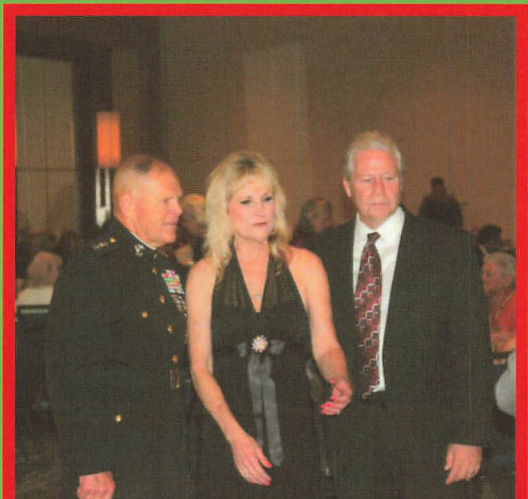
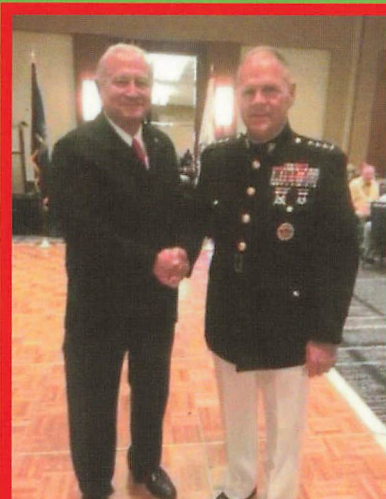


ISSUE
96

RED CLAY

WINTER
2018

50TH ANNIVERSARY SIEGE OF KHE SANH, STORIES &
PHOTOS PAGES 49-87 & INSIDE FRONT & BACK COVERS



COMMANDANT OF MARINE CORPS, GENERAL ROBERT B. NELLER WAS
HONORED GUEST & TOOK NUMEROUS PHOTOS WITH MEMBERS OF
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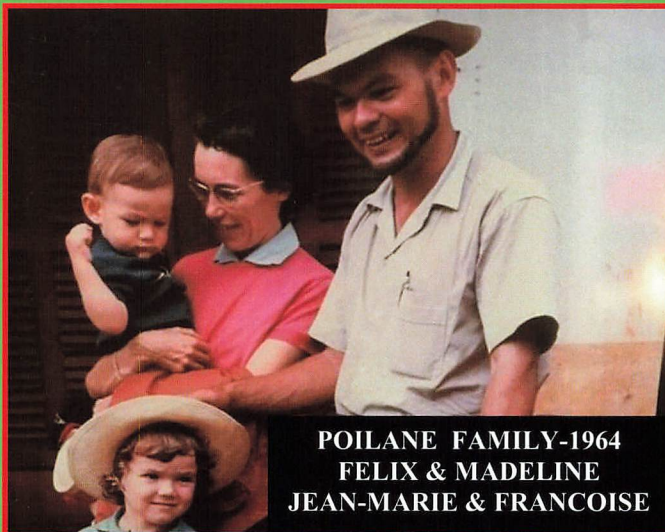
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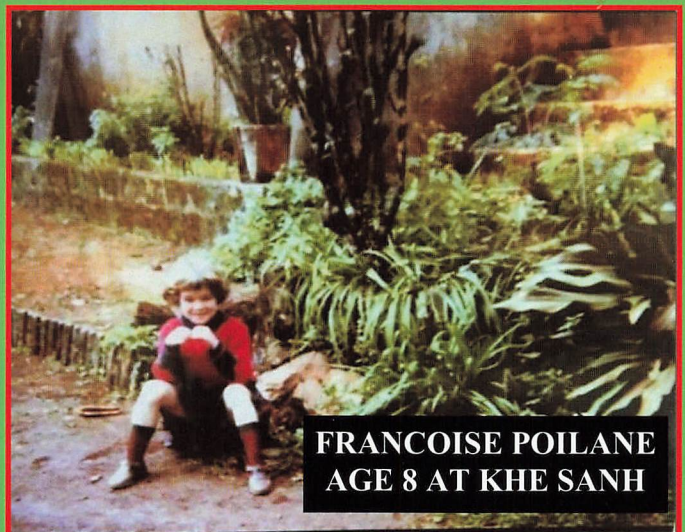
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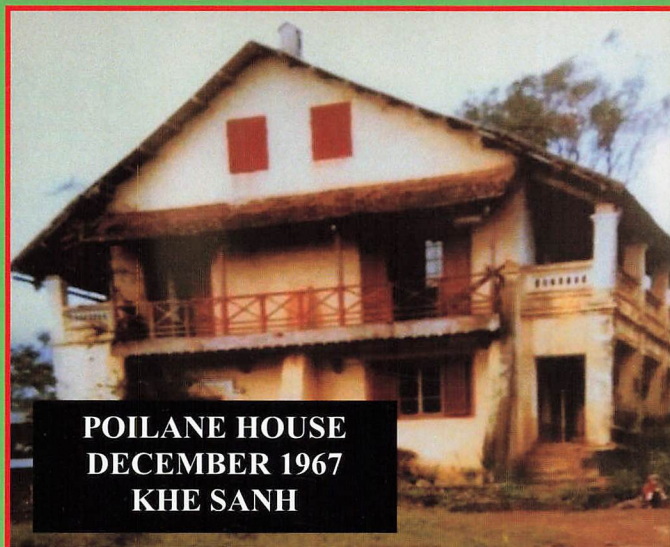
**DENNIS MANNION & TED SHOWALTER WITH POILANE FAMILY
AT THE KHE SANH VETERANS BANQUET**



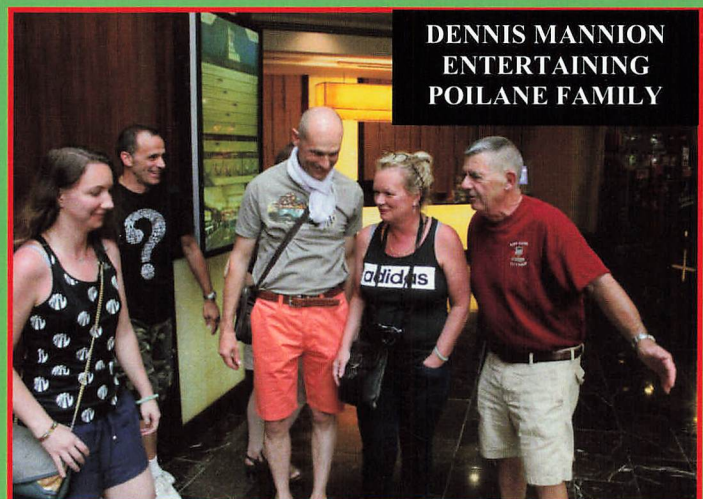
**POILANE FAMILY-1964
FELIX & MADELINE
JEAN-MARIE & FRANCOISE**



**FRANCOISE POILANE
AGE 8 AT KHE SANH**



**POILANE HOUSE
DECEMBER 1967
KHE SANH**



**DENNIS MANNION
ENTERTAINING
POILANE FAMILY**

THUA THIEN PROVINCE

By ROBERT W. UNANGST JR
INDIA CO 3/26 3RD PLT

In early September of 1967 Third Battalion 26th Marines left the Khe Sanh combat base for Camp Carroll. On September 7th the battalion left Camp Carroll to begin a sweep between the Con Thien fire base and the DMZ. This operation quickly transformed into a three day and night fire fight with two divisions of the North Vietnamese Army. The engagement is well documented and saw the battalion take killed and wounded casualties that reduced it's numbers from near 800 to a little over 130.

As the battalion was well below T/O strength, it was sent south to Camp Evans where it would regroup and rebuild. Once regrouped in December, it would be sent back north to Khe Sanh. While at Camp Evans, typical assignments might be sweeping Highway 1 and it's flanks for booby traps, occupying hill 51 and running patrols from it, setting night ambushes, and going on assorted two to four day patrols in the Co Bi Thanh Tan Valley between Highway 1 and the mountains rising west of the coastal plain. In particular, the area along highway 1 is what French correspondent Bernard Fall earlier referred to as "La Rue Sans Joie" (i.e., The Street Without Joy). This article is about one such patrol.

On or about the 27th of September 1967 my platoon, third platoon, of India Company 3/26, left Camp Evans on trucks and headed North on Highway 1 for several miles. We debarked from the trucks and moved out to the East across flat wet land until we came to a village near My Chanh still in Thua Thien province. The village was on the western bank of a river, probably the Song O Lau. The river was about two hundred feet across, slow moving, and apparently deep. The village was what one would expect in a simple rural setting. We were told our mission was to dig in along the river bank and act as a blocking force for the South Vietnamese Army that was sweeping towards us on the other side of the river. The sweep was apparently fairly large and would take some time as we were told that we would be in our positions for several days.

As we settled in, we began to casually dig our fox

holes and other fighting positions on the river bank with our e-tools. We were in close proximity to the villagers and their dwellings. They went about their daily business, and in this bucolic setting we felt no sense of urgency or danger as we continued to dig the holes that would be our dwellings for several days and nights. This tranquility lasted well into the afternoon then the stillness was shattered by the sound of semiautomatic small arms fire from the other side of the river. We were sitting ducks. The casual digging of our fox holes became frantic. There was nothing between the shooter and us but an occasional bush or small tree. The small arms fire quickly stopped, but the digging accelerated. After completing my fox hole, looked at my right hand and saw that every knuckle on the palm side of my hand was abraded and bleeding.

The instinct to survive demanded that we return fire, but the Platoon Commander, Lt. Richard Foley, said we were forbidden to do this as there might be a village on the other side of the river. The only thing I or anyone else was able to see on the other side of the river was dense foliage that went down to and into the river. There were no paths, no huts, no open areas, not the slightest evidence of a village.

For the next hour or so it was quiet. Our fighting positions had been dug. It was going into evening, and most of us were starting to eat our C-rations. At this time the small arms fire from across the river again erupted, but this time a Marine had been hit. Two positions down from mine, Lance Corporal Richard Harvel a twenty year old from Bedford, New Hampshire was sitting in or on his foxhole eating his chow when a bullet either straight on, or ricocheting off the ground in front of him, hit him in the back of his head.

The enemy fire lasted but a short while, maybe eight or ten semi-automatic rounds, and then quiet. Again we were forbidden to return fire. Now the quiet was broken by the high pitched almost siren-like sound of a head wound.

The platoon commander, Second Lieutenant Foley, called in the H-34 medivac chopper. It took a while to arrive and now it had become dark, very dark. I remember several of us carrying Harvel to the make shift LZ which may have been forty five meters

away from the river. I remember trying to keep the combat bandage on the back of his head. This was a bit of a balancing act as we were trying to stay low, but also trying to keep the back of his head out of the mud. In a Kafkaesque, way I recall stopping within inches of a farmer's wooden fence to take a breather. I looked to be sure Havel's head was still bandaged. Just as I did this, I saw and heard inches away on the other side of the fence the huge snorting head of a water buffalo. I was relieved that the fence was there. We got Richard to the arriving helicopter, and that was the last we saw of him.

The next day we manned our positions and did little else as we were the "Blocking Force." About 100 feet from my position I noticed a concrete slab going down and into the river. Back in "The World" one might have called this a boat ramp. On this concrete slab I noticed several Vietnamese women from the village washing clothes.

Before going to Vietnam, I and my fellow Marines had a full year of training most of which was in preparation for Vietnam. Somewhere along the line we were taught that the communists would not endanger the local population. From my experience that instruction could not have been more wrong. They didn't just endanger the local population, they terrorized it.

Vietnam had already taught me how minor cuts and scrapes would rapidly bloom into infections i.e., "jungle rot". This was especially true for those of us who were living in dirt. Foolishly feeling safe among these village women, I squatted on the slab at the water's edge with a piece of soap to wash and clean the abrasions I sustained from the day before. Normally I would also have take advantage of such situations to wash my face. For whatever reason, I chose not to wash my face that morning.

I began walking back to my position when semi-automatic fire erupted. I dropped to the ground facing the fire and found myself behind nothing more than the lone sprig of a tree. The only analogy I can think of is walking naked into a dark room when a group of people turn on the lights and yell surprise. The difference- the Vietnam experience had an immediate lethal potential.

The women ran screaming. On the river bank be-

hind the slab and behind the women, two Marines were sitting on a makeshift bunker. Apparently they received the same bad information about the communists not endangering civilians. The corpsman told us one Marine was hit in the elbow and the other was hit in the spine. To this day I wonder how the outcome would have been different If I had stayed to wash my face. I would have been an easy squatting target at that range. Was my squatting presence motivation for the shooter to get his gun? Again, we were forbidden to return fire.

Some time Later in that day we again received semi-automatic fire from the dense vegetation on the other side of the river, but this time the response would be different. This time, a young lance corporal whom we nicknamed "Gunny", took a few steps toward the river and opened up with his M16. I think everyone else thought what I was thinking. This situation is crazy; "Gunny" is right! We all opened up our weapons for about ten seconds. Survival is a powerful motivator. We were there for the rest of that day and well into the next day. In that time not so much as a single shot was fired at us. Of course that was too late for Harvel, another now paraplegic Marine, and another now armless Marine.

Sometimes I would wonder if this time at Thua Thien was primer for the 130mm Soviet artillery that would pound us at Khe Sanh from the enemy's sanctuaries in Laos' Co Roc mountain and the DMZ. Was this village a microcosm of the much larger strategy of "Containment." After all, we were not there to win but rather to contain.

I know some people say that we didn't remember these events. But rather that we "remember the telling" of these events. What these people have profoundly told me is that they were never there. I also strongly suspect that many of these people, at the time of these events, made every effort to be sure they were very far from Vietnam. Along this line I can say I don't remember much else from that operation. I do remember the Lieutenant had a radio man named Rinn. He was built like Tarzan but was shy. The village had an elder leader that we called "the Honcho." He told the Lieutenant that he wanted Rinn to mate with one of his daughters. When he got the drift of the conversation, Rinn turned red. It

did not happen.

Years later at a Khe Sanh reunion, Lt. Foley told me this was one of his first operations in the Nam. After arriving in country, he made a personal vow that as a platoon commander he would not lose a single man. I am sure he was far from the only Second Lieutenant to do this. Richard Harvel's death quickly put an end to that, not to mention the unimaginable carnage that returning o Khe Sanh would bring.

Nine months later I would return to "the world." I spoke with Richard Harvel's mother twice. His father had passed. Years later I sent her a copy of Dick Camp's "Lima -6" which gives his accounting of those days and nights from September 7-11, 1967. Those were days and nights of Hell between Con Thien and the DMZ. In that engagement, which I was not a part of because of a cellulitis infection in my leg, Richard was the M-79 man for our squad leader, Sergeant Bruce Krage. Sergeant Krage was part of the original 3rd Bn 26th Marines that landed in Viet am a year earlier. For my first seven weeks in Viet Nam I was glad that Sergeant Krage was my squad leader. He was everything you wanted in an infantry squad leader, smart, instinctive, thoughtful, well spoken, experienced, and squared away. He was the six foot one All-American kid from Minnesota. Unfortunately, Sergeant Krage was killed by a shot to the head during the heavy action on September 7, 1967, near the DMZ.

Richard Harvel described to me how the round that hit Craig was a tracer and how he saw it burn around inside his head. Ironically, it was a similar shot to the head of Richard Sometimes I reflect on the round that hit Richard. I think of the combat bandage I kept holding on the back of his head; I think of the mud I tried to keep his head out of; I think of the darkness; I think of the water buffalo. The corpsman told us that because Harvel's wound was in the back of his head he could still have higher functioning abilities. Later the next day our platoon sergeant, Sergeant Hoapili, in his Hawaiian accent told each of us, "Bruder, Harvel didn't make it." In our conversations I was never able to mention any of this to his mother. She told me she was a nurse in World War II. I mentioned that my father was the medical officer on a destroyer, USS Higbee, in the Pacific. The Higbee was the only

ship in the Navy named after a woman, a WWI nurse. I still felt paralyzed when it came to mentioning any of the details of her son's death.

Right now I reflect on how it took only six disjointed hours to write this but how it took fifty years to exhale it. I also reflect on my first week home, being back in lithe world." I remember going to a young person's gathering place in Saint James, New York. It was called The Gold Coast." I well remember the owner with his hand gun in a holster and a bouncer goon at his side telling me that as a Viet Nam veteran I was not allowed inside. In retrospect, this should not have surprised me as the establishment was a meeting place for students from Stony Brook University and Suffolk Community College.

The Gold Coast is gone, but we remain, what they and the communists could not kill.

OBIT

ROBERT E. GREENWOOD
USMC KHE SANH VETERAN,
CO 1/9 WPNS PLT



Robert E. Greenwood Fought the good fight in his short battle with liver cancer and on Saturday, June 9, 2018, he began his journey to his heavenly home. He leaves behind his wife, Joyce Buffalo Head Greenwood, of Oklahoma City; one son Brent Greenwood, of Edmond; two daughters, Shane and Shaula, of Oklahoma City; two granddaughters, Anevea, of Edmond and Mekai, of Oklahoma City and nine grandsons, Isaiah and Miwese, of Edmond and Josiah, David, Adrian, Julian, Andrew, Elijah and Jacobi, all of Oklahoma City; one sister, Jackie Sue Harrison, of Choctaw and many nieces, nephews, Chickasaw relatives and friends.



He is preceded in death by his parents, Cecil Greenwood and Louise Tyubby-Greenwood; a sister, Patricia Rough face-Greenwood; a nephew, Tommy Jr. Roughface; maternal grandparents, Lila McIlsh-Hawkins and Richmond Tyub

by and paternal grandparents, Susie Chummuttie Greenwood.

Robert was an enrolled member of the Chickasaw Nation. He embraced his Chickasaw language and culture. He was honored to accept the invitation to have his portrait painted by Mike Larsen, a renowned Chickasaw artist. Robert is one of 18 Chickasaw elders whose paintings are displayed in the Chickasaw Cultural museum in Sulphur. Just recently, he was asked to participate with other Chickasaw elders in a documentary entitled, "Elders Speak".

Robert was born In Lawton, on March 13, 1949, to the proud parents Louise and Cecil Greenwood. The family resided in Oklahoma City and later moved to Midwest City where he attended school his elementary and high school years. Upon graduation in 1967 he, along with his best high school friend Shelby Nelson, enlisted with the Marines.

Robert was stationed at Camp Pendleton for his basic training and was later deployed to fight in the Vietnam War. He was assigned with the 1st battalion 9th Marines. It was during the Khe Sanh battle that Robert would receive two purple hearts, a National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Presidential Unit Citation, Combat Action Ribbon, two Meritorious Citations and a Good Conduct Medal for his bravery and heroic efforts in one of the deadliest battles in the Vietnam War. He was seriously injured during this time of battle and was transported by medevac to Corpus Christi Texas where he was hospitalized for his injuries and later assigned to Camp Pendleton for further training.

1969 he returned home to Midwest City. He was employed at Western Electric Company in 1970 and later was employed by the U.S. Postal Service where he retired in 2006. In June of 1970, he attended the Methodist annual conference at Hog Creek in Anadarko. It was there he met his wife, Joyce and they were married in January of 1971. They established their home in Oklahoma City, where many

memories were made with their three children and 11 grandchildren. He was a member of the Mary Lee Clark Church in Del City.

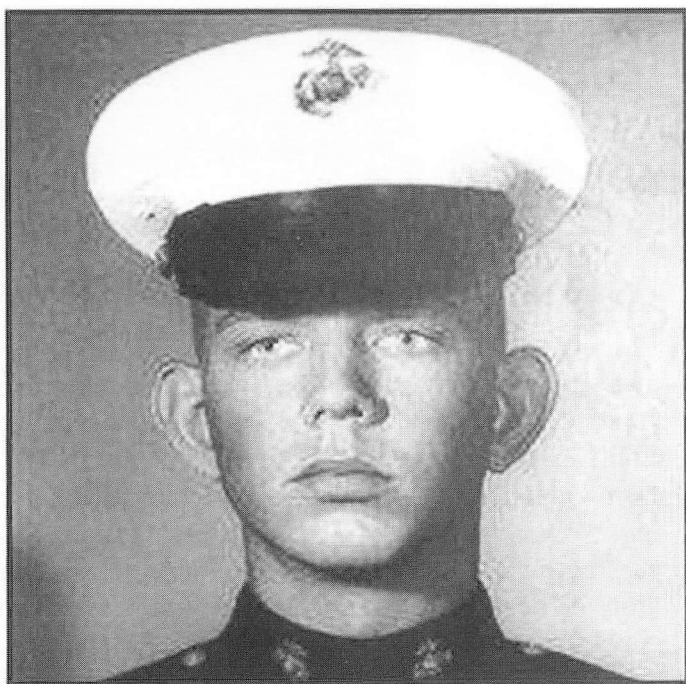
Robert was an avid fan of the Oklahoma State Cowboys. There were many happy days spent with his family in the Stillwater and Ponca City area during football and basketball seasons. He enjoyed camping at Chickasaw National Recreation Park in Sulphur with his family and grandchildren. Every year for the past 26 years, he looked forward to camping in August at the annual Ponca Celebration. He was very supportive of his wife's desires to carry on the Ponca ways and traditions for her family.

Robert was a loving husband, father, grandfather, uncle, friend and there are no words to express the void that will be left with his family and friends. He left a legacy of unconditional love, discipline and respect for his children and grandchildren to carry through their words and actions.

Burial was in Ponca Indian Cemetery.

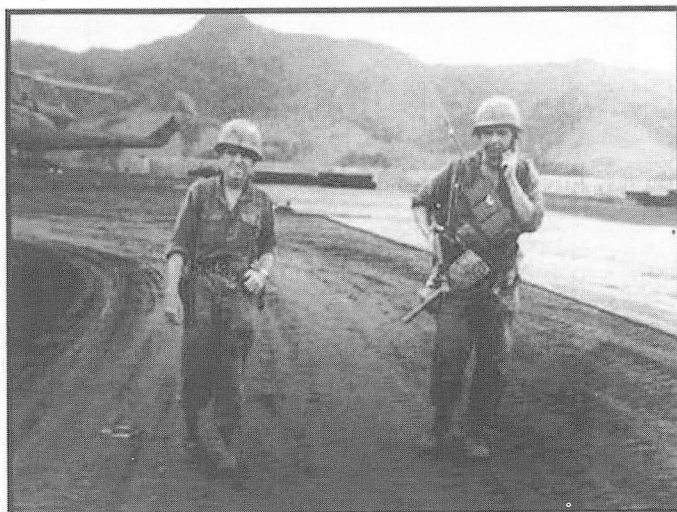
OBIT

RAYMOND WORDEN, USMC KHE SANH VETERAN ALPHA CO 1/26



Raymond Marcus Worden, "Modoc", was born November 25, 1947 in Muncie, IN to the late Raymond and Wanda (Cooper) Worden. Mark 'Modoc' Worden, 70, passed away unexpectedly at his home in Hagerstown on the morning of September 7th. 'Modoc' was a 1966 graduate of Union High School in Modoc, IN.

He served his country with honor in Vietnam and abroad as an enlisted volunteer in the United States Marine Corp. He was a Khe Sanh veteran seeing action in the hills and mountains surrounding the base. In 2007 'Modoc' retired from General Motors Corp. after 30 years of service. After retirement 'Modoc' went on to work at Autocar before being diagnosed with a serious form of cancer for which he was successfully treated. At the time of his passing he was employed as a groundskeeper at Hartley



Hills Country Club.

'Modoc' was an avid golfer and up until recently a devoted Harley Davidson rider. He enjoyed spending time with friends at the golf course, American Legion Post 333, and AmVets Post 38.

'Modoc' was a devoted husband, beloved father, grandfather, and brother. Survivors include his wife of 34 years Cynthia L. (Kerney) Worden, three children Amanda J. Worden (Brad Thomas) of Hagerstown, Bryan A. Worden of Muncie, and Justus T. (Kimberly) Kerney of Economy. His surviving brother and sisters include Teddy (Jim) Holwager of Mathews, NC, Cathy Flatter of Winchester, IN, Joy Woolf of Farmland, IN, Gilbert Worden (Toni Pardue) of Tulsa, OK, and Claudia (Rodney) Spurlock of New Castle, IN. His grandchildren include Cameron Worden, Kelsey Dodd, Shelby Dodd, Bryce

Worden along with a great granddaughter, Emma Worden and step-grandchildren and great grandson: Allyson (Gruell) (Brett) Crawford, Patrick Gruell, and Paxton Crawford. Numerous nieces and nephews and other close relatives will also miss 'Modoc' dearly.



Although very active he greatly loved his family and always made time to spend with them. He was very well known throughout the community having countless friends and acquaintances. 'Modoc' will be fondly remembered as a very kind, genuine man with a great sense of humor and authentic character. As his nickname can attest, he was fond of his personal slogan: "Bottle of pop, big banana, I'm from MODOC INDIANA!" We will miss you and are grateful we had you.

A memorial service was held on Thursday Sept. 13th at 2:00pm at Culberson Funeral Home in Hagerstown, IN. Visitation will begin at 1:00pm. In lieu of flowers the family requests donations be made to a veteran's organization of your choice.

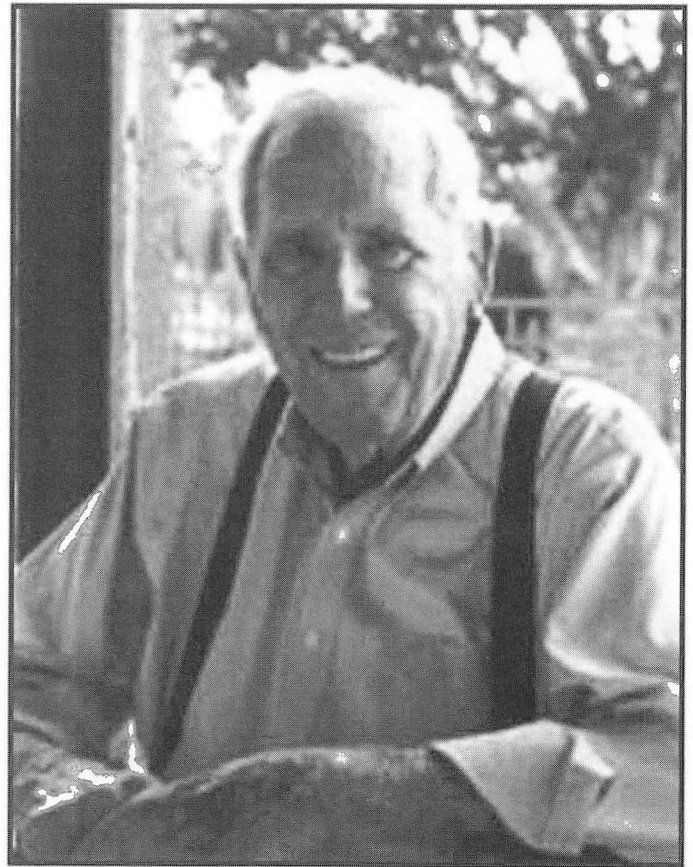
Raymond Worden was my radio operator twice, first in the 3rd Platoon, Alpha Company, 1/26 and later in the reconstituted 2nd Platoon, during the Spring and Summer of 1967. As a Marine he was

as good as they get, especially in close combat. The former members of the 3rd Platoon had been looking for him since 1988. We were so glad to see him at the reunion. He decided to come based on the encouragement of his friend Charles Pittman (Whiskey Battery, 1/13). He was as surprised as we were to meet up again. Thank you Charles. We will miss him.

John Kaheny

OBIT

**LOUIS ARTHUR RANN, COL, USMC
KHE SANH VETERAN
XO 26TH MARINES**



Retired, age 95 of Indian Harbour Beach passed away on Tuesday July 17, 2018. Louis was born June 23, 1923 in Cologne, New Jersey. Louis & Joanne moved to Brevard County in 1975 from Quantico MCB, Quantico, VA. He served during WWII, the Korean War and the Vietnam War earning awards that included the Purple Heart, Legion of Merit with V, Bronze Star with V, Peruvian Navy Cross and the Meritorious Service Medal.

Louis was a 32nd Degree Mason, a member of the

Satellite Beach United Methodist Church, 3rd Marine Division Association, Khe Sanh Marines, 2nd Battalion, 4th Marines - The Magnificent Bastards Association and Phi Epsilon Kappa Fraternity.

Louis is survived by his children, Stephen L. Rann, David P. Rann, R. Zoe Rann and his siblings, Patricia Stutzbach, Phyllis Messinger and Robert Rann, his grandchildren, Kimberly Brown, Sarah Aboukhater, Rachel Wysuph, Joshua Scheiner, Katherine Rauber, James Scheiner, Paul Rann and Allison Rann, his great-grandchildren, Maxwell Brown, Elias Aboukhater, Evan Aboukhater, Margaret Brown, Baylan Wysuph, Mira Aboukhater, Lilian Wysuph, Sela Scheiner and Ava Scheiner. He was preceded in death by his wife Joanne Rann.

A Funeral Service was held Satellite Beach United Methodist Church, 450 Lee Avenue, Saturday, August 11 at 11:00 AM,

KSV 2018 REUNION:

THE POILANE PAPERS BY COL NICHOLAS ROMANETZ USMC, KHE SANH VETERAN CHARLIE CO 1/26 2ND PLT

I arrived at Khe Sanh in early October 1967 as a new Second Lieutenant and was assigned to Charlie Company on Hill 861. In early November the company was rotated down to the combat base and assumed the responsibility for base security/reaction force. We ran a variety of squad, platoon and company patrols from the combat base which lasted as long as one to five days. Sometime in early December, I believe, we were returning from a five-day company size patrol from the vicinity of the blown bridge on Route 9, east of the KSCB. We passed a Bru village of huts and soon arrived at the access road from Route 9 to KSCB. As we made the right turn towards the base, I noticed in the distance a yellow, two story house. I was not aware of what the structure was or who it belonged to as I can't recall ever seeing it before.

About 50 yards from the house, I noticed a young Caucasian girl sitting on the front steps. I took a picture of her with my high tech, expensive Instamatic and when I was about fifteen feet from the

girl I took a second picture. A little over a month later, the siege began. I had kept those pictures in a scrapbook for many years (at least 30) and always wondered what happened to the girl. I had found out that she was the daughter of a French couple that owned the home and a coffee plantation very near the base.

I instinctively reached out to Ray Stubbe and he told me the Poi lane Family were the people that lived there and that the mother and two children were alive and well, living in France. Ray then provided me Madame Poilane's address in France. In my readings about Khe Sanh I learned that Felix, the husband of Madeleine, was killed in a plane crash at Khe Sanh in April 1968 when he was returning to check on his house and plantation (I knew that the house was destroyed early in the siege and this was recently confirmed in Mike Archer's recent publication, "The Gunpowder Prince". The house was being used by NVA artillery spotters positioned on the second floor who were seen by Marine spotters on the base. A flight of fixed wing aircraft quickly destroyed the building).

In early 2002 I was working in a public high school and I enlisted the services of a French teacher to translate my initial letter to Madame Poilane in French. I identified myself and included copies of the two color photos of her daughter I had taken some 30 years earlier. Within two weeks I heard from Madame Poilane. A letter, written in French, thanked me for contacting her and providing the photos. She basically said she had "lost everything" from her time in Viet Nam and the pictures were the first and only physical items she had that covered her life at Khe Sanh. For the next few months we exchanged letters with the French teacher doing all of the translation from French to English for my benefit and English to French for Madame's benefit. I soon received a 25+ page "manuscript" typed in French and titled "Memories of Vietnam 1957-1968" from Madame. I called the manuscript "The Poilane Papers." My French teacher friend was more than happy to have one of her Advanced Placement French classes assume the responsibility of translating the document to English. Within a few weeks I had a wonderful manuscript to read and found it fascinating.

About this time Ernie Spencer was responsible for publishing and distributing Red Clay. I sent him the pictures and manuscript and he published it in its entirety. Fast forward to a few years ago when Dennis Mannion took an interest in the Poilane children and their story and life in VN. I provided him a copy of the original manuscript, in both French and English, and he contacted the children, Francoise and Jean- Marie. Issue 89 of Red Clay (winter/spring 2016) republished Madam Poilane's entire manuscript as well as stories which were the result of Dennis communicating with the Poilane children and others.

For me, upon learning the Poilane children would attend our recent DC reunion, I felt it was a great opportunity to bring this episode full circle and close this chapter of my Khe Sanh experiences. I met the Poilane's for breakfast on Thursday of the reunion. I introduced myself as the guy who took the pictures of Franscoise and the guy that corresponded with their Mom allowing her "manuscript" to be published in Red Clay. That morning I returned to the children all of the correspondence I had with Madame (English and French copies) as well as the original manuscript typed in French. This manuscript and accompanying correspondence had been stored in a filing cabinet for over 30 years. Had I died, there is no doubt these documents would have ended up in the trash. I also provided each of the children with the two pictures in a frame (photo of presentation enclosed). I truly hope that them having the documents I provided add some value and meaning to their family history.

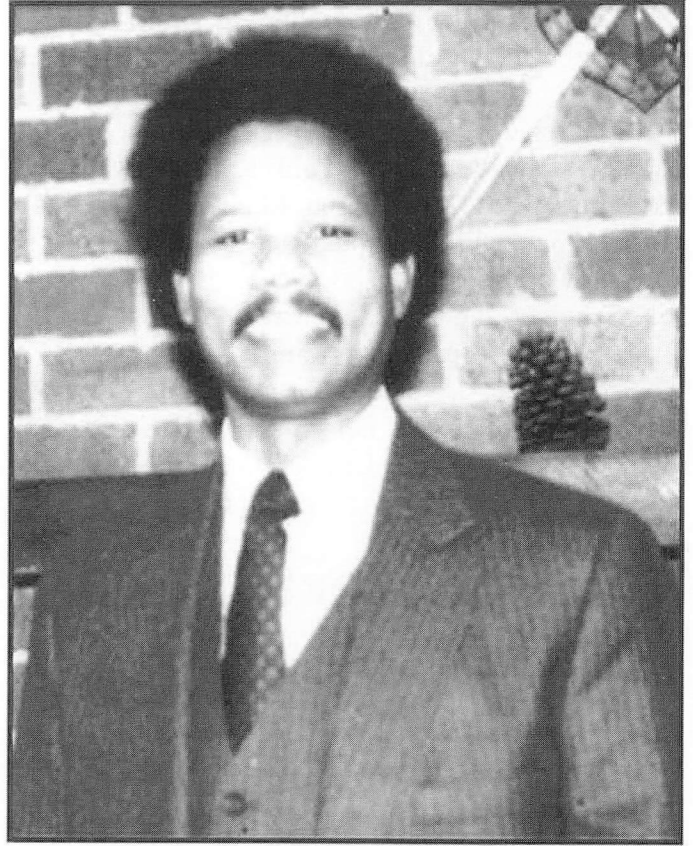
OBIT

LAWRENCE "LARRY" BALLARD USMC KHE SANH VETERAN H&S CO 2/26

Laurence A. "Larry" Ballard, 70, entered into eternal peace on Wednesday, August 22, 2018 at his home in Silver Spring, MD. Larry was born in Washington, DC on March 1, 1948 to Caleb H. and Alise J. Ballard.

Larry graduated from Spingarn High School, Washington, DC in 1966 and joined the U.S. Marine

Corps, serving from 1966 to 1971. He served in the Vietnam War, including stints at Phu Bai, Con Thien, Camp Carroll, and Dong Ha. He also served in the war's most famous siege, the Battle of Khe Sanh, from January through April 1968



After returning from Vietnam, Larry served as a sergeant at one of the premier posts of the Corps, Marine Barracks at 8th and I Streets in Washington, DC, for two and a half years. He earned many awards during his military service including National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Presidential Unit Citation, Combat Action Ribbon, and Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry.

Larry attended the University of the District of Columbia, graduating in 1975 with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Bio-environmental Science and Engineering. He began his career in law enforcement, joining the Montgomery County Maryland Police Department in 1977. The career in law enforcement was a good fit for him as he always had a moral code consisting of a strong commitment to fairness and justice.

Larry was a humanitarian and community lead-

er. He was active in politics in Washington, DC as a young man, served as president of the Spring Oaks Community Association for many years, and sponsored several children through the Children International Organization over a period of more than 25 years. His sponsorship provided support to children in impoverished countries, ensuring they had access to medical care and educational opportunities.

Larry was a member of several organizations including the Khe Sanh Veterans Association, the Fraternal Order of Police, the Montgomery County Police Alumni Association, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and a lifetime member of the NAACP. Larry will be lovingly remembered by his devoted wife of 38 years, Carolyn N. Edwards; sister, Mena Young-Harris (Joseph); two nephews, Michael A. Young Jr. and Johnathon L. Key; father and mother-in-law, Joe Wise and Christine Edwards; and special friends, Marsha Gilchrist, James Gilchrist, and Otis Pitts Jr., along with other beloved family and friends.

OBIT

LARRY P. SHREVE, USMC KHE SANH VETERAN H&S CO 3/26



He was born February 11, 1941 in Marshall County, WV; the son of the late Clark and Zelma Wells Shreve.

He was a veteran of the USMC, where he received a Purple Heart; a retired coal miner from McElroy Mine; a member of Moundsville VFW Post 437; Earl Francis Post 3, American Legion; DAV; Marine Corps League, Wheeling; and Paralyzed Veterans. In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by an infant brother, Brent; an infant sister, Rose; a brother, Clark Shreve; and a sister, Loretta Ford.

Survivors include his wife, Karen Ann Shaffer Shreve; a son, Kevin (Christa) Shreve of South Riding, VA; two daughters, Tina (Michael) Nichols of Valley Grove, WV, Deanna Shreve of St. Clairsville, OH; two grandchildren, Tiffani Amber (Anthony) Baltimore, Ryan Shreve; ten siblings, Gary (Kathy) Shreve of Glen Dale, Joyce (Luther) Ritchea of Moundsville, Donna (Mickel) Evans of Moundsville, Randy (Kathy) Shreve of Fernandina Beach, FL; Jerry Shreve of Washington Lands, Debbie (Terry) Kittle of Smoke Hole, WV, Janice Shreve, Sheila (Dale) Rodgers, Melody Shreve all of Moundsville, Barbara Whitlatch of Cameron; two great-grandchildren, Ezra and Sarah Baltimore; several nieces and nephews.

Interment in Riverview Cemetery, Moundsville, where the Moundsville Honor Guard conducted Military Graveside services.

THE GUNS AT KHE SANH, 1968

Dwight Jon Zimmerman
ARGUNNERS MAGAZINE



"The 66-day battle of Khe Sanh, which began in January 1968, became a classic defensive operation for U.S. forces. It tested American concepts of defense and demonstrated that good fire support

could effectively neutralize a superior force.” — Major General David Ewing Ott, USA (US Army Vietnam Studies: Field Artillery 1954-1973)

The North Vietnamese 1968 Tet Offensive was designed to be the knockout blow that would defeat South Vietnamese military forces, inspire a popular uprising against the South Vietnamese government, and force the Allied troops under the command of U.S. Army General William Westmoreland, Military Assistance Command Vietnam (MACV) to evacuate the country. A prelude to the communist campaign was the conquest of the remote base camp in the U.S. Marine I Corps Tactical Zone, Khe Sanh.

Khe Sanh was located in the northernmost South Vietnamese province of Quang Tri, about six miles east of the Laotian border and fourteen miles south of the Demilitarized Zone. Established in 1962 and initially occupied by Special Operations Forces, it was designed for surveillance, not interdiction, of enemy traffic down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. In 1966 General Westmoreland, over Marine objections, ordered it expanded to a battalion-sized base camp complete with airstrip. In 1967 it was expanded and reinforced to regimental strength.

In late 1967, Marine patrols observed stepped up North Vietnamese activity in the region, with evidence that large numbers of communist troops were remaining instead of typically transiting south. On 2 January 1968, about three weeks before the Vietnamese Tet holiday and truce were to begin, a Marine reconnaissance patrol attacked a six-man North Vietnamese Army patrol just outside the Khe Sanh defensive perimeter, killing five. Among the dead were an NVA regimental commander and his operations officer. The official Marine history concluded, “The fact that the North Vietnamese could commit such key men to a highly dangerous, personal reconnaissance indicated that Khe Sanh was at the top of the communists’ priority list.” Westmoreland interpreted the incident to mean that thousands of enemy troops were in the area and that Khe Sanh held the opportunity for finally bringing about the decisive engagement against communists that he had long desired. The entire 26th Marine Regiment under the command of Colonel David Lownds was tasked with the defense of Khe Sanh. It was the first time since Iwo Jima that all three battalions of the regiment were together for

a combat operation. Westmoreland planned to use the Marines as “bait” to lure the NVA into battle where they would be destroyed by superior American firepower. Anticipating that the Marines would be cut off, Westmoreland planned to use superior American air power to resupply and augment the defenses of the base. In the days leading up to Tet, additional men, including the South Vietnamese 37th ARVN Ranger Battalion, and supplies were air lifted to Khe Sanh. Approximately 3,000 troops were located in the base camp with 3,000 more split among positions on the nearby hills 950, 881, 861, and 558, so named for their height. Each garrison was supported by artillery. For the siege, the NVA had assembled two regiments of the 325C Division, veterans of Dien Bien Phu, and two regiments of the 320th Division. They would be supported by the 304th Division, an armored regiment,



U.S. Marines of Company G, 2ND Battalion, 3RD
Marines inch their way toward the summit of Hill 881N
during the Hill Fights of the Battle for Khe Sanh.
(Credits: USMC /A189161)

and two artillery regiments. All told, the NVA had committed from 20,000 to 30,000 troops for the operation.

The siege began on 20 January when a patrol between hills 881 North, held by the NVA, and 881 South, held by the Marines, led by Captain William Dabney made contact with elements of the NVA. The following day, the enemy launched an assault of hills 881S and 861. Enemy artillery damaged the airstrip and scored a major success when rocket and shellfire hit the main ammunition dump, leaving the Marines desperately short of shells. Despite incoming barrages and anti-aircraft fire, six C-130 cargo transports successfully landed later that day on the still-damaged air strip and discharged 24 tons



Marine Artillery Crew fires from Khe Sanh, 14 February 1968. (Credits: National Archives)

of cargo, mostly artillery shells. For his troops to successfully hold out, Colonel Lownds estimated that he would need 160 tons of supplies per day.

The vital role that air power and artillery performed in the successful Marine defense of Khe Sanh cannot be overstated. During the siege there were times when approximately half of all air assets in the theater were tasked with the support of the Marines at Khe Sanh. There is no question of the value and importance of the many air strikes on enemy positions. But even more important was the Air Force's ability to conduct aerial resupply operations. Westmoreland later wrote, "The resupply of Khe Sanh stands as the premier air logistical feat of the war. At no time during the siege did the defenders experience a serious supply shortage."

Regarding artillery fire during the battle, 158,981 rounds of various calibers were fired on enemy positions and attack points. A total of 46 artillery pieces were used including five batteries of Marine artillery composed of three batteries of 105 mm howitzers, one battery of 4.2 inch mortars, and one battery of 155 howitzers. The Marines were supported by four batteries of Army 175 mm guns, all from the 2d Battalion, 94th Field Artillery. One battery was at a base codenamed "Rockpile" located about nine miles north-northwest of Khe Sanh, and the other three were based at Camp Carroll about thirteen miles northeast. All supporting arms fire was coordinated from Khe Sanh itself by the fire support coordination center (FSCC) operated by the 1st Battalion, 13th Marines (Artillery) and the direct air support center (DASC).

The complexity of the FSCC operations during the siege is indicated by the description of an average night's pattern of preplanned fires by a target intelligence/information officer: "Combined TOTs (time on targets) from nine batteries totaled 4-6; separate battalion TOTs, Army 4-6 and Marine 10-15; battery multiple volley individual missions, 40-50; battery H&Is (harassment and interdiction) 20-30. Normal one-gun, one-round H&Is were not used; this type of fire was of little value. Marine and Army artillery were employed in target areas and at ranges to reduce to a minimum check fires caused by the arrival of MPQ (radar guided) and reconnaissance aircraft. Later, as we learned finesse, air was given the targets south of the base and west of the maximum range of the 175 mm guns; 1/13 was given any targets whose range required a maximum ordinate of 14,000 feet (altitude of an MPQ controlled air strike), and the 175 mm guns were assigned to targets to the north, northwest, and east of the base."

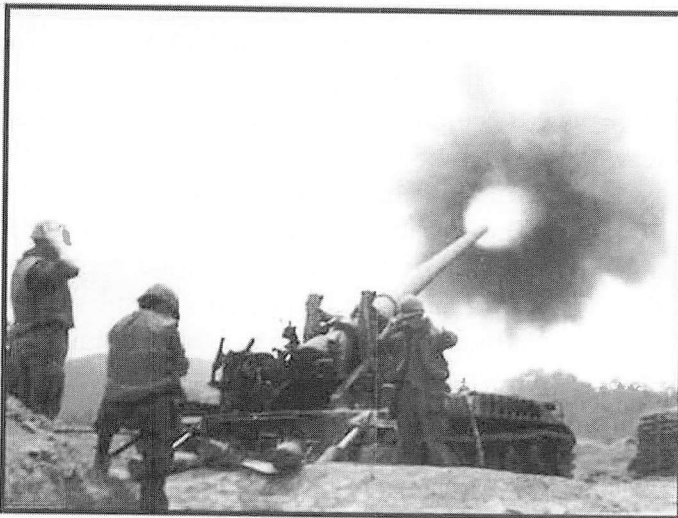
FSCC's ability to provide timely and accurate fire on numerous targets simultaneously was made possible by the Field Artillery Digital Automatic Computer (FADAC). First Lieutenant Carlton B. Crenshaw of Company C, 1/13, would receive the Bronze Star with "V" device and his second Purple Heart while stationed on Hill 881S during the siege. A few days after the siege had begun, Crenshaw, on night watch duty in the Charlie Battery command bunker had an opportunity to see the FADAC in action. In a letter home he wrote, "At about 10:00 our battalion fire control center called and needed support for another Marine recon unit that was surrounded. We had a new computer called FADAC that was able to do many things simultaneously. It gave us four simultaneous missions to be supported by eight artillery guns from my battery. In essence they provided a box of artillery protection for our Marines. The fire mission went on for hours as the box moved to cover the movement of the Marines back to the combat base."

Easy clearance procedures for fire missions meant artillery could swiftly respond to changing tactical situations regardless of weather. Unless friendly aircraft were above the target area, artillery rounds could be striking enemy positions within forty seconds after the call for fire was made.

Support fire was organized into four responses, three-sided artillery box, mini Arc Light, micro Arc Light, and direct fire against targets of opportunity. North Vietnamese Army doctrine called for battalion attacks in column formation. Lt. Crenshaw described one use of the artillery box. In general the fire support coordination center used three batteries of the 1/13 to execute the three sides of the box around second echelon troops designed to support the enemy's lead battalion during the attack, hemming the reserves. The fourth, open, side faced friendly lines. A fourth battery from 1/13 closed this fourth side with a rolling barrage that moved up and down the box like a piston in a cylinder. Simultaneously, the center placed a secondary box around surrounding enemy backup units. Four Army 175 mm batteries were responsible for two sides, about 500 meters outside the primary box. If weather conditions permitted, air strike missions, sometimes including B-52 Arc Light missions, supported the barrages. The combination of back and forth piston and side to side accordion salvo action proved devastating. Lead assault units would come under organic 81 mm mortar and 106 mm recoilless rifle fire when they came within range. When NVA commanders of the lead assault units attempted to call in support or reinforcements for an

support coordinator. Similar to a regular B-52 Arc Light mission, the value of a mini Arc Light mission was that it could be organized and employed more rapidly, generally within forty-five minutes. Once a target, such as an enemy troop staging area, was identified, the assistant fire support coordinator plotted a 500 x 1,000 meter block in the suspected area or across the anticipated march route. Two Intruder tactical aircraft, each armed with twenty-eight 500-lb. bombs, were then called in for a radar-guided bomb run. As the same time, batteries at Khe Sanh, the Rockpile, and Camp Carroll were alerted. Thirty seconds before the Intruders were about to drop their bombs, Army 175 mm batteries fired a sixty-round salvo concentrated on half the block. As the Intruders dropped their bombs down the middle of the block, Marine batteries directed fire on the second half of the block. Flight and trajectory times of all ordnance were computed so that all would strike simultaneously, saturating the block.

More rapid still was the micro Arc Light, which could be put into effect within ten minutes. Conducted essentially the same way, the micro Arc Light used less ordnance and over a smaller, 500 x 500 meter, area.



An Army 175mm M107 at Camp Carroll provides fire support for ground forces. (Credits: U.S. Army Heritage and Education Center)

effective *schwerpunkt*, they discovered that their reserves were already under heavy combined arms attack.

