



William Newton “Buddy” Hill III

3rd Class Storekeeper, U.S. Navy Reserve
1952-1960

My name is W.N. Hill, III. I’m called Buddy, have been for sixty-seven years now. I served in the Naval Reserve for eight years.

I grew up in St. Paul Methodist Church where my grandmother was a charter member. I was in the Boy Scouts in that church and, later on, the Scout Master talked me into becoming assistant Scout Master. He was a Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserves and also Commander of the Naval Reserve Unit here in Tyler. I went to the Reserve Unit with him on quite a few occasions. He would buy surplus military equipment for our Boy Scout troop.

I got interested in the Naval Reserves and by the time I was seventeen, the Scout Master had me signed up. I had my physical and got all my papers signed, so it was just automatic for me to be sworn into the Naval Reserves on June 11, 1952. This was just before my senior year in high school. I went to boot camp for two weeks at Great Lakes Training Center in Illinois and in August of that year I went to Havana, Cuba, on an LST. That was the last year that Navy ships were able to go into Cuba. The next year Castro took over and all of that came to a halt. Havana, Cuba, was a beautiful city at that time; but I am thankful that I had the Lord on my side

because it was a very sinful city. I'm glad I did not wind up in the shape that some of the young men did in that city.

As I said before, I served eight years in the Naval Reserve. I got married when I was twenty and had three children. I went on a two-week cruise or to some school every year. I attended a storekeeper school and wound up as a Third Class Petty Officer Storekeeper.(copy said Score Keeper) My duty at the Tyler Naval Reserve Unit was to order uniforms and material for the reservists.

The cruises I took were really interesting to me. I took two cruises out of San Diego, California and it seemed like the skippers always liked to do a little fishing. I watched them catch sharks. We took one cruise out of Norfolk, Virginia. We were on a Destroyer Escort and did radar service up and down the coast. That was probably the roughest water that I had ever been on. Most of the sailors got sick. I guess I'm fortunate because I never got sick on any of the cruises. I enjoyed my time in the service.

I grew up in St. Paul's United Methodist Church. I can very well remember one Sunday night when I was thirteen that a warm feeling came over me, and I just knew in my heart that God had touched me. After the service that night, I went down and talked to the preacher. We went back to his study and had a long talk. That night I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. There have been several other occasions when I have really felt the presence of Jesus in my life and it's a wonderful feeling. My wife and I have raised three children. We have seven grandchildren and one great grandchild. We attend Green Acres Baptist Church. We are members of John Childs' Friendship Bible Class (correct name?), and we thoroughly enjoy it.

I am sad to say that I feel like in the latter part of the fifties and early sixties patriotism seemed to start falling off. I don't feel like that the younger generations today have the patriotism, the love of the flag, and the love of the country that the people did forty, forty-five and fifty years ago. I feel that if we got into a situation like World War II or the Korean Conflict, people would not volunteer the way they did during those years. I'm sorry to say that, but I just don't have the feeling that they would do it.

My wife and I are very active in Green Acres. We became dissatisfied

with the church we attended and decided to visit Green Acres. We visited here a couple of times, visited at a few other churches and then came back to Green Acres. If we had never come to Green Acres, the other churches might have been all right. We love the services here, we love the way that they move, the music, and nothing else holds a candle to it as far as we are concerned. We just love it.