship. After I got back to Canada I was shipped out to Dundurn into the hospital there and I stayed in that hospital

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for 4 1/2 months till I got over this virus and that was about the time when they started this new drug, penicillin. I never had so many damn needles stuck inside of me boy in my life as I did that time. I was like a bloody pin cushion by the time they got through with me, but it must of worked cause I recovered from it.

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IN ENGLAND*f*

They were very good towards the Canadians. Generally, we couldn't get passes every weekend but when we did get a pass you were always invited out to somebody's home to spend the weekend there. They always had lots to drink and lots to eat and there was the odd little girly running around, the English men called their girls girdies. I went over to Scotland to Edinborough because my uncle, Joe Hollands, he was a flight major in the World War I, he came from Edinborough. I went over to find out where abouts they lived in Edinborough and I did find out a little village just outside of Edinborough and I met some of his clan. Once they found out who I was, my uncle had married my mother's sister, they were sure glad to see me.

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AFTER WORLD WAR TWO*f*

The war was over in May © that was the European war. The pacific war had continued on for about 3 1/2, 4 months after that up until they dropped the bombs in the Nagasaki and Hiroshima 3 days apart. That was when the Japanese threw in the towel. So I stayed in there through the end of August of that year then I got

discharged and came home. I tried to salvage myself in civilian life and that didn't work worth a goddamn either. There was problems with guys and they thought they were still a little bit better than me.

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Then I went to work on construction. I was driving a truck and I was driving for 12 hours a day and then I would drive a cab for 6 hours and made a lot of money and save a few cents. It was hard to do because the guys I worked with they liked to spend money and throw it out to the crowd you know. I did manage to save a few dollars you know. I was working up north of Alberta, there was no bloody way out unless you wanted to fly out. So you worked seven days a week.

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The police action started in 1947 because that was when the Americans went over there. When I decided in 1950, in August 1950, I was sitting in the bar with these boys and they weren't doing anything and I wasn't doing anything. There was a big report there: service men wanted for police duty in Korea.

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The next morning we went top the recruiting office and we didn't have to go that far because on South Railway they had a recruiting office there. So we walked in there and signed up. Davy Brown and Gerard and Vital there was 4 of us. We signed up with the Princess Patricias, Second Batallian, which was a damn good outfit one of the oldest regiments in the world as far as I am concerned and one of the better outfits. They gave us a 48 hour pass to go on. After our 48 hours was up we reported back to depot and then the following day we got on the train and headed for Calgary to Queen √

barracks. We trained and carried bags for about three weeks then they hand picked 32 of us to go down to Fort Lewis Washington for small arms training and unarmed combat training. So I went down to Fort Lewis for five weeks. That's down in the States in Washington. Then after coming back from

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Barracks I was given another 96 hours leave to come home from Calgary. So I came home to Sintaluta on my 96 hour leave and I could only stay two days at home because it takes one day to come down here and one day to go back so I spent two days at home. So I headed back to Calgary after my leave was up. So when I got back to Calgary all my equipment was packed and ready to go overseas. I didn't have to do nothing. Everything was all packed for me. I didn't have to touch a damn thing, all I had to do was just get on the train and head out for √
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I left there in towards the end of October, I think it was the last week in October, 1950. Then we got into Porsand, Korea. There were 32 of us. There was three officers with us and a major and a tenant and a captain and then there was a about four non commissioned officers. There was a staff sargeant and then we had our staff seargent, myself, a sargeant, and we had Davy Brown he my two IC. Second in command, to see if you were out in patrol or something like that if you are out in the middle you always had your two IC, just the same as a captain. Like lieutenant Johnson, he was one of my officers and I was his two IC , I was his second in command.

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The sea was good, it wasn't bad at all, we had Americans on there soldiers and a few American passengers, we let them off in Hawaii. We stayed one day in Hawaii and then continued on. We did some back up from the ship and we went to the American command

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coach there and we asked him where the hell the best place was to set up camp cause we are the advanced party, second battallian, PCLI's. Well they said they would show us around the country and there is about four or five different places to show you but you guys would have to pick it out yourself, I can't see you guys over there and I can't see you guys over there. So he showed us all these sites and we picked out one that used to be a convent. The buildings weren't in bad shape yet it needed a lot of fixing up. But we had lots of help. We got a bunch of Koreans hired for next to nothing. Sure was rougher than hell there I am telling you © hardly had anything to eat and we were glad that they worked for something to eat. Sure we paid them too, oh yes we'd give them a

little bit and money too. We weren't that goddamn tight with our money.

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By the Korean's themselves we were treated good. We were treated a hell of a lot better than the Americans were being treated. You take an American he is just like a limy, an over bearing son of a bitch. Oh, you know what they are like. The Americans are that way, but as far as the Americans treated us well we knocked the piss right of them bastards cause they were no better than us, eventhough they were overthere before us. I mean we were there for the same bloody cause as they were. We got all our rations supplied by the Americans, so when our troops got there we had rations for them. I should backtrack: first we got there as the advance party. We landed there on November the 7th, 1950 two days before my birthday that was December the 27th when the rest of the battalion came over and billeted in the building we got for them. We didn't want British rations because British rations you might as well eat dirt. Who the hell wanted to eat hard tack and bully, and hard tack you had to soak for three days in hot water before you could chew it, so it seemed anyway. The food didn't vary that much either because everybody got pretty well the same. But in the sergeants' mess we could order what you want but in the privates' mess you got what they give you and the same as an officers' mess.