Mini Arc Light missions were used against area targets and were the responsibility of the assistant fire

The direct fire against targets of opportunity was used by Marine artillery on Khe Sanh. The effectiveness of this method was demonstrated by Marine howitzers located on Hill 881S northwest of Khe Sanh. At one point during the siege, an alert machine gunner on Hill 881S saw a twenty-man NVA column, with troops carrying mortar tubes, climbing the slope of Hill 758, south of the Marines' position. An initial salvo, from 1,200 meters, successfully hit a number of the enemy. When the survivors gathered around their fallen comrades, the Marines shoved aside their defensive parapets, depressed their gun tubes for a downhill shot, and fired off about a dozen rounds, killing all the enemy troops.

The B-52 Stratofortress was not generally regarded as a close air support asset. But, with a 27-ton payload of 500- and 750-pound bombs, they proved enormously effective in that role during the siege. Even a near miss by an Arc Light mission was devastating. In a study of the effectiveness of combined artillery and airpower at Khe Sanh, Cap-

tain John A. Hamilton, Jr., USA, wrote, "The concussion from a B-52 attack was so violent that fatal casualties were produced from concussion effects alone." Applying the rule of thumb of one meter distance per each pound of TNT in a bomb, a 500-pound bomb could be dropped as close as 500 meters from a friendly position. This capability prevented the NVA from massing large numbers of troops close to Marine lines, particularly at night. Often after an Arc Light mission, 1/13 batteries



Remaining bomb shells at KheSanh (Credits: L'Homme Veneux Via Wikimedia)

would wait a maximum of twenty minutes before saturating the bombed area with artillery fire, inflicting additional casualties on the dazed enemy troops.

NVA used a number of types of artillery including tube and rocket. Soviet-built 122 mm rockets were launched mostly from positions on Hill 881N. Tube artillery in the form of 130 mm and 152 mm batteries were located on Co Roc Mountain in Laos. Marine positions on Hill 881S were ranged by NVA 120 mm mortars. In a tactic used fourteen years earlier at Dien Bien Phu, it's believed that the NVA emplaced the 120 mm mortars at precise angles in tunnels in order to repeatedly hit one specific target. It is one explanation for why only Hill 881S received 120 mm mortar fire and why the communist mortars were never found and knocked out of action.

Communist shelling was often intense. One day alone, 1,370 shells landed on Khe Sanh. Lt. Crenshaw wrote that by the eighth day of the siege, "Our hill reminds me of pictures that I have seen of trenches used by French, English, and German

troops during World War I. Within a few days nothing will be left above the ground level." Marines continued to dig foxholes and bunkers. But even deep bunkers with reinforced roofs proved little protection against NVA 120 mm mortar fire. In a letter home, Crenshaw noted, "The bunker next to mine took a direct hit with a 120 mm mortar yesterday which went about three feet of overhead protection and wounded two Marines in there."

Enemy artillery fire was immediately answered by either counterbattery fire or air strikes or a combination of both. The Marine official history of the siege noted the extraordinary dedication of the Marine artillery officers in returning fire. In one example, the executive officer of the 1/13 "ignored the heavy barrage and raced from one shell hole to another analyzing the craters and collecting fragments so that he could determine the caliber of the enemy weapons as well as the direction from which they were being fired. Much of the counterbattery fire was a direct result of his efforts."

The NVA made its greatest attempt to capture Khe Sanh the night of 29 February-1 March. Intelligence determined that the enemy had massed a significant force, later believed to be a battalion from the 304th NVA Division, and it was moving toward the eastern side of the Marine perimeter which was defended by the 37th ARVN Ranger Battalion. The FSCC quickly called in saturation fire missions on the projected enemy routes of march east and south of the perimeter. Within minutes tactical air, and mini and micro Arc Light missions added their destruction. Two and a half hours later, bomb payloads of the first full-scale Arc Light mission were dropped on the enemy troops. The NVA resolutely attempted three assaults on the ARVN line. The intensity of the combined ground, air and artillery fire was so great that at no time were the enemy troops able to reach, let alone breach, the outermost defensive line of barbed wire.

Montagnard tribesmen later reported that they discovered 200 to 500 enemy bodies stacked along the leading to Khe Sanh. Intelligence estimates concluded that an NVA regiment was virtually wiped out that night. The official Marine history of the siege concluded, "It was obvious that [the NVA troops] had been caught on the march and mangled by air raids and piston-like artillery concentrations.

While many of the defenders of Khe Sanh never fired a shot, what was believed to be the long-



Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap
(Credits: Public Doman)

awaited enemy onslaught came and passed with a whimper instead of a roar." Though attacks against the base continued, the NVA never again staged a major attack on the base.

Two weeks later, intelligence determined that the enemy was pulling units away from the area. On 31 March, the Army's 1st Cavalry Division arrived at Khe Sanh, relieved the Marine force, and commenced Operation Pegasus, the fifteen-day air assault operation that ended the battle of Khe Sanh. A final assessment by intelligence estimated that two crack NVA regular divisions were effectively destroyed and that their destruction was primarily caused by American combined artillery and air attacks.

During the siege, Bravo Battery, 1/13, an oversize battery composed of six 105 mm howitzers and three additional howitzers from Charlie Battery, had

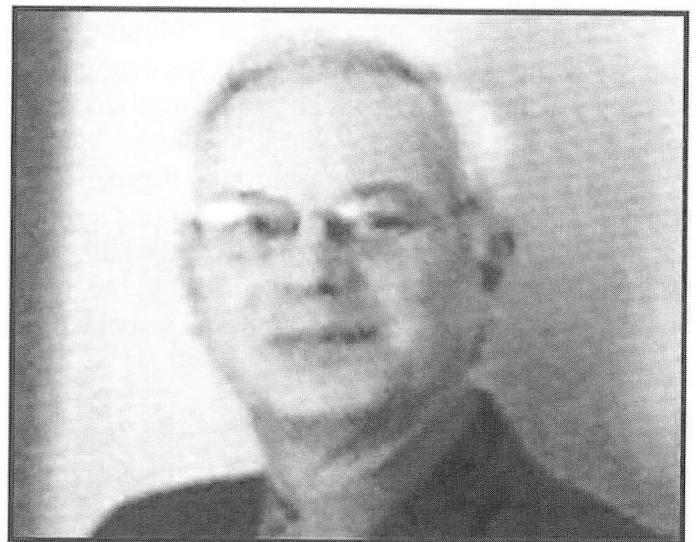
fired more than 1,250 rounds in support of the Marines at Khe Sanh. 1st Lieutenant Fred McGrath remembered that near the end of February,

"Colonel Lownds personally came to our position and thanked every Marine in the position for the superb fire support his regiment had received." Lownds would later receive the Navy Cross for his role in the defense of Khe Sanh and accept for the 26th Marines the Presidential Unit Citation.

North Vietnamese Defense Minister and commander in chief of the North Vietnamese Army General Vo Nguyen Giap had gambled that he could overwhelm the Marine and ARVN forces at Khe Sanh the same way he had the French at Dien Bien Phu. He failed. The resolution of the infantry defenders, coupled with the enormous power of American artillery and aircraft demonstrated that even an isolated and encircled position could hold out against a superior enemy force.

In comparing the two sides' operations, Captain Harry Baig, 26th Marines Target Information Officer at Khe Sanh, later said, "Colonel Lownds employed traditional Marine tactics and doctrine of the twentieth century against an enemy who chose to put his faith and fortune in usages of the eighteenth."

Dwight Jon Zimmerman is a Bestselling and award winning author, radio host, and president of the Military Writers Society of America,



A TRIBUTE TO THE VETERANS OF THE VIETNAM WAR

By Sue Staton
Winchester Sun



Since I had written several times about War II veterans, I have decided to write two columns about some of the soldiers from the Vietnam War era.

Many of these men who served in the Vietnam war are now in their 70s and I feel the need to honor them.

While this war is very close to my heart since it claimed the lives of many young men who were my own age at the time of the war, I have felt compelled to honor these military men who served.

As I have mentioned previously, Willie Aldridge and Linn Planck graduated the same year I did and both lost their lives in the Vietnam War soon after graduating from high school. Clark County lost another young man, Bobby Gentry, to the war.

To these three and all others who never made it home from the war, I want to dedicate this column to them.

For the many veterans who did make it home alive, no one truly knows what toll this war has taken on their lives. Most of them have never been able to speak of it until recently and for some not at all.

What they experienced happened, in some cases, more than 50 years ago, but that experience is as real today as it was back then for them.

I asked Kim Wedgworth last week if he would be willing to share a little about his Vietnam experience and learned he is just now willing to talk about being in the Marines during the war. He served in the Infantry with the 3rd Battalion 9th Marine. His marine career began when he was 19 on Dec. 28, 1966.

He drew a low lottery number which meant he would be drafted soon. This was during a time when every young man who turned 18 was sent a draft notice for military service. The higher the lottery number, the less likely you would be drafted. He knew he was going to be called up soon so he and a buddy went ahead and signed up for the Marine Corp.

His military journey began with a rigorous 13-week training at Parris Island, South Carolina. From there he was sent for 17 weeks for more rigorous training at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, and then one week to Camp Pendleton in California before being sent to the middle of the war zone of Vietnam in a place called **Khe Sanh**.

He told me he was thankful for the rigorous training he received before he arrived because, "it was an absolute must for survival in the war."

I mentioned to him I had read the temperatures would soar to 100 degrees and he said, "110." He told me they had to carry a backpack that weighed around 70 pound. I shuddered inside at the thought of it.

Luckily, for a lot of guys, their homes were not equipped with air conditioners while growing up. Even so, I am sure many a soldier collapsed from heat exhaustion.

These guys may have been boys when they left home but they became tough men in just a few weeks.

Kim said it takes eight people to support one guy in the field. One of the things they were told during

training before they left for Vietnam was one of them would get killed, two would be wounded and one would make it out with no visible signs of trauma.

From what I have learned all would share some type of inner turmoil from what they saw in combat and being in Vietnam. Seeing what they saw just on the internet gave me flashbacks for several days after viewing the pictures.

I asked Kim if he got to stay with the same group of people he did his training with and he said they were separated but he did see some of them when they got rotated.

He was put in the jungle of the De Militarized Zone in **Khe Sanh** where he endured a lot. He told me they would go on an operation where "recon" confirmed the enemy was there. The choppers would come in. It was during those times Kim realized he had to go into survival mode.

I asked Kim if he had buddies who got killed and he responded, "Yes, killed, mangled, blown up". Kim was also injured. He was shot and hit in the back side of his legs. He had shrapnel in five places. He was given a Purple Heart but when I called him a hero he made me very aware he did not want to be called a hero.

He emphatically told me, "Do not say I was a hero." He told me the ones who didn't come back and gave their all were the true heroes of the war. He often has had survivor's remorse. He told me he often wonders why he lived and his buddies and others did not.

Kim said it was about five years before he felt any sort of normalcy after returning from the war. He still has nightmares from time to time. He also said he feels he must stay vigilant at all times since he returned from the war. He agreed it did leave its mark on him.

No matter what Kim thinks, I consider him a hero. A guy who grew up at Kiddville and one I saw nearly every day of my life while s is the next story.

There were many guys who went to Vietnam who had never ventured very far from the community in

which they lived. Such was the case of Billy Joe Trusty. His wife, Margaret, gave me permission to include him in this series.

Bill left for the Army in August 1966. He returned from Vietnam in January 1968. When he first went into the Army, he was stationed at Fort Knox, where he received his basic training. After basic training, he guarded the AWOL guys and guarded the transport of gold at Ft. Knox. He was sent from there to Ft. Polk, Louisiana. He told a story from his time there that was used for conversation many times at his home.

He and a guy had gone into town on the weekend leave and were ordering breakfast. When the waitress asked his friend how he liked his eggs, he replied, "Oh, I like them." He was not aware she was asking him how he wanted the eggs cooked. Like I said, many young men had never left their confines of their communities.

Bill told Margaret one of his most lonely nights was laying in a top bunk overlooking the city lights in the state of Washington the night before he was flown out to Vietnam. Unlike what Kim spoke of with the Marines, he said you became friends quickly in the Army since they were the group you would be with as long as you were able to survive. Bill also had nightmares of his time in the war.

The soldiers were told spraying Agent Orange was to kill the mosquitoes but they soon learned it was to kill the trees and vegetation there so the enemy would be in view. He told how they stayed in fox holes and the rice filled swamps where leeches would often attach to your body. He said they took their cigarettes and burned the leeches until they would drop off.

Once he got stung by a tarantula and had to be taken out of the field. He told her it was the worst headache he ever experienced. He also broke his finger while loading a machine gun.

A few months before his death he told how he made money to buy his cigarettes. He purchased a hair trimmer. She could hardly believe her ears when he told her this. She never ever saw him even trim a stray hair when he at one time had been so particular about himself for so many years. She got to

thinking about it and realized all the haircuts were mostly burrs anyway so she thought how smart he had been.

He had always been an industrious person and worked since he was around 12 years old to make extra money. He worked for Bush Turkey farm, William Columbia, Paul Hisle and Floyd Pace farms at Kiddville.

Another of his ideas in the Army was to purchase an automatic Polaroid camera and take pictures of his Army buddies so they could send pictures of their group back home to their families. He sold those pictures for \$1 each.

She displayed those pictures at his funeral and several of the guys who had been in Vietnam mentioned to her they would like to see those pictures again. Some never got any pictures at all while they were there. Bill told her normally a soldier was taken out of the field two weeks prior to their departure. However, he never got to do that since there was such a large battle going on at the time. He said he did not think he would make it home since he only had a few days before he was to leave.

He did make it home safely. He returned to the workforce and retired from Rockwell International. He no longer had to work for others and he became the owner his own farm. Billy Joe Trusty was born June 1947 and left this earth in May 2018. His wife wanted me to include that there is never enough gratitude and respect shown for the men who spent time in Vietnam and as she was writing

down some notes for me, tears fell from her eyes. The same holds true for me. Thank you guys for your service. It will not be forgotten. You are heroes in my heart. I want to end with this poem given to me by a friend. The author is unknown to me but it so sums up my personal feelings.

"What Is a Veteran? A Veteran, whether active duty, discharged, retired or reserve, is someone who, at one point in his life, wrote a blank check made payable to 'The United States of America' for an amount of 'up to, and including his life:'

That is honor. And there are way too many people in this country today who no longer understand that.

Sue Staton is a Clark County native who grew up in the Kiddville area. She is a wife, mother and grandmother who is active in her church, First United Methodist Church, and her homemakers group, Towne and Country Homemakers.

I GET MAIL

Dan,

I am a former USMC Captain that was assigned by CG 3RD Mar Div, Major General Bruno Hochmuth, to go to Khe Sanh (April-November 1967). My Job was to infiltrate 6 different overt & covert intel operations, (4 other countries, 2 in the village to get current intel so Hochmuth could better defend that base. It was quite a challenge. The only one I could not trade info was an Army CIA/ SOG with Chinese Nungs out of Saigon.

North Vietnam was their TAOR. The other 5 Lang Vei SF camps with their own TAOR in Laos, did not get to operate with, but the Montagnard Army/ CIA SOG, and USAF Air Force/CIA. I did 43 night missions Laos North Vietnam TAOR with night missions written up for DFC by Lt Col Detachment Command... It was lowered to an Air Medal w/ Special Citation. The other two were with CIA American Couple, inverted in 1958 who wrote the Bru language & teaching 20 Bru how to read and write their own language. Carol was a Bru Midwife, and John was a half Assed Padre who preached on Sunday when we could talk alone. The other 2 Army lent to CIA (counter parts) were in the Ville listening to chat from Bru people for NVA activity and Bru spies.

We actually acted on his intel as we intercepted Lang Vei's CO, Frank Willobys body guard .who ran out and opened the gate for non present NVA during a fake mortar attack. The way we got intel from the traitor was another interesting story. So I did all that for 7 months was sent home in early November, 1967, shortly before MajGen Hocmuth was KIA. Hocmuth was a Mustang and was one of the finest Marines I ever met. I reported directly to him directly in those 7 months, even bypassing G-2. Prior to that 7 months I was CO of Lima & India companies 3RD Battalion 26TH Marines. whom I formed up with at Pendelton after I went to SFOC at Fort

Bragg in NC. and jump school at Fort Benning GA. What Great tours I had in USMC previous 7 years.

The reason I am writing and sending a check for the KSV Scholarship Fund is (1) It's a great program as Chapter 757 did the same thing for our 3 high schools in Curry Colorado, for years.

(2) To ask you to provide me with Tom Eichler's address & phone number so I can write and or call him to congratulate him for a job well done for the organization, the Red Clay and Scholarship Program.

I do not have a computer by design, so I need phone numbers if you please. I am a Life Member of KSV for many years but have yet to attend a reunion. My friend and fellow member of 757, Bulldog Smith tells me they are great. I have been a Board or Officer member of VVA, Chapter 757 "The Front" since 1998. I currently serve as president and into my 4th term. We are the largest combined VVA in the State of Oregon, with 260 members. National Chapter of the year 2000 Chapter 670, Regional Chapter of the year 2017 and we will run for National Chapter of the year in 2018. There is a 15 year wait to run again.

NICE ARTICLE: KHE SANH VETERAN THE WINCHESTER STAR

VALLEY PIKE: 'THE MOST HAPPY FELLA'

Sept 19, 2018

ALONG THE ROAD TO WASHINGTON, D.C.

— Back in the 1950s, during the Golden Age of Broadway, there was a musical titled "The Most Happy Fella." I don't know much, if anything, about the play, except the title. Or how it may apply to a "fella" I just met, name of Bill Crawford

Bill was my seatmate on the bus two Saturdays ago when I accompanied 53 veterans on their trip to Washington, D.C., as special guests of Honor Flight Top of Virginia. And what makes him so happy? A congenital disposition to be so, I suspect, which at age 70 makes him marvel at his life.

Especially after surviving the 77-day siege of Khe Sanh (January to April 1968) during the Vietnam War's Tet Offensive. A lance corporal in the 2nd Battalion, 26th Marine Regiment, 5th Marine Division (Reinforced), Bill was the only machine gunner in his outfit — Don Schroder of Indianapolis and Jimmy Wells of Georgia were the others — to survive the siege. That's reason enough to feel fortunate, blessed, and, yes, happy. Another is that his two brothers — one a fellow Marine; the other, his twin, a Seabee — also came home.

A native of Cleveland, Bill now resides in Strasburg — which he calls a "nice little town" — with his wife of 34 years, Judith. A career Marine who served 24 years with the Corps, he later worked with the VFW as a veterans claims advocate and then with the Veterans Affairs Office-Tennessee in Nashville. Now contentedly retired, he sleeps in when he feels like it, plays golf at links throughout the Northern Valley (including the little executive course at Appleland), and smiles, laughs, and jokes ... a lot.

But all this is getting ahead of the story a bit. What about Khe Sanh?

Well, for starters, he and another Marine — Charlie Plummer of Washington, D.C. — lived in a hole, a five-foot-wide foxhole, during the siege. "Home was a hole," he says with a laugh, "and you were at home in it." Providing, of course, you didn't "open up" your machine gun except when necessary because that would allow the North Vietnamese, only 200 yards away, to zero in on you. Every day was a patrol for the men of the 2nd Battalion, ambushes were set up at night, and at all times they watched their hole and the territory, their assigned fire lanes, around it.

Luckily," says Bill, "they (the North Vietnamese) never came after us, but we lost a lot of men on Hill 881," which was about 1,000 meters away. We got used to it . . . but what an experience for an 19-year-old," he adds.

That "experience" began a year-and-change earlier, coincidentally 52 years to the day — Sept. 8, 1966 — of the Honor Flight trip to Washington. He chose the Marines, he says, after seeing a photo in the Cleveland Plain-Dealer of a lance corporal bran-

dishing his weapon.

Plus, he deadpans, "I was used to taking orders. I was taught by nuns. But those DIs (Marine drill instructors) scared you to death."

Those memories and those feelings live on, as no one who served in the Corps is an ex-Marine. On this particular Honor Flight, one of Bill's goals was to visit The Wall and find the names of three comrades — his fellow machine-gunners and Chaplain Robert Brett. This he accomplished through the raindrops.

On the way home, Bill talked about his family — he and his wife each have daughters from earlier marriages — and how he and Judy had a grandchild back in March. And then Bill Crawford, "The Most Happy Fella," turned philosophical.

We all wanted in (back in the '60s), to follow patriotism," he says. "Pearl Harbor, if you remember, was only 25 years out. That's just what you did."

THE SHERIDAN PRESS

DESPITE HALF CENTURY SINCE VIETNAM WAR, VETERANS REMAIN CONNECTED

By Doug Sanders|Aug. 24, 2018

SHERIDAN — John Marschall yearned for a cigarette.

The young Vietnam War soldier from Texas had been fighting for several hours in the Battle of Khe

Sanh and needed a quick break.

"I crawled over to a big tree, put my back up against it and lit the cigarette," Marschall said. "There was smoke rolling out behind the tree and two guys crawled over, 'Man, give me a drag!' I could hear the bullets hitting the tree, (but) I'm going to get this cigarette."

Small luxuries were hard to come by in Vietnam for Marschall and the rest of his platoon in the 1st Air Cavalry Division, 2nd Battalion, 7th Cavalry, which faced the constant possibility of death at all turns.

Most of the platoon members survived the brutal conflicts at Khe Sanh and the fighting during the Tet Offensive, and in honor of their 50th anniversary of returning home from the war, seven veterans gathered in Sheridan for a week. They came from all over the country — Texas, Florida, California, Iowa and Illinois — to talk, laugh, argue and cry.

Local resident Richard Legocki hosted the gathering, which also included five veterans receiving Quilts of Valor Tuesday evening. Legocki put on a similar reunion in 1988 that brought 10 platoon members together.

"It's been quite a ride," Legocki said. "You're probably closer to these guys than anything. It's a brotherhood."

Most of the veterans spent two years enlisted in the army after being drafted — all when they were between the ages of 18 and 21 — and one year fighting in Vietnam for different portions of 1967 and '68.

They were part of about 10 percent of Vietnam veterans who saw armed conflict at the front lines of battle.

"That's the difference, as far as I'm concerned, between soldiers," Legocki said. "I don't think they're all created equal ... To me, it was different."

Marschall said no preparation was adequate for the environment in Southeast Asia.

"All the training in the world could not prepare you for what you actually get into," Marschall said. "I



was prepared to do my job, but I was not prepared for the emotion that came with the job."

Buck Jones agreed.

"When I stepped off that airplane, it was like walking into a brick wall," Jones said. "Basically everything is dangerous. If it wasn't the other guys trying to shoot you, you had leeches, dangerous snakes and unfortunately sometimes South Vietnamese artillery."

Jones, who joined the platoon a few months after most of the other guys, was injured from shrapnel in his shoulder, leg and head but did not have any drastic physical wounds.

"I'm one of the lucky ones," Jones said. "I came home pretty much in one piece."

One piece, physically, at least. Upon returning, Jones didn't talk about his experience for 30 years. Like many veterans, he tried to forget the atrocities he had seen.

"Most guys that made the 12 months came home and hid somewhere and didn't talk about it," Jones said. "It was a bad time for the country."

Greg Molesworth also recounted the poor reception he and many other veterans received upon coming home.

"It was not the World War II homecoming I had imagined," Molesworth said.

Jones has gone to therapy for the last six years and said he's doing better, but it still isn't easy. He said Veteran's Day and Memorial Day are especially tough because he thinks about his comrades who didn't come back.

"We suffered a lot, faced a lot of casualties," Jones said. "As they say in war, good men will die. (But) good men will survive (too), and they're here."

Legocki said the intense stresses of war made him almost immune to death after a few months.

"You just filed it away forever, until you get somewhere and start thinking about it," Legocki said. "The longer you had been there, you didn't really

want to know anything about the (new soldiers). You didn't want to get attached, I guess ... When they got killed, it was like, 'Eh, big deal.'"

Barry Plesser often walked in the front of the group as the point man on missions and wanted to keep everyone else safe.

"You weren't afraid for yourself," Plesser said. "You were afraid you'd miss something and get the guys hurt behind you."

The veterans said when they fought they weren't thinking of their country but were doing their best to keep each other alive.

"You weren't there for the United States of America," Plesser said. "We were there for each other ... When you're 21 years old and you got a bunch of guys looking at you who say, 'Sarge, we want to go home,' then we're going home. By the grace of God here we are today."

Legocki concurred.

"It wasn't like in the movies and, 'Oh gee, we're fighting for the flag and the United States,'" Legocki said. "It was, 'We're trying to keep everybody here alive and go home.'"

Marschall was injured in the hip and upper thigh areas by a mortar round. As his one year of service approached, Marschall wanted to go home but didn't want to leave the guys in his platoon.

"It would kind of leave a little hole in your heart, because of the friendship," Marschall said.

Spero Argyris was one of the platoon's medics.

"Whatever he says he did, times 10," Marschall said of Argyris.

Argyris was with the platoon for about six months before being wounded in August 1968, and said he was blessed to fight alongside an excellent group of men.

Steve Harris was a self-proclaimed tunnel rat, burrowing into holes and looking for weapons or opposing guerilla soldiers.

Along with Harris, Molesworth was one of two veterans who came to Sheridan this year and in 1988. Molesworth was the platoon lieutenant and called it the most rewarding job of his life to bring his men back alive.

"(Their) wives and children on more than one occasion have thanked me, and I can't be any more proud than that," Molesworth said.

Plesser hosted a reunion last year at The Villages, near Orlando, Florida, where Molesworth was married and 11 veterans served as best men.

"There was a lot of crying and a lot of beer," Plesser said. "You never really left the guys."

Marschall, though, hadn't seen some of his fellow veterans in 50 years but said they picked up conversations right away.

"You hold emotions in for so long and then, around these guys, you're not trying to hide anything," Marschall. "They all got the same s**t you got."

Future reunion plans aren't set in stone, but the veterans hope gather again soon to relish past memories and cherish the present camaraderie.

I GET MAIL

WHAT IS A WARRIOR

The final step in the long road home for the veteran is completing this initiation as a warrior. A veteran does not become a warrior merely for having gone to war. A veteran becomes a warrior when he learns to carry his war skills and his vision in mature ways. He becomes a warrior when he has been set right with life again. A warrior's first priority is to protect life rather than destroy it. He serves his nation in peace as well as war making and dissuades his people from suffering the scourges of war unless absolutely necessary. He uses the fearlessness he has developed to help keep sanity, generosity, and order alive in his culture.

A warrior disciplines the violence within himself. Internally and externally, he stares violence in the face and makes it back down. A warrior serves

spiritual and moral principles, which he places higher than himself. The role of a warrior has a high, noble, and honorable status. From chapter 15, Initiation as a Warrior, of War and the Soul, by Edward

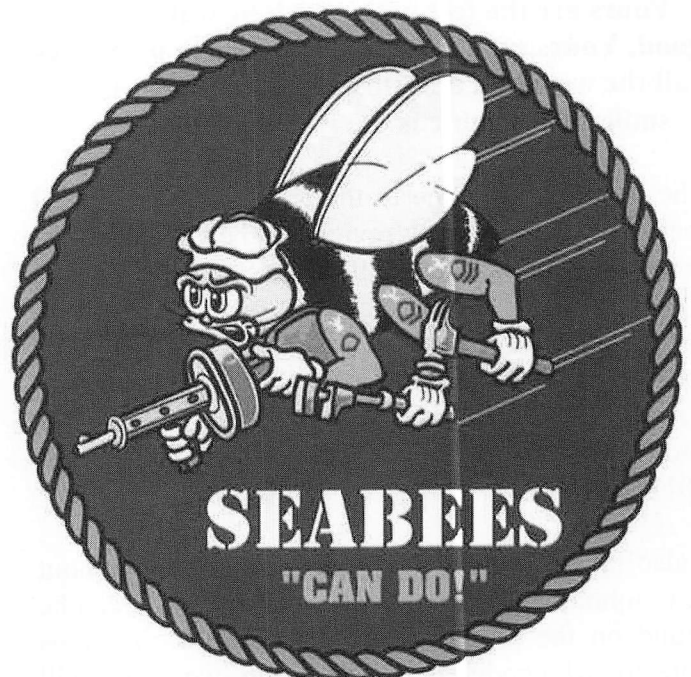
Tick, Ph.D.

COMBAT VETERANS MAY HAVE THE ANTIDOTE TO WHAT AILS US

Excerpt from Huffington Post article By Peter Yeomans

We "overlook the depth of character and clarity of values that can emerge from life altering experiences. Veterans of war have much to offer us. Psychologist Ed Tick writes, 'civilization needs the sensitivity and valuing of life that only one who knows its fragility can develop.' Soldiers and Marines return with insights that can guide us and deepen the meaning in our own lives. We must seek to understand what they know. If we can stop long enough to listen closely and without judgment to what they may only have the nerve to whisper, we might heal some of the wounds and dysfunction of our own society."

HANK (SKI) KARKOSZKA
CBMU-301SEABEES



CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

GOD'S LOVE AND HOW HE SAVED US AT THE SIEGE

BY KHE SANH VETERANS
CHAPLAIN RON RAYNER

Jesus said in John 15:12-13 (NLT) "I command you to love to each other in the same way that I love you. And here is how to measure it---the greatest love is shown when people lay down their lives for their friends."

Many memorial services start with quotes from the 15th chapter of John. The Khe Sanh Veteran's founder, Reverend Ray W. Stubbe had advised me that showing God's love could be defined as, **"Serving others with no expectation of compensation."**

At this year's reunion memorial service, I used a quote found in KSV Larkin Spivey's book *Stories of Faith and Courage from the Vietnam War* on page 32.

St. Teresa of Avila (1515-1582)

**"Christ has no body but yours,
No hands, no feet but yours.**

**Yours are the eyes with which he looks
Compassion on this world,**

**Yours are the feet with which he walks to do
good, Yours are the hands, with which he blesses
all the world."** I add this last line **"Yours is the
smile that brightens the world around you."**

The people who come to the KSV reunions reflect the above quote. In my review of the Cleveland reunion last year I quoted Patricia Scudder, wife of Lloyd "Short Round" Scudder who had said in 1995, "Two days here at this Khe Sanh Veteran's reunion had helped Lloyd more than twenty years of VA therapy." The positive attitudes and smiles that had helped "Short Round" were in abundance at the 2018 reunion.

I also talked at this year's memorial service about PFC Johnathan Nathaniel Spicer whose story can be found on the Virtual Wall. Jonathan, a conscious objector who ended up at Khe Sanh, would not kill anyone or carry a rifle but risked his life carrying

causalities to the medivac planes and helicopters. He lost his life helping others and earned a Navy Cross. I also mentioned Lt. Colonel Ken Pipes and his wife Sharon who together contributed more than 30,000 hours to community service beyond Ken's Marine service. Ken, who had been awarded a Silver Star for actions at Khe Sanh once said, "Its never been about the awards or the recognition. Its always been about wanting to serve."

I am thankful Rev. Ray Stubbe represented God at the "Siege" and the years since. The Khe Sanh Veteran's, Inc. which he founded, provides the Khe Sanh Vets with a wonderful yearly get together that is so positive that four widows of Khe Sanh Vets attended this year to be with friends from past reunions. A fifth widow sent a bottle of whiskey saying her husband was with us in "spirit".

I sum up the Washington DC reunion by saying the reunion committee did a tremendous job in providing a great time for those who attended.

The Khe Sanh Veterans have been blessed by having many excellent authors among our members. I spent most of the siege on the north side of the east end of the runway in a reaction force that had replaced ARVN Rangers. I rarely saw and mostly just heard the noise when something was happening. I have only learned about the big picture at Khe Sanh by reading books by Ray Stubbe, Michael Archer, Robert (Doc) Topmiller and Larkin Spivey.

One of our Khe Sanh authors, Michael Archer had his new book, *The Gunpowder Prince*, in the KSV PX. Captain Mirza Munir Baig, who the book is about, was crucial in defeating the NVA during the siege. I could not put the book down. I believe it was a miracle of God that such a talented Pakistani immigrant joined the Marine Corps as a private and helped to defeat the NVA as a Marine Captain analyzing NVA troop movements. I was immediately reminded of Larkin Spivey's two books, *God In The Trenches* and *Miracles Of The American Revolution*, in which Spivey writes of the miracles that won the American Revolution and other conflicts in United States history.

It is my advice to read all four of these authors and learn just how much we needed God's help in at the siege. Michael Archer gave Chaplain Ray Stubbe

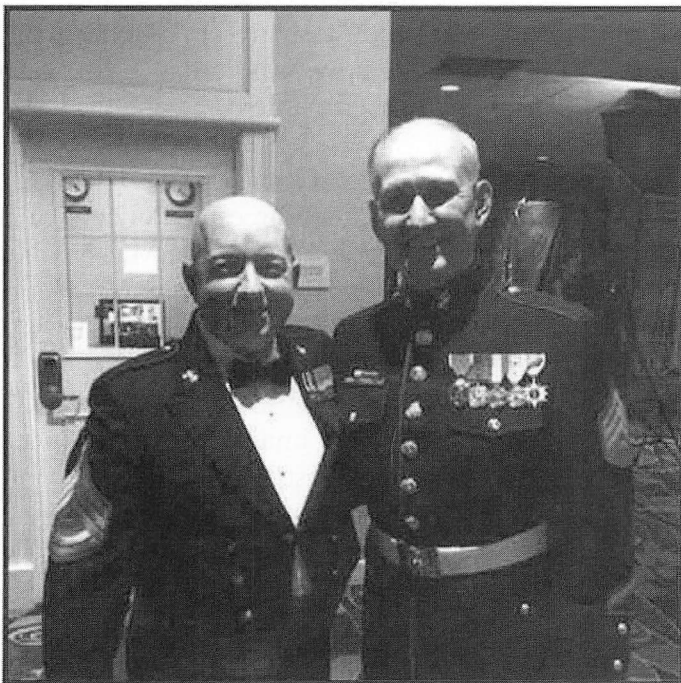
credit for the tremendous amount of research he has provided in establishing a credible history of the battles around Khe Sanh.

The Reverend Ray recently sent me a letter reflecting his thoughts on turning eighty. This quote which was in the letter and is attributed to both Socrates and Abraham Lincoln, pretty much sums up my thoughts: "It's not the years in our life, but the life in our years." Enjoy each day that the Lord has given us.

Numbers 6:24-26 (NLT): "May the Lord bless you and protect you. May the Lord smile on you and be gracious to you. May the Lord show you his favor and give you his peace."

KHE SANH MEMBER GUEST SPEAKER AT MARINE CORPS GRADUATION CEREMONY 18020

BY JAMES M. "OLLIE" COLLINS, USMC
KHE SANH VETERAN
A CO 1/26



"Remarks"

U.S. Naval Station, "Marine Corps Detachment"
Newport, Rhode Island

ALTIS - Aviation Logistics Tactical Information

Systems "Specialist Course", Graduation Ceremony
for Class **18020**

Good Morning;

Colonel, Seigh, Commanding Officer

Major; Bueno; Executive Officer

1stSgt; Biato; Detachment First Sergeant

MSG; Shawn Lee; Academy, SNCOIC

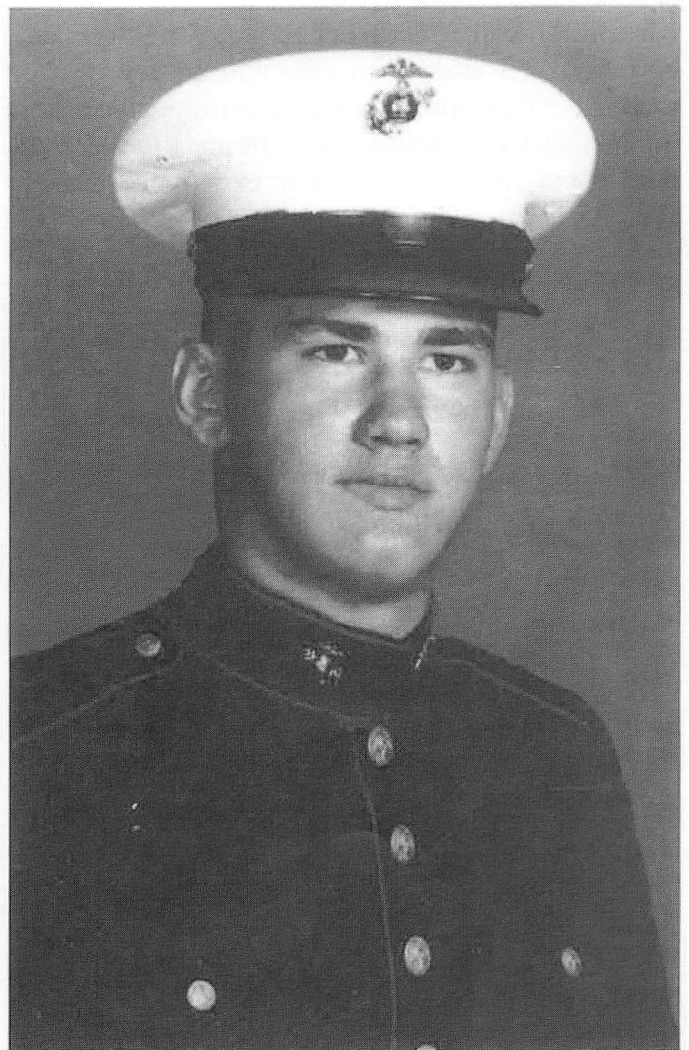
GYSgt; Kean Jr; Academy Class 18020 NCOIC

Sgt; Rosario; Assistant Class NCOIC

Academy Instructors

Chaplin; Hodges, Naval Base Chaplin, Newport
R.I.

Distinguished guests, and most importantly the family and friends who have also sacrificed and forfeited their own time to encourage, inspire and support the graduates during their time at the academy.



First, I would like to personally address the graduates!

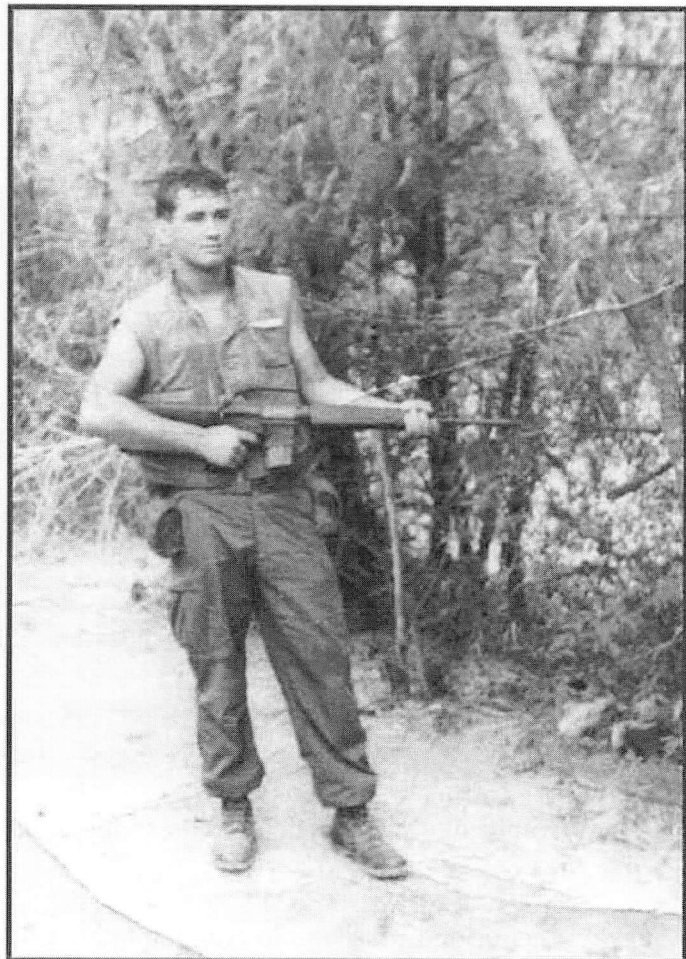
It is my honor and privilege to congratulate each...

graduate on their completion of the 2018 ALTIS Specialist Course, Class 18020. I would like to remind the graduates that this is just another stage of your military educational requirements, and I might add, has been successfully achieved. Although! as you look to the future, as you evolve I urge you to continue pursuing your military opportunities... ultimately... this will produce... limitless dividends down the road. "YOU SHOULD BE VERY PROUD OF YOURSELVES."

"A JOB WELL DONE"! CONGRATULATIONS AGAIN, MARINES!!

I was invited here today and asked to share in some experiences "both personal and militarily," that date back over 5 decades.

I live it "literally" every single day! I'll try not to bore you! I'll attempt to take you on a very short journey... this fine morning, sharing awareness of things that were factual and contrary to certain beliefs about my Vietnam War experience and the War itself, in addition to several other significant events.



But before I do that ...I would offer some personal insight about myself. My adolescent years! I was extremely out of control... I was a very unhappy little tyke, with virtually no path to success. Family life was non, existent, lacking mentorship, guidance and much more. The path to delinquency was easier for me, rather than a successful and happier life to pursue. My yearning and desire for education while attending a Jr High school was nothing more than unpleasant and just consuming my time, while living a life of hopelessness and deprivation. "Trouble was my middle name."

Then came the incident at school.....I was involved "fist fighting" in the corridor of the school during classes.. again! My parents were notified. I was expelled from school. My mother by this time, certainly had enough of me. The very next day.... a Truant Officer, (Mr. Noone), a fair, respected, admired individual and well known in the neighborhood, was at our door, leaving a document, stating that a parent and I were to appear before a Juvenile Judge Magistrate to answer for my repeated disruptions during school hours. Either way, Mr. Noone, probably saved my life one way or the other. I remember Mr., Noone, and his stern warnings to me, from time to time "If I didn't shape up, trouble would eventually follow." I now, was certainly "front and center" of his caution with little or no options left."

To complement a twist to this story, in 1976, I would graduate from the Worcester Police Academy "Shoulder to Shoulder" alongside Mr., Noone's son, Paul Noone, as we received our Graduation Diploma and Official Police Badge together with forty nine other "Recruit Police Officers."

Who, possibly could have imagined that. Unbelievable scenario, to say the least!!!!

At the scheduled closed-door meeting with a probation officer I was given two alternatives;

1. Enlist in the military service or.....
2. If another incident like this is repeated, it could lead to a reform school placement decision.

I thought to myself, I was 16 years old, I cannot enlist in any branch of military service?

My mother and I walked out into a waiting room area and was approached by two Marine Recruiters.

To this day, I believe that they were there, intentionally or on purpose! Long story short after having conversation with the Marine recruiters, we were informed that, even though 16 years old, I could take advantage of a new enlistment program called 90-day delayed entry. In a "nut shell" If I passed the entrance exam requirements, then, 90 days before my seventeenth birthday I could sign a contract, to enlist in the United States Marine Corps, and leave for Paris Island, South Carolina on my 17th birthday. I said to myself, enlist for 4 years active duty and I would be discharged 3 months earlier....

What did I know...sounded good...and it sounded even better to my mother. My parents signed the enlistment contract. I took the test, passed and enlisted in the US Marine Corps on April 22, 1965. What a wakeup call!! Paris Island literally changed my life forever. I was a different person after graduation. I felt an overwhelming accomplishment and achievement even in the face of all that adversity, misfortune and years of hardship by way of my youth. I now had the ability to shape my life... and be who I desired to be!! And pursue my education with purpose, determination and excitement.

After graduating from Paris Island, Boot Camp and successfully completing the Advanced Infantry Training Regiment, ITR training program at Camp Geiger, a satellite facility of Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, I received my official military assignment orders. I was to be transferred to the 1st Battalion 8th Marines. While a member of 1/8, I made a 6-month Mediterranean Cruise, traveling all over Europe and visiting many "ports-of-call." What an eye opener! There was truly a wonderful world out there.

In 1966, the Vietnam war was escalating. I received orders for Vietnam in September of 1966. I would be deployed and transferred to Alpha Company 1st Battalion 26th Marine Regiment, vicinity Hill 55, Danang to include Death Valley and Liberty bridge, the TAOR "Tactical area of Responsibility".

The 26th Marine Regiment had a three-fold mission, of occupying and defending key terrain, seeking out and destroying the enemy (the Viet Cong) while attempting to engage in an intensive pacification program.

Hill 55, Danang, in 1965 & 1966 was identified as a TAOR with the most densely mined Hill, in I Corps. No other hill or area that would be cleared for a combat base; came anywhere close, regarding encountering the number of emplaced mines, when clearing, as was the case at Hill 55. The enemy, over-mined Hill 55, trying to keep the Marines away for as long as possible from this most strategic elevation. The enemy fully understood that Hill 55 was most instrumental to the Marines in hindering a major communist attack against the vital Da Nang, Airstrip.

Well hidden, yet undetected, emplaced mines from 1965, would detonate, maim, kill and/or be found periodically at Hill 55. Already completing 6 months of my units occupation and many wounded and KIA's from booby traps and other explosive mines, then word came down from the chain of command to get ready to move out in a few hours. Prior to moving to another location, Viet Cong infiltrators were probing the perimeter of Hill 55 when a Marine tripped a booby trap and all hell broke loose. Two Marines from the platoon were wounded to include myself.

May, 1967:

(Our company) A/1/26 was extracted by helicopter and inserted in a place called "Phu Bai" on another operation. After defending Phu Bai's perimeter for several days, the unit suddenly received a message to saddle-up! Destination, a place called Khe Sanh, Demilitarized Zone, I Corps "Tactical Area of Responsibility" a place, none of us ever heard of. The following account is cited by my Platoon Commander, Lt., John M. Kaheny, 3rd Platoon Commander A/1/26. I was the "Platoon Guide" at the time.

Lt Kaheny: When we arrived on C-130's at the KSCB "Khe Sanh Combat Base" it was a very eerie experience and terrifying experience. As the ramp of the aircraft came down we looked out onto the airstrip winding down this long dirt road towards the mountains was all the walking wounded from the hill fights. There were probably five to six hundred Marines standing in line, all bandaged up one way or the other, covered with blood and mud.

I had to take my platoon off the airplane and march them down this long road to an assembly point.

Hardly anyone was saying a word. It was terrifying. We set out to defend 881 South against a possible counterattack and that's when we found all the Broken M16 rifles that hadn't worked, scores of helmets with the crown of the helmet shot out with AK-47 rounds, and literally scores of dead NVA bodies. It was a real graveyard.

We had been fighting the Viet Cong along the coastline. And we hadn't seen anything like that at all. It was a gorgeous place, beautiful at a distance when we went on patrol from day to day we would just continue to find more and more dead NVA bodies. And of course, the stench was ungodly. It was also difficult for the young Marines because when we found those broken M16 rifles, it kind of gave us a hint that the new M16s that we'd gotten weren't working all that well. And we found that to be true a couple of weeks later when my platoon and then all of bravo company got into it with the NVA west of 881 South. When my platoon got hit about 20% of our rifles jammed after the first shot. Some of them were cleared some of them were totally useless. We were very lucky.

When bravo company went out about two weeks later, they got caught in a churning movement and got badly chewed up. About 10 percent of their M16's went down. They replaced the M16's eventually with other models and that situation eventually resolved itself.

We then were assigned our defensive positions. Marines from A/1/26 began daily Long Range (rotating) combat patrols around the Hills and "Khe Sanh Combat Base" with periodic contact with North Vietnamese forces and NVA snipers.

21 May 1967;

Lt Kaheny, 3rd Plt Leader, led his 43-man patrol from A-3 into a Valley just west of Hill 881-South to examine a heavy trail reported by an AO "Air Observer." The patrol moved into grid coordinates XD 756 454 and was suddenly attacked by a large volume of fire from four different locations. Two young Marines, each 18 years old, PFC Thomas Hendershott and L/Cpl Roger Hurd, stood up stood fast, and fired into a charging NVA force, taking the full force and dying so the rest of the patrol could

escape and live.

Epitaph; by Lt John Kaheny; "A Marine Remembers On Memorial Day" Suddenly, the Cat of death leaps from a tree line on the exposed flank of the platoon. Two young rifleman, each but 18 years old, shun available cover, stand up, stand fast and fire into the charging horde. Taking the full force of the enemy's assault, they purchase with their blood a precious gift of reaction time for their fellow Marines and Corpsman. Helmets fade slowly away into chest high grass and soon disappear from view.

Eventually forty-one make it back to safety, some bleeding, none broken, but the two go on home, to rest forever beneath marble crosses. Their names, Private First Class Thomas Edward Hendershott and Lance Corporal Roger Michael Hurd, are now etched in stone on that wall beneath Lincoln's watchful eye. The years have passed but every day I see their sacrifice reflected in the smiling faces on my children. For had not those two brave Marines, held their ground with everything they had, Coleen, Meghan and John Peter simply would not be, because one of those they saved that day was me!

Over a month later;

27 June 1967; Just past midnight, @ 0035, Khe Sanh Combat Base received more than 50 rounds of 82mm mortars, killing 4 and wounding 76, and killing one Vietnamese ARVN Liaison Officer. The mortars were walked up and down the tent areas of A Battery, 1/13, killing 2 and wounding 30, including the Fire Direction Officer and CO of the battery. Capt., Brennan.

At 0525, the base was again hit, with approximately 50 rounds of 122mm rockets. Newly-arrived Marines of 3/26, sleeping in tents, were hit, especially the 3/26 Battalion Aide Station. a USAF AO spotted mortar positions near hill 689 just west of the Khe Sanh air strip, at day break, and a patrol from CAC "O" was dispatched to investigate. The patrol became pinned down in an ambush and took 3 friendly killed, in the initial burst. An artillery mission enabled the patrol to withdraw, causing one wounded Marine who shortly thereafter died. 2 Marines returned to the hill. Searching for the wounded and friendly dead. 2 Marines had been left on the hill,

one returned, the other was missing.

Cpt Bynum, CO of 1/3/26, was shot by an NVA sniper as he neared the top of 689, wounds which eventually prove fatal. Soon there after hill 689 was seized by the Marines and the 2 CAC O KIA were recovered.

2/Lt., Larry Bolger was killed when Capt., Norm Centers, Company Commander, put the Alpha Company 1/26 behind the artillery battery and laid them out in the grass without digging in, and those Marines got butchered by that mortar attack.

I stand before you today as a survivor of these multiple catastrophic events. But only by the grace of God almighty, I Sgt "Collins" was spared from the bees' nest of rockets, shrapnel and bullets. But still haunted by the screams of those wounded and the smell of lingering sulfur from the many detonated mortar and rocket rounds that poured down on us.

Just prior to the NVA rocket attack both Sgt Paul Kincaid and I we're having conversation about what he might do when he returned to the states. He was a "short timer" and was ordered to stay beyond his rotation date. His tour was over and was about to leave the Company when we returned from our combat mission. It was not to be. I will always remember and will never forget his heroism and sacrifice. Knowing most of these warriors...they would agree that their story and fate should be told for the sacrifice they made for freedom, democracy and a better way of life for others. To this day, I am still in contact with Sgt Kincaid's immediate family.

I now will "Memorialize" those Marines who gave the ultimate sacrifice June 27, 1967! by citing their names, here, at U.S. Naval Base, Marine Corps Detachment, Newport, Rhode Island, 14 June, 2018.

**2 Lt., Dale Charles Allen I/3/26
SSGt., William Ivor Tenney Bacon-06/29/67
H&S/3/26 Died USS Sanctuary, result of wounds
6/27/67**

Lt., Lawrence Joseph Bolger	A/1/26
PFC Frederick Brenke	L/3/26
LCPL Victor Burns	A/1/26
Capt., Franklin Bynum	L/3/26
LCPL Allan Damian	A/1/26

LCPL Jeffrey David	I/3/26
Cpl Anthony DI Cesare Jr	I/3/26
HM3 Hospitalman 3rd Class, Carl Douglas Dudley Jr	H&S/3/26

**L/Cpl Charles Manley Gattis Jr 07/05/1967 -
1/3/26 Died Navy Hospital, Danang, result of
wounds 6/27/67**

LCPL Alejandro Godinez	I/3/26
SSGt Donald Paul Hamilton	I/3/26
HM3 Curtis Darrell Jackson	H&S/3/26
L/Cpl Freddie Lee Johnson	I/3/26
Sgt Paul Kincaid	A/1/26
LCPL Charles Lynch	SubUnit5
LCPL Francisco Mazariegos	SubUnit5
LCPL Kenneth Millard	I/3/26
CPL Dennis O'Connor	SubUnit5
PFC Paul Rodriguez Jr	A/1/26
L/Cpl Glenn Edward Sanders	A/1/26
06/29/67 Died USS Sanctuary, result of wounds 06/27/67	
CPL James Shepard	SubUnit5
PFC Rick Stewart	A/1/13
CPL Edward Travis	A/1/13
Cpl Richard Lee Walker	I/3/26
CPL Stephen Wassenich	I/3/26
LCPL Jonathan Whitticom	H&S/1/26
LCPL Ira Williams	A/1/26
PFC Jack Williams	L/3/26

May these "Warriors" continue to Rest In Peace!

November/1967;

After spending 6 months at Khe Sanh, I departed Khe Sanh Combat Base on a C-130. Looking down from the rear end of the Air Craft, was chilling. First, wondering if we were going to be targeted by the NVA and shot out of the sky. My emotions took over, my eyes swelled with tears, then I began feeling guilt-ridden, distressed by the thought of leaving our brother Marines behind and knowing that the worst was yet to come.....the Siege of "Khe Sanh."

We Landed in Danang, Air Base. After several days of out-Processing, we were in the air again, destination, Kadena Air Force Base, Okinawa. Up-

on arrival we were told by S-1 Administration Officer, that there were no flights going to CONUS "Continental United States" at least for a week or so. This was bad and unfortunate news. A Marine 1Sgt addressed the group and provided some advice.

Recommendation; get to the Officers Club, ask anyone there, if they could get us on a flight to the states. It happened!! Two pilots approached us....and stated "we can take you to the states, but it has to be by C-130 and buckled to the interior of the aircraft for the flight duration. The 14 Marines took the offer.

Next morning 0600hrs we were loaded and in the air, destination; Santiago International Air Port. We landed at the airport in the early evening. Still on the tarmac, suddenly, one of the pilots addressed us. Hear this! We cannot disembark, we have violent Anti-Vietnam demonstrations all over the airport. Not safe. What a disappointment.

In the air again!

Destination; Adak, Alaska, Naval Air Facility/ in the Aleutians Islands. We spent several days at the Naval Facility! Back in the air! Destination, Dover Air Force base, Dover, Delaware. finally, back in the states. We were supplied transportation to the Bus station. One of the Marines grabbed a newspaper and was somewhat visibly upset. Front page, "another serviceman struck by hit & run driver." We were in our tropical uniform! That was enough said, we grabbed our "duffle bags" headed for the bathroom at the bus station .

As we took turns changing from our tropical uniforms to our civilian clothes ... all the while thinking....we were going to be targeted, because we represented the military service. We threw the sea bags in the belly of the bus and we were on our way home. Although, staying vigilant and cautious. We felt that we were outcasts ..frightening was a light term!

Sadly, there were no "ticker tape or confetti" parades or welcome home acknowledgments for the returning "Vietnam Veterans." We were cast as baby killers, war mongers , spit upon, eggs and garbage thrown on them and simply rebuked. At the

very least, returning servicemen if not vilified, were certainly not well received.

Most tried to slip quietly into a normal pattern and tried to hide the fact they served in Vietnam, to avoid the anger and disdain of many. I believe to this day that those who demonstrated against the Vietnam War....are still out there! I often wonder? have they ever changed there "intellectual mind-set"??

In closing; undeniably, without question, influencing the entire Marine Corps concept, is a thing called "Values" We, perpetuate them.. we protect them and we promote them. I urge and encourage you.... to continue promoting your Marine Corps "Values" for "It matters not how a Marine Dies"!

But it does matter, how they Live" All the things we call values prepare us as Marines for the very choices that will ultimately define our character. What a Marine is, is more important then what a Marine has....and our bottom line...our true worth is what we are! Thank You for this honor... to have had the opportunity to share some of my most guarded personal chronicles and accounts of 51 years past... which I have never done in a venue such as this. God Bless America!!!! & the United States Marine Corps!
"Semper Fidelis"

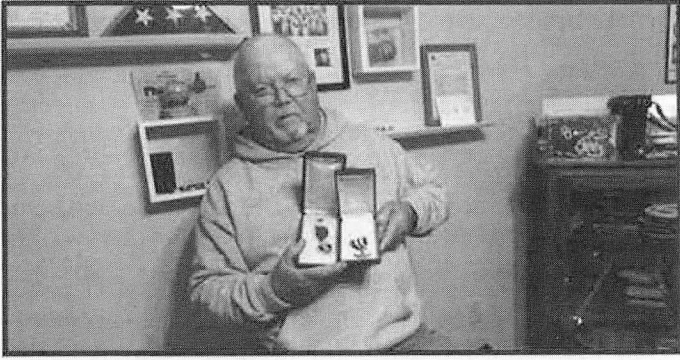
"The above remarks are cited by means of sincere and honest interpretations from my thoughts, experience, which are the best of my personal recollections."

LOCAL MAN TO BE INDUCTED INTO OKLAHOMA MILITARY HALL OF FAME

By Kenton Brooks /
kcbrooks@muskogeephoenix.com

Nov 2, 2018

Mark Downing knows exactly what he's going to be doing Saturday at the 19th annual Oklahoma Military Hall of Fame induction ceremony in Norman. "I'll probably be crying," he said, trying to hold back tears. "I'm so happy for him. He died so I wouldn't have to go, because I'm the only surviving son. I tried to enlist, but they wouldn't let me. I want Kelly to get everything he deserves."



Mark Downing shows two of his brother's medals he received in the Marine Corps. The Purple Heart is on the left, and the Silver Star is on the right.

Downing's older brother William Kelly Downing will be one of the 10 inductees in the 2018 class to be recognized. Kelly, the older Downing by four years, was a corporal in the U.S. Marine Corps. He was killed in a battle on a hill near Khe Sanh, South Vietnam, on May 3, 1967.

Kelly Downing was one of two fighters to receive the Silver Star from that battle. He later received the Purple Heart. His brother Mark proudly displays those and other medals his brother received in a memorial in a room at his home.

Mark's wife Johnna tells the story about her brother-in-law because she knows how it affects her husband.

"They were about to be taken over, and a bunch of them were wounded," she said. "They brought in a helicopter and Kelly told them to take all of the wounded first. When they came back to get him, he was dead. He had six Vietnamese dead around him before they killed him."

Mark has never forgotten that day when he and his family got the word his brother had been killed.

"I was a junior in high school, and these two Marines drove up in a car," he said. "I didn't know what was going on. The Marines told my mom it was a bad deal. It was two weeks before they brought him home."

Mark also doesn't hesitate to say that his brother was his hero.

"I would shag fly balls for him at almost all of his games," he said. "He played baseball constantly. If it was raining, he would be out in the rain. Kelly was an awesome catcher, and I would go watch him



play and there would be scouts all around him. He would carry baseballs in his pocket."

There are 188 inductees in the Hall of Fame, located in Edmond. Downing isn't the only area soldier who is in the Hall of Fame. The others include Pfc. John N. Reese Jr. of Muskogee and Lt. Col. Orville Munson of Tahlequah of the US Army.

The Okay High School baseball field and a portion of Oklahoma 251A that goes through the town are named for Downing.

"I just want people to know that he was a very good guy," Mark said.

**VALOR IN COMBAT
BY KELLY BLACK
BITTERSWEET**

**ROBERT MOXLEY, USMC
KHE SANH VETERAN
DELTA CO 1/9**

The Bronze Star, the Navy Commendation, two Purple Hearts: the medals are bittersweet to Bob Moxley. In six months of intensive fighting in the jungles of Vietnam, Moxley earned numerous medals for valor in combat. "I look at all those medals and all I see is death and pain," said Moxley. Christmas morning 1968 eighteen year old Moxley landed near the demilitarized zone in Vietnam. He was assigned to the 1st Battalion 9th Marines, nicknamed, "The Walking Dead."

A man leaving said to him, "You're a dead man. Nobody makes it out of there."

The Walking Dead had a 72 percent casualty rate. "I was just a kid," said Moxley.

A recent graduate of Tigard High School in Portland, Ore. Moxley had planned to enroll in Oregon State University's forestry program. Instead he was conscripted for boot camp in San Diego and after just eight weeks of training sent to Da Nang, Vietnam.

"They called us shake and bake, because they had to have warm bodies in Vietnam," said Moxley.

Moxley was sent up into the highlands to fight the North Vietnamese Army where the triple canopy was so thick the squad had to hack through it with machetes. In the heat and humidity Moxley trekked mountainsides with over 100 pounds on his back: six canteens of water, a M-16 rifle, 20 magazines, 200 extra rounds of ammunition, 100 rounds of ammunition for the machine gun, one mortar round, C-4 explosives for the engineers, a Claymore mine, a LAWS rocket, six hand grenades, a five day supply of sea rations in cans, a flak jacket with fiberglass panels for body armor, a body bag that served as a poncho and a heavy helmet.

He was shot for the first time two days after his 19th birthday.

In February 1969, Operation Dewey Canyon in A Shau Valley on the Lao Ocean border saw thousands of NVA troops heavily fortified with tanks, mortar teams and artillery rockets. Helicopters were coming in with five guys hanging from a rope. The squad leader said to Moxley, "Those are dead bodies coming in from A Shau Valley and we're going there tomorrow."

On February 26, 1969 the fighting started at 9:00 a.m. A machine gun bunker part way up the hill had the whole platoon pinned down. Lieutenant Simms said to Moxley, "Take your team and take the hill." To avoid being easy targets for enemy machine guns, the men would stagger running. When the squad leader called a man's name; he would get up, run forward and drop down.

Lieutenant Simms and two others were killed right off. A rocket-propelled grenade came at Moxley who dove in a log deck. A bullet round blew out his eardrum and another caught him in the head and blew him backwards. Dazed Moxley tried to wipe the sweat from his eyes and got blood. His helmet had a gapping hole.

"I've been shot in the head," Moxley realized.

Moxley thought he was dying and decided to charge the NVA machine gun bunker with his M-16.

The NVA also thought Moxley was dead. He caught them by surprise, rushed the hill and before they could reposition the machine gun at him, threw a grenade into the bunker. The bunker was part way up Hill 1044.

Hill 1044 is known as one of the largest supply depots of weapons and ammunitions captured during the war.

"I was the first one on it," said Moxley. He got to the other side of the bunker and lay down, bleeding profusely.

Moxley was awarded a Bronze Star with combat V for taking out the NVA machine gun bunker and saving numerous American lives. His commander told him, "We counted 34 dead and you got most of them."

Later while Moxley was waiting for a medevac chopper, Captain Riley asked the group of wounded if anyone could fight one more night. Numbers were very low due to casualties. Moxley knew the NVA would try to take back the hill. Concerned that his comrades would be overrun, he volunteered to stay. Riley put his arm around Moxley and said, "Damn, you are one hell of a marine. I love you."

Moxley was good at making decisions during combat. He was quickly put in charge of first a team of three and then a squad of 15 men.

"I accepted I would never make it home," said Moxley. "I would take a bullet for any of them. They knew that."

Moxley remembers being out in the jungle with no food, no supplies and no bullets. They would dig roots from the ground to eat and squeeze water from banana tree bark. At night bugs voraciously attacked but they could not slap them for fear of alerting the nearby NVA.

In April, Moxley was sent back to Hill 1044 for Operation Apache Snow. On May 6, 1969 Moxley lost a very good friend and displayed valor in combat that earned him the Navy Commendation.

Under heavy fire, Moxley's good friend Bill Prose had thrown his helmet over a grenade lobbed into his foxhole. When the grenade detonated it blew Prose's face, shoulder and leg off. Another man, Private Turner, lost his foot. Their team leader froze.

Moxley heard his friend screaming for help, as did the enemy. Moxley tried to get to the foxhole. Flares lit up the night sky, Moxley saw three NVA soldiers staring down at him. He dove and rolled; one of their bullets took three of his fingernails off. At the foxhole Moxley started shooting enemy fighters up in the trees. He got tourniquets on the legs of Turner and Prose. He carried Prose to the medic only to be told, "You brought me a dead man."

Later Captain Riley told Moxley he would recommend him for a medal for his courage under fire and credit him with 17 confirmed kills. Moxley did not care. He was tired of war. The enemy was close by

but he took off his helmet and flak jacket, and sat on a log where Prose died.

He told Lieutenant Gene Smith, "I'm tired of war. I don't want to kill anybody else. I don't want to see my buddy's die anymore."

Years later Moxley finally accepted the Navy Commendation with valor in combat for taking control of the foxhole and rescuing Prose and Turner.

In fact, Moxley refused the medals for many years before allowing his sons Robert and Jason, then 14 and 12 years old, to pin them on him at the Marine Corp base in Portland, Ore. in 1988. 200 marines stood at attention.

"There is no glory in war," said Moxley. "Nobody wins in a war. Everybody loses tremendously."

Moxley feels angry that as an eighteen year old his country would not allow him to drink a beer or vote but deemed him mature enough to fight a war and kill people. Most troubling to Moxley are his memories of the wounded NVA soldiers reaching out for help.

"They were just like us," said Moxley. "They just wanted to go home as bad as we did."

Moxley had to shoot them in the head. If they were left alive they might get a weapon and sneak up behind.

"I can still feel their hands grabbing hold of me to help them," said Moxley. It gives him nightmares.

"I portray myself as a tough marine," said Moxley, "but I tell you I have a heart as big as the world and it hurts knowing what I did over there."

Moxley does not understand why smart, educated people choose war.

"There has got to be a better way to do it instead of bloodshed," said Moxley.

Moxley lost his whole squad on June 12, 1969 during Operation Utah Mesa at Khe Sanh, one year after the big siege. At 9:00 p.m. Moxley and seven of his men were out of ammunition and on patrol. Hundreds of the NVA were close by.

The enemy was setting booby traps—an artillery round in the fork of a tree detonated with a trip wire. When the squad tripped the wire two men, including his best friend David Palmeri, were killed instantly. It was an ambush. The enemy started shooting at them and throwing grenades. Moxley's left leg was badly hit and he was shot in the right arm and shoulder. He used one bootlace to tourniquet his arm and the other his leg. His men were either dead or severely wounded.

"I can still hear my men crying for help," said Moxley.

The enemy swarmed over them. Moxley was bayoneted and shot several times in the groin. He thought to himself, "Hell Mox, the war is over. They got me."

Finally the rest of the platoon pushed off the ambush. The first helicopter took out the wounded. The second, called the dead chopper, took the dead out in body bags.

Moxley remembers the corpsman looked at him and said, "He's dead."

Lieutenant Smith said, "Bag him and tag him." He was crying. In a body bag on the dead chopper, the gunner who protects the helicopter must have sat on Moxley who squealed. The gunner ripped the body bag open and screamed to the pilot, "We got a warm one."

Moxley spent over one year in the hospital system getting put back together. He had malaria and dysentery. He nearly lost both his arm and leg. He left leg is partially paralyzed and parts of his knee are artificial.

From six months of intensive action Moxley would earn numerous medals including the Bronze Star, the Navy Commendation and two purple hearts. Moxley returned to a political climate in America where veterans were stereotyped as warmongers and killers. He felt the scorn. He would tell people his leg injury was from a car accident.

In 1999 Moxley traveled to Vietnam for one month with Colonel Bulldog Smith and two other Special Forces veterans. They took 5,000 pounds of medical

supplies to distribute to clinics in small villages where there had been battles during the war in the northern part of South Vietnam.

"I thought there would be so much animosity," said Moxley.

Instead Moxley met a beautiful and proud people who night after night insisted on buying him dinner and beer.

"I was dumbfounded," said Moxley.

Moxley had dinner at the home of a Colonel from the North Vietnamese army who fought in a battle against Moxley. The Colonel spoke pretty good English and asked Moxley, "Why? Why did we have to kill each other?"

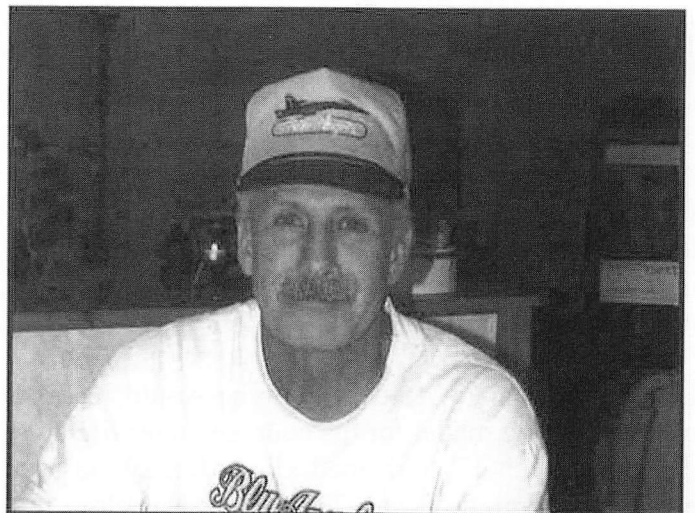
"I have no answers," said Moxley.

He got down on his knees and kissed Moxley's hands.

"There is not an hour that goes by that I don't think about that war and the friends I lost," said Moxley. Moxley wants his gravestone to read: The war is finally over.

OBIT

JOSEPH "HANK" MELANSON, USMC KHE SANH VETERAN F& E CO 2/26



Sadly my brother Hank Passed away this past Saturday morning in Spokane Washington. A great Brother and Friend who I will miss very much. I will miss our long talks about life and the universe, I will miss being able to call him and tell him that I love him and hoped he could visit soon. I will miss exchanging jokes in emails and mostly I will miss being able to just call him anytime to just talk. He is a Marine and a Vietnam Vet, he worked hard his whole life and was always helping with things like Toys for Tots, going down to south America to help build schools in third world countries, he was a Mason and a Shriner and a dedicated Father and to his mate Kirsten for over 18 years. After he left the military, he worked for a local company named Raytheon for many years maintaining aircraft and then went on into the management aspects of aircraft maintenance operations. A guy from Fitchburg who would run ultra marathons (100) miles and make it, his goal was not to be in first place, but just to be able to finish it. So all I guess I can say now is until we meet again. Love you always Hank Melanson a great brother and a great friend...



OBIT

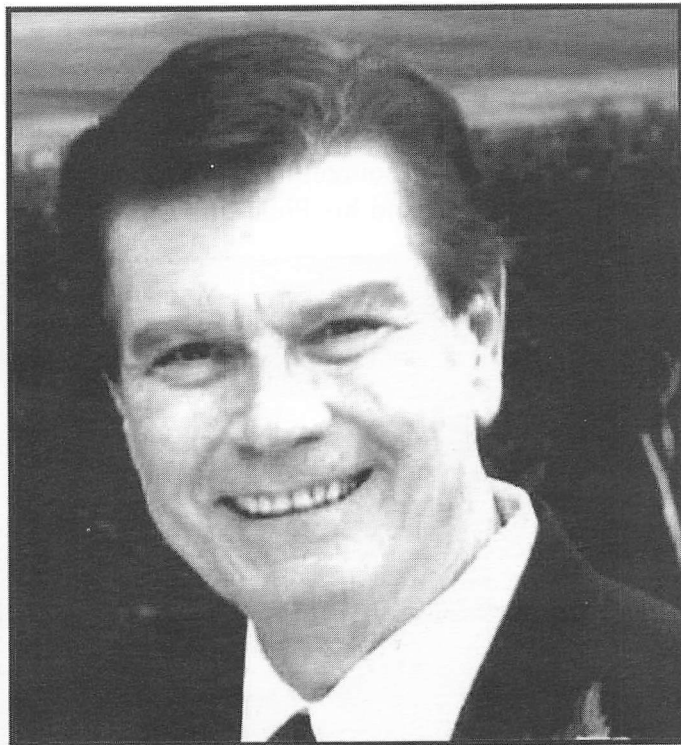
ROBERT H. ROGERS, USMC KHE SANH VETERAN HQ BTRY 1/13

Robert H. Rogers of East Marion died July 22 in New York. He was 71.

The son of Henry and Kathryn Kane Rogers, he was born Nov. 23, 1945, in New York.

He earned a master's degree and served in the U.S. Marine Corps, was a Vietnam Veteran and a member of the American Legion Post in Southold.

Family members said he loved boating and fishing,



and achieved his dream of living near the water after moving with his wife, Maureen, to East Marion in 2014. He was also an avid gardener and horticulturist. In addition, he was a linguist, whose favorite phrase was "Illegitmi Non Carborundum," Latin for "Don't let the bastards grind you down."

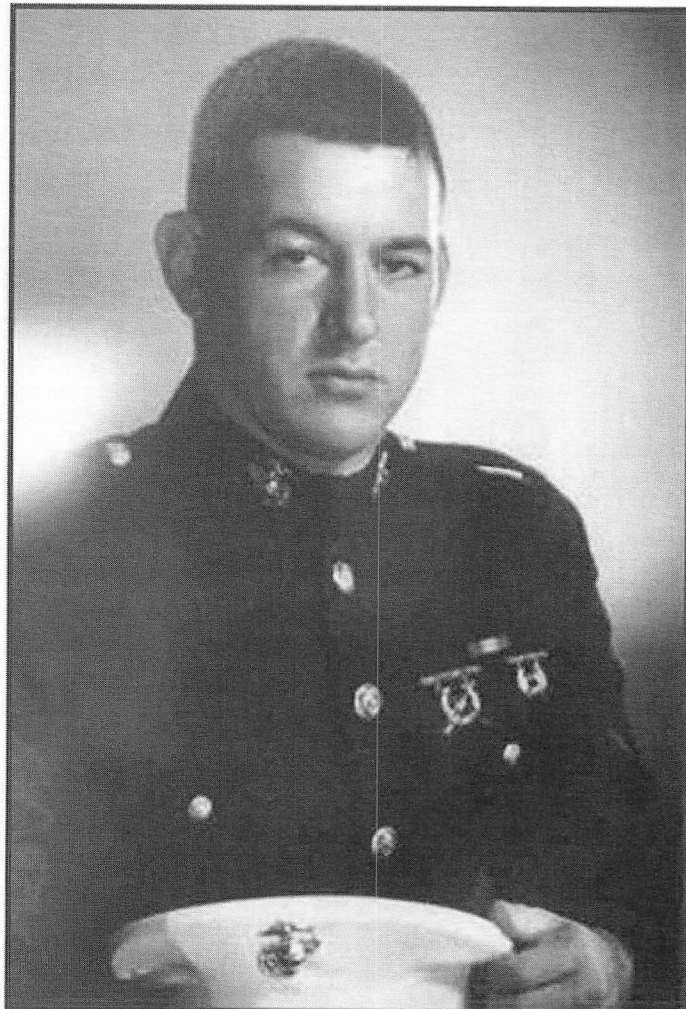
Mr. Rogers is survived by his wife, Maureen, of East Marion; daughters Christine Rogers Saenz of Centereach and Allison Rogers Chimienti of Glen Cove; his son, Robert, of Miller Place and nine grandchildren. Interment at Calverton National Cemetery.

Memorial donations may be made to the American Legion, 51655 Route 25, Southold, NY 11971.

OBIT

**RICHARD F. DWORSKY, CAPTAIN, USMC
KHE SANH VETERAN INDIA CO 3/26
HILL 881S**

Dr. Dickie, Captain USMC from Steamboat and Anchorage, died November 5th returning from a pheasant-hunting trip taken with friends he'd known for over 55 years. Richard was born in Lebanon, Missouri, August 13, 1942 where his parents Leonard and Diana Dworsky were stationed at Ft. Leonard Wood during WWII. He attended Lincoln High School in Portland Oregon, graduated from the University of Michigan in 1965 (Forestry), playing football and developing unreserved affection for the Wolverines. He received his Master's degree in Natural Resources from Colorado State University in 1972, and his Ph.D. in Forestry from



the University of Massachusetts 1986.

Over his career, Richard spent 37 years in Alaska, 15 with the Bureau of Land Management working to effectively manage and preserve the lands of the western US and Alaska. He met his wife Sally while living in Waitsfield, Vermont, directing projects for the New England River Basin Commission, and skiing at Mad River Glen. Before that, he was the Director of Forestry for the Department of Natural Resources San Juan, Puerto Rico, the Maryland Land Use Specialist for the Interstate Commission of the Potomac River, and Natural Resources Planner for the Genesee Finger Lakes Regional Planning Board in Rochester New York.

Richard was proud to have served as an officer in the United States Marine Corps, Basic School 5-67, serving in Vietnam from 1967-1970, 3rd Battalion, 26th Marines as Rifle Platoon and Company Commander. He was a reserve officer from 1970 to 1977. A decorated combat hero with numerous personal citations, his actions with India Company on Hill 881S during the siege of Khe Sanh earned him the Bronze Star, the Navy Commendation Medal, and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry. Additional citations include the Combat Action Ribbon, Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon, the National Defense Medal, and 3 Purple Hearts. He maintained important friendships with his brothers-in-arms throughout his entire life, and recently wrote in a newspaper article, "I didn't pick the men I fought with but I have an attachment to them that cannot be described – and I have the same attachment to those who carry on today. Never have I given anyone the trust I gave these men."

Richard's entire professional and intellectual career reflected his deep respect for the natural world. Like his father and his brothers, he focused on the planning and management of water and land resources, balancing the needs of people and nature. He authored numerous professional papers, and was a member of the American Water Resources Association, as well as Rotary International in Anchorage East, the Michigan Alumni Association, Trout International and the Rocky Mountain Angling Club.

He was an excellent charismatic friend and raconteur; a skier, an avid hunter, an expert marksman,

an adventurous traveller, and an accomplished fly fisherman. Pursuing trout, bonefish and salmon worldwide with his fly rod was his passion. In Alaska, he volunteered at Alpenglow Ski Area skiing with veterans and individuals with special needs. He was a genuine scholar and a voracious reader of history of all kinds focusing on military, American, and natural history. Richard carried on his family's legacy: public service to his country, care for the world around him, steadfast affection for colleagues and friends, and an unwavering devotion to his family.

KHE SANH VETERANS IN THE NEWS

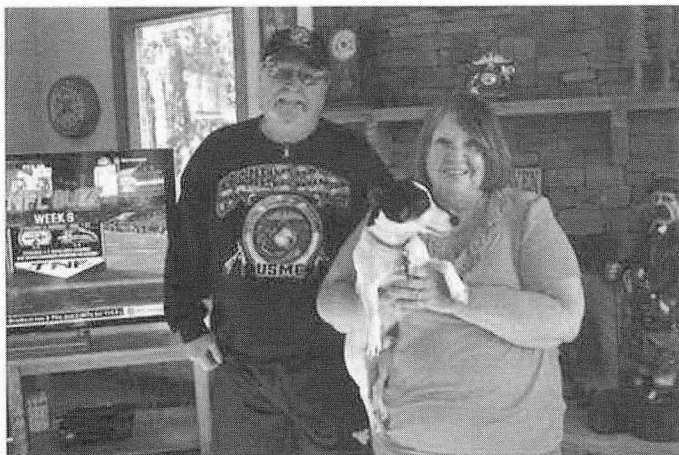
WILLIAM 'BILL' FULTINEER OF LEWIS COUNTY, WV, PUTS MILITARY

SACRIFICES ABOVE HIS OWN

by Jonathan Weaver STAFF WRITER

Nov 13, 2018

JACKSON'S MILL — The details about his military service during the Vietnam War aren't important to William "Bill" Fultineer. He recognizes



William Fultineer shown here with his Wife Dixie and their Jack Russell Terrier

the service and sacrifice of all of his fellow Marines and soldiers.

A lance corporal in the U.S. Marine Corps, Fultineer specifically fought at the combat base in Khe Sanh.

"When the Tet Offensive happened, we were real busy," Fultineer said

The North Vietnamese People's Army and Viet Cong soldiers attacked dozens of South Vietnamese cities in January and February 1968, including Khe Sanh

"Out of my platoon, seven of us made it home," Fultineer said. He estimated the platoon was comprised of about 35 Marines, with most of the casualties coming during the Tet Offensive.

Fultineer received his first Purple Heart for wounds inflicted by hand grenades and gunfire while he was patrolling Hill 950 in July 1967. Hill 950 was located at Khe Sanh, near the North Vietnam border.



He received a second Purple Heart for rescuing a fellow Marine. Fultineer was shot by a North Vietnamese sniper during his rescue.

Fultineer's third Purple Heart was received for his actions during the Tet Offensive. During intense gunfire and mortar fire, he evacuated 30 children from Khe Sanh. He was wounded by shrapnel in the process

He received other medals and commendations but refused to specify.

"There are a lot of guys that are worse off than me. ... When our country needed us and called us, we went willingly," he said.

His medals are displayed in the Mountaineer Military Museum along Center Avenue in Weston. Fultineer knows several other veterans memorialized in the museum, and said it is no longer difficult to view their photographs.

People in that museum will never grow old. They'll always be young."

Fultineer doesn't talk about his service with his wife of 49 years, Dixie, 48-year-old son or his 43-year-old daughter.

"If they asked a question, I would answer it," Fultineer said. "I didn't decide to keep them away from it, but it was just something we didn't talk about. My fellow Purple Hearters and I will talk about it, but that's about it.

"I didn't sacrifice anything more than anybody else did there"

Dixie said she is proud of her husband's service.

"It makes me appreciate the fact that people were willing to endanger their lives to keep this country free," she said.

Fultineer, who turned 72, will occasionally talk with youth about his service, but doesn't talk in detail.

After graduating from Weston High School in 1964, Fultineer went to Glenville State College before enlisting in the Marine Corps in 1966. Along with being a football and baseball athlete, he finished his English and physical education degree in January 1971 after his service.

"The Marine Corps had a 13-month hitch that we had to serve in Vietnam. I came back home after that 13 months and I was back on duty for about two months before letting me out early to go back to college. I came home with nothing but the clothes on my back," Fultineer said. "Glenville State Col-

lege had a lot of veterans there at that time. I knew them all."

Bill and Dixie met while both enrolled at Glenville State. She graduated in 1969, and they were married that July.

He taught language arts for five years, three years at Weston Junior High (which was formerly located in the spot of the current CVS Pharmacy on High Street) and two at Harrisville High School in Ritchie County before becoming a self-employed insurance agent in Martinsville.

Fultineer retired in 1997 after 20 years. He became a member of VFW Post 1976 a dozen years ago.

MUSICK HAULED AMMO DURING SERVICE IN VIETNAM

ABINGDON, Va. — Roger Musick was in a convoy hauling ammunition down the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Vietnam toward a gun position near Khe Sanh.

Although it hadn't rained for days, Musick spotted a mud puddle in the middle of the road. He realized the puddle concealed a landmine, and he jumped out of the truck before being hit.

We buried ourselves on each side of the road while the shrapnel went over the top of us," he said. "We didn't get a scratch. There was mud on each side of the road, and we came out really muddy."

Musick, 73, began his service in the Army by volunteering in September 1965 when he was 20 years old. He served for two years and achieved the rank of private. He left for Vietnam in September 1966. He served in that war with the First Battalion 40th Field Artillery on the Vietnamese Demilitarized Zone. His job during the war was running ammunition to Marines.

Sometimes, his unit was under fire while trying to deliver ammunition. During one incident, they were hauling ammo in a C123 cargo plane to a base in Khe Sanh. We rolled the ammo out of the cargo plane without the plane coming to a stop," he said. "We had to have the ammo out and the tailgate shut

while we had enough runway left to get airborne again. We had to avoid being hit by incoming artillery fire is why we had to do it without stopping.”

Musick served in the Vietnam War for one year, leaving the battlefield in September 1967. He was assigned to Fort Wainwright in Fairbanks, Alaska. He left the service in 1968 and traveled back to Abingdon in his 1959 F100, which he bought and repaired himself. He has worked on automobiles as a hobby ever since.

He retired as a building contractor. Musick still lives in Abingdon and is the proud grandfather of six.

A few years ago, he made a trip to Washington, D.C., to visit the Vietnam War Memorial. It was something he wanted to do for a long time. His son, Michael, was living and working in D.C. at the time and went with his father.

He spent a long time there,” Michael Musick said. “He read through the names and looked at the memorial. He was real quiet. You could tell it was affecting him by just how quiet and somber he was.”

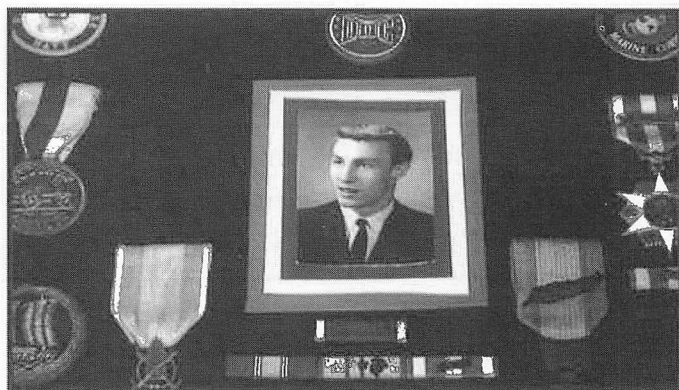
NICE STORY HOW MARINES FEEL ABOUT OUR BROTHER CORPSMAN

VETERANS' FAMILIES SHARE BOND AT THE WALL THAT HEALS

PADUCAH — A woman from Massachusetts traveled to The Wall That Heals at Carson Park to honor her brother and the Paducah veteran who tried to

save him.

Maureen Murphy-Payne says her brother, Richard “Dick” Murphy, of Norwood, Massachusetts, was killed by a sniper in Vietnam on June 15, 1968. The same sniper also killed two Navy hospital corpsmen who tried to provide aid to Richard — William Mercer, of Los Angeles, and James Dale Cruse, of Paducah. James posthumously received a Navy Cross for his valor.



**JAMES CRUISE POSTHUMOUSLY
RECEIVED THE NAVY CROSS
FOR HIS VALOR**

James' brother, Fred Cruse, still lives in Paducah. Over the weekend, he and Maureen were able to talk and catch up while they were both volunteering at The Wall That Heals. Maureen says her family and the Cruse family have formed a strong bond after learning of James trying to save Richard. “The courage that they displayed, you know, we’re all so appreciative of what they gave up, just to

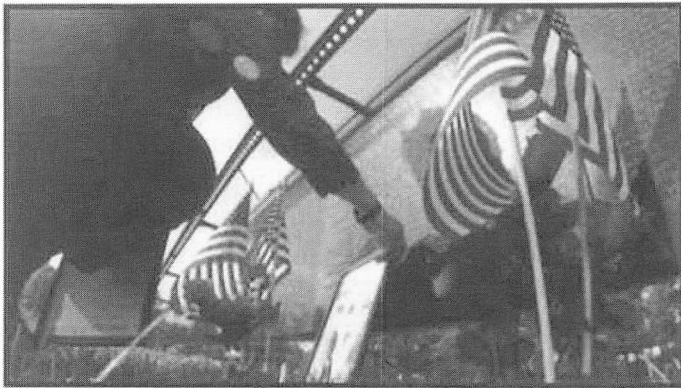


**MAUREEN MURPHY-PAYNE & FRED
CRUISE CATCH UP AT
THE WALL THAT HEALS**



JAMES CRUISE & RICHARD MURPHY

think what their lives would have been, you know? So we're so appreciative because we all live every day with our freedoms, and it's always said but



**MAUREEN MURPHY-PAYNE PUTTING
TRIBUTE AT THE PANEL WITH HER
BROTHERS NAME**

there's a huge cost to it," said Maureen. Maureen says she was just 13 years old when she learned about her brother's death from her father.

"One of my older brothers came in, and we all tried to console the three younger boys. I mean, we were in pain as well, obviously. But we were caring for our siblings," Maureen recalled.

And even 50 years later, Maureen still fondly remembers her brother's personality.

"He was very fun-loving. He was a good boy, never got into any trouble, and as I mentioned to you, he was a protector," said Maureen. "It's very sad when I think of everything that our family has missed not having Dickie here in our lives."

On Saturday, Maureen placed tributes at the panel with her brother's name. Just a few lines above Murphy's name is Cruse's.

"I know they're together in heaven and they're looking down on us, and they would want us to do what we're doing here — speaking their names so that they live on forever," said Maureen.

Maureen says her family first learned about their connection with the Cruse family during a police convention, when one of her brothers talked with James Cruse's nephew. The two families have been in touch ever since.

FROM THE WEB THUNDERING THIRD 3/4

John Alan Hudson Corporal USMC

Lima held the right, highest part of the hill while Kilo mostly held the lower, left portion of the hill.



Hill 689 as seen today on Google Earth
As scene from the east

3/4 CP and the LZ, 81s and S4 was on the flat between the two ends. I was there from 23 April to 10 June when we flew to Khe Sanh to start Operation Robin South. Lima arrived two days before I did (returning from my 30 day leave when I extended) and Colonel Bendell and I believe Kilo a day before that to relieve 1/9.

My research shows that the time 3/4 was in the Hill



689 TAOR to be the bloodiest period in 3/4's history! From 15 May onward combat was almost constant as the NVA moved fresh troops in from Laos to over run KSCB and all of the surrounding Marine hill positions. An example of the action, I was Right Guide 4 times, had two different rifle squads and was Platoon Sergeant twice and Platoon Commander during the Hill 758 fight on 15 May. Those of us that survived that period were blessed indeed. To this day I wonder how I survived when so many better Marines all around me did not.

KSV IN THE NEWS CONTINUES: CITY HOSTS NUMEROUS TRIBUTES

THE WARWICK BEACON

Schools and organizations throughout Warwick will pay homage to our nation's veterans with programs and ceremonies this week and next honoring those who have served and still serve. Veterans' Day, which is Sunday, Nov. 11, is being observed on Monday, Nov. 12.

Warwick Neck Elementary School students in grades 3-5 will once again visit the Warwick Neck Lighthouse this Wednesday at 10 a.m. to honor veterans from the community. Sponsored by the Warwick Neck Improvement Association and the U.S. Coast Guard, the event normally attracts a large crowd of veterans, parents and city officials alike.

Also on Wednesday, Bishop Hendricken High School will host keynote speaker Michael A. Montigny, a Vietnam veteran of the U.S. Marine Corps and author of "A Few Good Angels," a book which details his deployment and how "a few good angels saved his life numerous times while he served there." Montigny served as a machine gunner at the Battle of Khe Sanh in 1967, a battle that turned into a five-month siege, according to an email from Joe Cichon, who organized the event.

As part of the event, the school will honor the memory of Army Sergeant Mikeal Miller, who was mortally wounded during a deployment in Afghanistan in 2006. Miller was only 22 years old when he died, "only four years older than some of our present students," said Cichon in his email. A Gold Star family, Don and Karen McKenzie, brother and sister-in-law of Richard McKenzie, BHHS '63, who died in Vietnam, will also be present.

On Thursday, veterans will meet with students at St. Rose of Lima School starting at 9 a.m. Also on Thursday, Holliman Elementary School will conduct their annual Veterans Day appreciation event, which normally draws members of the state's General Assembly to speak.

On Friday, Pilgrim High School will host its fourth

annual "Patriots Honoring Patriots" event from 9:15 to 10:30 a.m. A formal ceremony will take place, and the annual "Jeans for Troops" campaign, sponsored by the GiGo Fund, will be working to help members of the armed forces get funding for housing, healthcare, education and employment. Those looking to support the cause are encouraged to wear blue jeans and a patriotic shirt to show their support for the cause.

Also on Friday, the All American Assisted Living facility on Tollgate Farm Road will be hosting an event for veterans with refreshments served from 2-4 p.m. Those interested are asked to RSVP by calling 889-5905.

On Monday, Hendricken will host a pancake breakfast for veterans from across the state starting at 7:30 a.m. There is no RSVP required for veterans, and the pancakes will be plentiful. Dunkin Donuts and Dave's Marketplace have agreed to sponsor the event, which is being organized by Bill Johnson, a Hendricken coach and teacher.

A laying of a wreath will be conducted at Warwick Veterans Middle School on Monday by the Warwick Veterans Council.

ED NOTE:

At the Khe Sanh Veterans reunion honoring the 50th Anniversary of the Siege of Khe Sanh, held in Washington DC, on August 12-19 2018, the Khe Sanh Veterans invited five members of the Poilane family from the country of France as our honored guest.

The Poilane family members included Jean-Marie Poilane & his sister Francoise Poilane-Bisiaux, the children of Felix Poilane the owner of the Coffee Plantation located near the KSV Combat Base. Felix was murdered by the North Vietnamese. Jean Marie was accompanied by his wife Christele Poilane, his sister Francoise Poilane Bisiaux by her husband Alain Bisiaux and their daughter Marianne Bicorné Bisiaux

Jean-Marine Poilane and his sister Francoise used to sit outside of their home at the plantation near the KSCB and greet American troops as they patrolled near the plantation. (See Photos)

NOTE: Here is a letter of thanks written by Jean-Marie to Reverend Ray W. Stubbe thanking him for honoring he and his family.

Dear Reverend Stubbe,

I wanted to write you to thank you very much. Our presence at the 50th anniversary of Khe Sanh's siege in Washington is mainly because of you!

You founded the Khe Sanh veterans association and also made translations of my mother's written memories about her life in Vietnam. This helped Dennis Mannion a lot to retrieve us.

I thought of you very often during this week in Washington.

You may know that I did a short speech at the banquet in order to thank all of you.

When I prepared this speech, I wanted to mention you and talk more about my parents but when I practiced in my hotel room I could not



finish as I started to cry.

Therefore, I did not cite you but I regret.

I want you to know that my thoughts were with you. We missed you!!

During this week we had a lot emotions and feelings, but we really start to realize after returning in France. This was so amazing and

incredible this journey in Washington meeting all these people.

I said to myself: These men were so brave and most of them are so humble, we were amid heroes.

Washing the wall on Saturday early morning was also a very impressive experience for us. So symbolic but powerful. We could speak with some veterans who knew our house or our parents.

During the banquet on Saturday night, one veteran came to see us and gave us a photo of the plane where my father died and that he took (plane had problem at landing and we see it with some flames).

This was very emotional for us.

More touching, still during the banquet, after my short speech, another veteran came to see me, and he told me "I was there when your father went to heaven. He was a good man". And he gave me his tie after having said that. Then he left us very simply. Of course, tears went immediately in my eyes. I keep the tie pre-



ciously then.

US Marines mechanics repaired my father's tractor and at the reunion there was one photo showing that. The marine who took this photo went to see us and said:

"Your father was very happy for the reparation

and invited us in his house after. There he offered us some Pernod (a French aperitif) and proposed some magazines ».

The marine told us that at this moment he thought « What's happening, we are in the middle of nowhere - in the heart of the jungle - and a gentleman offers us Pernod and proposes us magazines, unbelievable

It remained a great souvenir for the marines!!!

Meeting Dennis Mannion and his family was an honor for us. Dennis is a real **gentleman** in the most pure and noble meaning of the word.

Glenn Prentice is also a very generous man and when he saw us, he cried because he remembered that he saw my sister and I 50 years before as little children.

And Ted Showalter who knew well my parents and took this magical photo (in color!!) in 1964 where my parents, my sister and I are all together!

Meeting Carrie Pepper on the last day (Sunday) where she talked about her brother (MIA)

and gave us her book (with a written dedication in French!) was also touching.

And all other people, Nick Romanetz, Larry Leclaire, Ron Shouse etc ...

All this will remain unforgotten in our memories.

RAY STUBBE'S RESPONSE:

Dear Crtstele and Jean-Marie:

Very unfortunately, my French is abysmal and I need to communicate in English. Please excuse my deficiency! There is an old joke: "What do you call a person who speaks several languages? Multilingual. What do you call a person who speaks two languages? Bilingual. What do you call a person who speaks only one language? American."

Your very thoughtful letter of 18 September, including the photographs of the Poilane family members brought me many blessings. After the experience of the devastation at Khe Sanh, which included not only many Marines I personally knew, but also the horrible impact on the local Bru tribespeople and even the land itself, to see photographs of the Poilane family was a statement of the survival of life itself. There were many times during those early weeks of 1968 when I assumed we were all going to die

Reading through your mother's (Madeleine) account of the family's movement from Khe Sanh and especially the situation in Hue after arrival there and your father's death, made me aware of the very difficult situation she, you, and your sister faced. She contacted me in an attempt to obtain war reparations for the use and the destruction of your home at Khe Sanh. Although I sent letters to a Senator as well as military officials, the response was always that nothing could be done. I'm sure that the financial burdens she faced were tremendous.

Thus to see the family now, emerging from those horrible devastations, reminded me of Spring following Winter, or Easter following Good Friday, and I saw the hand of our Lord working in this matter, who only wishes to give us life in its fullness.

Thank you also for your very kind words about me! I am now 80 and having various medical conditions which kept me from attending the reunion. I'm confident that your very presence blessed many of those who were there.

May our gracious Lord continue to bless you.
RAY

FRED SIX RECALLS HIS TIME UNDER FIRE IN VIETNAM

By Carter Giegerich carterg@themountaineer.com

"There were many times that a little bit of fear struck me. But that first time, I learned a lot from that."