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The land was very hilly, and the soil was poor and their main crop was rice so they grew two crops a year. But mind you you didn't get much at any time. It was just like they had down in the states where there was a need for a big landlord and a lot of these Koreans that's what they were doing, they were working for big landlords and they were getting a portion of the crop they grew and they had to live on that which wasn't a hell of a lot. There was a lot of hunger. As a matter of fact we had two kitchens like they have in the Salvation Army in any major city in Canada here, where people line up for blocks and blocks. I wouldn't say every meal time but at noon hour and evening meals. We generally got more at the evening meal because that's what they wanted more in the evening so they can sleep on a full stomach. But other than that

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we got along pretty good with the orientals. There is always some

guys in the crowd, in the bunch, I don't care where you go there is always someone saying "I don't like this guy, I don't like that guy," you know they have that, I don't know, an inferiority complex or something like that that © they just like themselves they don't like anybody else. That even happens in the bloody army for christ sake, where one soldier didn't like the other soldier. For me sure there were two or three officers that I didn't like. But other than that everyone got along good and the officers had their own private quarters and they always had somebody look after their clothes, press there clothes, shine there shoes brass and what not and so did the nco's. I had one I use to call him a house boy, but in the British army they called them bat man, but in the Canadian army they called them bat man too, but me the one I had I called him Tiny Tim cause he was so short.

He spoke broken English, he must of learned English someplace he must have been around American camps too before that but he could speak English, you could make out what he was trying to say, he wasn't bad. His English got better as time went on cause you teach them, you're more or less like a teacher. Oh hell we got along good. If I went shopping or something he'd do all the bartering for me, you know he wouldn't let me get cheated no way, he'd argue hell in high water out of the bugger. He was an orphan cause I asked him where's you mom, where's you dad and he told me as far as he knew they were dead because he came from the northern part of Korea with all the other refugees. They wanted to come to the south because at that time the north Koreans they were pushing the civilian people and even some of the American troops were pushing them south at the time and there were a lot of refugees coming up.

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I didn't go straight into combat we went out on manouvers for about four months. We acimatized ourselves and had to get our leg muscles and what not in shape cause the terrain was mountainous. A lot of your supplies and what not that you carried on your own bloody back cause there was hardly any road. The roads weren't any good cause they were mostly filled with American trucks and what not and all the supplies were going north and south and hauling out the wounded and the dead and what not. A lot of them were thrown out but you didn't have enough air craft and helicopters to fly all the injured out. A lot of them were trucked out and the roads were only wide enough for one vehicle but before that the roads were only used by say a donkey and a little cart most carts didn't have too many animals either most of these carts were hand pulled. They hauled all there own stuff say, to market. All the profit was taken off, oh you'd see carts for three miles

and they were full of man power you didn't see no vehicles up in that country the odd mule or a bull ox or a cow pulling a vehicle but other than that she was rough.

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We drew our rations every morning. Every day half a dozen soldiers would come out and haul the rations up to a certain area. Then you went up and drew your rations for the day and most the times when the guy that was handing out the rations wasn't looking, you would slip another bloody can of supplement into your pocket. Right out in the mountains like we dug a two man slit trench, three feet wide and six feet long. At night we'd cover ourselves with what they called a ground sheet. It was rubberized on one side and canvas on one side, and we would put one down on the slit trench and the other one to cover us up with. It was held down with stones. It's a rainy country and if it wasn't raining in the bloody summer time well then you had lots of snow in the winter. Don't ever think they don't get snow over there because they sure as hell did, but their winters weren't that long. Maybe we had winter for a month © month and a half, but still in all you got lots of snow. She got goddamn cold too and at night when we were out on manouvers we'd have some canned heat, liquid alcohol, it was jelled alcohol. We'd use that to keep the slit trench warm but you always had one man on guard though. One guy would sleep for four hours, when the four hours was up and you changed then the other one slept for four hours, they were four hour shifts.

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We had all our weapons there, we had all our mortars and sten guns were set up and we had our artillery behind us. After we finished our manouvers which we were out for about four months, we moved up. Our orders one day were to head towards the √

Yellow
river

and we did. That was the border between north and south Korea. We headed out for the border but we saw plenty of action before we got there though. The enemy had to be pushed back across the Yellow river. They had to be pushed the hell back towards and across the river but I didn't quite make it to the Yellow river because I was wounded before I got there. I was about 20 miles from our destination when I got it but before that there was a lot of heavy fighting, not only the Canadians but the Australians the Germans and the Americans and the British.