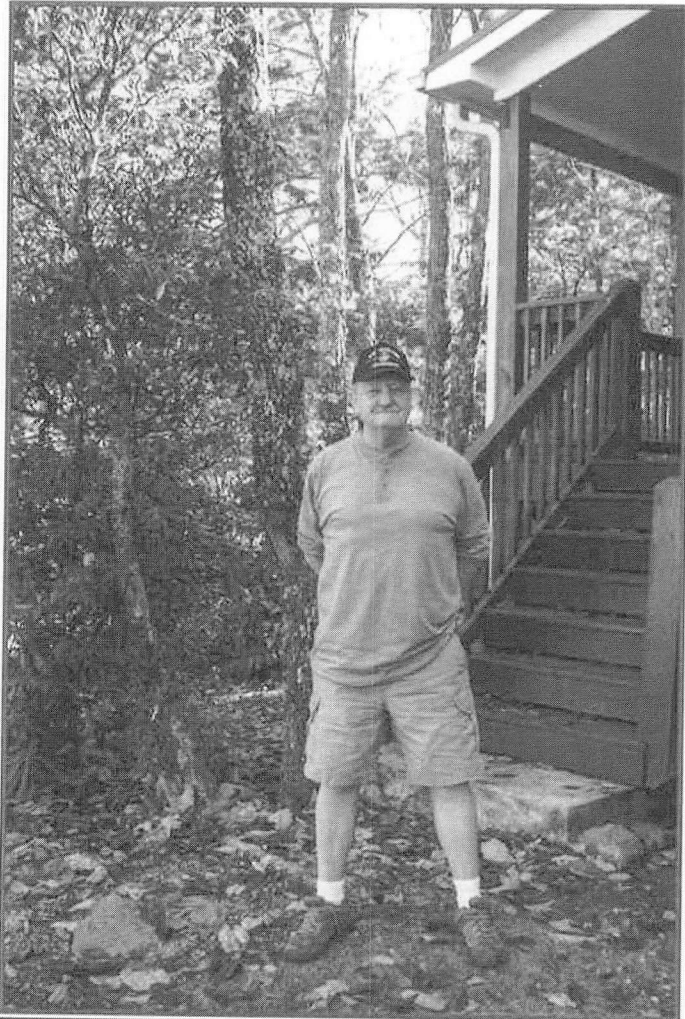
Fred Six

Marine Corps Veteran

Fred Six was only 19 years old when he first came face-to-face with the horrors of the Vietnam War.

It was late at night in a foxhole in the Quang Tri province in central Vietnam.

“I’ll never forget it — it was the first action I saw over there. We had a little high rise outside a village over there, a small hill, and we dug in for the night with our whole platoon,” Six said. “We camped in for the night, not expecting anything. I was still brand new, not even a month in. It was 10 minutes



Maggie Valley resident Fred Six entered the Vietnam War in his late teens, surviving numerous live combat scenarios.

until one in the morning, it was foggy, and we started hearing explosions all around us.”

Six was awake, taking his shift on watch in a foxhole with two other Marines in his platoon as they tried to sleep, when satchel charges started raining down around them from the bottom of the hill. Almost immediately, the Viet Cong soldiers attacking their position landed an explosive in another fox-

hole, critically wounding one of the men in his platoon.

“You could hear this one Marine, I had played poker with him the night before, who had both his legs blown off because a satchel charge had a direct hit on him,” Six said. “The guy who threw it got lucky, and blew off both of his legs. The whole time all these explosions are going on all around us, he’s screaming ‘God, let me die.’ That was how I broke into Vietnam.”

Although the attack lasted about an hour, with the Viet Cong scattering when a medivac helicopter came to retrieve the wounded men, Six said the entire platoon stayed up through the night on alert in case they returned.

Firefights and ambushes were fairly commonplace in the parts of Vietnam Six toured during his service in 1967 and 1968. He spent much of his time patrolling areas near the DMZ, hunting for enemy supply caches and signs of either the Viet Cong or the North Vietnamese Army.

“All we did was stay out on patrol, going through these villages looking for supplies for the enemy,” he said. “We’d go through their huts, looking for things. Sometimes they’d have little spider holes they would bury stuff in, and we’d look for food caches, or ammo caches or even gun caches. If you found it then you’d burn it — it was pretty common.”

ON THE MOVE

Before long, Six’s platoon left Quang Tri and made their way first to Con Thien and then to Khe Sanh, a Marine base that had been under heavy siege until his unit arrived with a wave of relief troops.

“Our entire outfit went in to relieve them, and then after some time they decided to shut the base down,” Six said. “The whole time we were there we were taking artillery fire, which gave us some sense of what the siege was like.”

The base had been essentially cut off by the prolonged fighting, with no running water coming in for the Marines the entire time he was there.

“We never had a bath that whole time — the only

thing we could use water for was drinking, because the pump that came in from below was cut off by the siege," he said. "The only water coming in had to be parachuted in."

While he was in Khe Sanh, his platoon started to do more patrol missions in the surrounding area despite the heightened risk of attack. The hills surrounding the base had been bombed so completely, he said it looked like the surface of the moon.

"We spent a couple nights up on this hill, and we didn't have any water for more than a night," Six said. "Whoever had camped before us left a skull by this fox hole full of water, but we drank from that sucker because we were so thirsty. We just used our iodine tablets and drank it anyway."

Meanwhile, Six said, his fellow servicemen in the Army were living in relative luxury not too far from where they were camped

"You could clearly see the Army from that hill, and they had choppers coming in, they had hot showers. We didn't have anything," he said with a laugh. "We always felt like we were behind the Army, I don't know why."

TOOLS OF WAR

It was also in Khe Sanh that Six saw his first encounter with the brutal force of napalm being dropped by friendly air support on dug-in enemy positions

"Another platoon got ambushed and we came back to support them. The NVA left when those Phantom jets came in and dropped the napalm — that was the first time I'd ever seen that," he said. "You felt a whoosh from it, the force from it, and there's nothing like it. That stops everything. Whoever was shooting at you isn't even there anymore"

Six described incoming artillery fire as a fairly commonplace hazard of his tour of duty, including on a major operation in Khe Sanh that resulted in the worst loss of life he saw in his entire time in the warzone.

During a major operation out of the base, Six's platoon was dropped at a landing zone that had been

heavily bombed prior to their landing to eradicate any ground resistance they might encounter as they left the helicopter. As his platoon set up a defensive perimeter, though, the second helicopter to land was completely destroyed by a direct hit from a mortar shell.

"The chopper went down and everybody onboard was dead," he said. "Our platoon was lucky — we came in first, but that could have been us."

As more helicopters landed, the artillery fire continued and Six was knocked unconscious by the concussive force of one of the rounds. A fellow Marine carried him to safety, most likely saving his life.

"I don't know if I stayed there whether I would have gotten a mortar shell or not," he said.

As the military prepared to shut down the base at Khe Sanh, Six's platoon remained at the base and assisted with sealing up all of the military installations to prevent the enemy troops from using them to their advantage.

"Imagine this — you have all these bunkers, all these trenches and you have to seal them all up," he said. "A lot of it was done with bulldozers and stuff, but as the trench lines and the bunkers are disappearing the artillery fire is still coming. So we're just laying out in the open, hoping to get through until it's done."

SQUAD LEADER

Once Khe Sanh was finally sealed up, Six's group moved to a place called Qua Viet. While Khe Sanh had been a fairly well-developed base, Six said Qua Viet was closer to the small villages he'd started out in when he first came to Vietnam.

They continued to do seek and destroy missions, hunting enemy supply caches and dodging ambushes along the way, until two men in his battalion were killed in a land mine explosion as they attempted to deliver food to Six's platoon using an amphibious troop transport vehicle.

"These were both guys that had just re-upped for another tour, so these guys had been there a while, and I looked up to both of them," Six said. "They were riding in an Amtrac, carrying food out to us,

and hit a land mine. Both of them burned up and died as a result of that land mine.”

Only a few days later, Six’s platoon struck back at the Viet Cong soldiers in the area. Six, who had just been promoted to be the leader of his squad, led a group of Marines through the forest adjacent to a nearby rice paddy in the dead of night, hoping to reach a nearby village under cover of darkness. They set up in the trees nearby, waiting for a sign of the enemy until early in the afternoon the next day. Then, after hours spent on alert, a group of five Viet Cong soldiers walked into view with their weapons slung over their shoulders.

“If they’re carrying a weapon, you shoot. If they aren’t carrying a weapon you don’t, you just try to question them,” Six said. “As soon as they walked past, the guy on the end fired. Once the guy on the far end hears him fire, he fires too. They went down so fast — we took them all out and collected their weapons. It was almost like a revenge thing, for the guys we lost a couple days earlier.”

COMING HOME

Not long after that, Six’s unit was moved to Danang for a period of time before returning home briefly, then serving on a tour of the Mediterranean. At that point, he said, the Marine Corps was at its peak involvement in the war and he was asked to re-enlist for another tour.

“I got back from the Med cruise, I was on leave and I’d just gotten married,” he said. “I didn’t re-up, and my options were either to re-up or leave the Marine Corps. So I was in just short of three years, instead of the four I’d signed up for.”

He left the military and immediately started seeking employment, quickly finding work with a number of film labs for about 15 years before going to work for Raytheon in Virginia, where he retired in 2004.

Although he said his time in Vietnam didn’t have much impact on what he pursued as a career when he returned home, there’s no doubt he learned a great deal about himself and others during his time under fire near the DMZ. From that first combat experience in Quang Tri on, he said, he learned important lessons at every step of the way.

“It was adrenaline, it was fear, it was both,” he said. “There were many times that a little bit of fear struck me. But that first time, I learned a lot from that.”

NICE STORY FROM THE WEB

I have never let my time in Vietnam define me or who I am. When I came home in July of 71 my uniform was put away and I never saw it again. I don’t even remember what happened to my DD214. I got a job working for an oil field service company and in the 40 years that I worked for them, the subject of my service in Vietnam never really came up with my fellow employees. I just didn’t think about it. Example: I wanted an international position with the company so filled out and submitted an application. About a month later I was called in to the HR director for an interview. As he looked thru my resume



he asked me if I had ever been overseas before and I replied “no”. He flipped a page and said “Well, it says here that you went to Vietnam “. I said “Oh, yes, I forgot about that”. I got the job and ended up spending 20 years outside the US in various countries.

I first met my British born wife in Dubai in 1976, and we’ve been married now for 40 years. Her first husband had been a serious bad ass in the British special forces during the Aden Emergency (1963-1967), so she had no interest in hearing anything more to do with war. I can’t say I blame her. My Vietnam service was never discussed as we raised our two daughters. In our list of life priorities, it was low on the list.

Other interesting things were happening anyway. I was arrested in Dubai during the hijacking of Lufthansa flight 181, and I was present in Iran when the Shah was overthrown in 1979. I was in Dubai and Saudi during the Iraq-Iran war from 80 to 83, met the current Syrian dictator in a private meeting at the Syrian Oil Ministry in the 80s and was in the Beirut airport when Israel invaded Lebanon in 1982. I managed to be back in Dubai in time for Desert Storm and participated in the capping of Kuwaiti oil wells that had been blown up by the Iraqis.

So, back to my reconnecting with Vietnam. While working in Saudi Arabia in 2011, I decided to retire. I purchased a new car using the internet and decided that I wanted a Vietnam veteran license plate. A requirement was presenting your DD214 which would show your Vietnam service. Since I had no idea what happened to my original, I applied for a duplicate, using my sister's US address. A couple of months later I called her from Saudi to see if she had received it. She said she had, along with the medals that I had earned while in Vietnam. After 40 years, the government finally decided to send them to me. All this time I thought that if I wanted them, I was supposed to buy them myself. I was surprised to see that there were two Air Medals, both with "V" device, and the Army Commendation Medal.

You see, I was a Crew Chief on a UH-1C Charlie

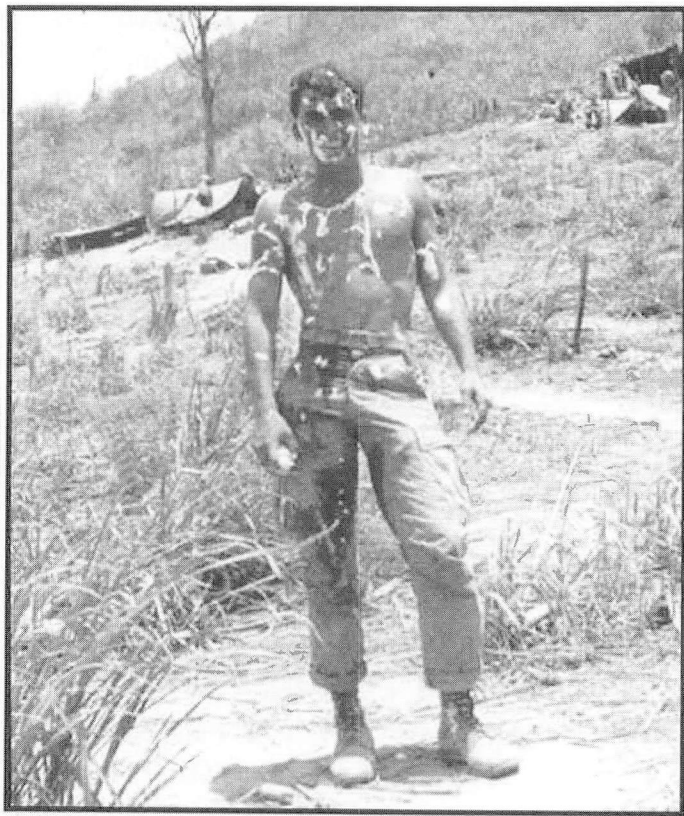


model gunship with the 48th AHC. My Aircraft Commander and I participated in Lam Son 719 while operating out of Dong Ha. I lost good friends during that operation, including Cpt. Ed Bilbrey, who's wife and parents I visited with on my way back home, and Bob Acalotto, my door gunner, who was KIA a couple of weeks after this photo of us was taken at Khe Sanh. He is the one on the right. I heard later that my AC spent 6 months in a VA hospital suffering from PTSD, wearing nothing but a diaper. So yes, I finally received the medals (which I am proud of), as well as the license plates, but I refuse to let that experience play a major role in who I am. Yes, I am one of the lucky ones. I define my life by my family and accomplishments since that terrible time.

BROTHERS IN WAR AND IN PEACE: A STORY OF VIETNAM BY STEVEN LANSFORD

On May 31, 1968, I was serving as a squad leader with the Third Platoon, "Mike Company," 3rd Battalion, 1st Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division. We were conducting a company-size combat operation against a large force of North Vietnamese Army (NVA) and Hard Corps Viet Cong Army troops in Quang Tri Province, Northern I Corps. We were on Hill 512, north of Highway 9, which ran east-west from the Ca Lu Combat Base to Khe Sahn. My platoon moved away from the company command post on top of the hill, down the hillside through the bush. We reached the bottom and climbed a low draw. At the top of the draw, the bush ended and the area before us was entirely devoid of vegetation. It was obvious that a firefight had occurred here, because there were bits and pieces of equipment, armament, clothing, etc., strewn across the area. We traveled across this open area, where we encountered another draw and the jungle started again. The bush was so thick on the other side that we couldn't see anything. However, to my right we observed a pair of green sneakers and a pith helmet. Not a good sign — the NVA! There was something on the other side of the draw and it wasn't us. Regardless of the evidence of an enemy presence, the platoon commander gave the word to move into the draw. Cpl. Frank Lautner's squad moved forward.

I left the platoon commander and started back to my



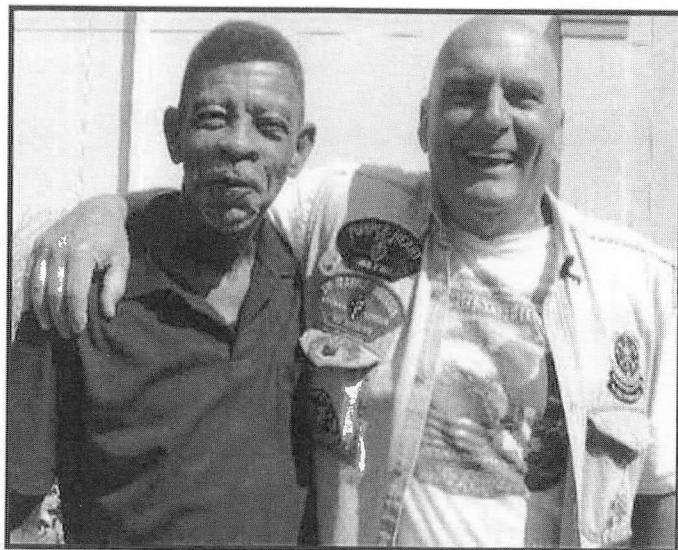
SHAVING CREAM HIS BUDDIES HAVING FUN

squad. I hadn't gone far when the claymore mines "popped" and the screaming started. I was in the open by myself, with no cover at all! Immediately after the mines detonated, the mortars started coming in and the small arms fire began. A mortar round discharged in my face and shrapnel went through my right eye. I was shot and hit with more shrapnel. However, it was the head trauma that knocked me senseless. Not only could I not see out of my right eye, but I was stunned to the point of not being able to move. I wanted to take cover, but my brain and body would, or could not coordinate. I remember seeing what appeared to be another squad of Marines, from the Second Platoon as it turned out, move out of the draw to my left. They were running to where the body of my Third Platoon had taken cover. However, one Marine came toward me, across the open, through the intense mortar and small arms fire. He was a black Marine, who was so skinny that his steel pot wobbled on his head. Even though I was out of it, I can see his face as clearly today as if it happened yesterday. He put my rifle back in my hands, grabbed me and said "Don't worry, Sarge, I got you, we're going to be OK." Somehow, he managed to avoid us getting killed and back to where the rest of my platoon had

taken cover.

That Marine stayed with me the rest of the day and that night. He never left my side. I remember that he was very quiet and watched over me like a hawk. That was a very long night. The next morning, other Marines joined us and I recall seeing Staff Sgt. Barnes from another platoon — I have no idea of his first name — bringing bodies out of the draw. My Marine brother — the man who saved me — helped me as we started the long walk back to the command post June 1.

We carried our dead, our wounded and our body parts, weapons and equipment back across the open area. We were in the draw, starting back up the hill, going back to the command post, when the North Vietnamese ambushed us with artillery. My Marine brother and I dived to the ground. Several rounds landed, and most of the Marines who had not been killed or wounded the day before were killed or wounded that morning. The platoon commander almost lost his leg. My Marine brother and I took some shrapnel, but were able to continue. We made it back to the command post and found that it had been pounded by heavy mortars and artillery. This resulted in most of Mike Company being killed or wounded. Everyone in Cpl. Lautner's squad was killed. We survivors subsequently evacu-



OTIS FELIX IN MAY 2012 IN ATLANTA

ated via helicopter to the Valley Forge, and ultimately sent to military hospitals in Japan.

I have been ashamed for almost 44 years, because I

never asked my Marine brother what his name was. I've thought about him every day, and I have told everyone who will listen the story of this brave Marine who risked his life to pull me from harms way. He was a real Marine who epitomized "Semper Fidelis." I don't deserve to tie his boots, and I didn't even know his name. Parenthetically, I gave a framed copy of the Charles Russell painting of the Negro York, who accompanied Lewis and Clark on their expedition to the Pacific Ocean in 1804, to the Palm Coast African American Society, in my Marine brother's honor. That man helped me to be a better person.

In 2009, a young "3/1" Marine from the Iraq War, Felix Garcia, introduced me to the website for the 3rd Battalion, 1st Marine Regiment. In September 2011, we had a reunion in Beaufort, South Carolina. Low and behold, Sgt. John Potts, Second Platoon, stepped out of the darkness and back into my life. I had the presence of mind to give him the much abbreviated version of this story, including a detailed description of my Marine brother, and asked if he knew who he might be. John would not commit at that time, but made inquiries after we returned home.

In a subsequent email John said that based on contact with some of his Second Platoon brothers they were sure that my Marine brother could only be Otis Felix, who was from the U.S. Virgin Islands. Later, John and I were talking on the phone and he informed me that he had a photo of his squad, which included Otis Felix. I begged him to send it to me. I told him that I had my Marine brother's face burned into my brain and I was sure I could recognize him. I received an email from John, with an attached photo of his squad, including Otis Felix. I recognized his face the minute I looked at the photo. One of my Mike 3/1 Marines gave me the last known address for Otis. He was residing in St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands. I composed a heartfelt, two-page letter, and sent it to that address. I was skeptical that it would reach him and did a lot of praying that it would. Every day when I visited the Palm Coast Post Office I hoped that I'd hear from him. Ironically, Otis had not lived at that address for 15 years. However, as luck would have it, he works for the U.S. Postal Service. The letter carrier recognized Otis' name, realized he had not resided at that address for years and delivered the letter to him at the post office.

On May 7, 2012, I was contacted by Otis' daughter, Orise, who lives and works in Atlanta. She said her father had received the letter and was moved to tears. Otis and his wife Patricia pressed Orise into service to find me. We talked for a long time. I contacted Otis and we talked and I reiterated everything I wrote in the letter and assured him it was from my heart. We talked for a long time. He told me his granddaughter was scheduled to graduate from high school in Atlanta on May 23. Coincidentally, I was going to be on my way to Rolling Thunder in Washington, D.C., on the motorcycle, that same day. On May 24, 2012, almost 44 years to the day, Otis and I reunited in Atlanta. Needless to say, it was one of the best days of my life.

I subsequently learned from John Potts that he had listed Otis as missing in action. They were concerned that he had been killed. John subsequently was informed that Otis was alive with the Third Platoon, had been wounded, and was being "med-evaced." John had commented "what's Otis doing with the Third Platoon?" Well, he was busy saving my life! By the way, Otis hadn't gained one dang pound! Lunsford lives in Palm Coast.

IGET PICTURES



This is Christmas of 1967 at Khe Sanh Viet Nam just a few of the guys of W/1/13 they gave us two Black Lable beers. This was made in 1967 at Khe Sanh some of the guys of W/1/13 the 4.2 mortars. Tall guy on left is Rutledge, next to him on right is Billy Hill then the other tall guy on right we call Slim. Bottom row left is Art Caudillo and I think the next one kneeling is Ballock in back far right is Walter Brown From Billy Hill from the other website

OBIT

**LT COL DAVID C. "BULLDOG"
SMITH, USA USSF COMMANDING
OFFICER FOB-3 KHE SANH VIETNAM
PAST PRESIDENT
KHE SANH VETERANS**

Trinity - David Cameron "Bulldog" Smith, New Englander by birth; North Carolinian in death, was born May 10, 1933 in Stoughton, Massachusetts and passed away November 12, 2018 at the Hospice House in High Point. He was a son of George and Madeline Smith. His parents, brother, and two sisters preceded him in death.

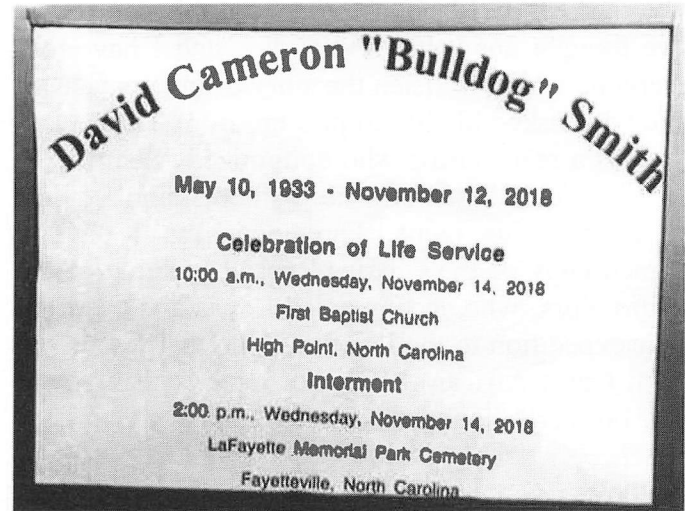
He leaves a wife, Shirley H. Smith, son David Cameron Smith II, daughter Cheryl S. Conley, and sister Nancy Smith. He also leaves five grandchildren who gave him so much pride and joy : Major D. Cameron Smith III (Rachel) , Craig H. Smith (Charelette), Rachel S. Jolly (Lee), Richard D. Conley, and Kendall S. Stafford (Heath). He leaves seven great-grandchildren carrying on his family happiness.

With his family, Bulldog settled in High Point, NC in 1973. Entering the Army at an early age, he served in many units and retired as a Special Forces Lt. Col. He received the Silver Star, Bronze Star and Purple Heart as a Vietnam veteran in addition to other awards and citations.

For many years, until his death, he trained Special Forces in the Robin Sage program. He returned to Vietnam seven times with his humanitarian group.

He helped establish a local STMP project sponsoring many Montagnards settling in the US. He was a devoted member of Special Forces Association, Special Operation Association, many other military organizations, as well as Masonic Lodge 699. He regularly attended at First Baptist Church of High Point.

Visitation was held from 6-8 p.m. Tuesday at Cumby Family Funeral Service in Archdale. Funeral service were held at the First Baptist Church of High Point at 10:00 a.m. Wednesday. Interment held in Fayetteville's LaFayette Cemetery at 2 p.m. Wednesday with full military rites.



**"BULLDOG" SURROUNDED BY FRIENDS
WHO LOVED HIM**



**BULLDOG HAD A VERY LARGE
EXTENDED FAMILY WHO ALSO LOVED
HIM VERY MUCH**



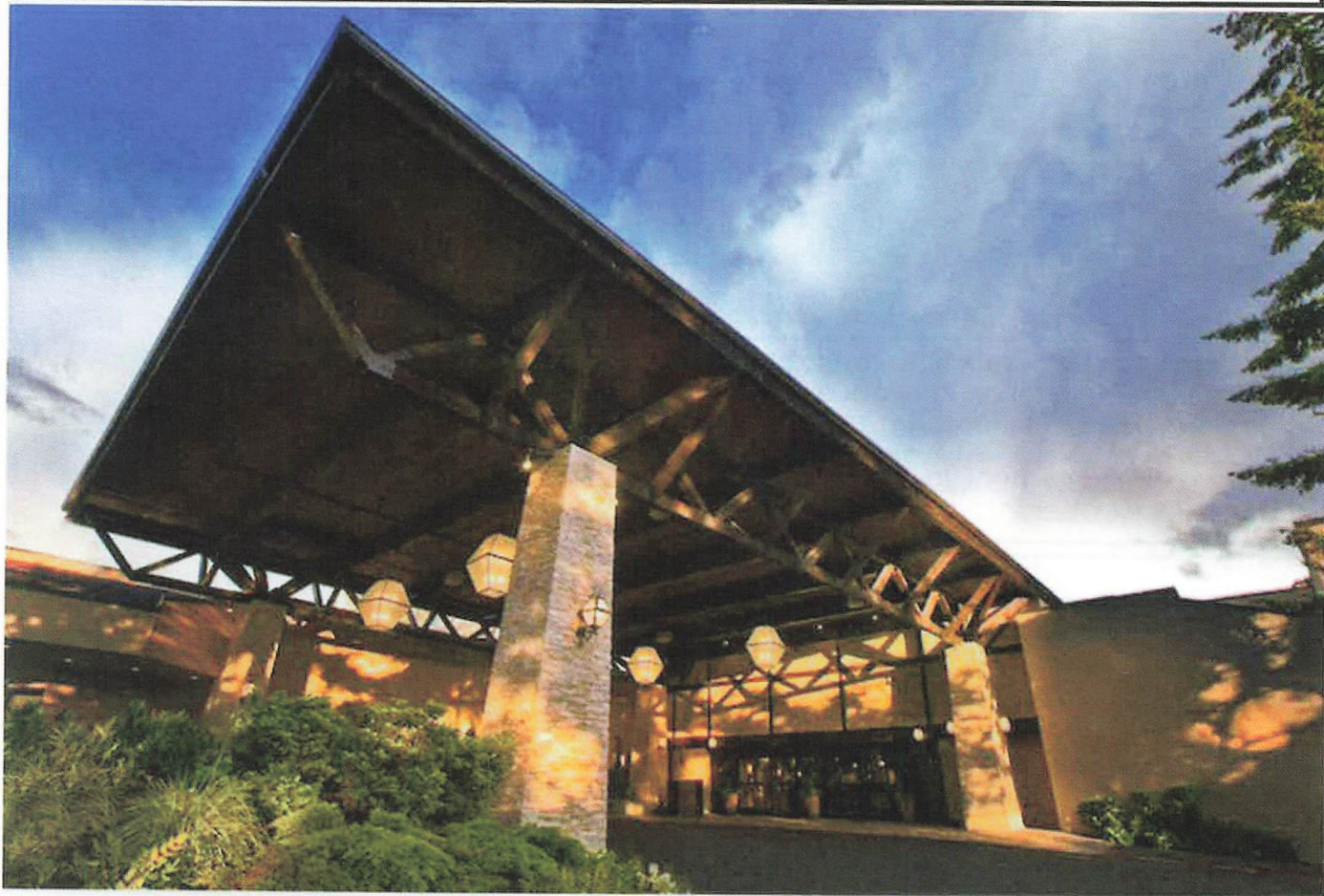
KHE SANH VETERANS AND A FRIEND ATTENDED THE WAKE & FUNERAL FOR BULLDOG SMITH L-R -BOB PENN (3rd MED DONG HA), CLIFF TREESE B BTRY 1/13,, RON SHOUSE B BTRY 1/13 , TOM KEATON B BTRY 1/13 & LARRY MCCARTNEY E CO 2/26.



UNITED STATES SPECIAL FORCES PROVIDED THE HONOR GUARD FOR COLONEL SMITH AT THE HONORED MILITARY FUNERAL



THE 2019 KHE SANH VETERANS REUNION WILL BE HELD ON MAY 26 THRU JUNE 2 AT THE SEATTLE AIRPORT MARRIOTT, 3201 S. 176TH ST., SEATTLE WASHINGTON 98188 ROOM RATES 119.00 A DAY, TEL. (206) 241-2000. REUNION ROOM PRICES ARE GOOD FOR 3 DAYS PRIOR TO AND 3 DAYS AFTER THE REUNION. PARKING \$ 18.00



Property Location

When you stay at Seattle Airport Marriott in SeaTac, you'll be near the airport and 10 minutes by car from Family Fun Center. This hotel is 12.1 mi (19.4 km) from Emerald Downs and 14.3 mi (23 km) from Nordstrom.

Rooms

Stay in one of 459 guestrooms featuring flat-screen televisions. Your pillowtop bed comes with premium bedding. Cable programming provides entertainment, and wired and wireless Internet access is available for a surcharge. Private bathrooms with shower/tub combinations feature complimentary toiletries and hair dryers.

Amenities

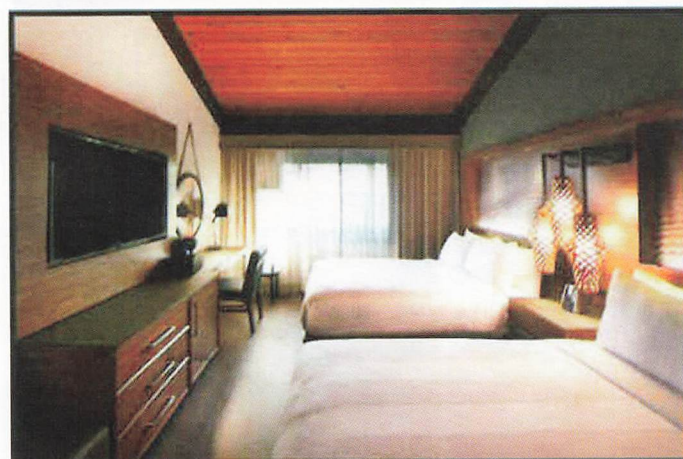
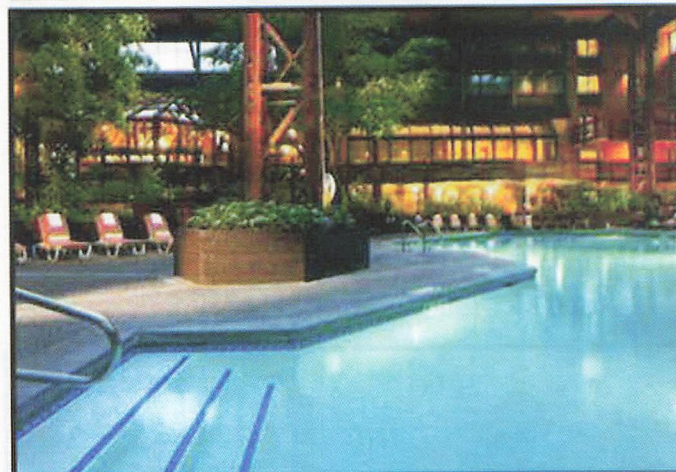
Take advantage of recreation opportunities such as a fitness center, or other amenities including complimentary wireless Internet access and gift shops/newsstands. This hotel also features wedding services and a fireplace in the lobby.

Dining

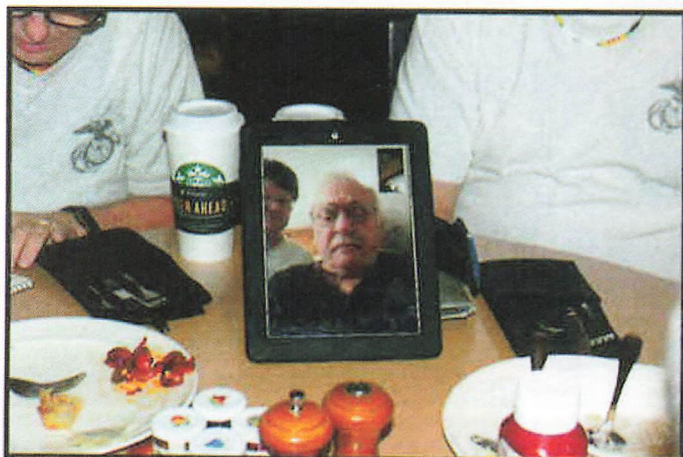
Enjoy American cuisine at Aqua Terra, a restaurant which features a bar, or stay in and take advantage of the room service (during limited hours). Buffet breakfasts are available daily from 7 AM to 10 AM for a fee.

Business, Other Amenities

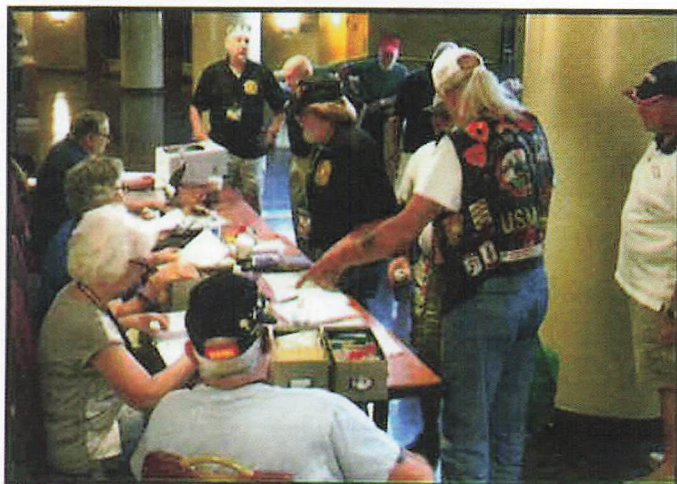
Featured amenities include a business center, express check-in, and express check-out. Event facilities at this hotel consist of conference space and meeting rooms. A roundtrip airport shuttle is provided for a surcharge (available 24 hours), and self parking (subject to charges) is available onsite.



THE KSV WASHINGTON REUNION BEGINS



You just could not keep Kathy & Russell Turner down. Russell abandoned his sick bed and he and Kathy joined us by Face Time to help with the large amount of walk in members we had experienced.



REGISTRATION OPENS



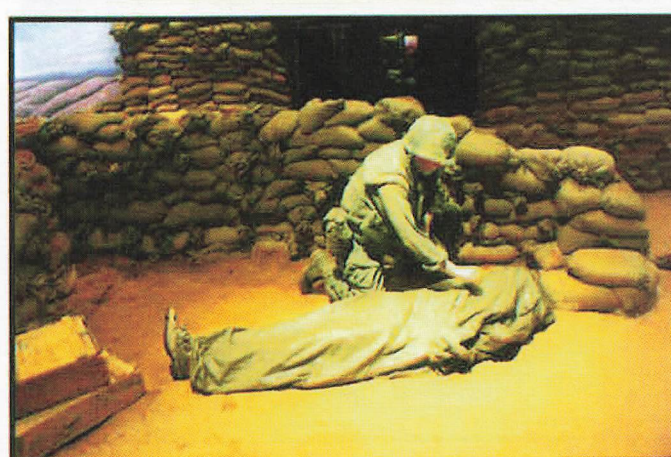
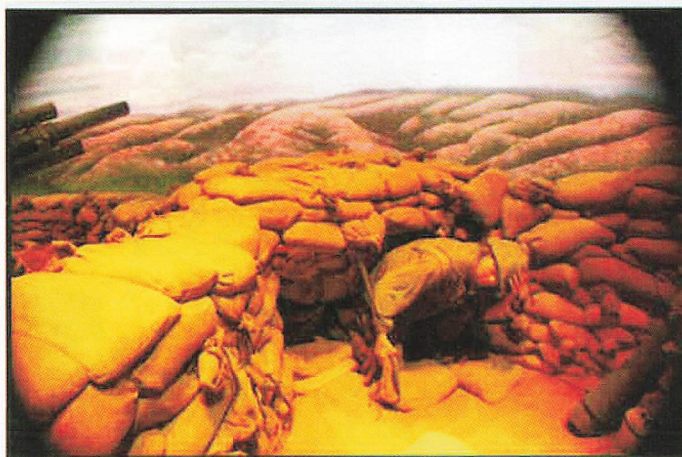
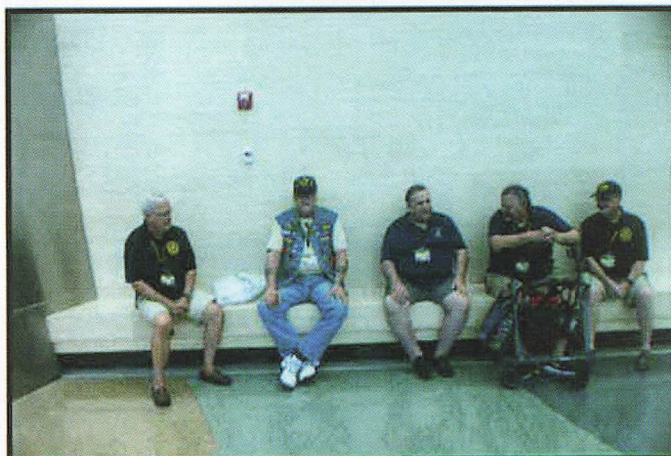
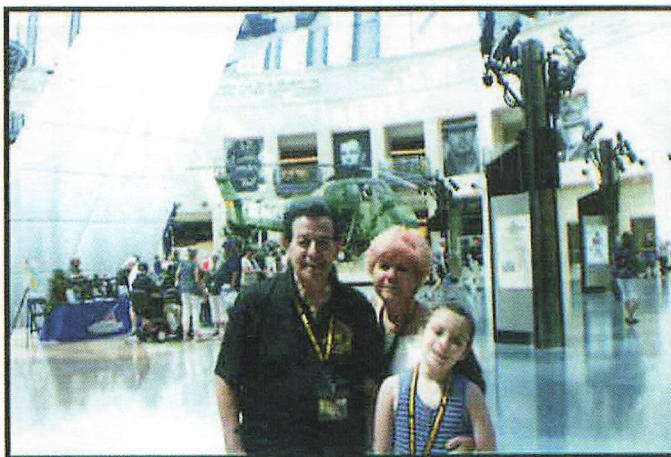
BIG JOHN'S PX OPENS FOR BUSINESS



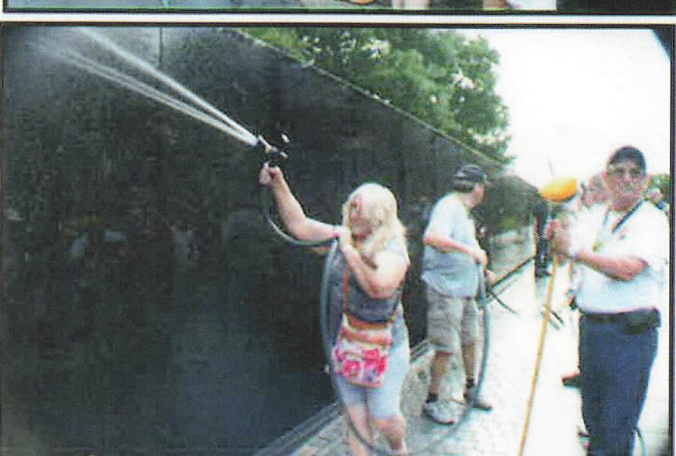
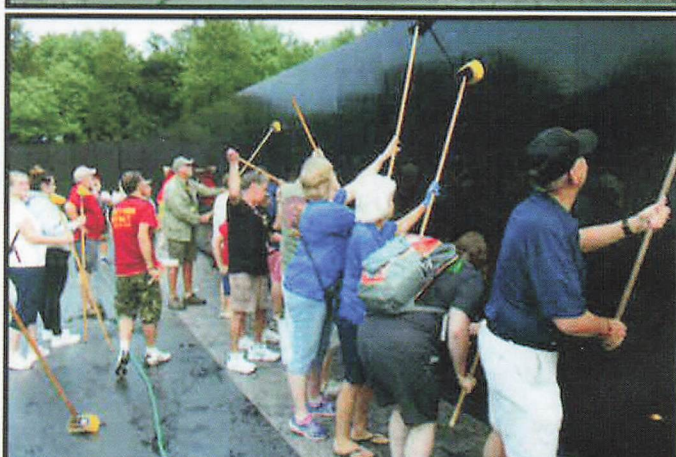
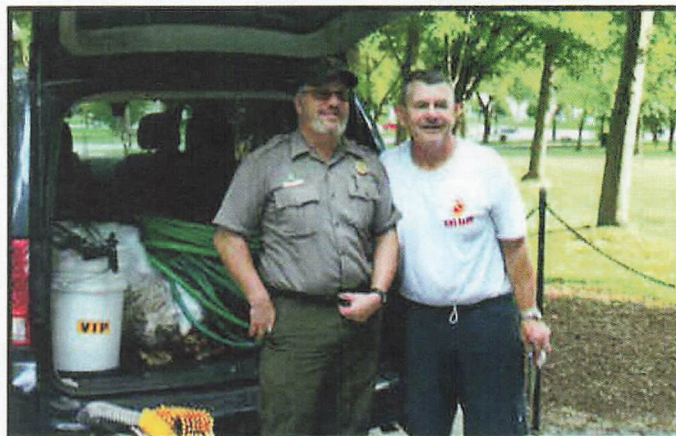
HOSPITALITY ROOM OPENS



VISIT TO MARINE CORPS MUSEUM



KSV WASHING & VISITING THE VIETNAM MEMORIAL WALL





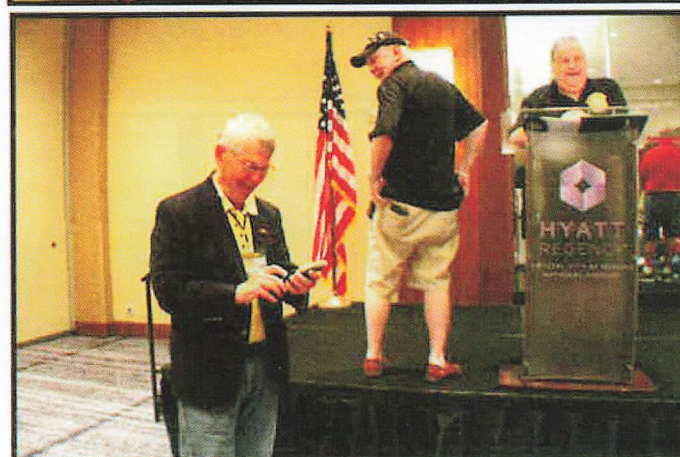
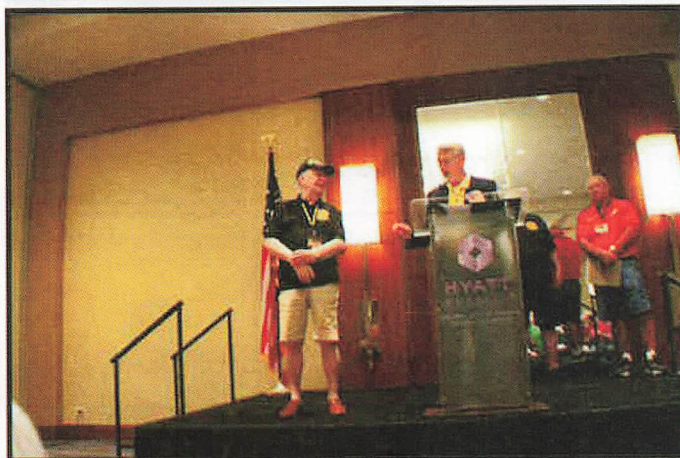
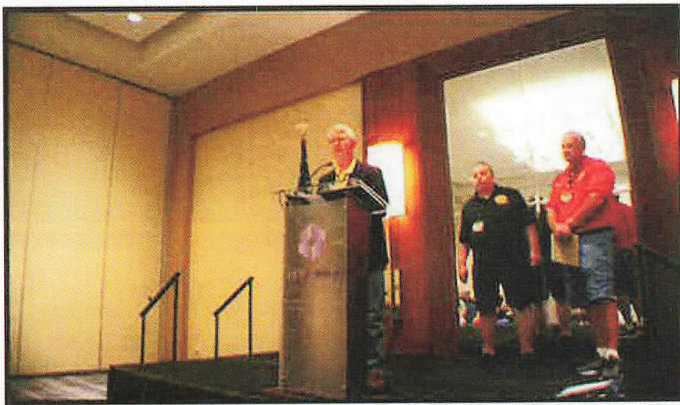
KHE SANH VETERANS VISITING VIETNAM MEMORIAL WALL



THE KHE SANH VETERANS GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

While serving with B Co 1/26 at the KSCB, Ken Korkow, made a personal vow that he would kiss the ass of anyone from the USAF, for their efforts which were the direct reason so many of us survived the battle of Khe Sanh. Ken thought the 50th anniversary of the Siege reunion would be the perfect place to fulfil his vow.

He solicited Colonel "Toby" Rushforth, 20th TASS to aid him with his mission. The both of them, during the general membership meeting surprised everyone as shown in the below photos.



Our Beautiful Khe Sanh Veterans ladies held their luncheon while the membership attended the General Membership meeting. These wonderful ladies, besides getting to know each other, held their own silent auction which raised thousands of dollars for the KSV Scholarship Fund





KHE SANH VETERANS BANQUET



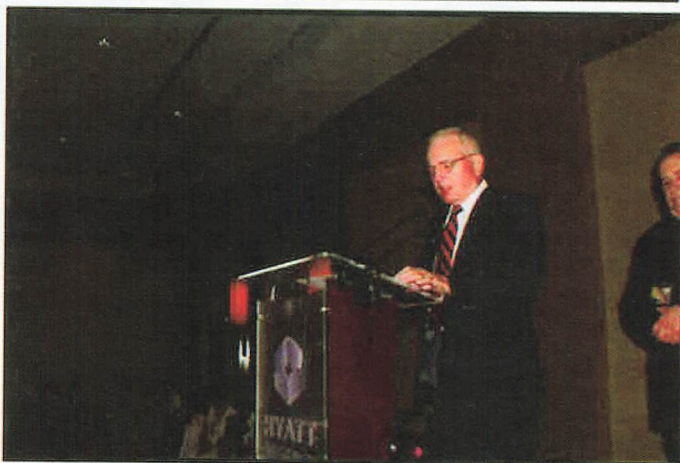
**LINDA EASTER, WIFE OF HAROLD EASTER A CO
1/26 SANG BEAUTIFUL RENDITION
OF NATIONAL ANTHEM**



**BILLY MARTIN & TOM HARVEY
ESCORT THE POILANES TO
LIGHT MIA CANDLE**



**COLOR GUARD FROM HEADQUARTERS
MARINE CORPS**



**KHE SANH VETERANS CHAPLAIN
RONALD RAYNER OPENING PRAYER**

M
A
R
C
H



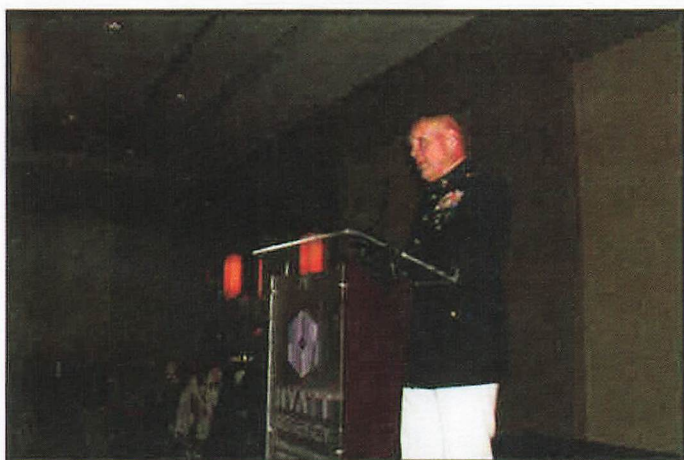
C
O
L
O
R
S



**TOM HARVEY & BILLY MARTIN
ESCORT THE CMC TO PODIUM**



**HONORED GUEST AT KHE
SANH VETERANS BANQUET**



**CMC GENERAL ROBERT B. NELLER
ADDRESSES THE KHE SANH VETERANS
BANQUET**



**NICK ROMANETZ & DENNIS MANNION
AT BANQUET DINING WITH POILANE FAMILY**

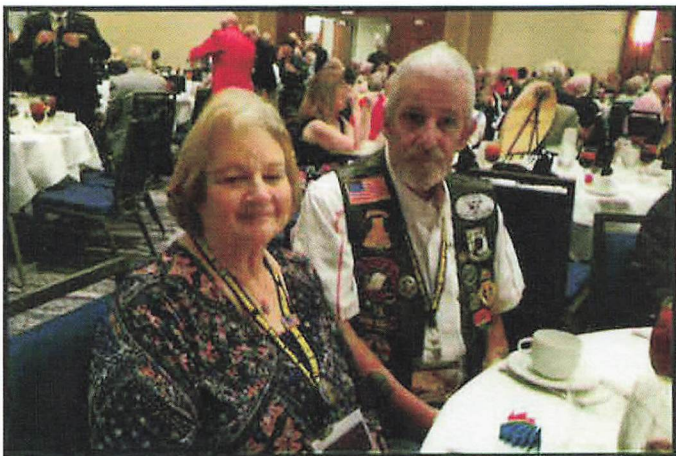


**HONORED GUEST JEAN-MARIE-POILANE
ADDRESSES THE KHE SANH VETERANS
THANKING THEM FOR INVITING HE AND
HIS FAMILY TO THIS HISTORICAL EVENT**

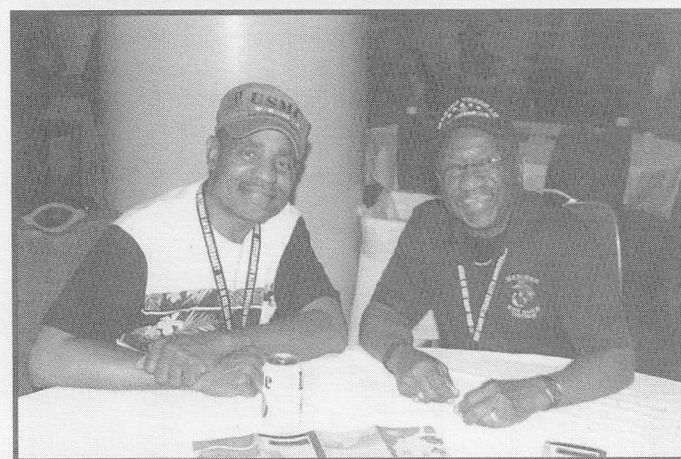
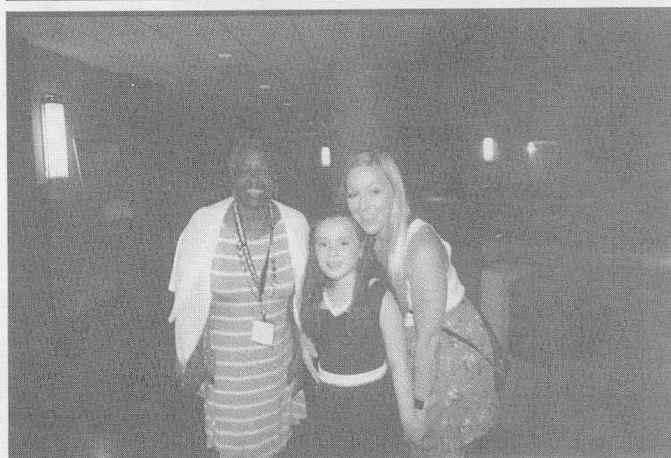
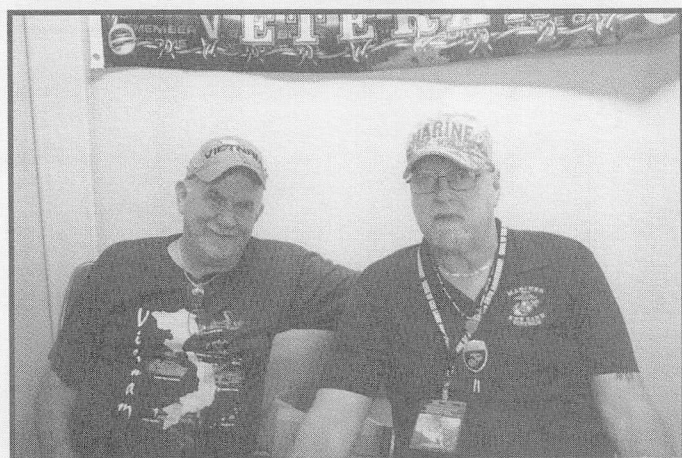
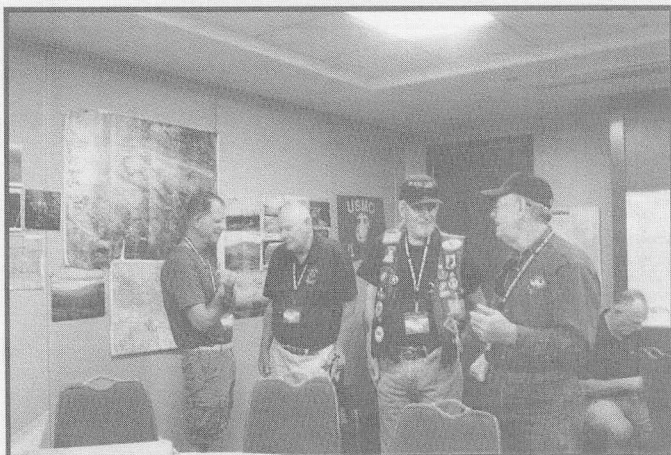
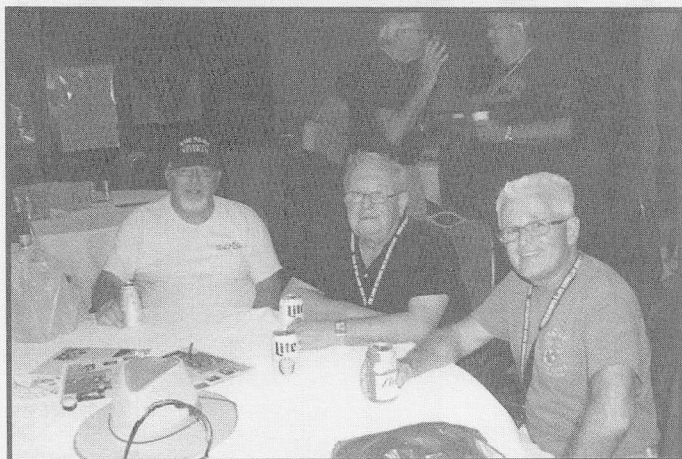
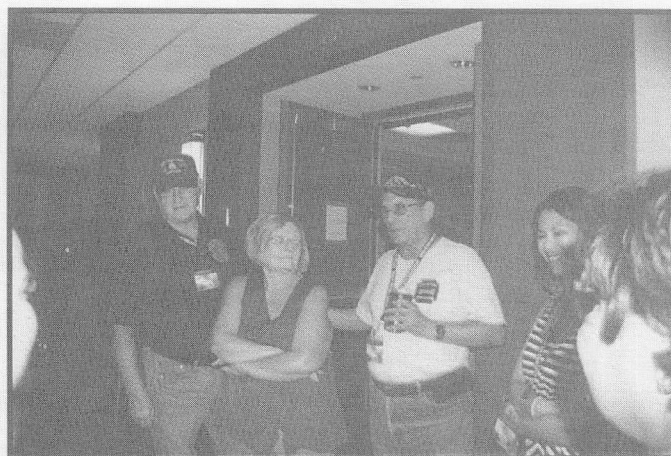
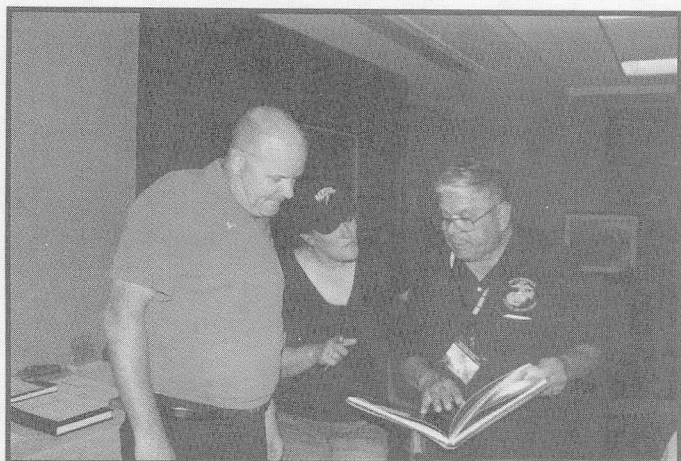


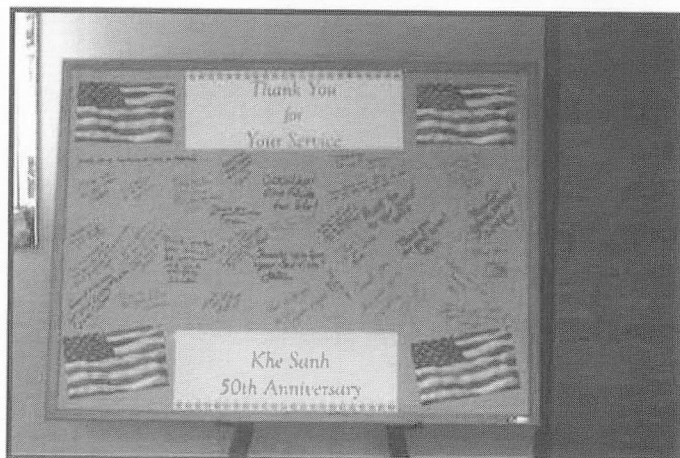
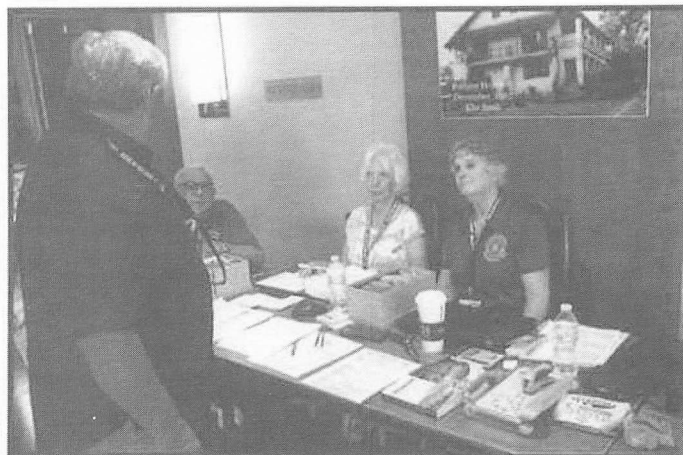
**BILL MAVES E CO 2/26
GREET'S COMMANDANT**

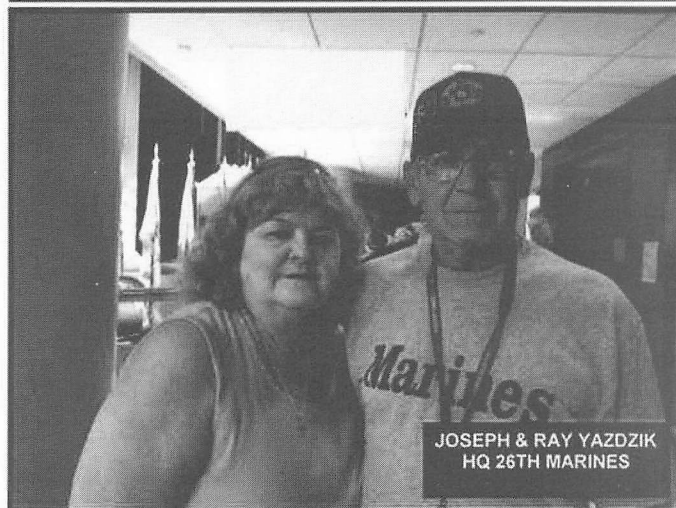
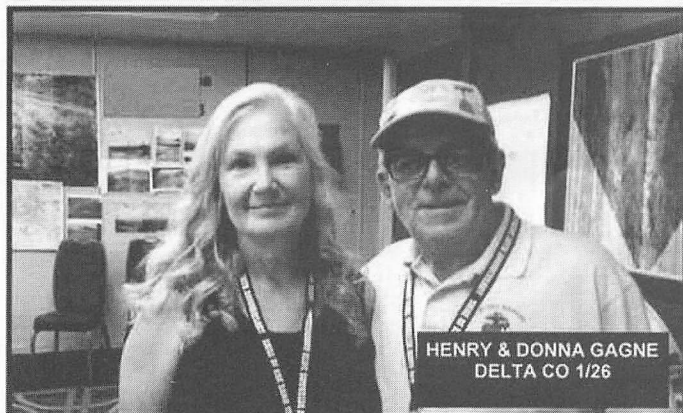
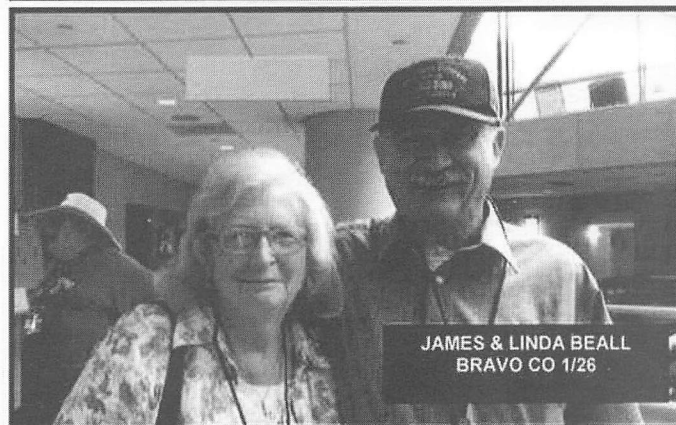
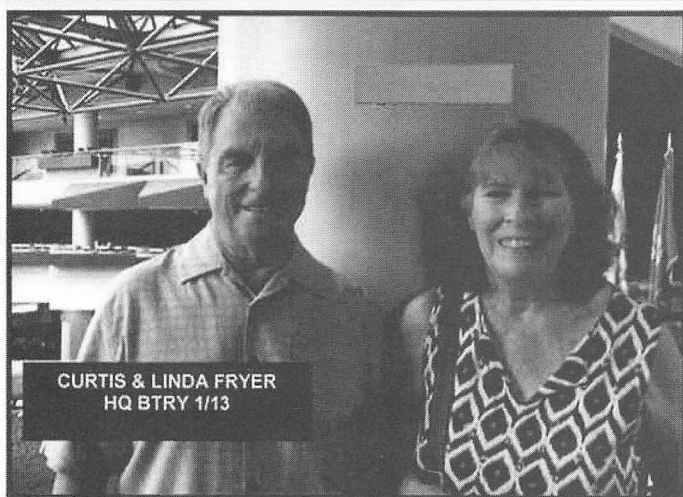
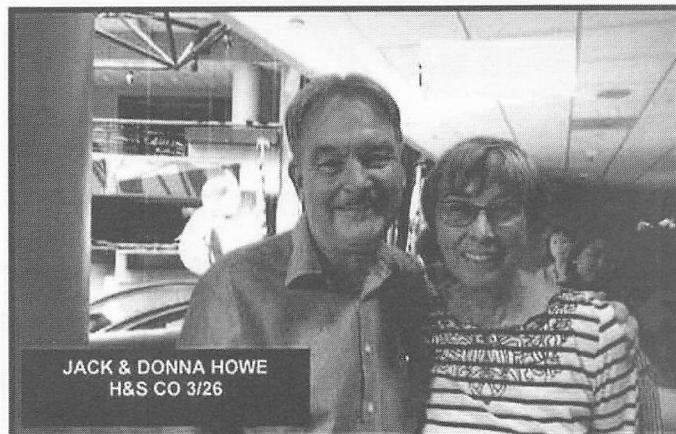
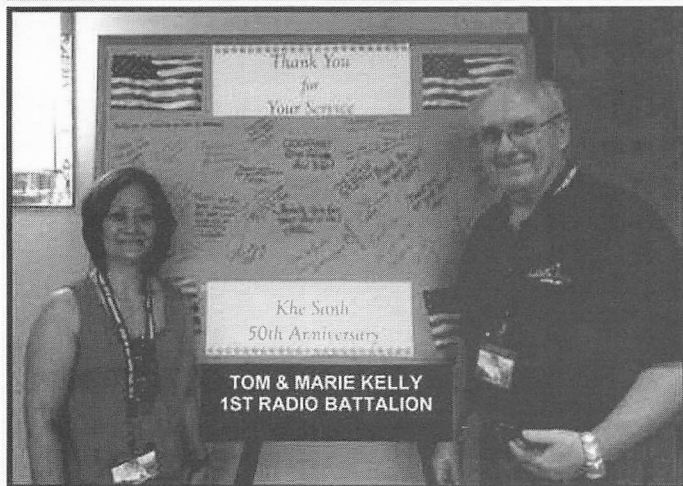
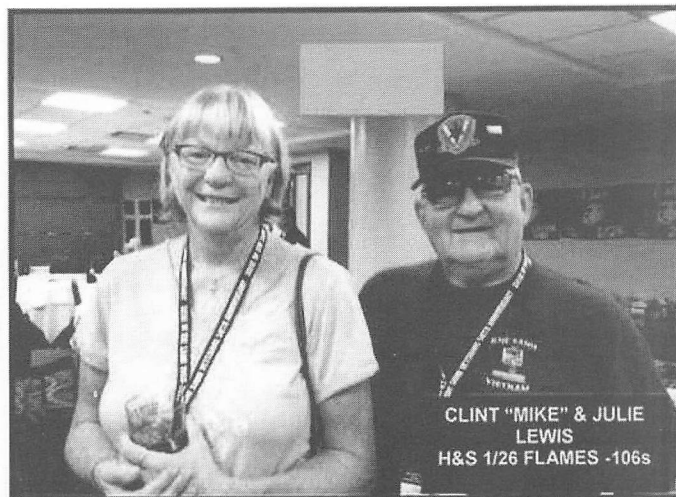


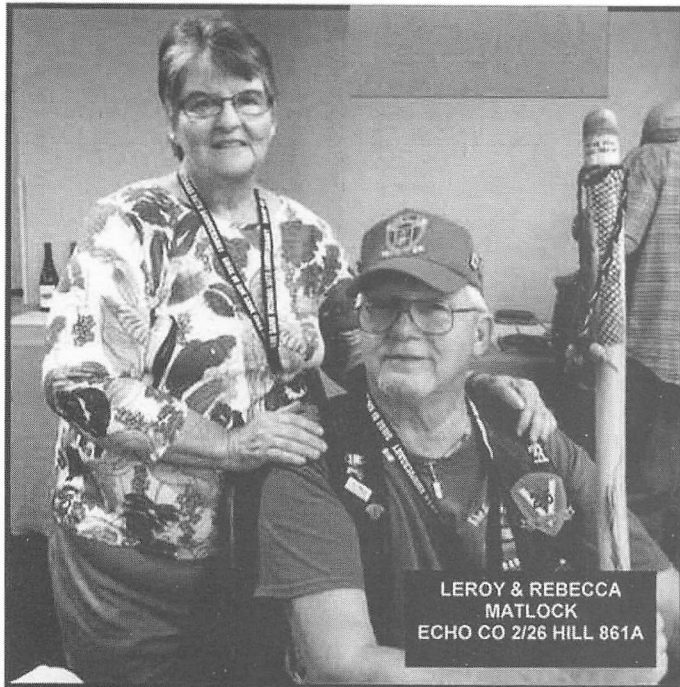




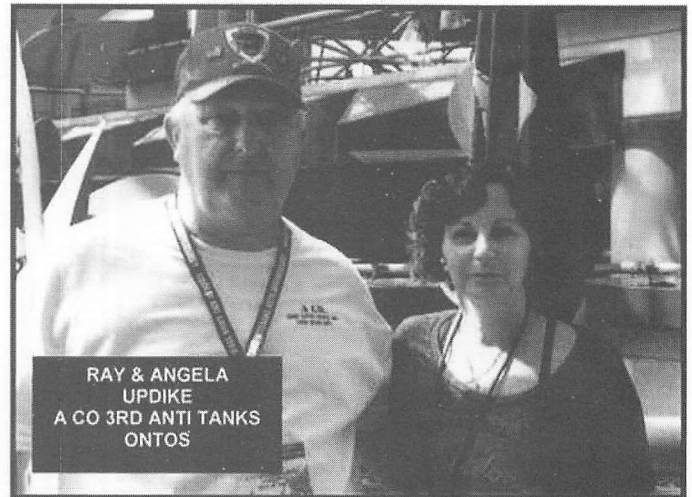




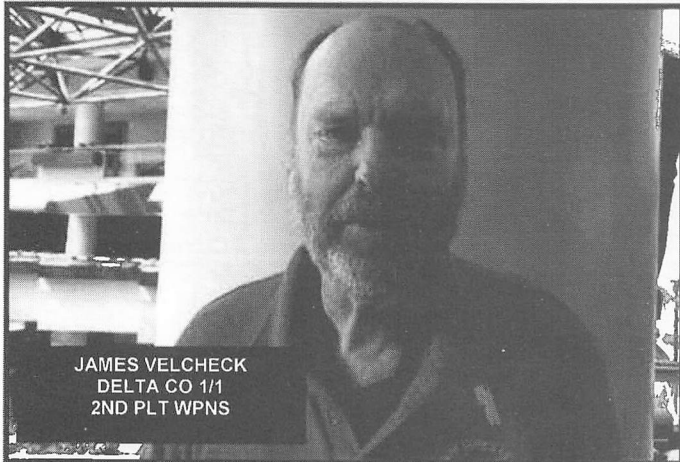




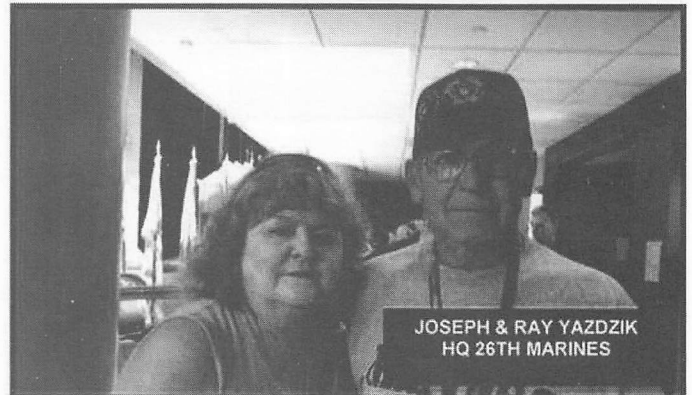
LEROY & REBECCA
MATLOCK
ECHO CO 2/26 HILL 861A



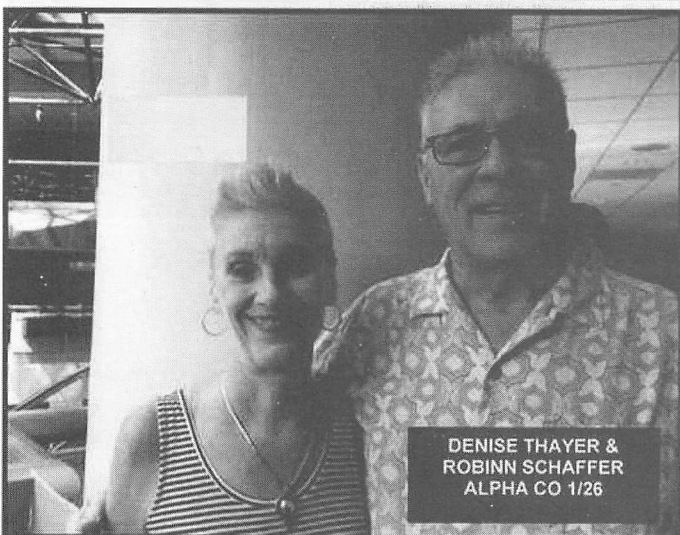
RAY & ANGELA
UPDIKE
A CO 3RD ANTI TANKS
ONTOS



JAMES VELCHECK
DELTA CO 1/1
2ND PLT WPNS



JOSEPH & RAY YAZDZIK
HQ 26TH MARINES



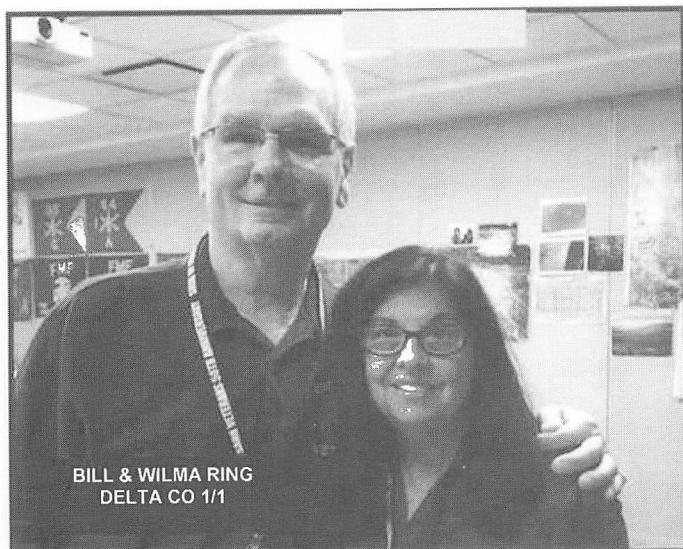
DENISE THAYER &
ROBINN SCHAFFER
ALPHA CO 1/26



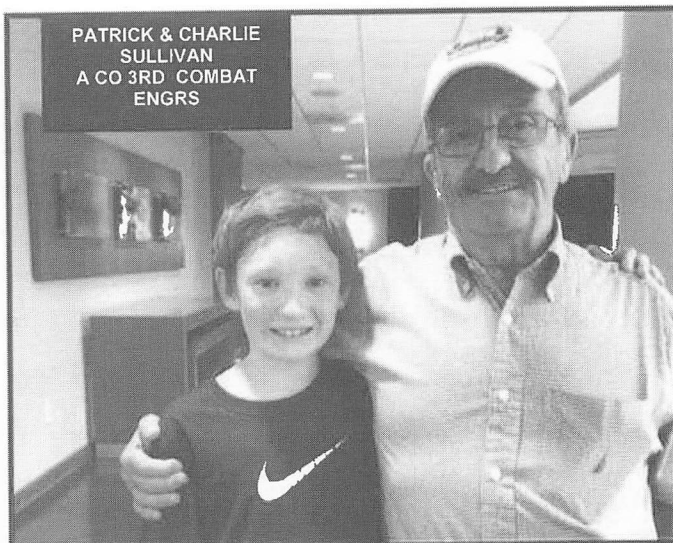
KEN & LISA KORKOW
BRAVO CO 1/26



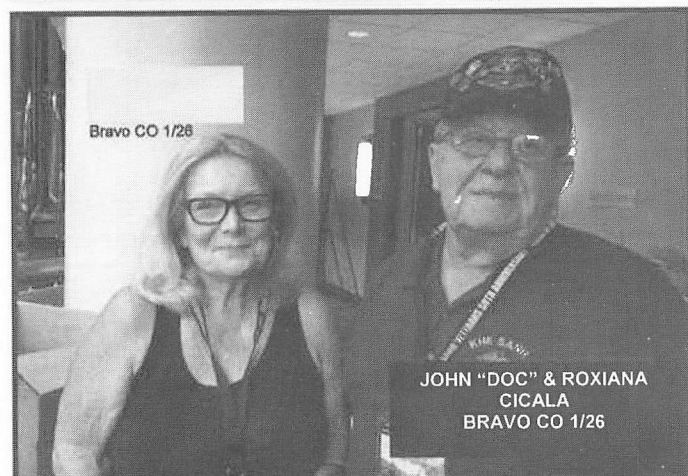
DANIEL & JOYCE
FERGUSON
WHISKEY BTRY 1/13



BILL & WILMA RING
DELTA CO 1/1

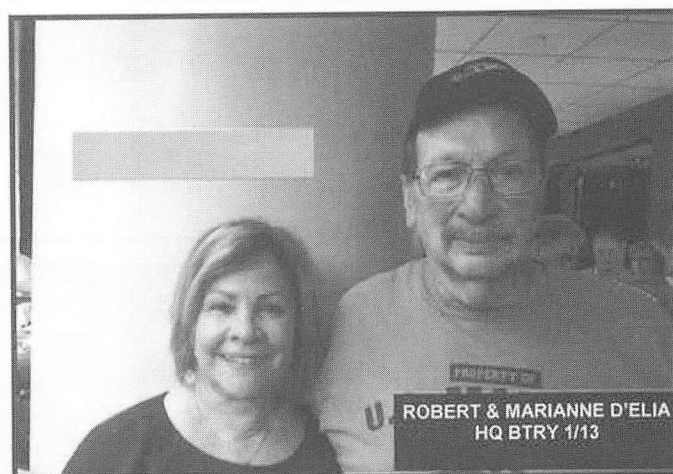


PATRICK & CHARLIE
SULLIVAN
A CO 3RD COMBAT
ENGRS

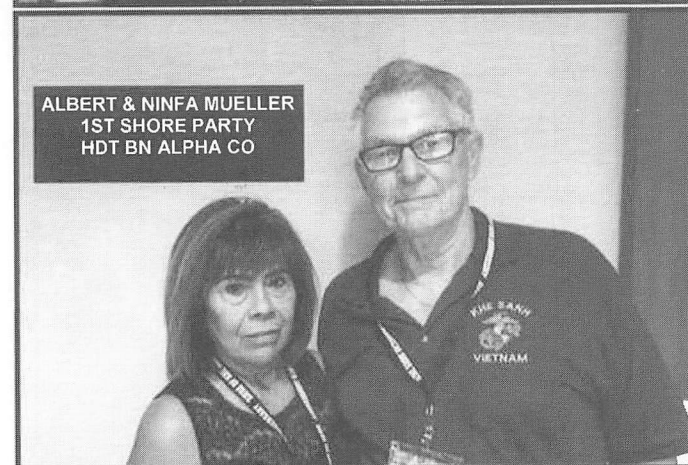


Bravo CO 1/26

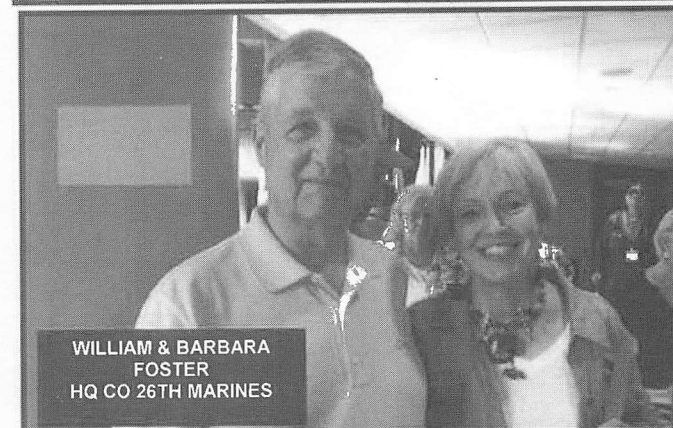
JOHN "DOC" & ROXIANA
CICALA
BRAVO CO 1/26



ROBERT & MARIANNE D'ELIA
HQ BTRY 1/13



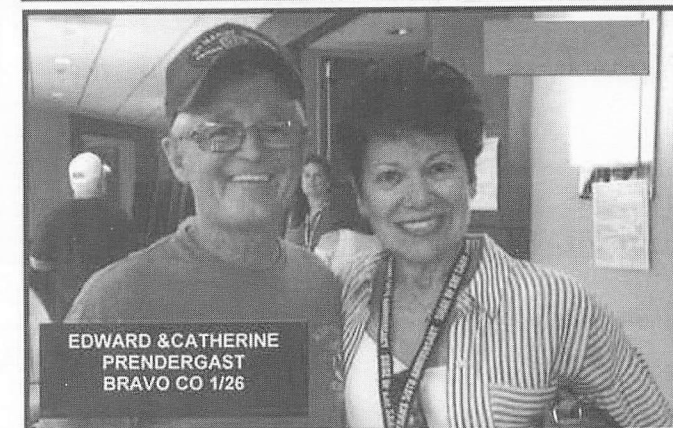
ALBERT & NINFA MUELLER
1ST SHORE PARTY
HDT BN ALPHA CO



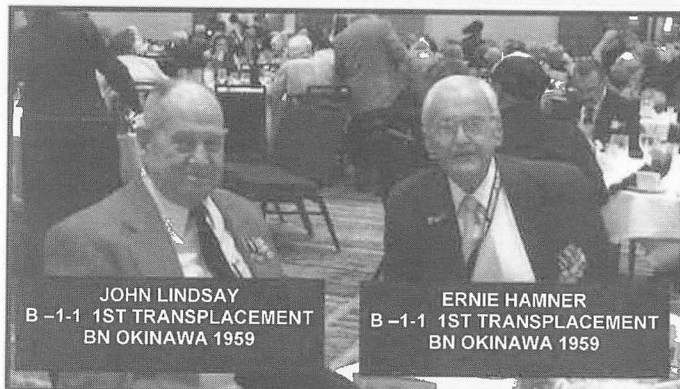
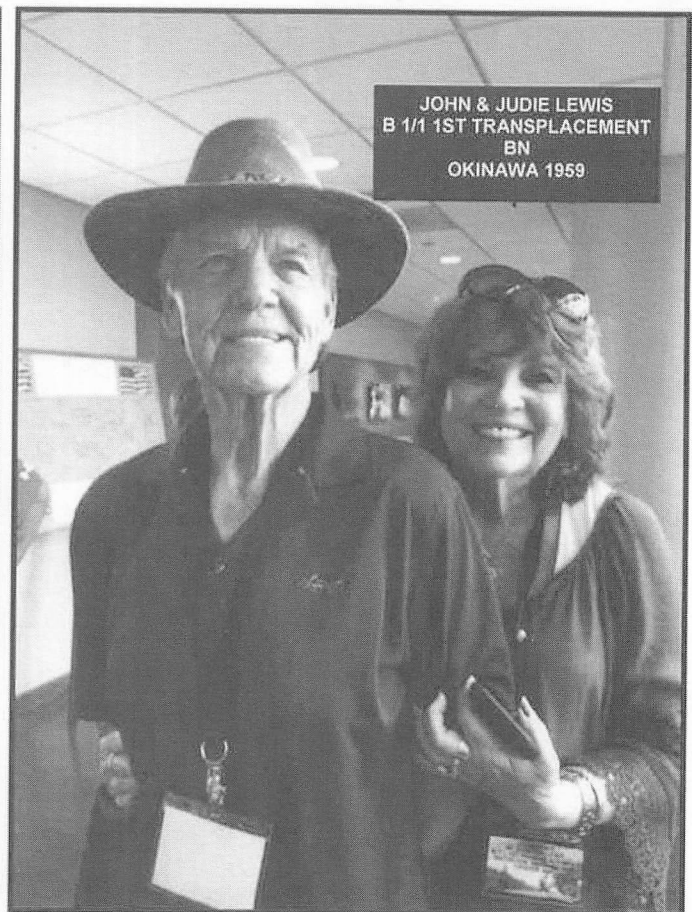
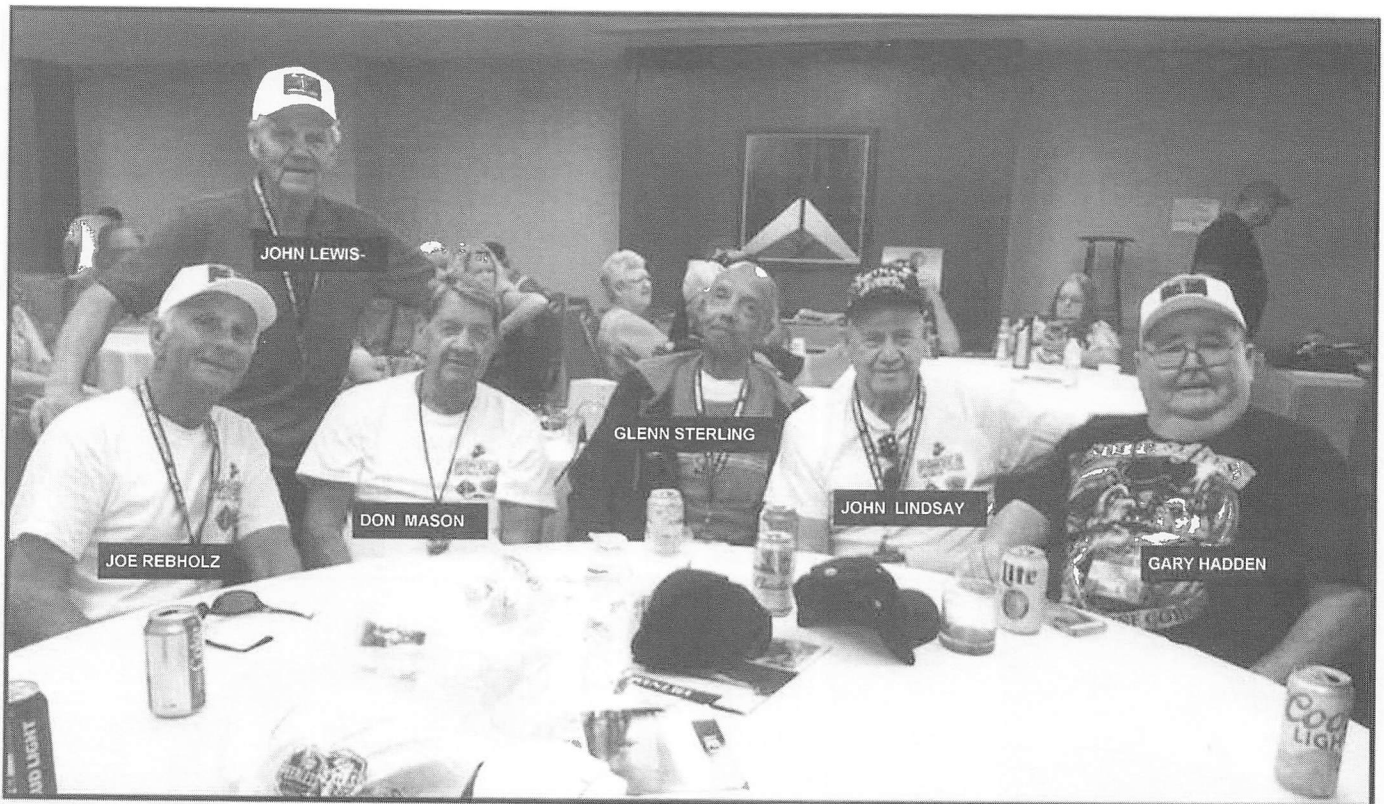
WILLIAM & BARBARA
FOSTER
HQ CO 26TH MARINES



BEN & JOYCE LONG
BRAVO CO 1/26



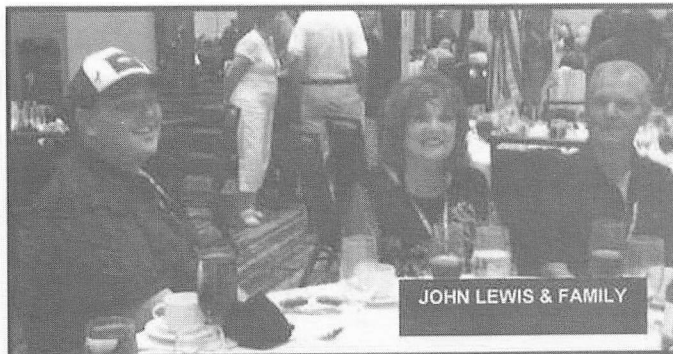
EDWARD & CATHERINE
PRENDERGAST
BRAVO CO 1/26



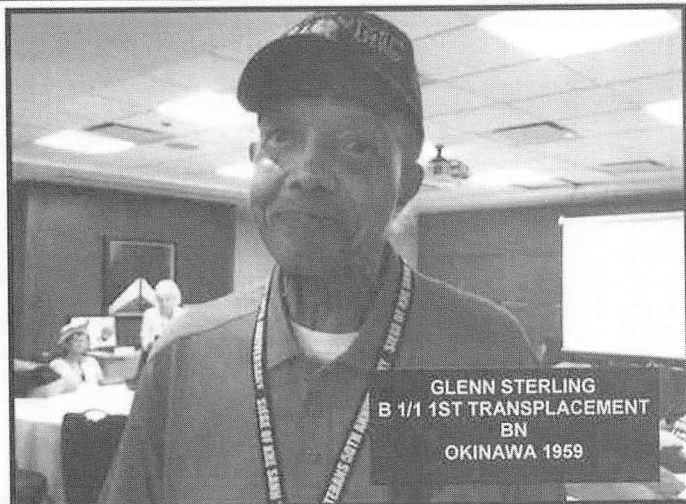
THE B 1/1 GANG FROM THE 1ST TRANSPLACEMENT BN OKINAWA 1959



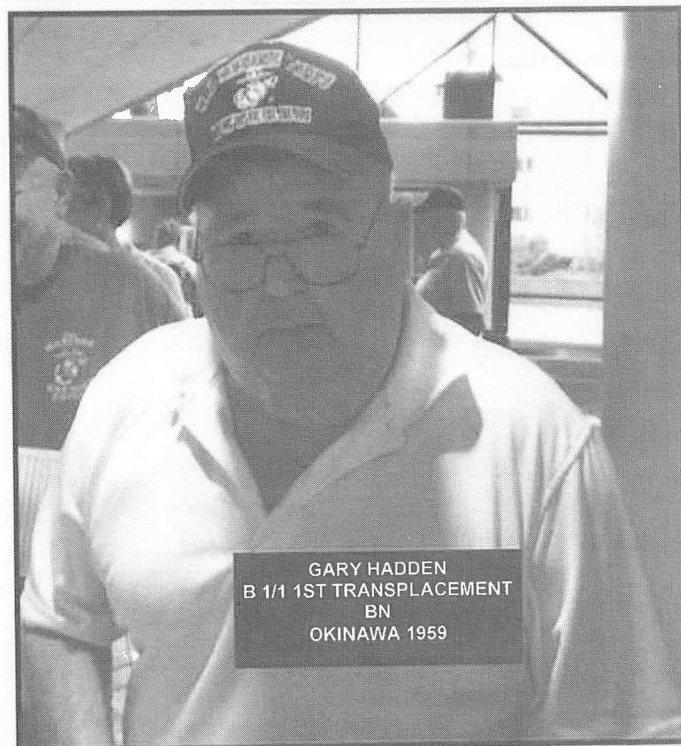
DONNA MARTIN
JAN & BETH MASON



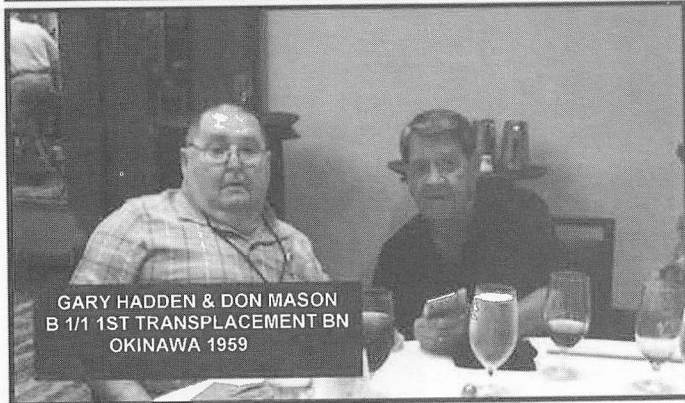
JOHN LEWIS & FAMILY



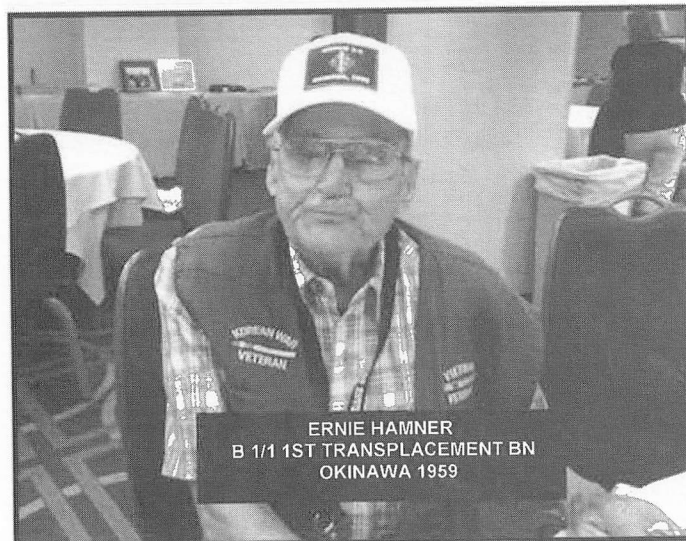
GLENN STERLING
B 1/1 1ST TRANSPACEMENT
BN
OKINAWA 1959



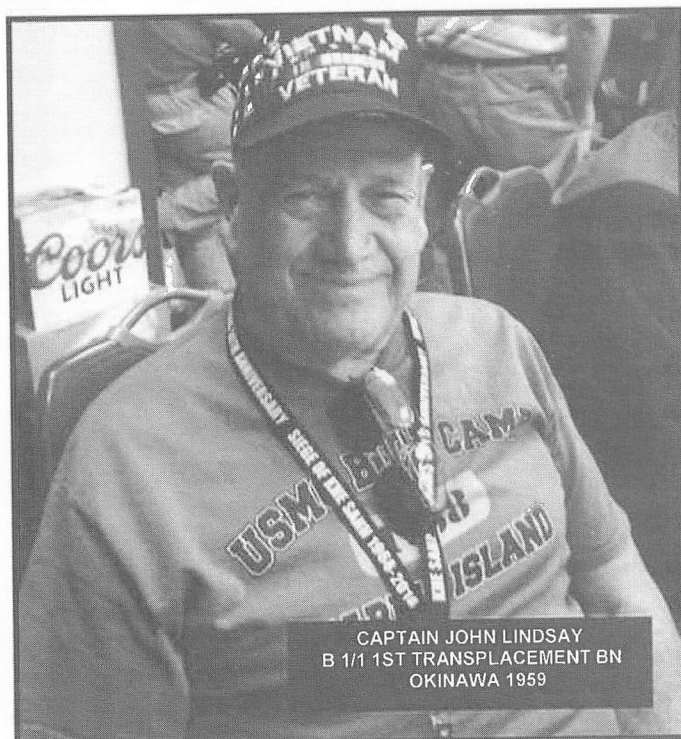
GARY HADDEN
B 1/1 1ST TRANSPACEMENT
BN
OKINAWA 1959