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It was '52 in '52 was when I first seen the action and at that time the action was pretty light. the simple reason was that the Koreans they moved back north before they reached the yellow river and they set up a defensive perimeter. That's when we ran into that god damn perimeter when we got all the shit. So that's how it goes you don't know when the hell you are going to get it, well this one ridge where we had a the hardest time, we were kind of taking it and it was heavy mortar fire and small arms fire coming towards us plus artillery. Heavy arms are your artillery, and small arms are just your rifle and machine gun and then you got your other mortar fire which I consider a heavy arm too because they are just like an artillery shaft: A mortar has a wider range fragmentation.

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IN BATTLE*f*

My company was sent out on a patrol to see where all the firing was coming from. So I went out with the patrol and the five men and then I spotted where the firing was coming from because I had binoculars. So then I went back to the company and told my captain where the firing was coming from so he said, "do you think you can put out that pill box where the firing is coming?" Well I said, "yes I think we can." So I asked Davie Brown if he would come with me. I asked for volunteers first but nobody would volunteer, so I asked Davie Brown if he'd come with me. I exchanged my rifle for a bazooka and I told Davie to bring a bren gun and we started off. We had about three hundred yards to go in order to get there. We crawled down every depression and hollow that you could find so that we could'nt get fire power down on us. Then I told him I says we'll go around this cropping of a rock and I think we shall be close enough. Then we crawled around the out cropping of rock and I spotted the pill box.

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We got within a hundred yards of it so I put the bazooka up on my shoulder and I told Davie to load me up so he put a rocket in the bazooka. He locked in and when it was locked in he tapped me on the shoulder to signify me that it was ready, so I sighted in on the pill box and the slit where the observers were because behind the pill box they had their mortars and from there they were directing fire from inside the pill box. So I sighted right on the

slit and I let go. I got them direct hit and blew that pill box all to hell there was nothing left of it hardly and all was quiet then, I waited for a while to see if there was any fire coming from it but nothing. So I turned around and said to Davie, "o.k. Davie lets head back," and I got no response so I yelled for him again and I looked around and I could see where he was and I crawled over there and my old buddy had had it so I crawled back. He got it right when he was laying down. The shell fire came right around his shoulder and chest and through his heart. They killed him out right. He didn't suffer that's one good thing.

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I went back to my company and told the captain, "you'd better get a stretcher," and that Davie had had it. So I got two stretcher bearers to haul and I went up to where we had been firing from and brought him back to the company then we radioed in for a helicopter. They came in and picked his body up and took it back to the peninsula and then he was put in an ambulance and taken to

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WOUNDED*f*

On that same ridge as Davie, that was about four hours later. One of our observers he gave the wrong coordinates to the artillery. He was supposed to give the right coordinates to try and shell the big gun, a north Korean gun, but he short changed us and a half a dozen mortars landed amongst our company and that's when I got it in the leg and above the eye. There was two more wounded besides me and three killed. I thought I had lost that eye completely because it was full of blood and I couldn't see nothing. You just had to stay put right there. You couldn't move until you got an all clear and the all clear was quite a while coming because we had to radio back to the artillery and ask them what the hell they were doing until they stopped shelling. We told them they made a hell of a mess up here. You didn't make the mess with the enemy you made the mess with us. That was the U.S. Artillery. You can't say that that was there fault but it was our observer that gave the wrong coordinates. He must have been blind in one eye and couldn't see out the other.

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We had medics right there to give guys morphine and injections, blood plasma, whatever they needed. We carried all that stuff with us. We carried morphine and the medics they carried blood plasma and different kinds of bandages if you needed for the wounded. We had to get three helicopters in to take the

wounded out and the dead. They were taken right straight to the hospital in √

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hospital in √

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bother stopping there. They drove straight to the hospital at

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cause they carried five in each helicopter, and they had three inside the helicopter and then they had two out on legs like big bubbles you know, so they could carry five. They had two flyers in the helicopter and they carried two more inside and two outside in these bubbles. After we got to √

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they gave us

some medical treatment, then from there we were flown straight to Tokyo. There was four other soldiers other than myself that was in pretty bad shape. You could get better medical attention in Tokyo in hospital there. Then we were flown to an American hospital there. I was there for four and half months in the hospital. My other buddies that was with, me the ones that got wounded, they were in longer than that because they were worse than I was. In the mean time while I was in the hospital my outfit was pulled out of the front lines and replaced by the Vandoos ballatalion.

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That time when I was in Tokyo, the boys they had their R and R. They brought them back to Japan and they were stationed at a military camp in a place called Colby. It was not too far from Tokyo, I'd say 10, 12 miles and Colby was a sea port. We had a camp there where the rest of the boys took there R and R before they were shipped home. All the Princess Pats except me.

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I guess then after my stay in the hospital I was reassigned. They sent me back to Korea. I didn't go with the Vandoos. I joined an American company because when I was going back, there was this one American officer on board this ocean going craft that I was on and we got pretty well acquainted and he asked me, "what the hell's the matter?" He says "why did they send you back?" I says, "militaries, militaries, half the time they don't know what they

are doing." He says, "why are you being sent back" and I said, "I have no bloody idea." But I says, "I am not going back to the front unless I bloody well have to." So when I got back there this Canadian officer asked me if I wanted to join in with the Vandoos I said, "no way I don't want to join the Vandoes. I will join with another outfit." I said, "there is an American outfit over here I will go to them."

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