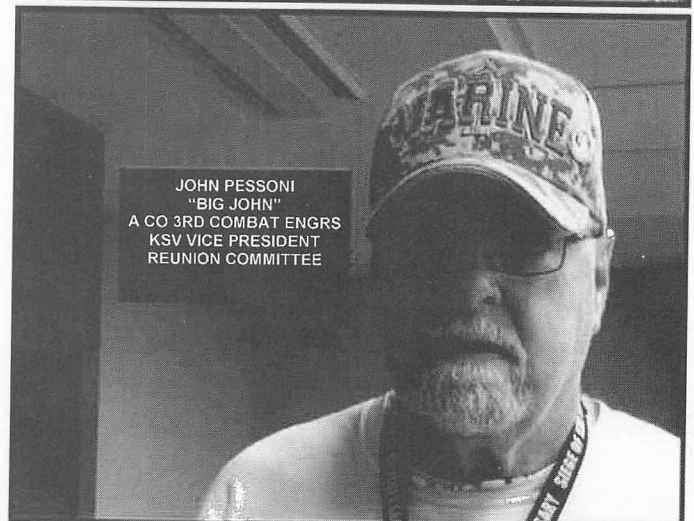
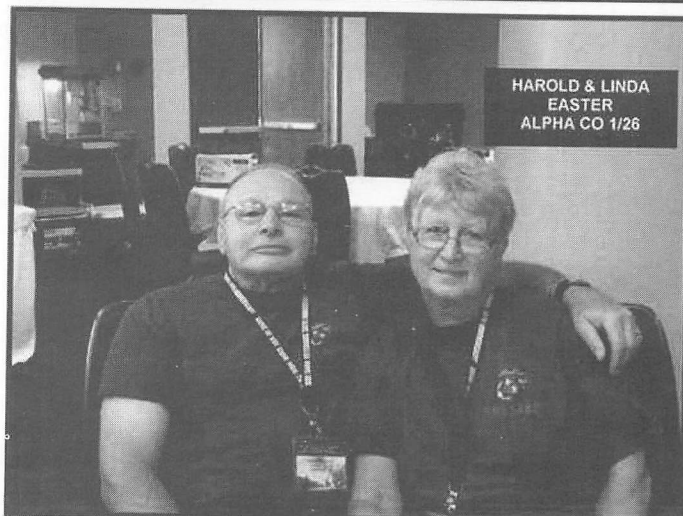
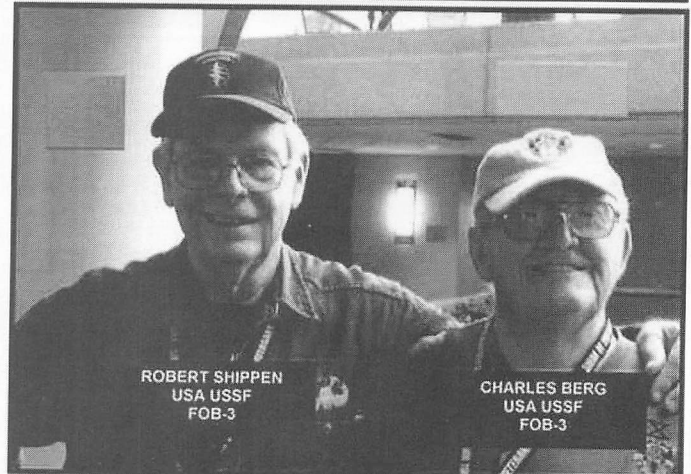
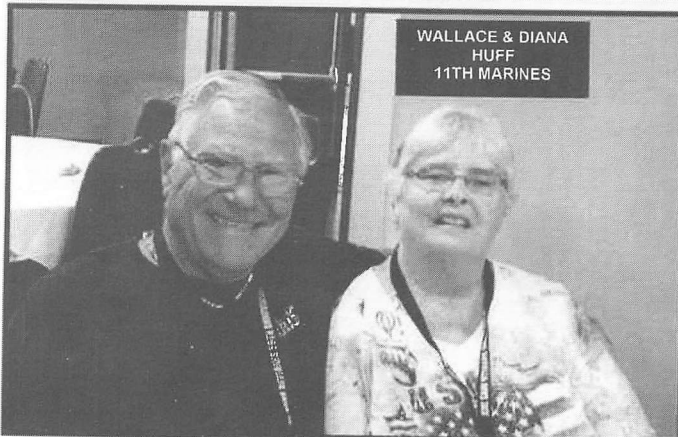
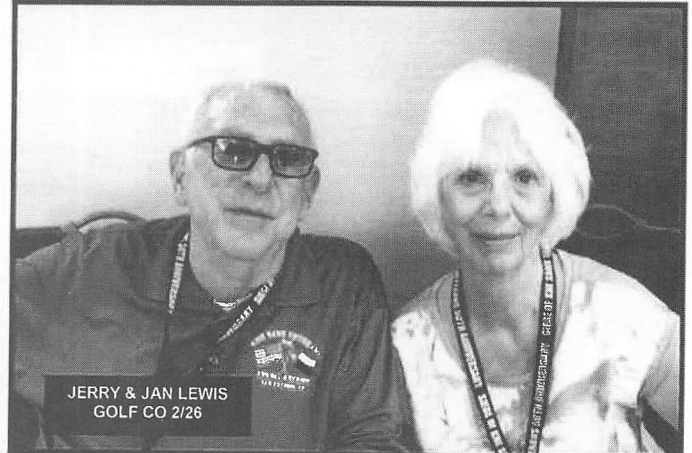
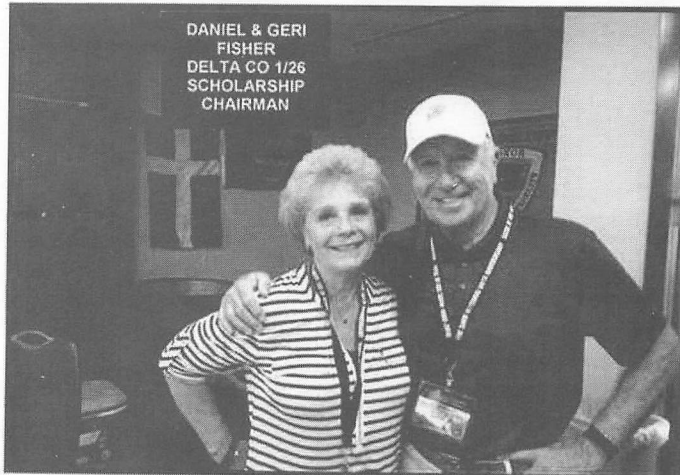
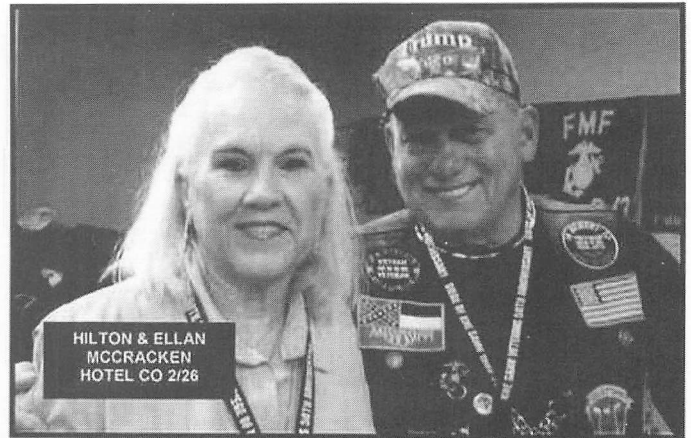
GARY HADDEN & DON MASON
B 1/1 1ST TRANSPACEMENT BN
OKINAWA 1959

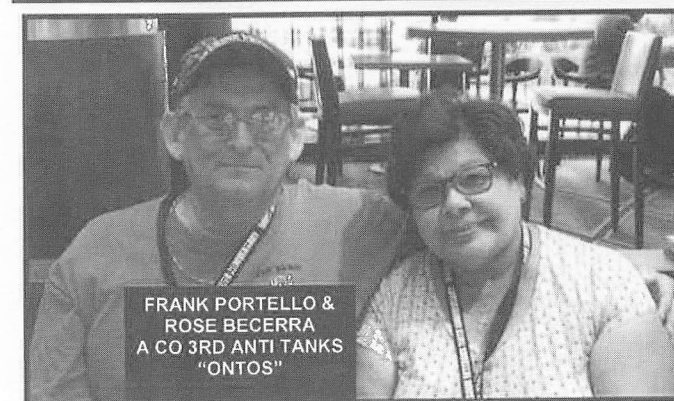
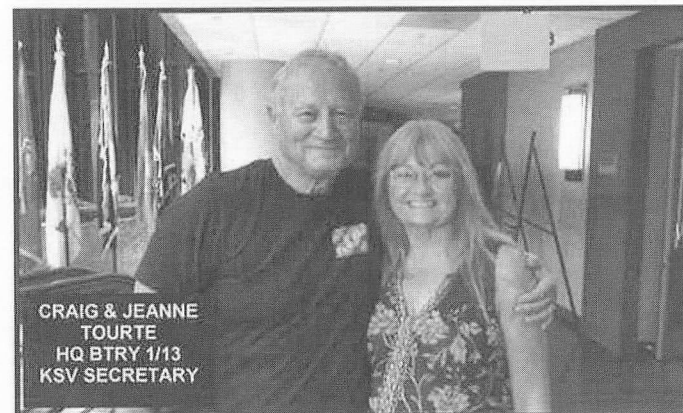
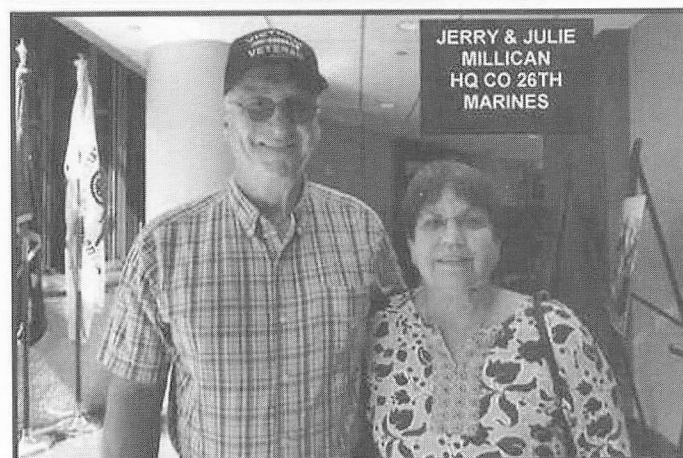
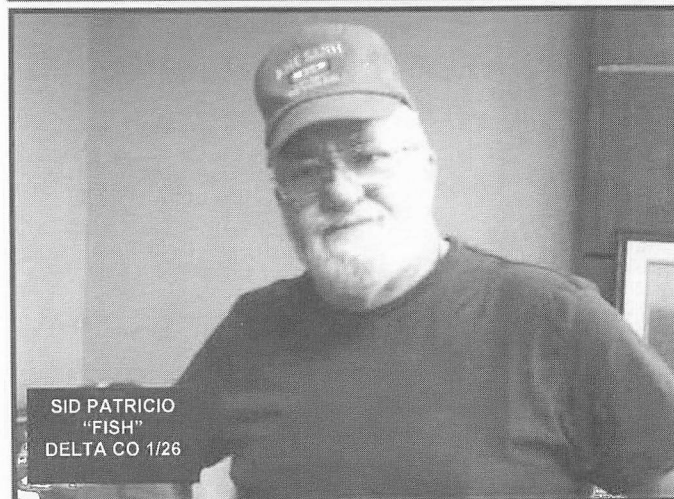
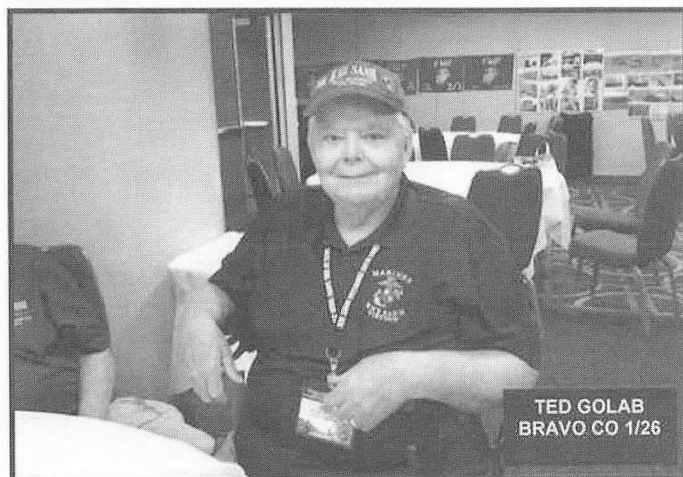
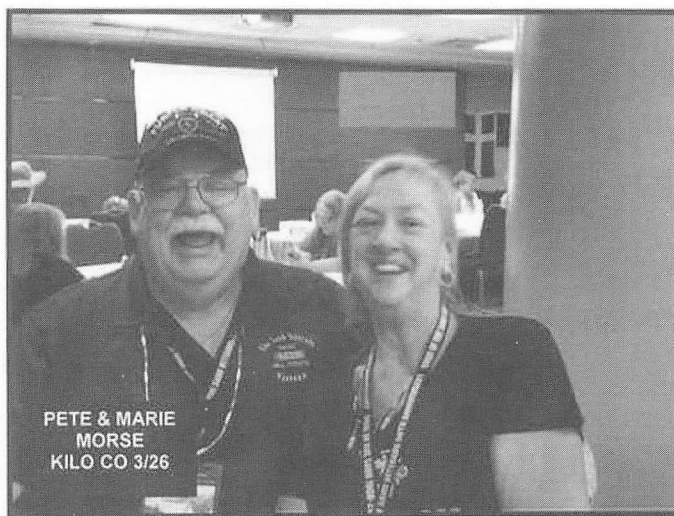
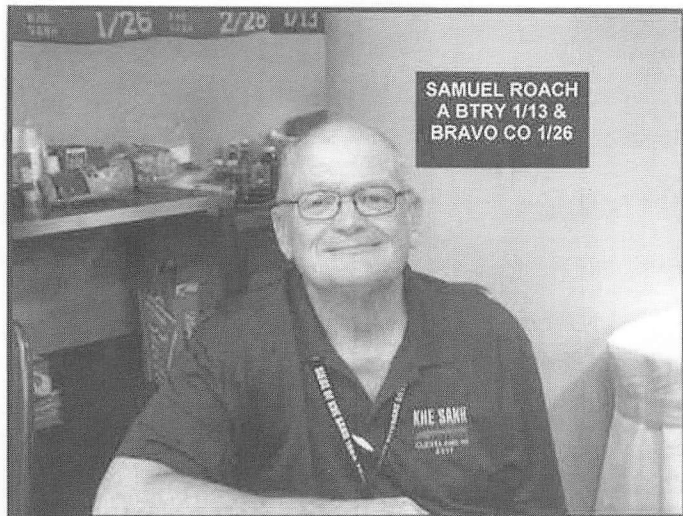


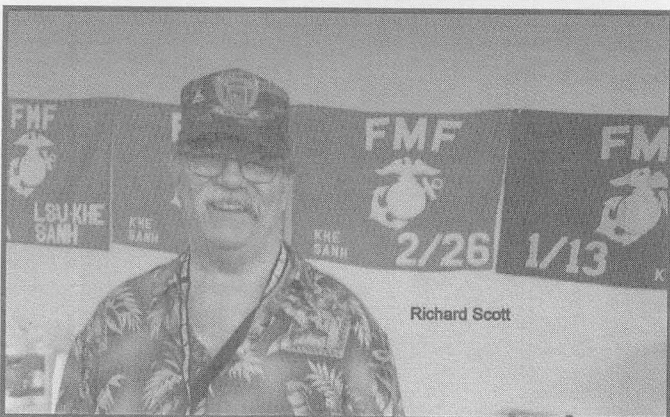
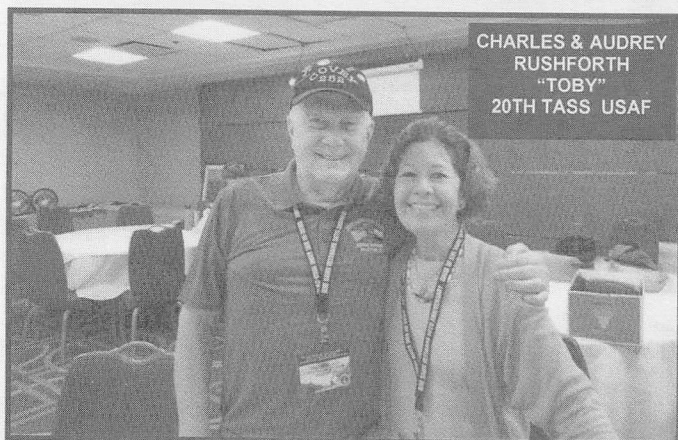
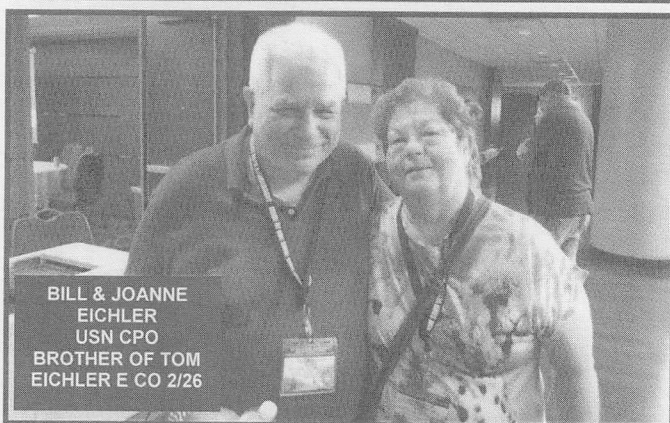
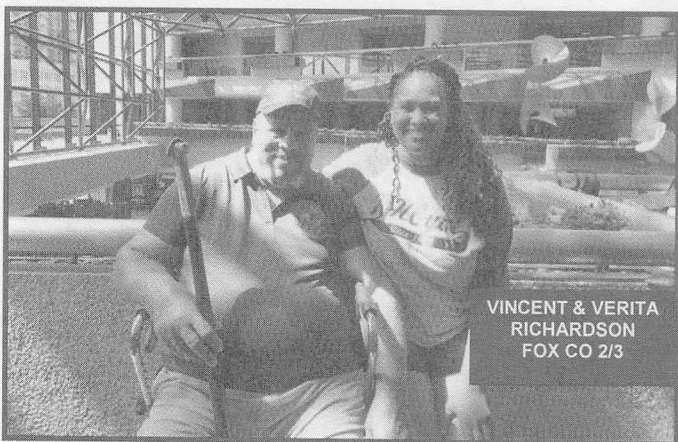
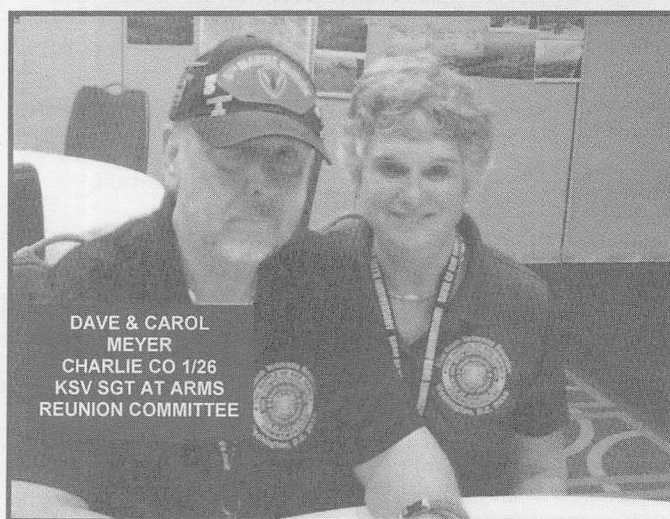
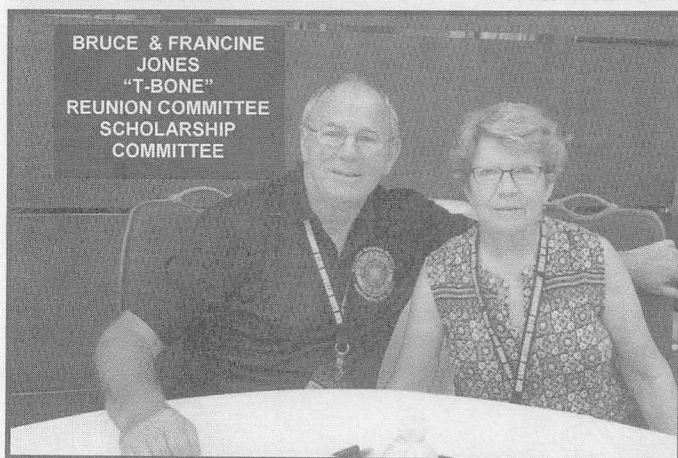
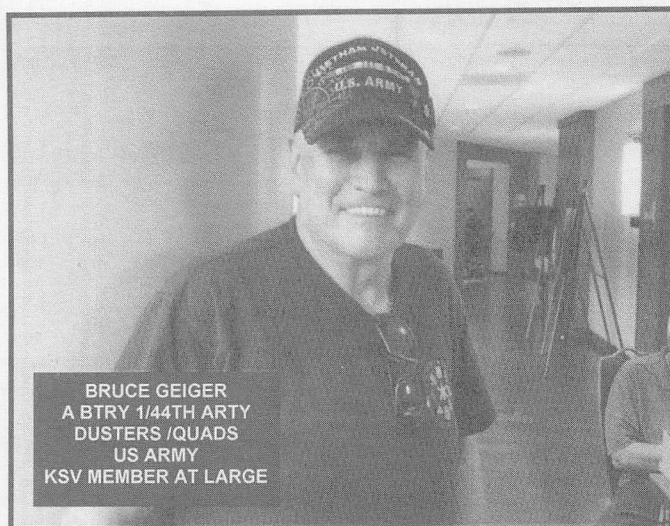
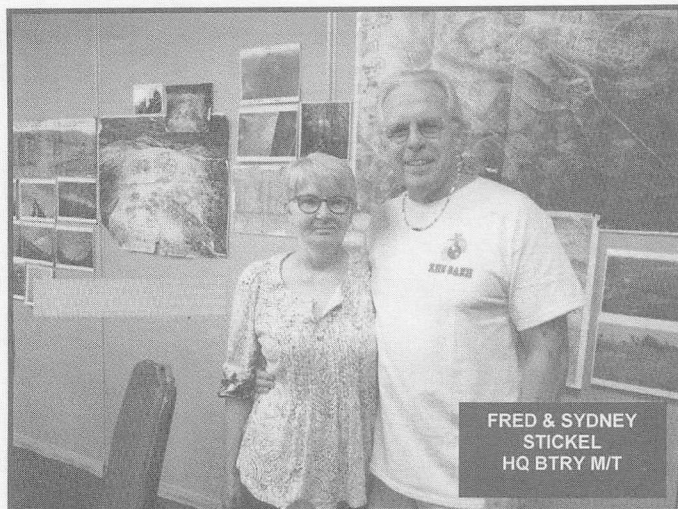
ERNIE HAMNER
B 1/1 1ST TRANSPACEMENT BN
OKINAWA 1959

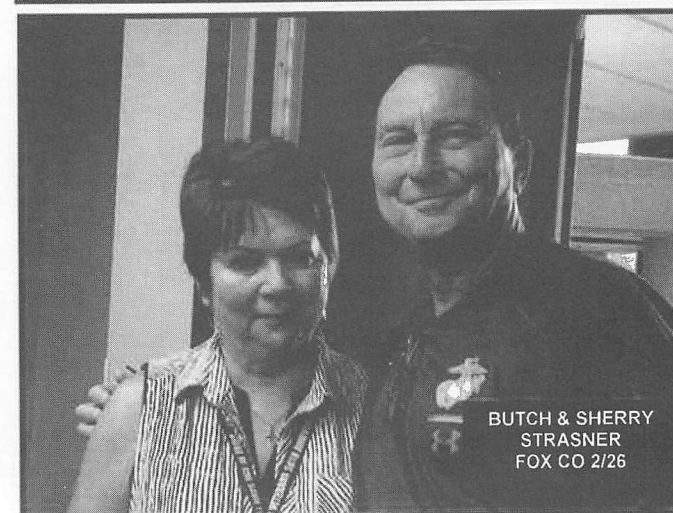
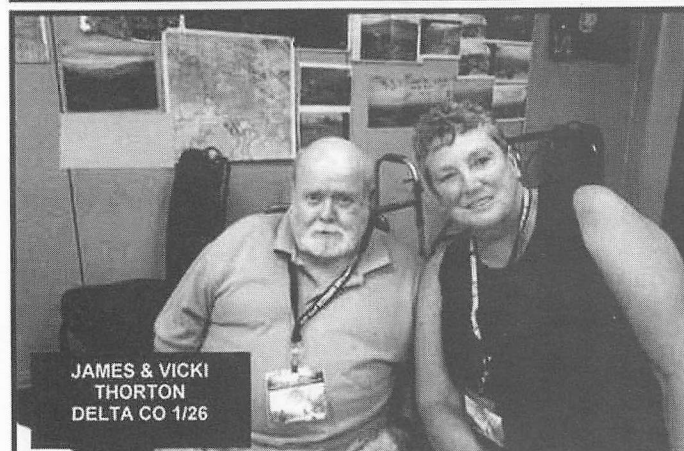
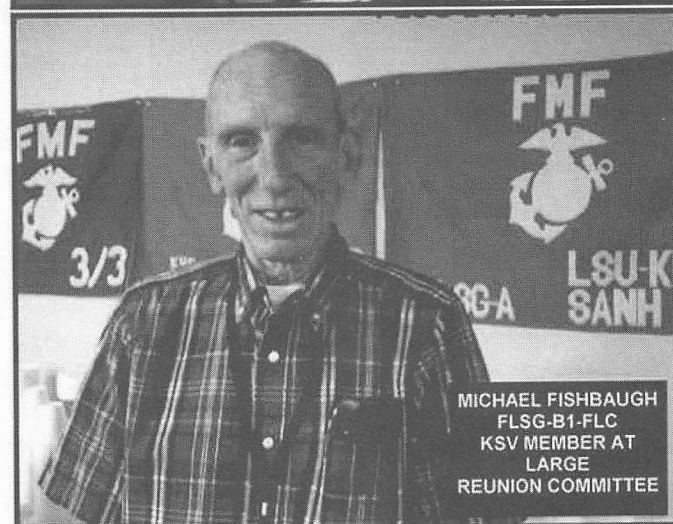
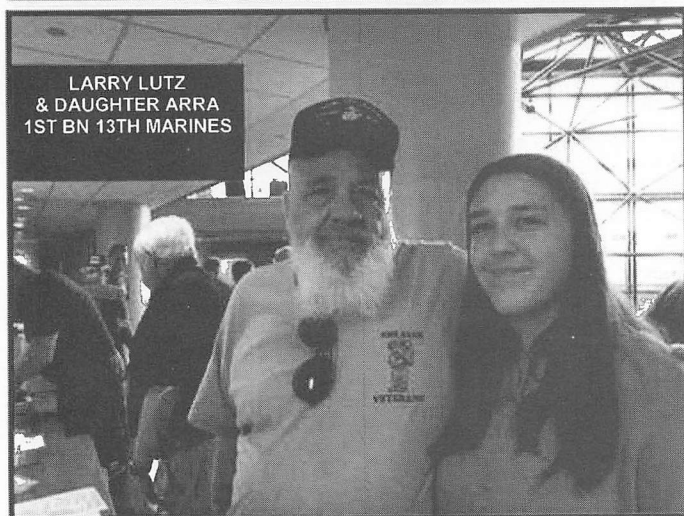
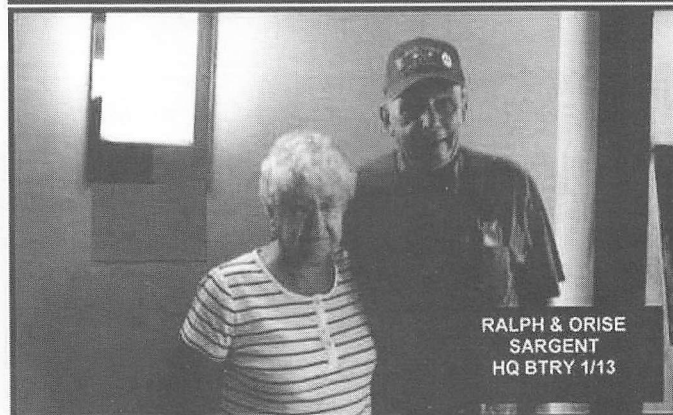
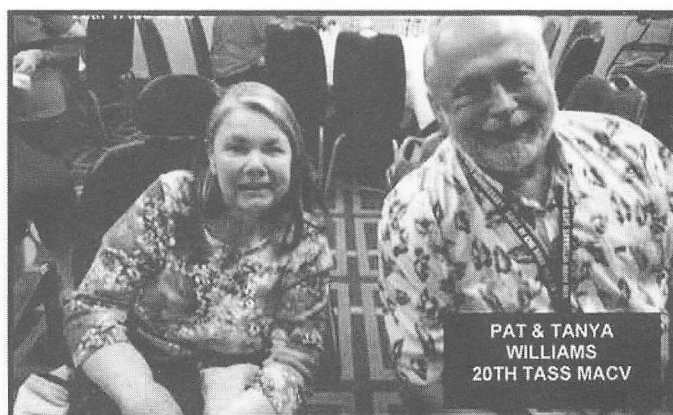
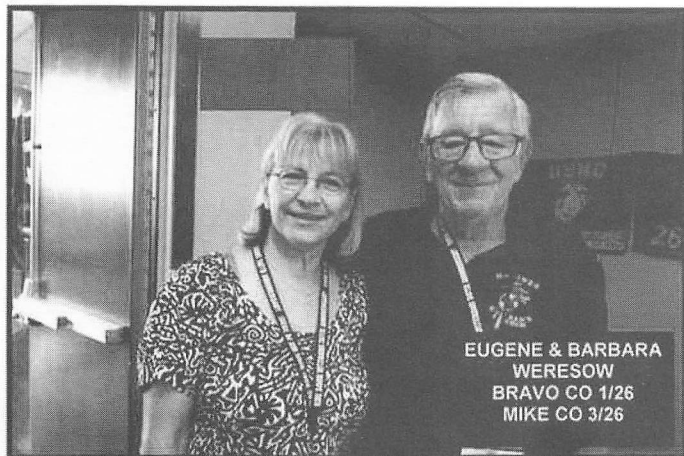


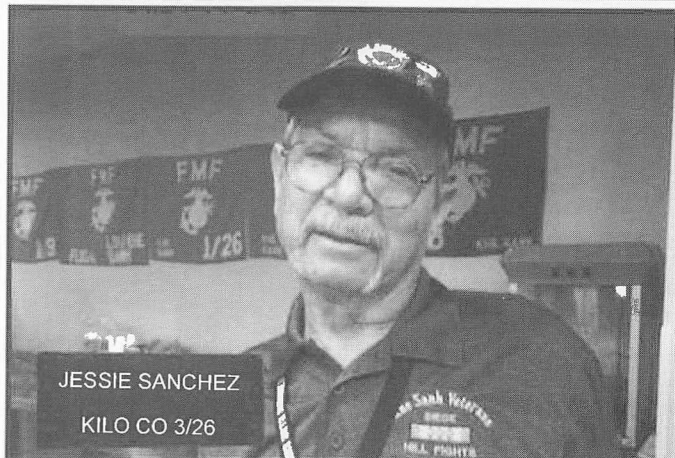
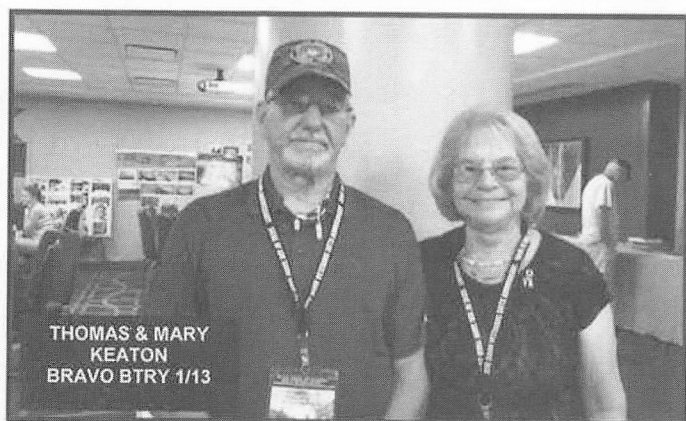
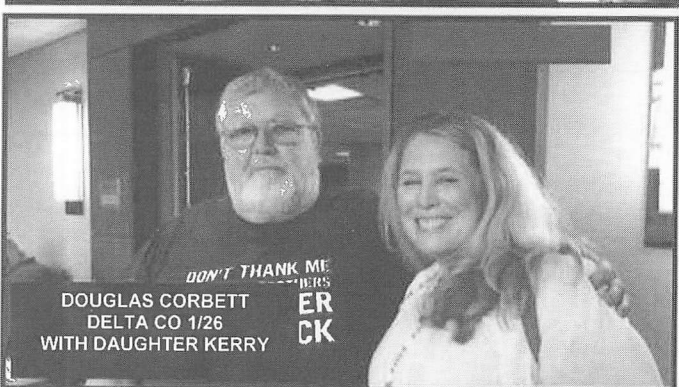
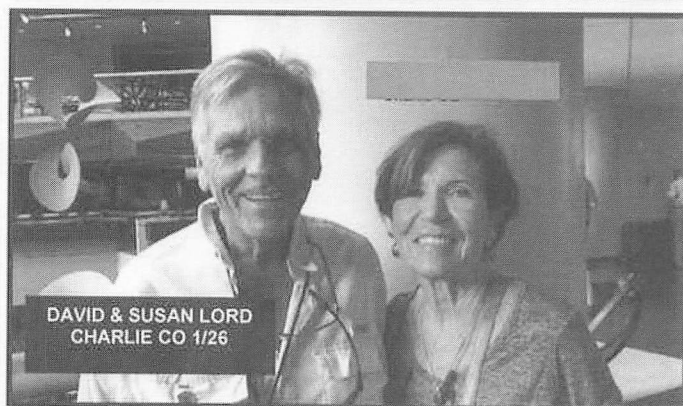
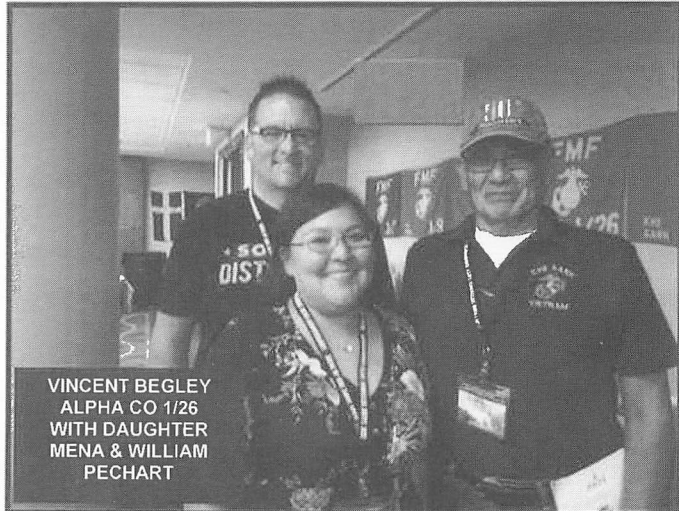
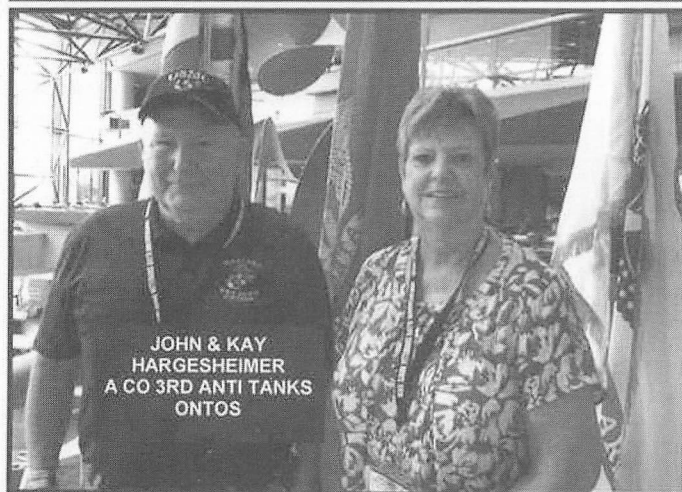
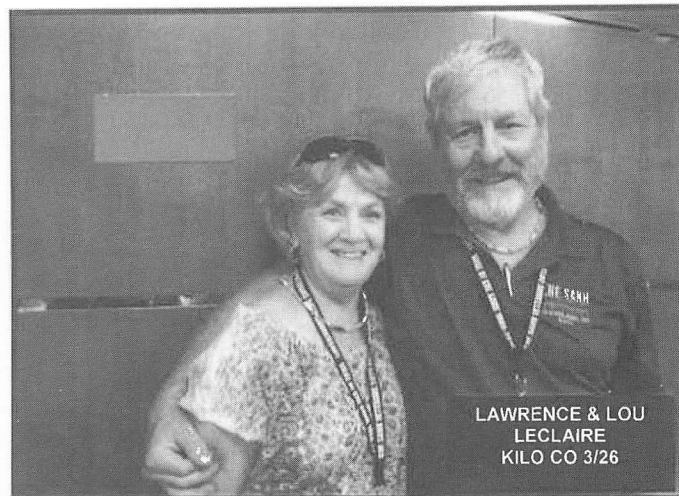
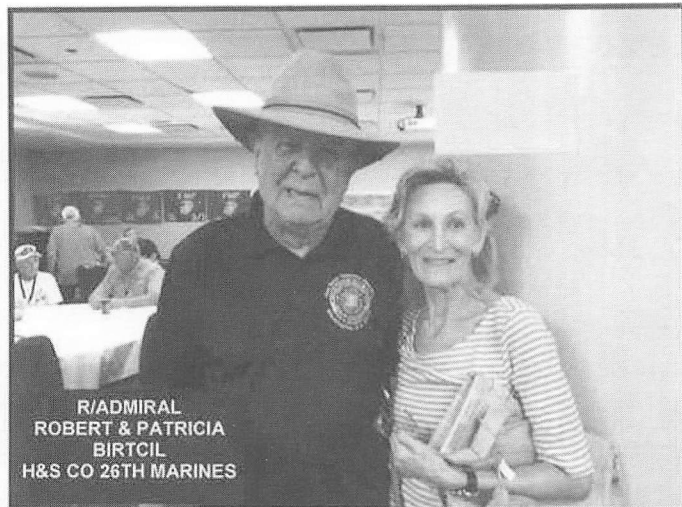
CAPTAIN JOHN LINDSAY
B 1/1 1ST TRANSPACEMENT BN
OKINAWA 1959

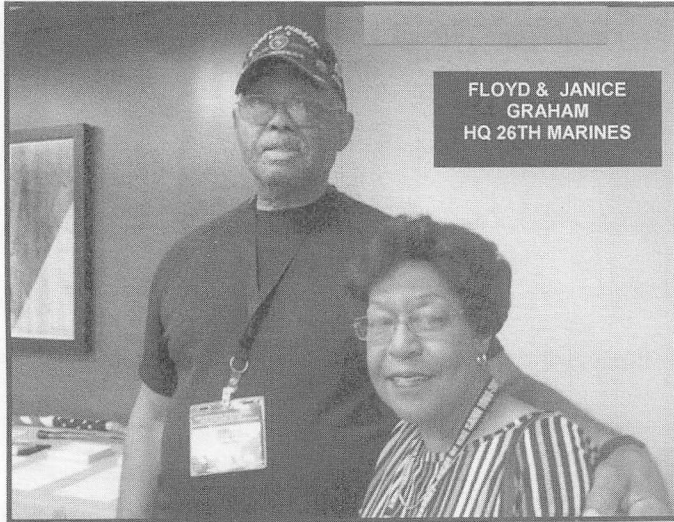




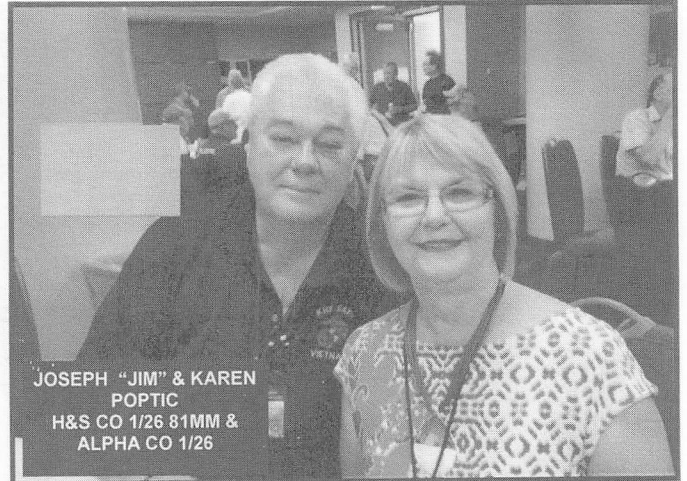




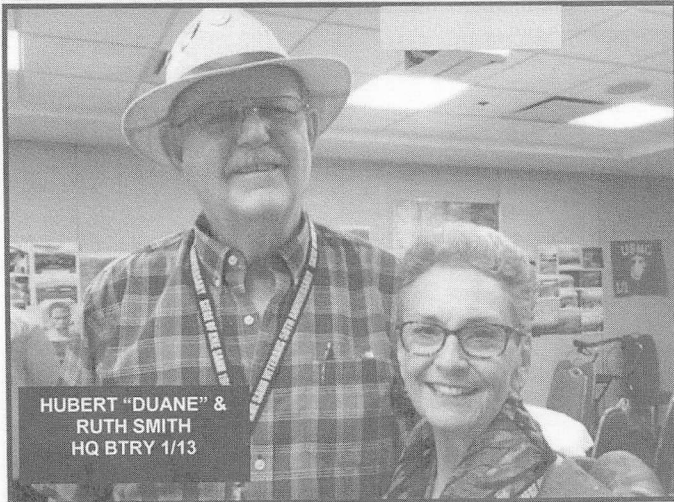




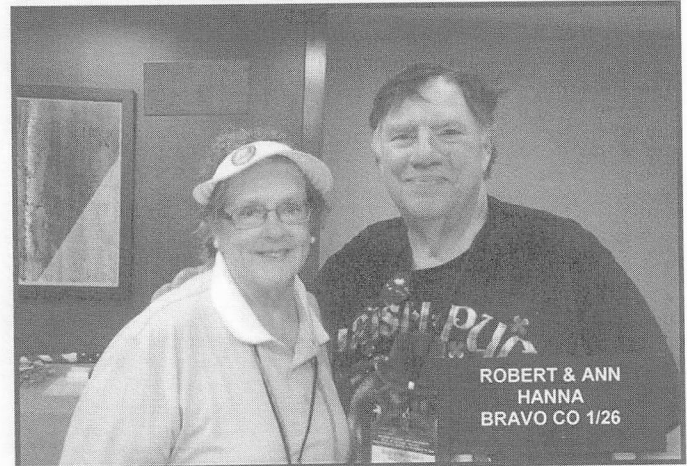
FLOYD & JANICE
GRAHAM
HQ 26TH MARINES



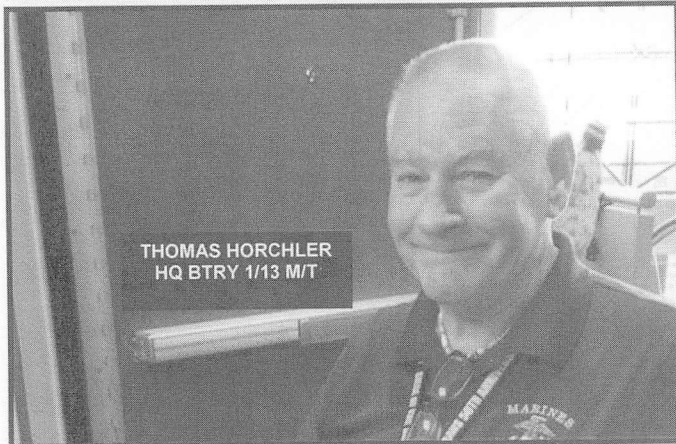
JOSEPH "JIM" & KAREN
POITIC
H&S CO 1/26 81MM &
ALPHA CO 1/26



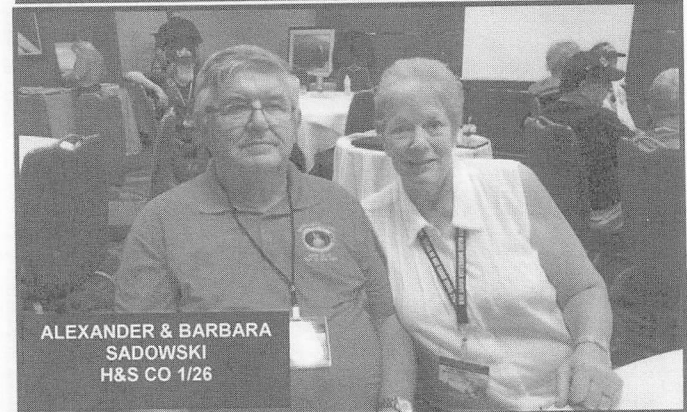
HUBERT "DUANE" &
RUTH SMITH
HQ BTRY 1/13



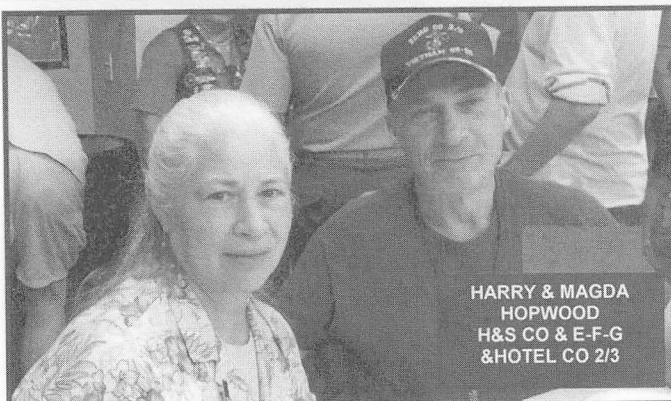
ROBERT & ANN
HANNA
BRAVO CO 1/26



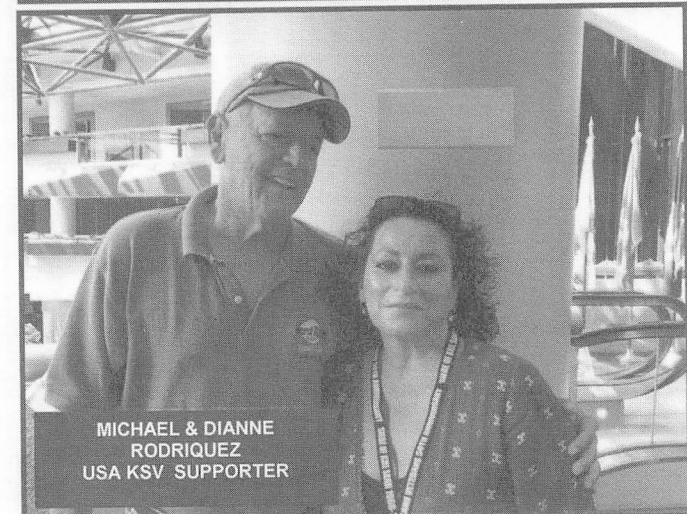
THOMAS HORCHLER
HQ BTRY 1/13 M/T



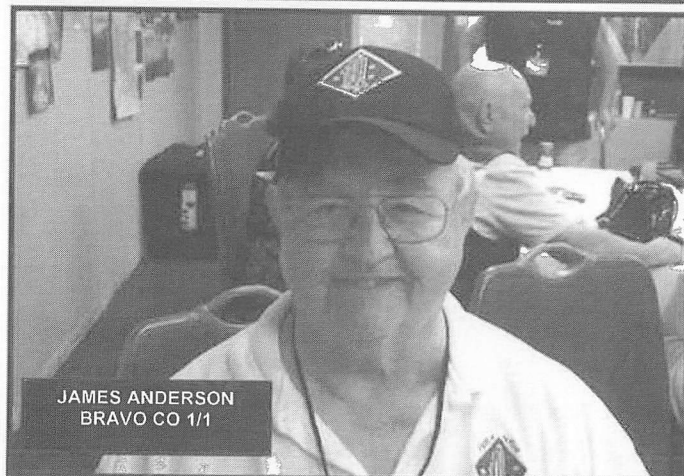
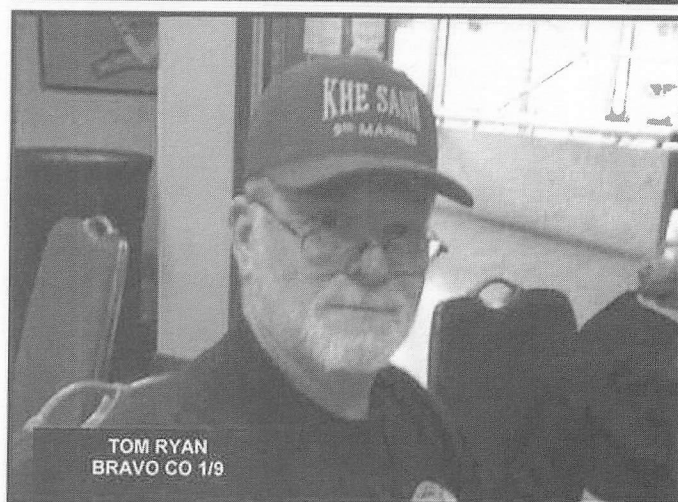
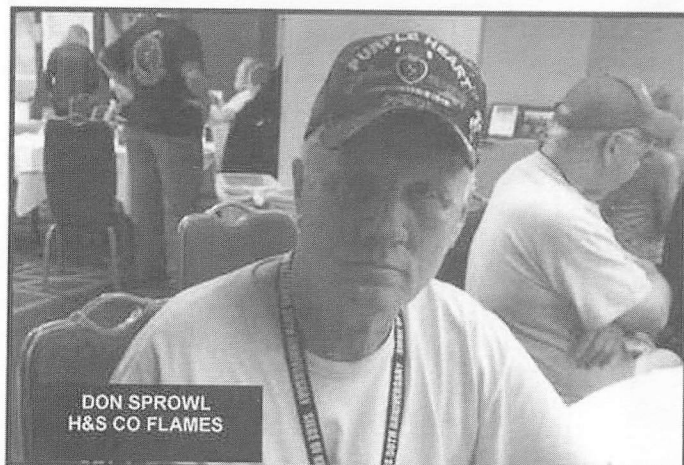
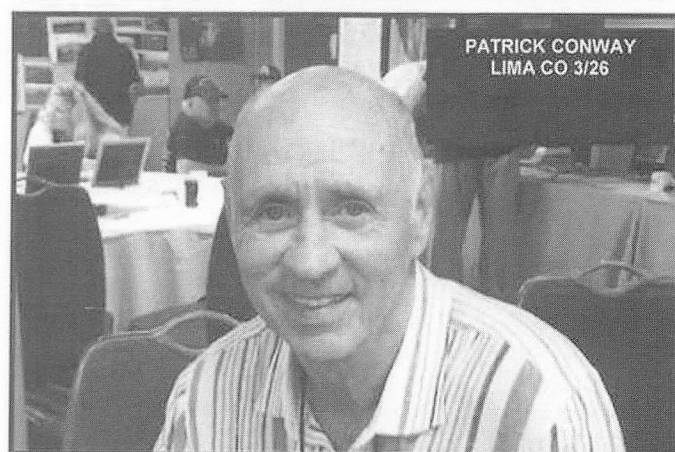
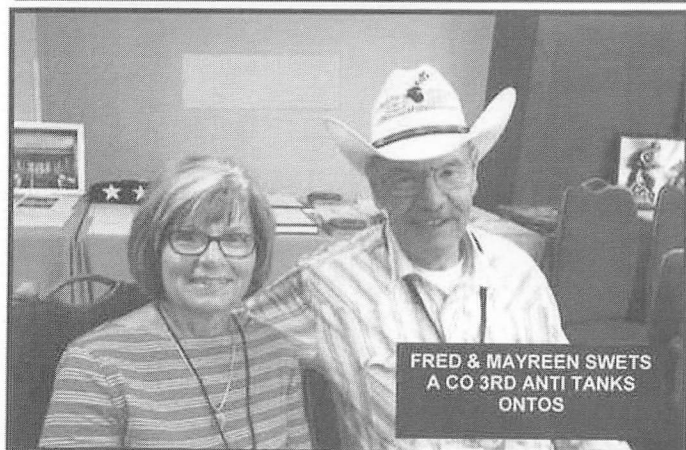
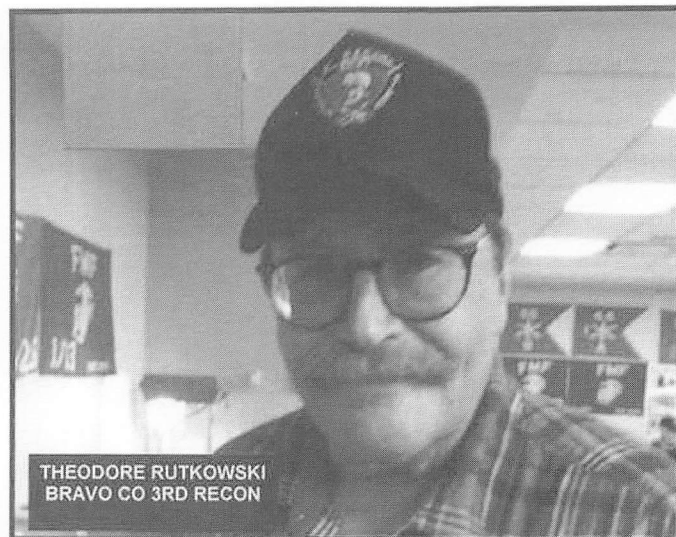
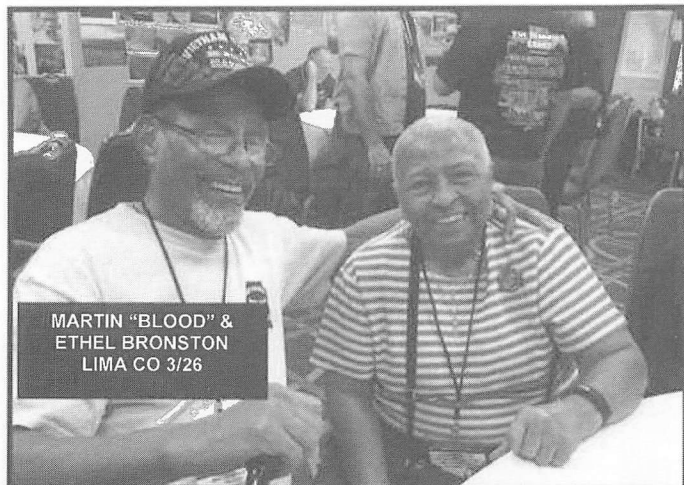
ALEXANDER & BARBARA
SADOWSKI
H&S CO 1/26

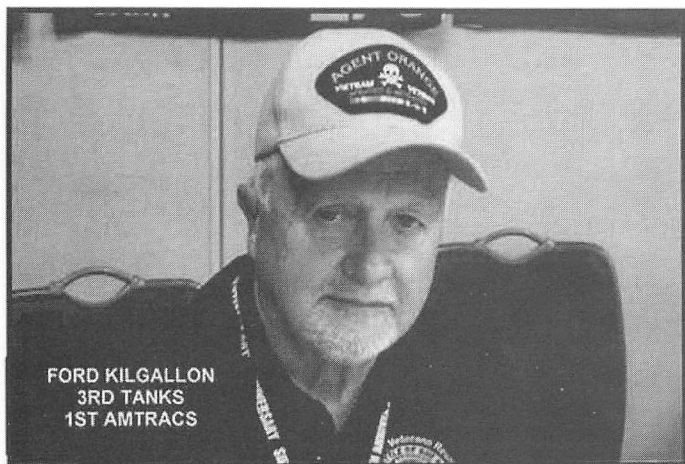


HARRY & MAGDA
HOPWOOD
H&S CO & E-F-G
&HOTEL CO 2/3

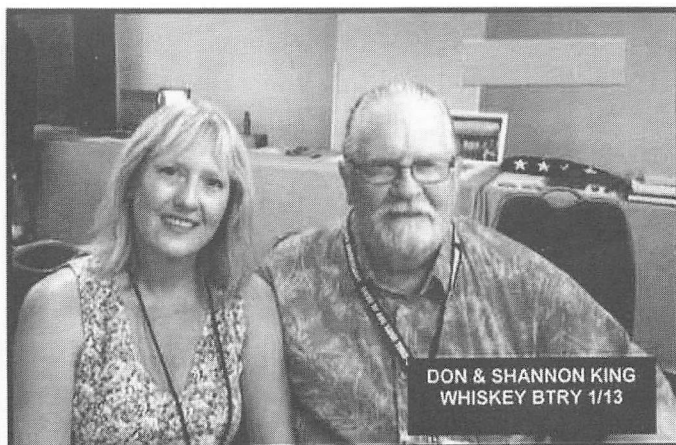


MICHAEL & DIANNE
RODRIQUEZ
USA KSV SUPPORTER

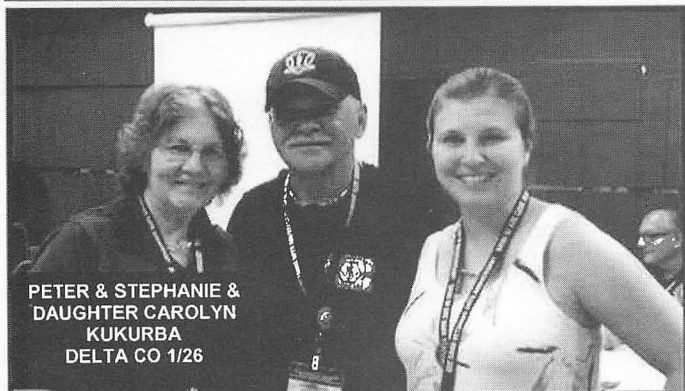




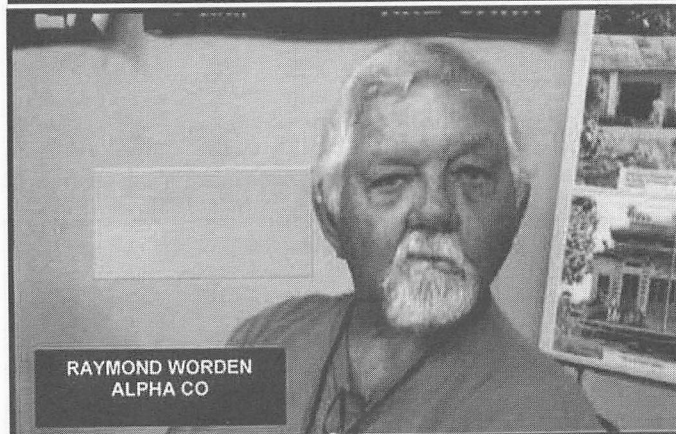
FORD KILGALLON
3RD TANKS
1ST AMTRACS



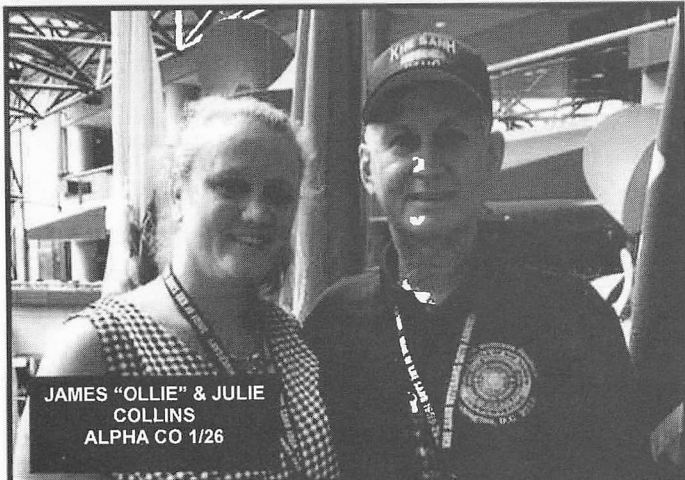
DON & SHANNON KING
WHISKEY BTRY 1/13



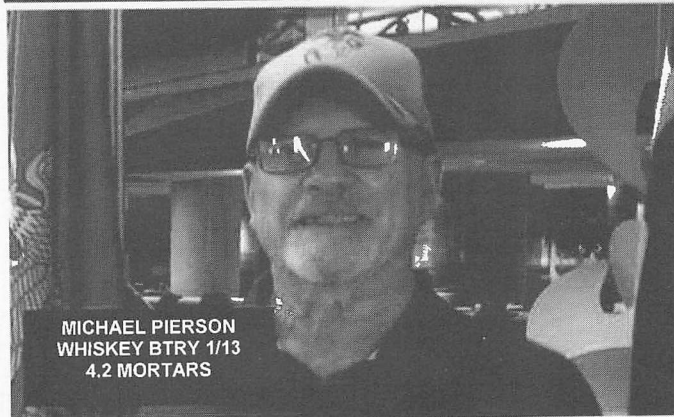
PETER & STEPHANIE &
DAUGHTER CAROLYN
KUKURBA
DELTA CO 1/26



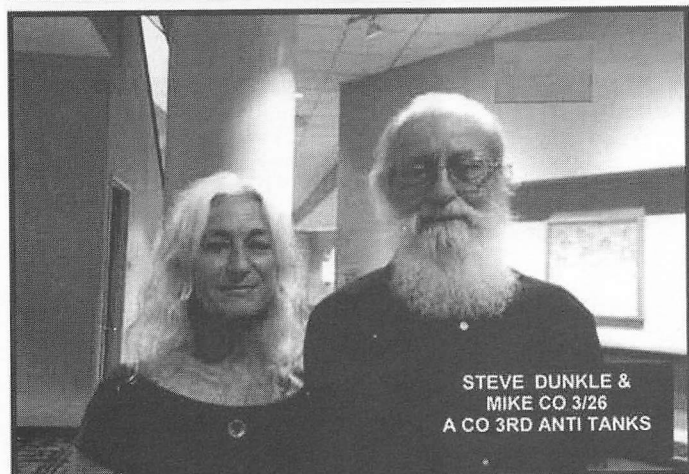
RAYMOND WORDEN
ALPHA CO



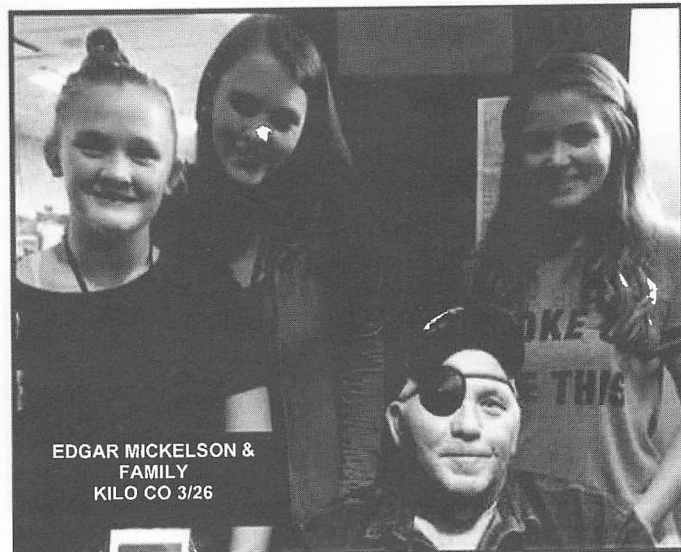
JAMES "OLLIE" & JULIE
COLLINS
ALPHA CO 1/26



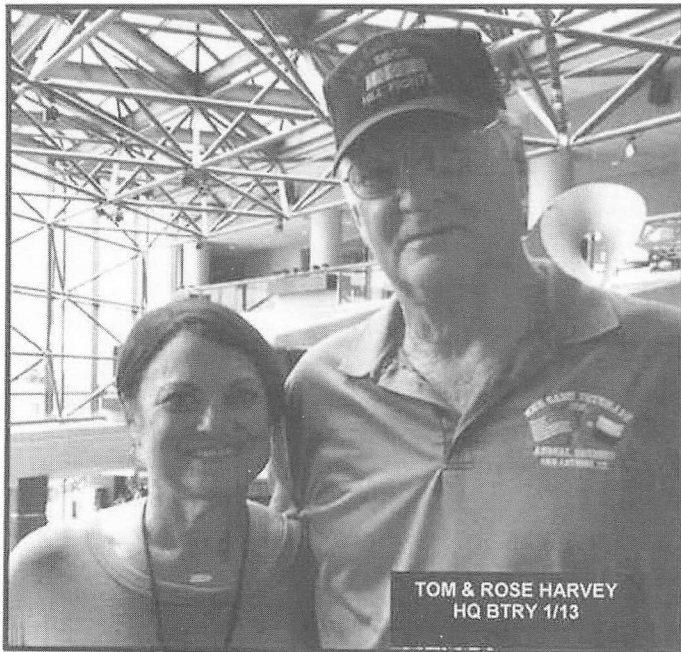
MICHAEL PIERSON
WHISKEY BTRY 1/13
4.2 MORTARS



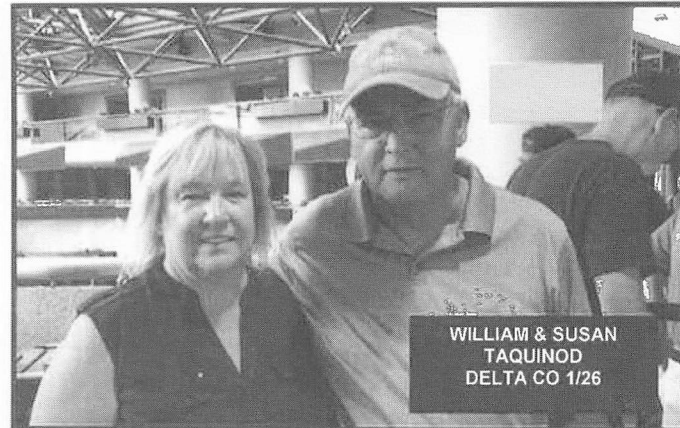
STEVE DUNKLE &
MIKE CO 3/26
A CO 3RD ANTI TANKS



EDGAR MICKELSON &
FAMILY
KILO CO 3/26



TOM & ROSE HARVEY
HQ BTRY 1/13



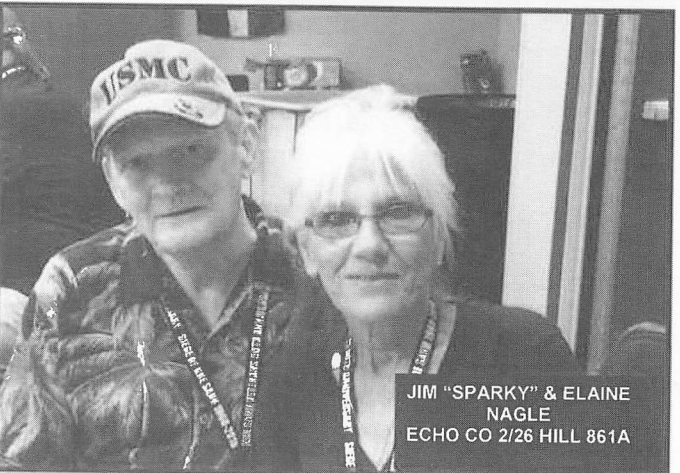
WILLIAM & SUSAN
TAQUINOD
DELTA CO 1/26



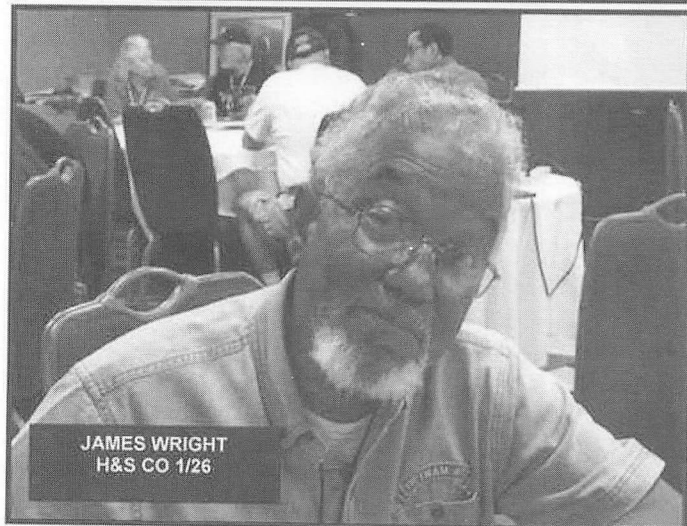
ROBERT KUBILUS &
CONNIE
CHARLIE CO 1/26



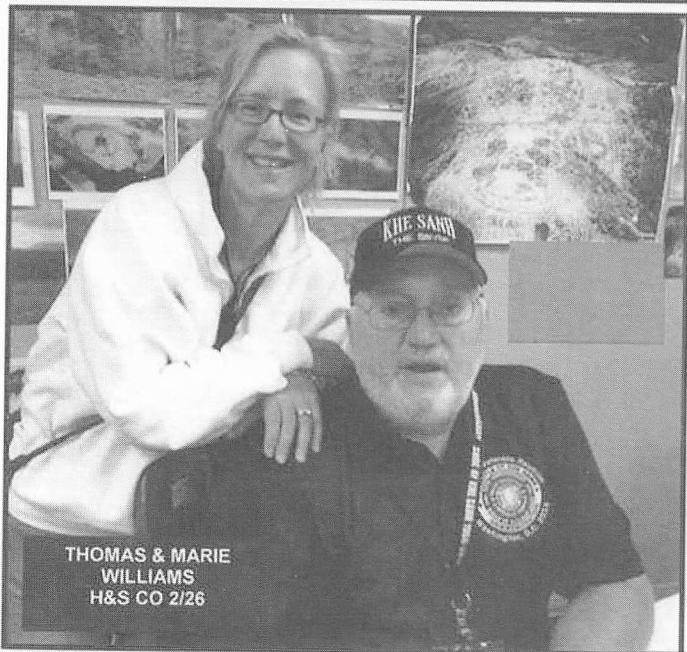
ROBERT & MARIE THING
H&S CO 3/26



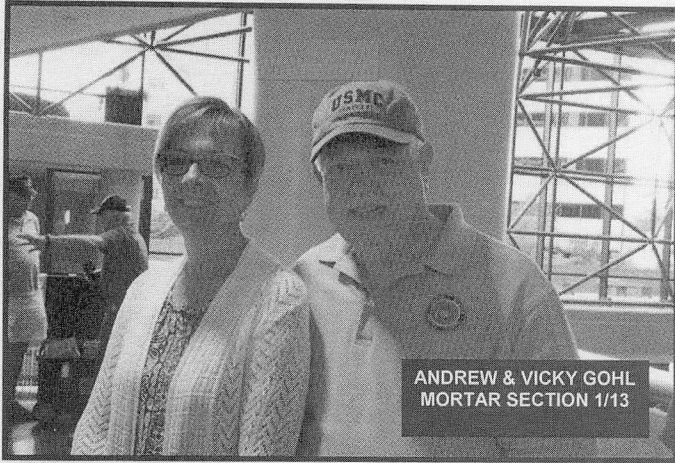
JIM "SPARKY" & ELAINE
NAGLE
ECHO CO 2/26 HILL 861A



JAMES WRIGHT
H&S CO 1/26



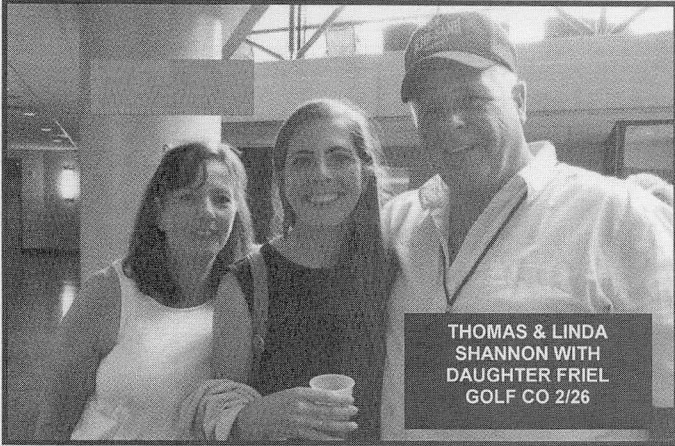
THOMAS & MARIE
WILLIAMS
H&S CO 2/26



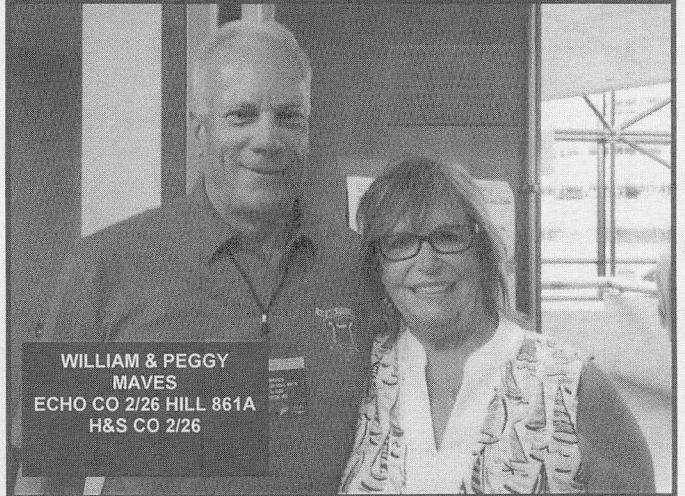
ANDREW & VICKY GOHL
MORTAR SECTION 1/13



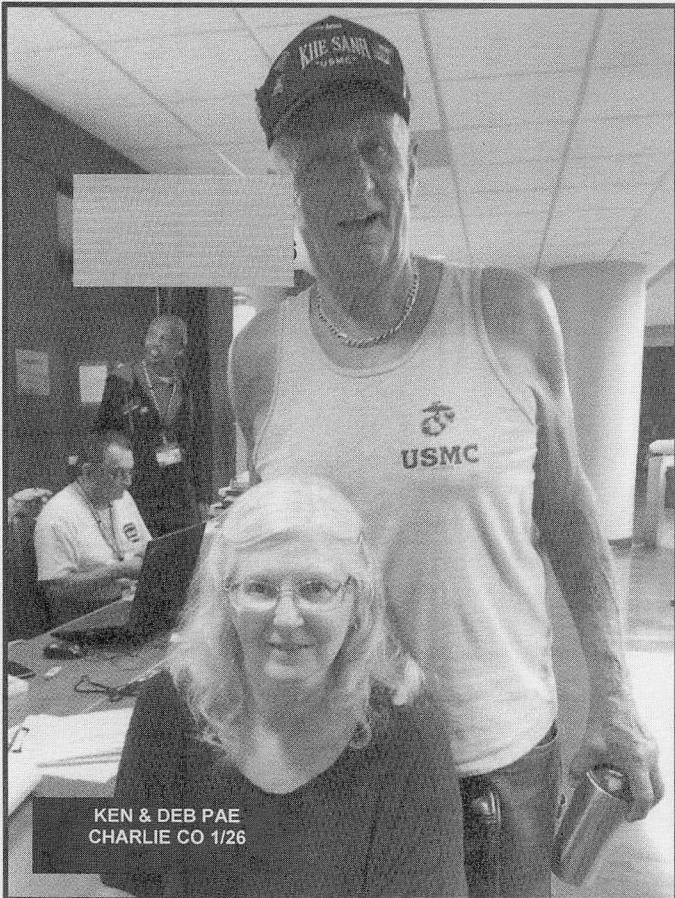
RAY BRESLER & GERI
ARNOLD
A CO 3RD ANTI TANKS
ONTOS



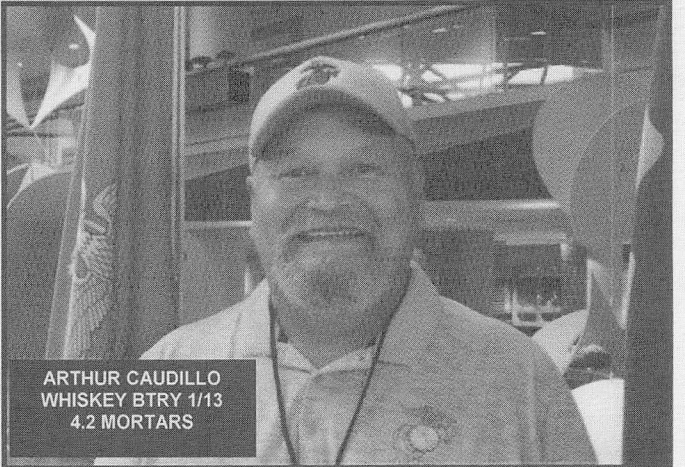
THOMAS & LINDA
SHANNON WITH
DAUGHTER FRIEL
GOLF CO 2/26



WILLIAM & PEGGY
MAVES
ECHO CO 2/26 HILL 861A
H&S CO 2/26



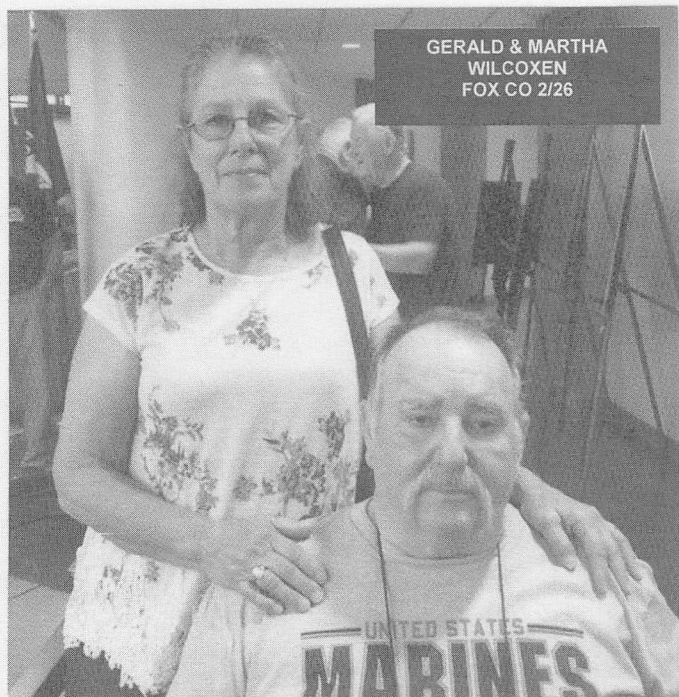
KEN & DEB PAE
CHARLIE CO 1/26



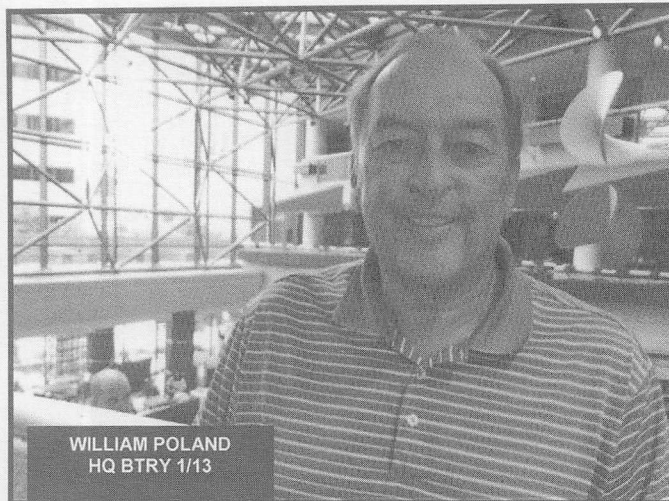
ARTHUR CAUDILLO
WHISKEY BTRY 1/13
4.2 MORTARS



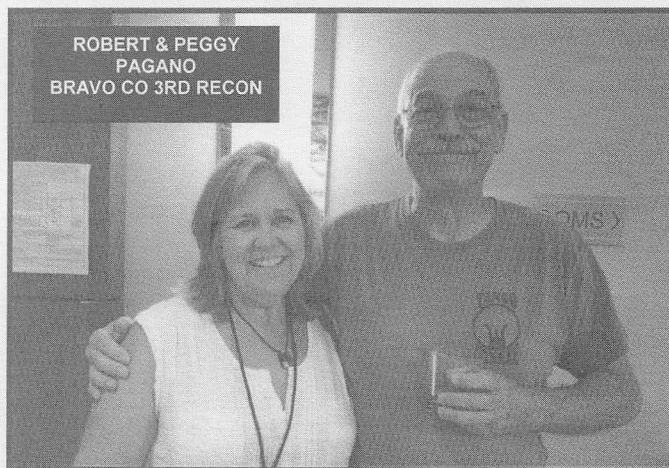
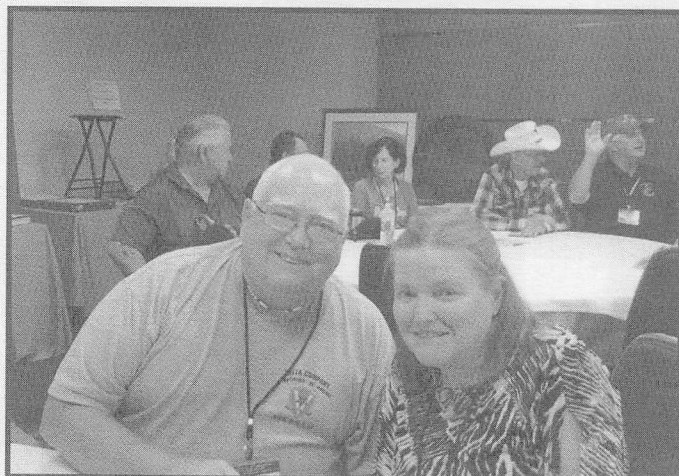
TOM & LINDA STEINHART
BRAVO CO 1/26



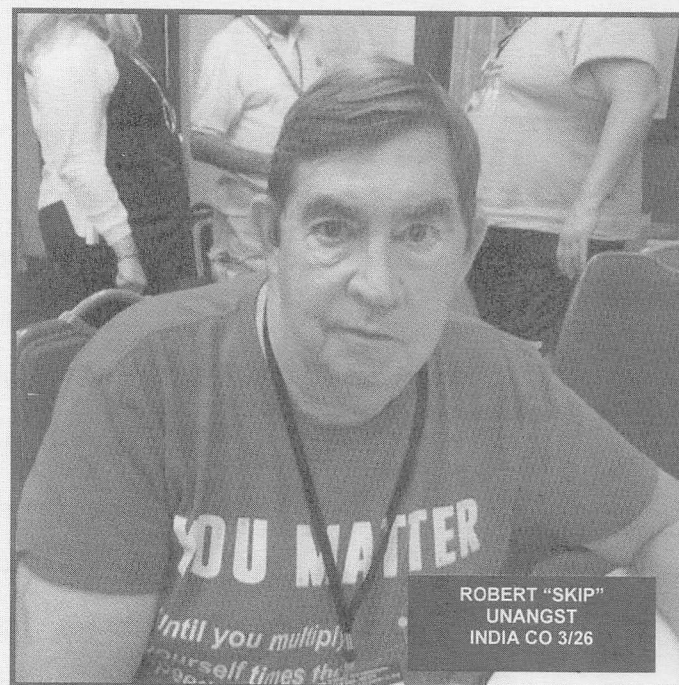
GERALD & MARTHA
WILCOXEN
FOX CO 2/26



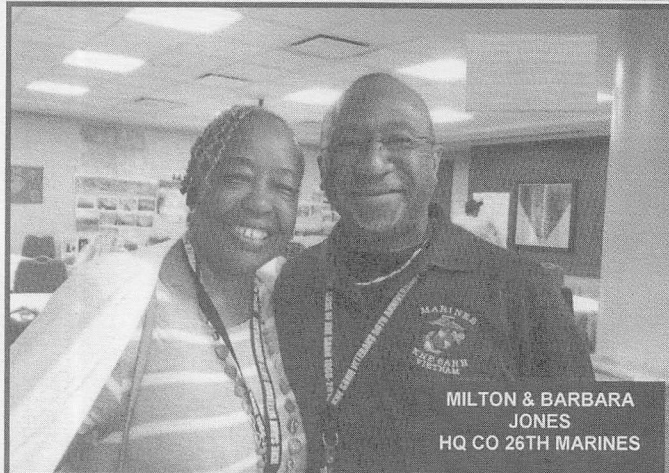
WILLIAM POLAND
HQ BTRY 1/13



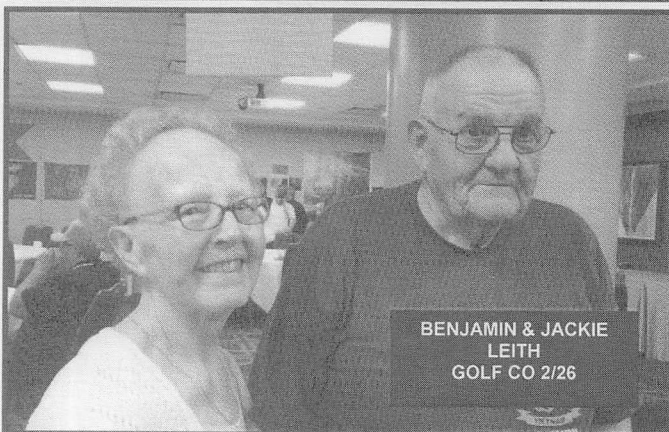
ROBERT & PEGGY
PAGANO
BRAVO CO 3RD RECON



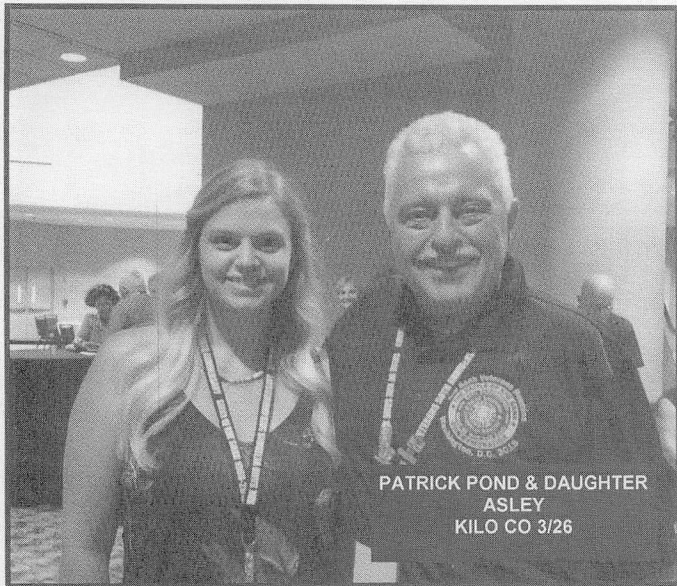
ROBERT "SKIP"
UNANGST
INDIA CO 3/26



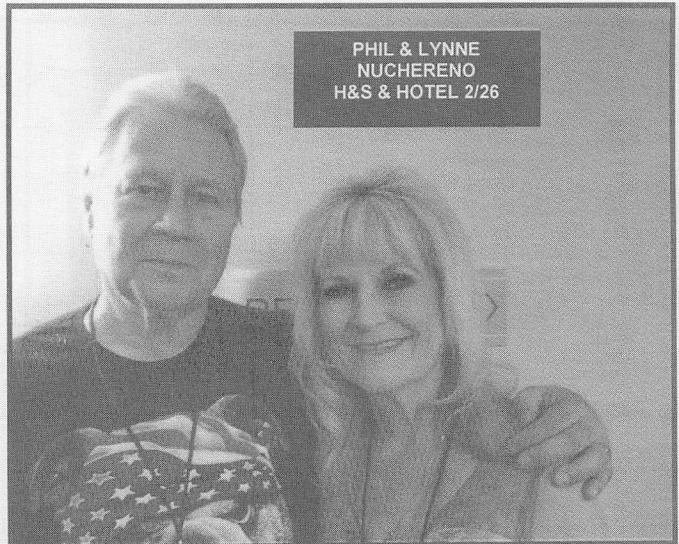
MILTON & BARBARA
JONES
HQ CO 26TH MARINES



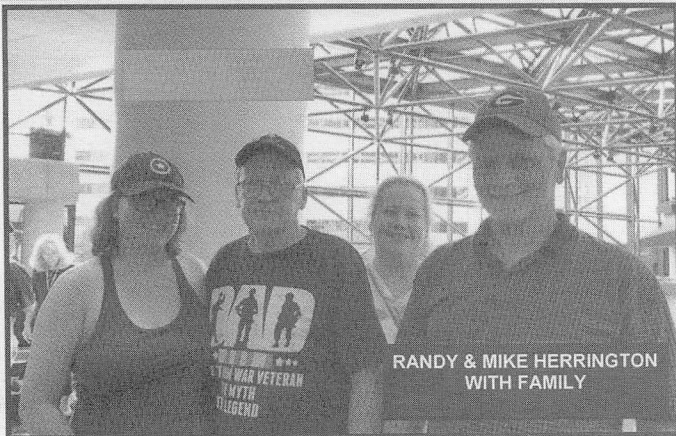
BENJAMIN & JACKIE
LEITH
GOLF CO 2/26



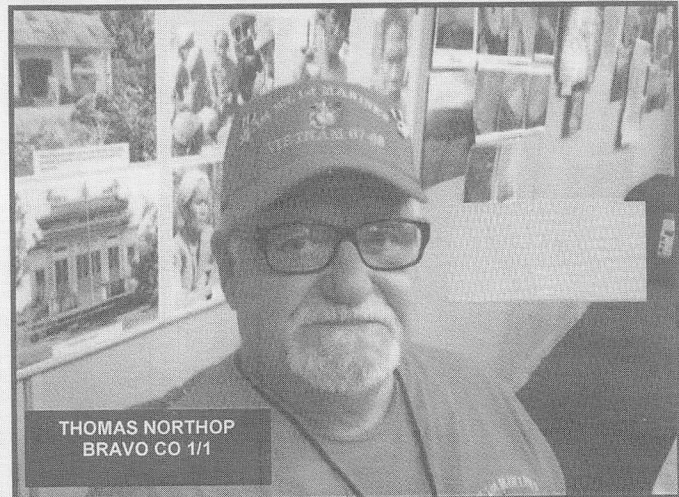
PATRICK POND & DAUGHTER
ASLEY
KILO CO 3/26



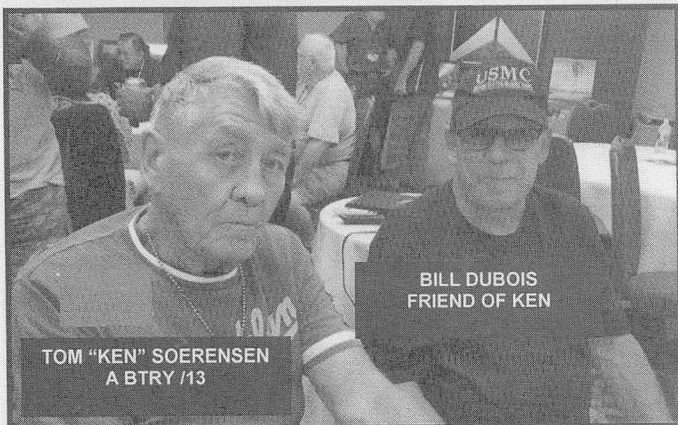
PHIL & LYNNE
NUCHERENO
H&S & HOTEL 2/26



RANDY & MIKE HERRINGTON
WITH FAMILY



THOMAS NORTHOP
BRAVO CO 1/1

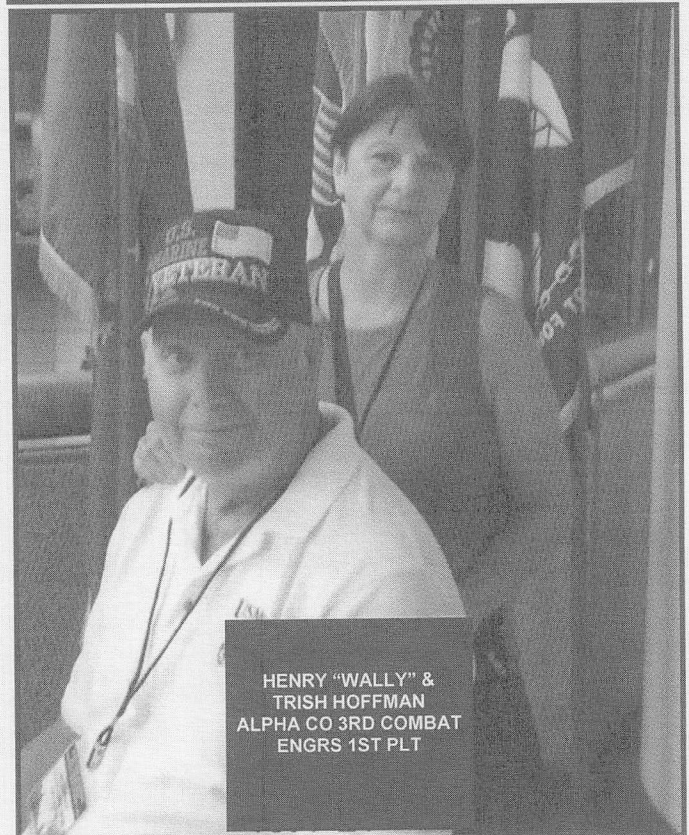


TOM "KEN" SOERENSEN
A BTRY /13

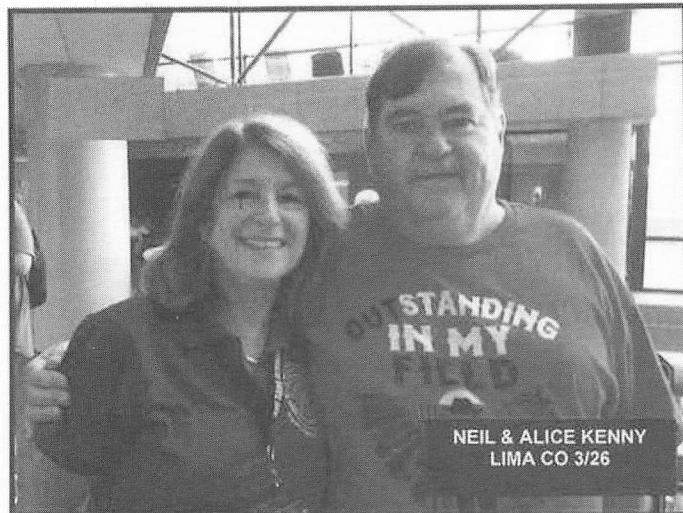
BILL DUBOIS
FRIEND OF KEN



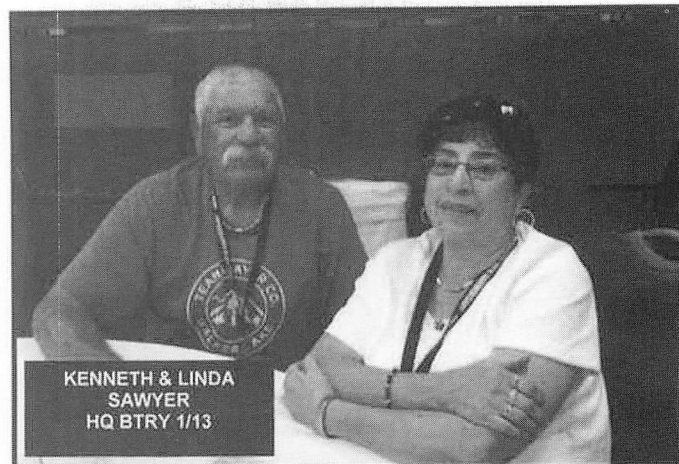
ALBERT & JUARENNE
OWENS
A CO 3RD ANTI TANKS
ONTOS



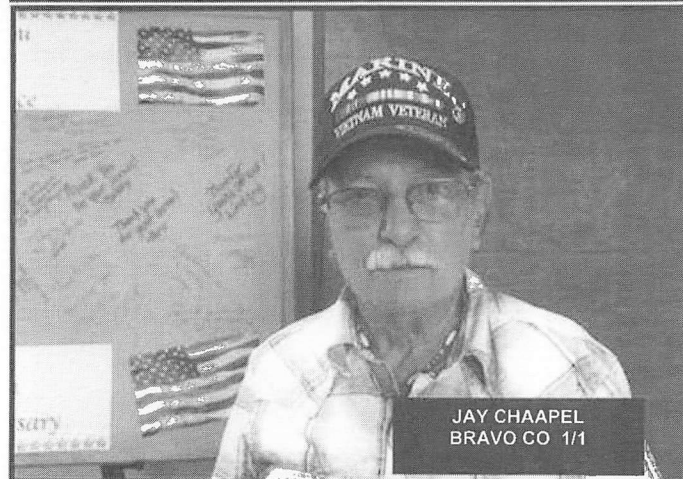
HENRY "WALLY" &
TRISH HOFFMAN
ALPHA CO 3RD COMBAT
ENGRS 1ST PLT



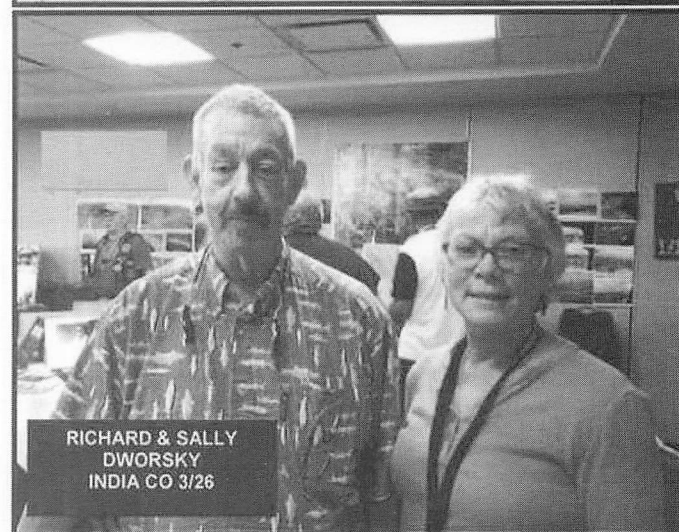
NEIL & ALICE KENNY
LIMA CO 3/26



KENNETH & LINDA
SAWYER
HQ BTRY 1/13



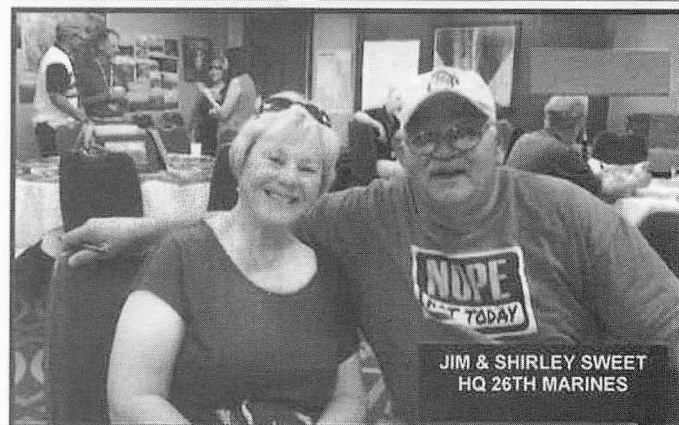
JAY CHAPEL
BRAVO CO 1/1



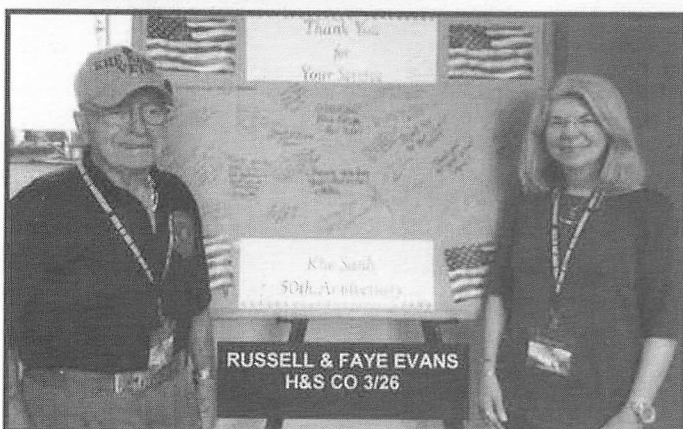
RICHARD & SALLY
DWORSKY
INDIA CO 3/26



BRUCE SAFFEL & LINDA
MONTPETIT
A CO 3RD ANTI TANKS
ONTOS



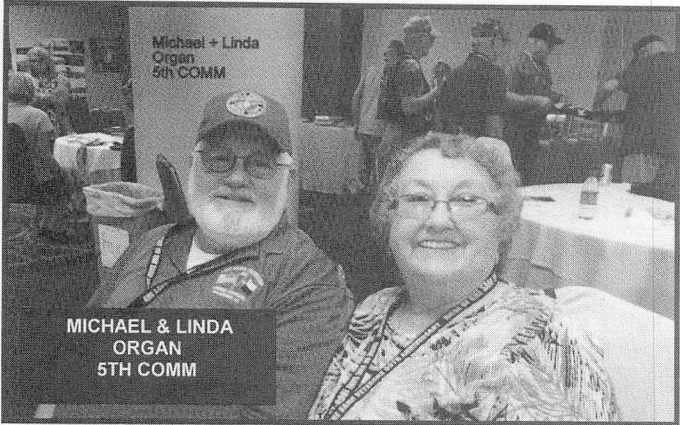
JIM & SHIRLEY SWEET
HQ 26TH MARINES



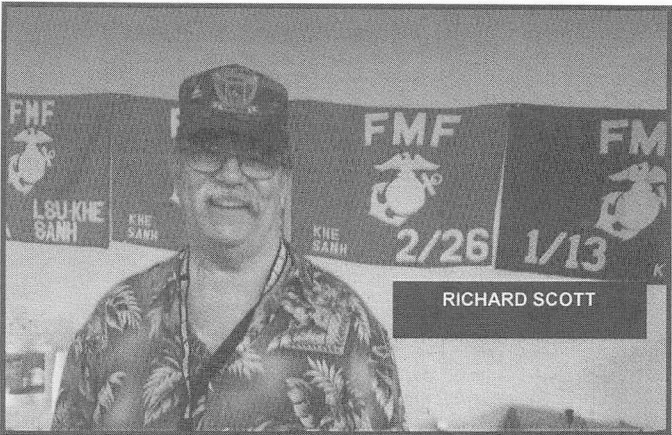
RUSSELL & FAYE EVANS
H&S CO 3/26



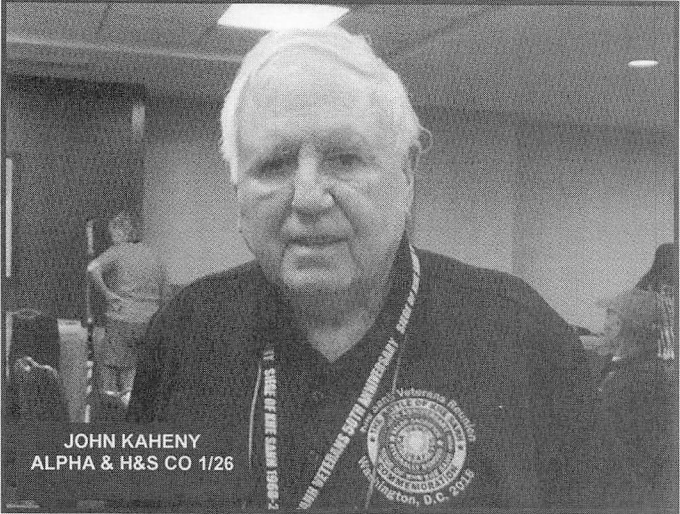
MARK & ELAINE KRAMER
CHARLIE CO 1/26



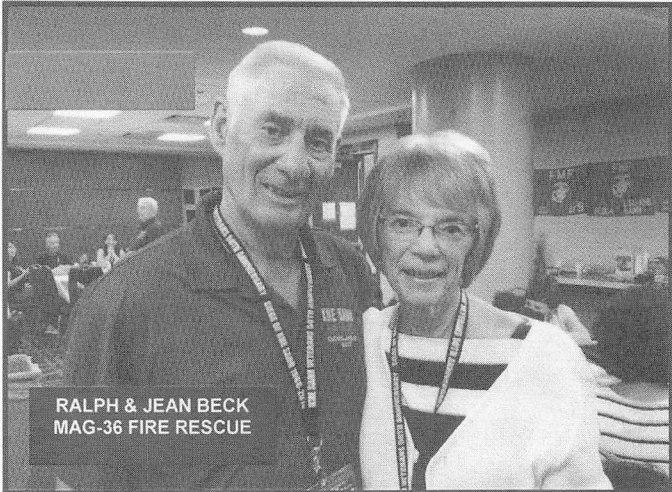
MICHAEL & LINDA
ORGAN
5TH COMM



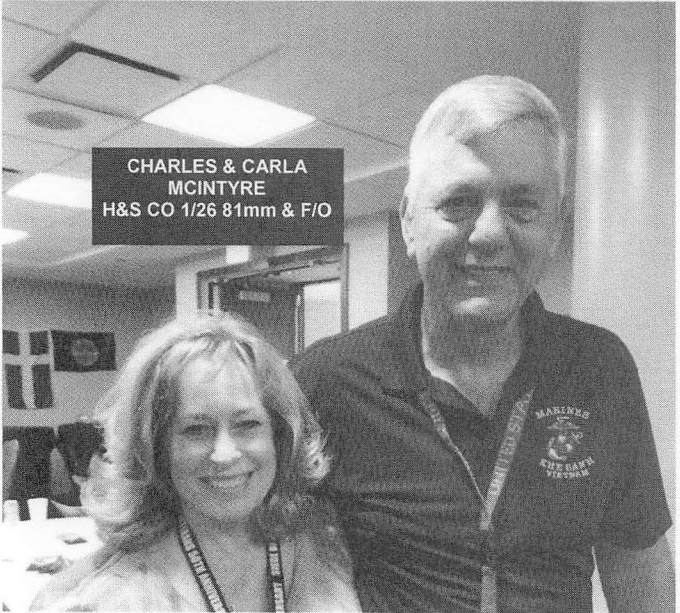
RICHARD SCOTT



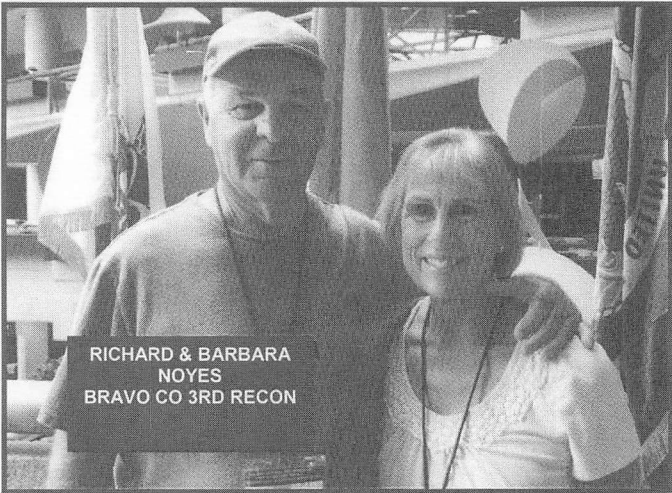
JOHN KAHENY
ALPHA & H&S CO 1/26



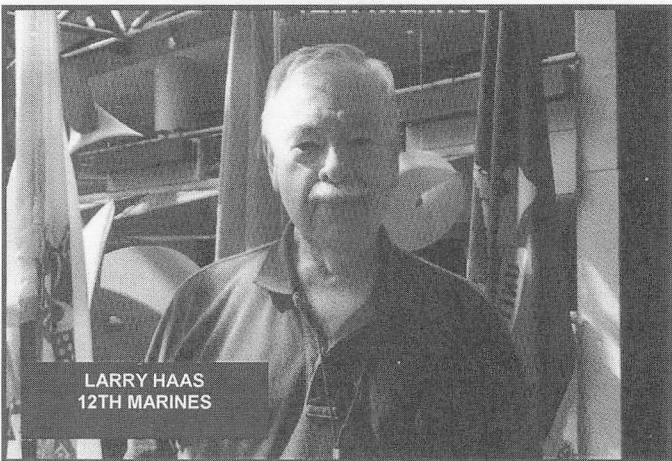
RALPH & JEAN BECK
MAG-36 FIRE RESCUE



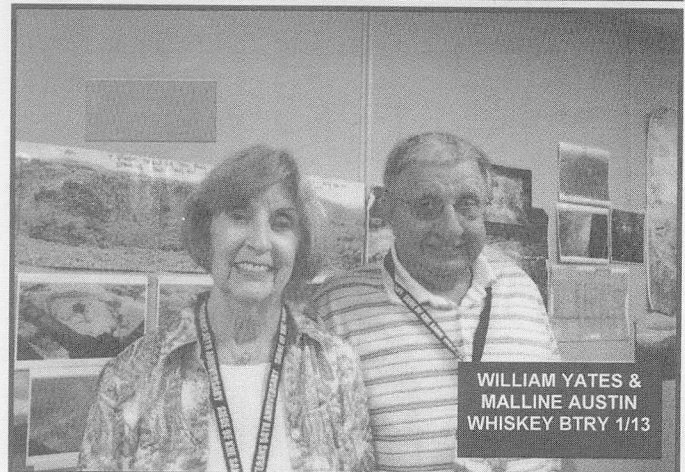
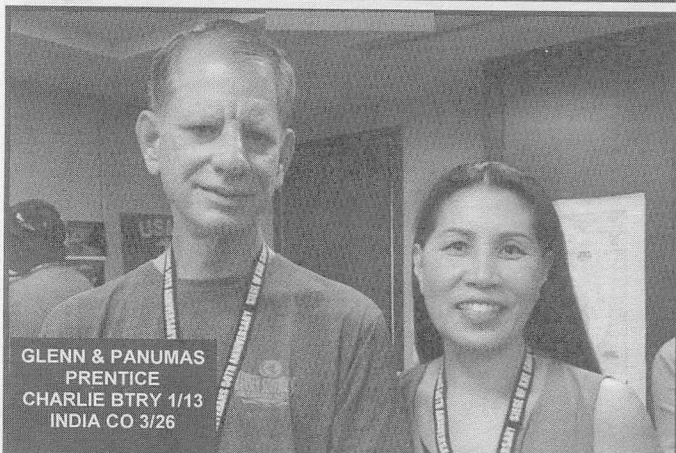
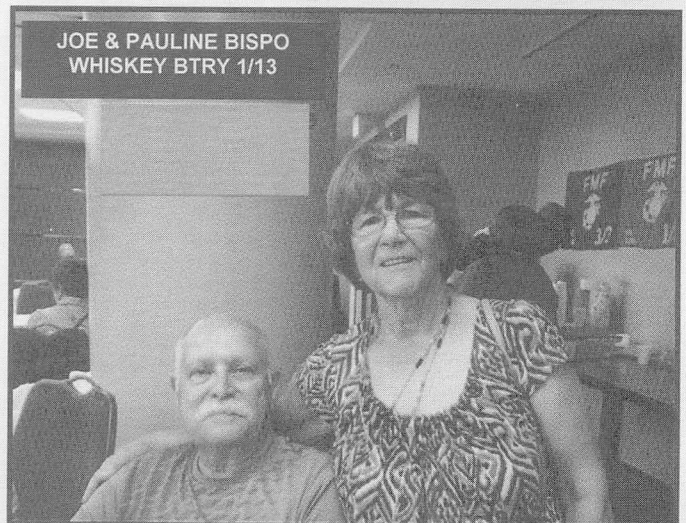
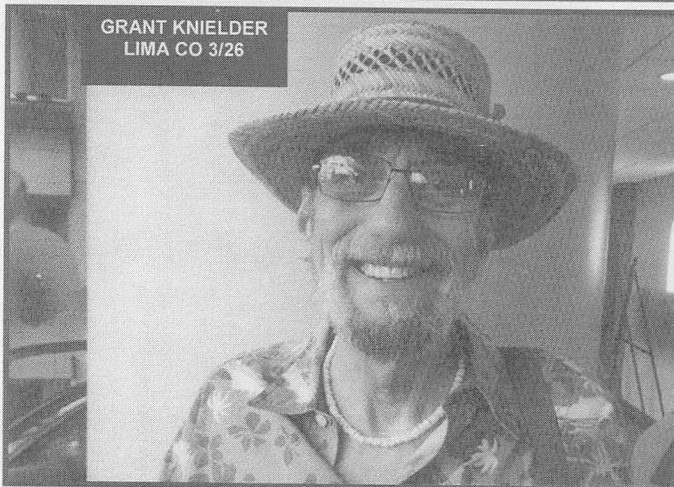
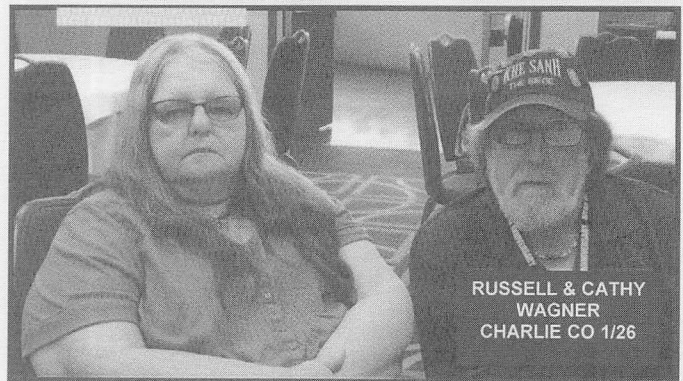
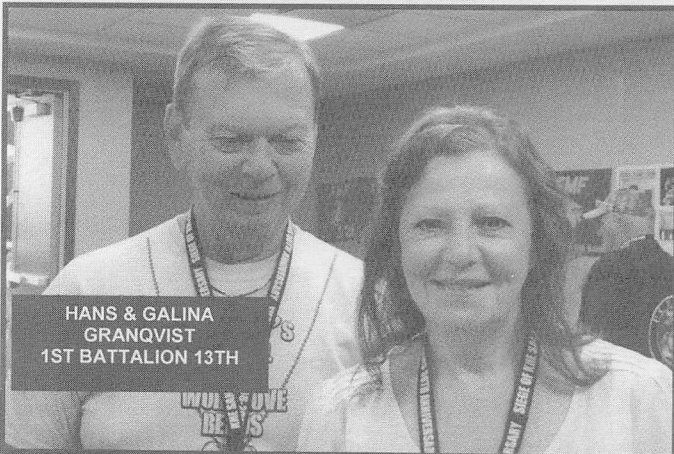
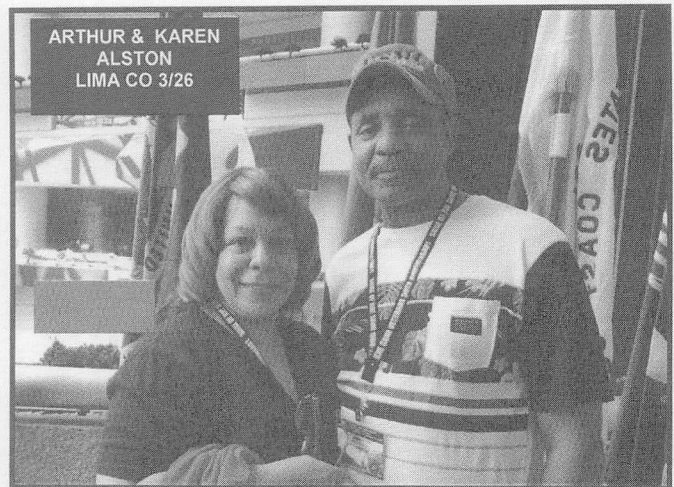
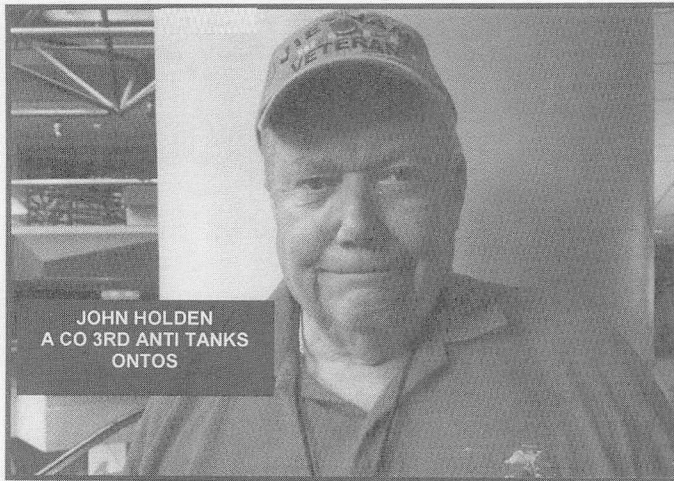
CHARLES & CARLA
MCINTYRE
H&S CO 1/26 81mm & F/O

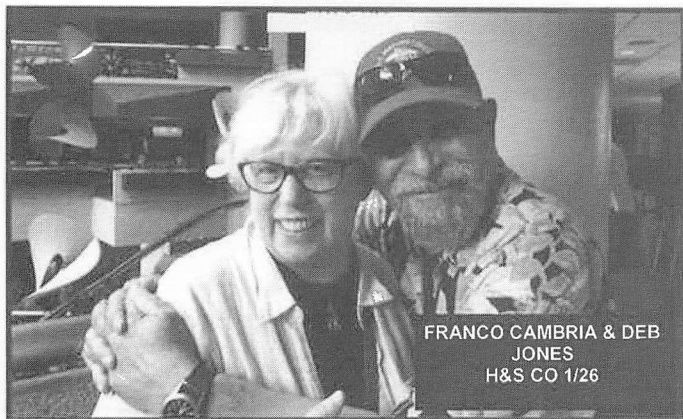


RICHARD & BARBARA
NOYES
BRAVO CO 3RD RECON

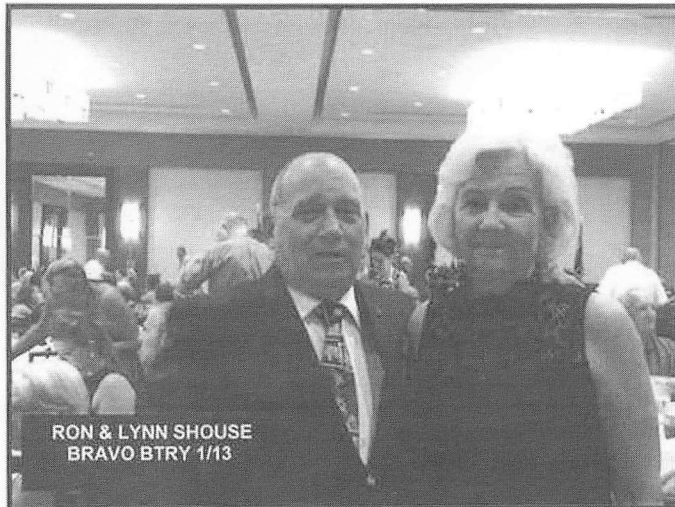


LARRY HAAS
12TH MARINES

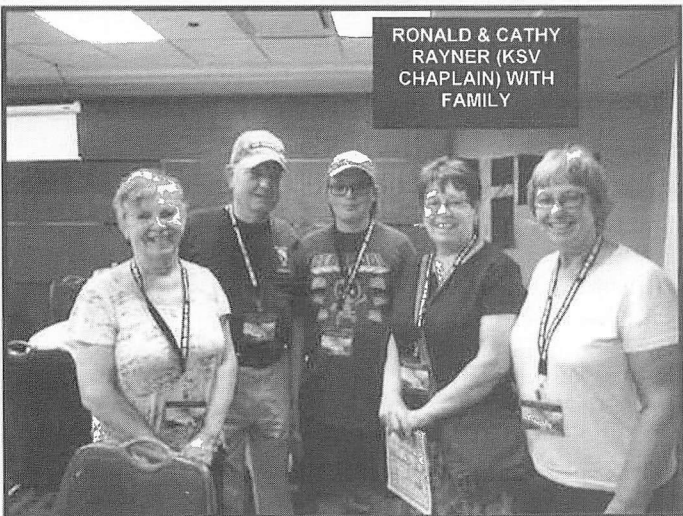




FRANCO CAMBRIA & DEB
JONES
H&S CO 1/26



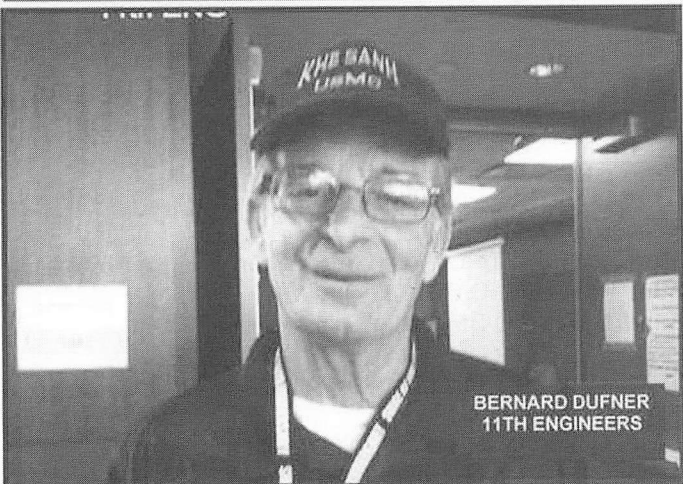
RON & LYNN SHOUSE
BRAVO BTRY 1/13



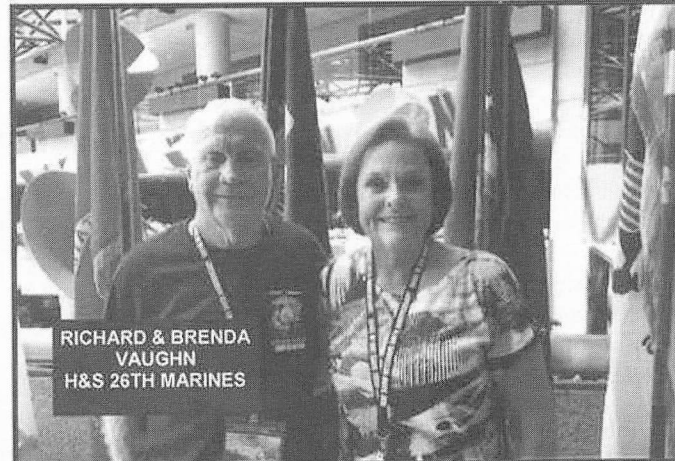
RONALD & CATHY
RAYNER (KSV
CHAPLAIN) WITH
FAMILY



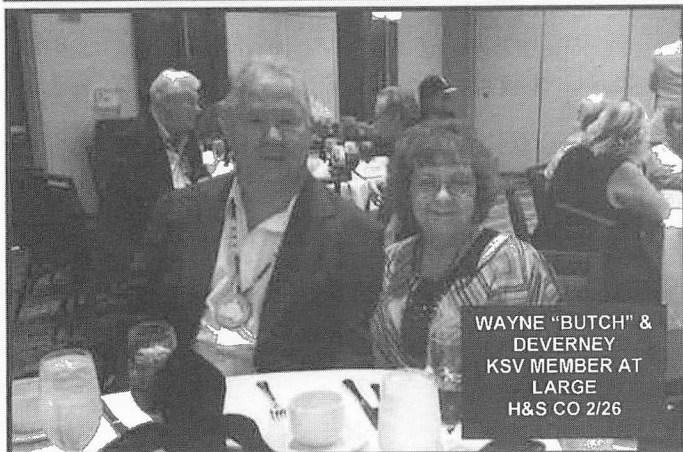
STEVE & JOAN
STARKOVICH
BRAVO BTRY 1/13



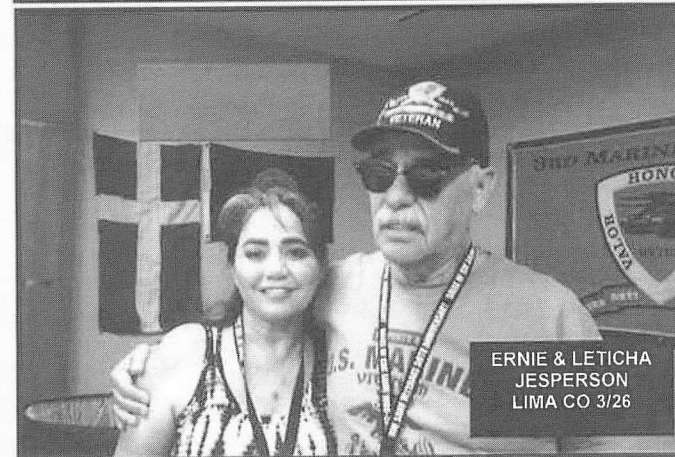
BERNARD DUFNER
11TH ENGINEERS



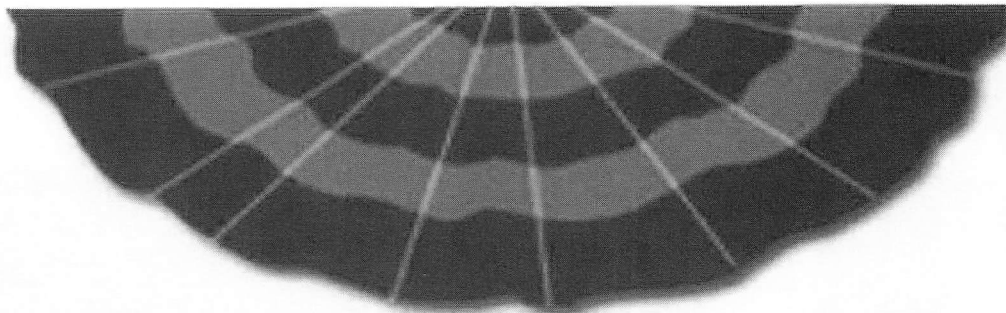
RICHARD & BRENDA
VAUGHN
H&S 26TH MARINES



WAYNE "BUTCH" &
DEVERNEY
KSV MEMBER AT
LARGE
H&S CO 2/26



ERNIE & LETICHA
JESPERSON
LIMA CO 3/26



THOSE REMEMBERED

Capt Walter Egger USMC C CO 1/26 KIA 3 22 68
 GSGT John J Grohman USMC C CO 1/26 KIA 3 22 68
 1t Paul W. Bush USMC C CO 1/26 KIA 3 22 68
 LCpl Stephen C Shannon USMC C CO 1/26 KIA 3 22 68
 PFC Bennie J. Sisson USMC C CO 1/26 KIA 3 22 68
 Cpl Fergus J. Carroll USMC K CO 3/4 KIA 18 Jun 68
 Lt Col Ken Pipes USMC B Co 2/26 Passed Away
 L/Cpl Wilbur Stovall USMC A HQ/13 KIA 09 MAR 68
 Sgt Tommy Antrim USMC A 1/13 KIA 08 Feb 68
 Remembering All "Bastard Bravo" Marines and their families
 Captain Bill Person USAF 553 3RD Recon Wing
 PFC Donald Saunders USMC HQ BTRY 1/13 COMM
 KIA 04 March 1968
 Sgt Donald Ray Chamblin USMC HQ BTRY COMM
 KIA 08 March 1968
 William "Doc" Miller Sr USN Lima Co 3/26 Passed Away
 11/6/17
 GYSGT Charles Perkins USMC DOW 17 May 1968
 SSgt Karl E. Taylor USMC India CO 3/26 KIA 12/98/68
 PFC Roland T. Marshall USMC M CO 3/4 KIA 5/17/68
 L/Cpl Philip Van Deusen USMC A/1/13 KIA 06/07/67
 Lt Marion Norman USMC A 1/13 KIA 30 Mar 68
 PFC Gale E Gotti USMC A/1/13 KIA 06/07 67
 2Lt John Bobo USMC I Co 3/9 KIA 30 Mar 67
 All Members of Detachment A-101 Lang Vei & All who
 served at FOB-3
 Major Earle Breeding USMC C/O ECHO CO 2/26 Hill 861A
 All the men of HQ Btry 1/13 Who Gave Their Lives So We
 can Enjoy The freedom we have today
 LTCOL Ken Pipes USMC C/O B CO 2/26 Passed Away
 26 April 2018
 Cpl William E. Wyrosdic USMC H CO 2/26 KIA 10/08/68
 Always remembering all those KIA HILL 689 27 June 1967
 L/Cpl Adrian Brittle USMC India CO 3/26 KIA 9/21/68
 2LT Donald Jacques USMC B CO 1/26 KIA 25 Feb 68
 CPL John Greene USMC C CO 1/26 KIA 04 July 1968
 SW-5 Edward Cody Adams USN CBMU-301 KIA 16 APR 68
 LCPL Frederick B. Link USMC C CO 1/9 KIA 3/1/68
 All Marines & Corpsman who served on Hill 861A in Jan/Feb
 & Mar of 1968
 All Marines KIA of Delta CO 1/26
 All Marines 1/1 & 2/1 Hotel CO
 DR John Magilligan, d. 29 Jan 2013, DR Ed Feldman d. 03 Oct
 2017 & DR James Finnegan d. 13 Sep 2013 From Charlie Med
 All who served at Khe Sanh
 HN William A. Beyer "Willie" USN H&S Co 3/26 KIA 2/1/67

REMEMBERED BY

Bruce Geiger 1/44th Arty Dusters
 Bruce Geiger 1/44th Arty Dusters
 Bruce Geiger 1/44th Arty Dusters
 Bruce Geiger 1/44th Arty Dusters
 Bruce Geiger 1/44th Arty Dusters
 William Hotz Mike CO 3/4
 Dermott Barry Golf Co 2/26
 Bob Holscher HQ Btry 1/13 S-4
 Bob Holscher HQ Btry 1/13 S-4
 William E. Carpenter Bravo Btry 1/13
 Alex & Barbara Sadowski H&S CO 1/26
 James Baker HQ BTRY 13TH Marines

 James Baker HQ BTRY 13TH Marines

 S/Sgt Paul J. Choclis Scout/FO C Btry 1/13

 Barbara Eddowes Fiance
 Stephen Jenkins C Co 1/26
 Will Griggs India Co 3/26
 Hugh Liverman Mike CO 3/4
 Thomas Soerensen A Btry 1/13
 Thomas Soerensen A Btry 1/13
 Thomas Soerensen A Btry 1/13
 Thomas Soerensen A Btry 1/13
 Lawrence Cooper CO C 5TH Special Forces
 The Men Of ECHO CO 2/26
 James Baker HQ Btry 1/13 26Th Marines

 Lawrence Luther India Co 3/26

 John Laibinis SR. H CO 2/26 2ND PLT
 Clarence T. Anthony India CO 3/26
 Chester W. Nelson JR. India CO 3/26
 Pietro Osimanti Bravo CO 1/26
 Johnny Moon Charlie CO 1/26 3RD SQD
 Larry Kubley USN CBMU-301 (Seabee)
 Eric Bergland C CO 1/9
 Lt Don Shanley 1st Plt E Co 2/26 Hill 861A

 John Finn Delta Co 1/26
 Peter Hoban Hotel CO 2/1
 Rear Admiral Robert F. Birtcil USN

 Ron Shuff LSU MTM Co. Maintenance Bn.
 Pat B. Buckley Charlie CO 1/26

DONATION TO KHE SANH VETERANS

ENDING 01 JANUARY 2019

AMDORFER, R.W.	50.00	Check# 615
AMERICAN LEGION POST	100.00	Check# 4374
BARBER, Michael F.	500.00	Check# 1132
BECK, Ralph	100.00	Check# 4539
BENNETT, Charles A.	50.00	Check# 5384
BOAN, William S	40.00	Check# 5649
BRONSTON, Martin D.	100.00	Check# 2361
BRONZIE, Douglas L.	500.00	Check# 8959
CAMP AN IE, Albert L.	60.00	Check# 3523
CASEY, Maurice	10.00	Check# 3211
COMPTON, Steven & Karen	1,000.00	Check# 10907
DELCASTILLO, Charles	50.00	Check# 240
DES ETA, Louis J.	300.00	Check# 5909
DESET A, Louis J.	116.00	Check# 5918
DOSS, Kenneth W.	200.00	Check# 2026
DOWNES, Stephen Stock	1,000.00	Check# 46207
EAKI ,Randall W.	100.00	Check# 1540
FARRELL, William	500.00	Check# 255
FAUVER, Jerry	50.00	Check# 6217
FOSTER, Bill	100.00	Check# 1390
GAJEWSKI, Kay	50.00	Check# 2960
GERRJOR, Charles	300.00	Check# 7931
GILLESPIE, Donald J.	60.00	Check# 4000
HAMNER, Ernie	150.00	Check# 2170
HAMNER, Ernie	150.00	Check# 2235
HAMNER, Ernie	1,000.00	Check# 2169
HAMNER, Ernie	150.00	Check# 2338
HAMNER, Ernie	150.00	Check# 2282
HOTZ, William J	60.00	Check# 7516
JACKSON, Dianne	100.00	Check# 2032
JACKSON, Dianne	250.00	Check# 2050
KJLIAN, Richard J.	100.00	Check# 5522
KORN, William J.	100.00	Check# 7345
LINDSAY, John	320.00	Check# 1562
MARSHALL, Edward N.	60.00	Check# 2329
MATTHEWS, Owen	500.00	Check# 10016
MAZZELLA, Donna	200.00	
MCDANIEL, Jerry L.	100.00	Check# 1270
MCCROSSEN, John P.	200.00	Checks 2189,90
MCMINN, William P.	200.00	Check# 1633
MERCADO, Saturno	60.00	Check# 8260
MEYER, Dave & Carol	500.00	Check# 1359,60
MULLIGAN, Michael J.	300.00	Check# 4882

NANGLE, James T.	300.00	Check# 206
NELSON, George	100.00	Check#
PAULSON, Marjorie S.	50.00	Check# 1065
PA YNE, Larry	25.00	Check# 9095
RAIT, Donald M.	500.00	Check# 1253
RA YNER, Ronald H.	500.00	Check# 318
RJVES, Wayne R	50.00	Check# 1141
ROBERTSON, Isidor	100.00	Check# 8086
RUSHFORTH, Toby	625.00	Check# 799
SARGENT, Ralph F.	100.00	Check# 1117
SEPULVEDA, Charles	100.00	Check# 4077
SEMKOW, Raymond	50.00	Check# 1376
SPIVEY, B. Larkin	60.00	Check# 1820
ST ACK, Nancy & Geoffrey	1,000.00	Check# 2693
STERLING, Glenn	150.00	Check# 4054
SWETS, Fred	60.00	Credit Card
THOMAS, James E.	25.00	Check# 4198
TIVNAN, Barbara	100.00	Check# 1067
TOURTE, Craig	300.00	Check# 954
TOURTE, Craig	500.00	Check# 952
TROUP, Ed	100.00	Check# 5996
TURNER, Russell	250.00	Check# 5763
WAKEMAN, Marcia M.	50.00	Check# 2121
WOLF & EVANS	300.00	Check# 972
YATES, William R.	100.00	Check# 7714
YATES, William R.	100.00	Check# 7862
ZEIHER, Mary E	50.00	Check# 615

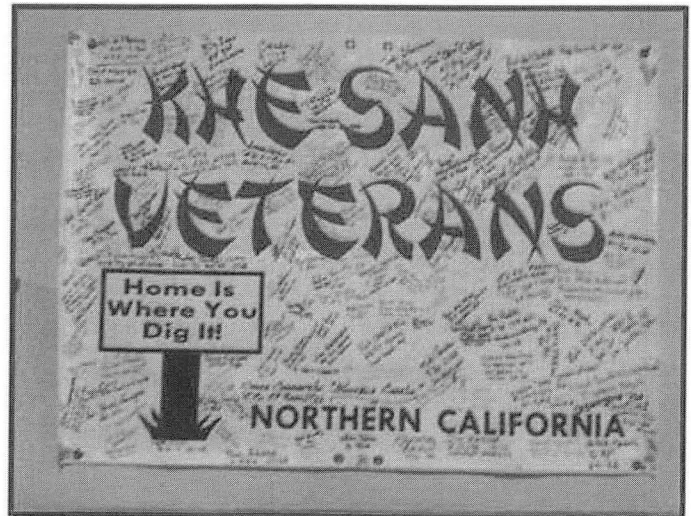
CRAIG TOURTE FROM THE WEB

There is something about Christmas; perhaps it is just the commercialization of this otherwise religious holiday recognition that disturbs me. It is certainly a wonderful time for so many, the celebration of the birth of our religious and cultural foundation no matter one's religious preference, a time to remember family, children, friends and those who have passed. I know it is a difficult time for our troops who are away from home. I think most remember where they were at Christmas and what they were doing, perhaps participating in a religious ceremony of some sort, maybe even an exchange of gifts and it is certainly a time for great meals and for a few, even a libation or two amongst friends. I wish I had some fond memories of the 1967 Christmas at Khe Sanh, I mean the Siege had not yet started, but it was cold, wet and foggy and just plain downright miserable.

few days ago I was sitting around with 3 other men my age, all veterans of the Vietnam War. Two had been in the Army and one in the Navy. The subject of Christmas and USO shows came up and the question was asked if anyone had seen Bob Hope. There were some funny stories; one guy said it was strongly suggested that he attend the Bob Hope Christmas show although he just wanted to sleep. Another mentioned a USO show he saw and how much he enjoyed it. My vague recall now is that a small contingent of the Marine Corps Band showed up on the Khe Sanh base and a couple of them found their way over to the South West corner where we were located. I'm thinking it must have been around Christmas, for I can't imagine why they would have been there if it was not for that reason. I think that was around the time we were all offered one coke or one beer (both warm of course) but I can't be sure, I was pretty excited about receiving that beer.

For the past several years I have offered my "Christmas at Khe Sanh" story, kind of a little parody on the Bob Hope and Ann Margaret USO Vietnam Christmas Shows. I enjoyed writing the story, a ridiculously impossible event that some actually believed occurred and a few wondered why they did not attend or just could not remember the event. Surprisingly, no one said they had actually seen the show. I'll remember Christmas again this year, not

for the commercialization, unneeded gifts or unwanted guests. Not for the un USO show that did not occur at Khe Sanh in 1967. Not for my disappointment of never having seen Bob or Ann, but rather for the memory of those who did not return with us, for those who have passed and those of us who have reached the shadow of our years and are now ill or otherwise confined, lonely, in pain or are just plain miserable along with those who are in good spirits and health. God bless us all for our perseverance, our pride, courage, and patriotism.



TOUGH GUYS (A REUNION STORY)

**BY CRAIG TOURTE
HQ BTRY 1/13**

I met a lot of tough guys at the reunion. Men who I had only met on two occasions (reunions), but who I have known for 38 years. I was kind of a tough guy too. I had a long career dealing with people who had problems and tragedy in their lives. I often had to be the cool, calm and collected one to make sure certain events turned out successfully. I comforted victims of assault and violence. I have had guns and knives pointed at me, cut down the suicide victim from the rafters of their garage while their families stood and watched, removed the gun from the hand of the dead after they had shot themselves. I have dealt with a wide range of troubled individuals in our society. I tried to show compassion certainly, but that compassion was not necessarily coupled with emotion. As the years progressed, I found it a little more difficult to express emotion, even when dealing with my own family issues. The word coldness comes to mind, and there were times when I wondered if I even had the ability to feel any emotion at all, an issue I'll admit, that concerned me.

There were a lot of tough guys at the reunion, perhaps not so much in the body anymore, but certainly in spirit and character. Combat Marines, veterans of brutal fights and various battles. Men whose toughness was honed by years of hard living and conflict. Men who could easily describe the brutality of war and the witnessing of sometimes-indescribable death of their friends and comrades. Men who had committed the necessary acts of war on other individuals and to coin a phrase didn't blink an eye. Men who had gone through several marriages, because they were now unable to express emotion to another human being. Men whose families and friends still cannot understand their coldness. Yep, there certainly were a lot of tough guys at the reunion.

I have made an observation about myself at these reunions and it is that it usually takes me about twelve hours or twenty minutes talking with Neil before this tough guy is reduced to pretty much a blubbing, sobbing idiot. Of course I'm overstating

this, but certainly, I get overwhelmed with emotion, the tears uncontrollably run down my cheeks, and I certainly feel like a blubbing idiot. I have tried to be circumspect about this unusual occurrence in me, this uncontrolled emotional feeling. It is not depression, sadness, nor is its sensitivity to anything that is said or discussed. I think it is just a feeling of humanity and humility and respect for those I am around. I think of these men who 38 years ago shared the most personal and intimate moments of their lives together and although it was a long time ago, it seems like yesterday. I think of my friend Chuck, who was one of the few who survived the rocket attack on the CP (in fact he survived two attacks) and Bruce, who was the one who pulled him out. Chuck credits Bruce with saving his life 38 years ago. Chuck said, "I hope Bruce is here, I would like to meet." I was not present when Chuck and Bruce got together that evening at the reunion, but just the thought of that moment chokes me up.

There were a lot of tough guys at the reunion, you could tell who they were, they were the ones hugging each other with tears running down their faces. I didn't want the reunion to end, I didn't want to leave, and I wanted this moment to always be. I didn't want to leave these fine men who I had met twice before, but who I had known for 38 years. I was humbled to be in their presents and even though I was a REFM, I was so proud to be accepted by them.

If you're a tough guy and a Khe Sanh Veteran and you have never been to a reunion, you should think about going, there will be a lot of tough guys there, and you'll never be the same.



KHE SANH VETERANS, INC. SCHOLARSHIP FOUNDATION**GOVERNING RULES FOR OPERATIONS OF THE KHE SANH VETERANS, INC. SCHOLARSHIP FOUNDATION:**

1. The purpose of the Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc. Scholarship Foundation (KSVSF) is to provide financial aid to high school graduates who plan to attend an accredited institution as a full time student OR who are currently enrolled full time in an accredited post-secondary curriculum.
2. Scholarships will be awarded to applicant students who have at least one parent, legal guardian, or grandparent who is a paid member in good standing of Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc., a 501(c)(19) charitable organization.
3. **IT IS THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE STUDENT TO SEE THAT THE SCHOLARSHIP APPLICATION REQUIREMENTS ARE FULLY COMPLETED AND SENT DIRECTLY TO THE SCHOLARSHIP CHAIR BEFORE 5/1/2019 AT THE ADDRESS BELOW;**

Mr. Dan Fisher
KSVSF Committee Chairman 52ND
6050 52ND St. North
Oakdale, MN 55128-1317

CRITERIA FOR SELECTION

Applicants must be the **legal child or grandchild** of a paid up member of Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc. (See member definition in the KSV Association bylaws.) This includes deceased, life members of KSV and those Khe Sanh Veterans listed as KIA/MIA in Vietnam if family members are paid up, associate members of KSV, Inc. Children or grandchildren of KSV associate members are not eligible.

Information provided by each candidate on the attached application forms will focus on the following qualities considered for selection to KSVSF financial aid: good grades, character, citizenship, leadership experience and personal essay. A point selection system is included in the application forms. Examples of these above mentioned qualities could be in the classroom, in extracurricular activities or in service to the community, church or nation.

A Scholarship Foundation Review Committee will serve the President of Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc., and will accept, review and grade each correctly completed application. This committee will provide a scholarship financial report and short summaries of the selected candidates at the annual KSV reunion for publication in the "Red Clay" Newsletter.

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

The amount of financial award per applicant will be determined by the Review Committee's scoring results. The awards will be granted for a maximum of 4 years per student. A new application will be required for each continuous year applied

Achievement Award Levels are:

- The Col. David E. Lownds Award** - for top achievement in Application Review (one award or tie)
- The Sgt. Major James T. Gaynor Award** - for high achievement in Application Review (5 awards)
- The Col. William H. Dabney Award** - for honorable achievement in Application Review (6 awards)

The KSV Scholarship money will be awarded upon presentation of proof of registration for the appropriate term. Proof of registration should be sent to the chairman's address on page one of this application.

Scholarship Guidelines and Purpose

1. The financial award is to be used to help defray costs of tuition, fees and books at an accredited Institution of the applicant's choice as a full time student.
2. If a recipient of the KSVSF scholarship does not enter a post high school institution during the next school year, the award for his/her benefit shall be cancelled and the money awarded to an alternate applicant. An alternate of each scholarship award is to be chosen at the time of selection of recipients.
3. The KSVSF Committee Chair and the Treasurer of Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc., will send a check for the full years' award amount to the selected students upon final approval by the KSV President.
4. The recipient of a scholarship shall be notified no later than the end of the month of August of the coming school year.

5. **Scholarship Applications must be received by the Committee Chair on or before MAY 1 of the school year applied for.** *** (This is an important, NEW change to previous years)***

6. KSV, Inc. Scholarship recipients must agree to maintain a standard of personal performance both in and out of school that conforms to the moral standards set down by Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc., members.

7. Criteria: Point Selection System !Maximum of 110 regular points or 125 with bonus points

- a. Scholastic achievement / grade point average. Max = 40 points max. (Please attach last school GPA transcript) example below:

A GPA of $4.0 \times 10 = 40$ points or a GPA of $3.0 \times 10 = 30$ points

- b. Extracurricular activities. Max = 30 points total

Description of personal experience in the following type of activities (Be specific!);

Extra Curricular = 10 points max.

Volunteer services = 10 points max.

Leadership positions = 10 points max.

Employment = 10 points max

- c. KSV SCHOLARSHIP ESSAY (250 words min. to 400 words max) on educational goals, career goals = 30 points max. Please type, single spaced lines on ONE sheet only

Essay suggestions;

Over decades countless adjectives have tried to describe Khe Sanh Veterans and their historic accomplishments. Please review the six suggested adjectives below, select one or more that might relate to you in some manner to explain how this is evident in your life's experiences and will help you in meeting your educational and career goals.

- b Bonus Points= 10 bonus points for being a military veteran
5 bonus points for an accredited college GPA (Grade Point Average) transcript

Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc. Scholarship Foundation

Application Form

Date of Application _____

1. Applicant Information: (PRINT CAREFULLY AND LEGIBLY!!)

Name: Last _____ First _____ MI _____

Address: Street _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home phone: _____ E-mail address: _____

Applicant Birthdate: _____

2. KSV Sponsor Information : (Name of Khe Sanh Veteran Inc. Regular or Life Member)

Name: Last, _____ First _____

Relationship to Applicant: _____

Branch of Service _____

Unit served at Khe Sanh _____ Dates served there _____

____ Regular Paid KSV Member ____ Life KSV Member ____ Deceased KSV Life Member

____ KIA or MIA KSV Family Associate Member (Check One)

3. School Information: (School to be attending)

School Name: _____

School Address: Street, _____ City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

School Phone number: _____

Curriculum/intended course of study _____

School Year To be Funded ____ Freshman ____ Sophomore ____ Junior ____ Senior (Check One)

4. Applicant Personal History (Be Specific!)

a EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES: Athletics, Publishing, Music, Art, Scouting, Communications, academic honors & prizes, student government participation, etc)

b. VOLUNTEER ACTIVITIES:: (community, church, government, environmental, health, etc. _____

LEADERSHIP POSITIONS HELD IN A&B (Capacity, Class Officer, Committee Chairperson, etc)

d. EMPLOYMENT HISTORY– FULL & PART TIME Include Military Service If Applicable)

e FINAL MAILING PACKET: (Due May 1ST)

Enclose THESE COMPLETED APPLICATION FORMS

***A COPY OF YOUR LAST OFFICIAL GPA TRANSCRIPT,**

***A SMALL PICTURE OF YOURSELF,**

***A PERSONAL ESSAY (250 WORDS min. to 400 WORDS max. one page) TELLING OF YOUR ACADEMIC, COMMUNITY, VOCATIONAL EXPERIENCES AND CAREER PLANS.**

!! BE SURE TO RETAIN A COPY OF ALL YOUR FORMS AND DOCUMENTS FOR YOUR PERSONAL RECORDS BEFORE MAILING !!

I SWEAR, THAT THE ABOVE STATEMENTS ARE CORRECT TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE;

Signature Of Applicant

Actual Signature of Khe Sanh Veteran Parent or Grandparent

Note* IMPORTANT!! APPLICATION DEADLINE MAY 1ST OF THE SCHOOL YEAR TO BE APPLIED FOR

IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE DATA PRIVACY ACT, PRIVATE INFORMATION GATHERED HEREIN WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL TO KHE SANH VETERANS, INC.

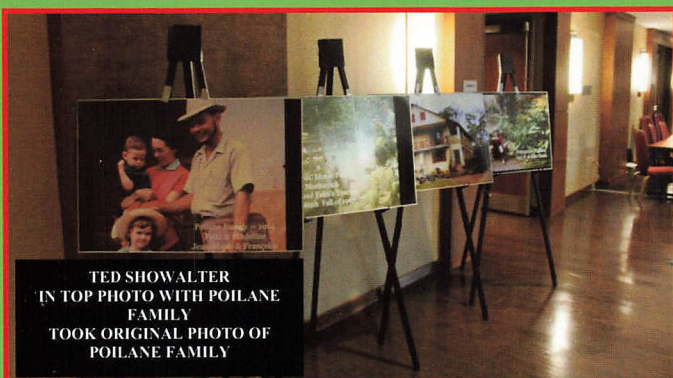
KHE SANH VETERANS, INC. SCHOLARSHIP FOUNDATION COMMITTEE

Approved:

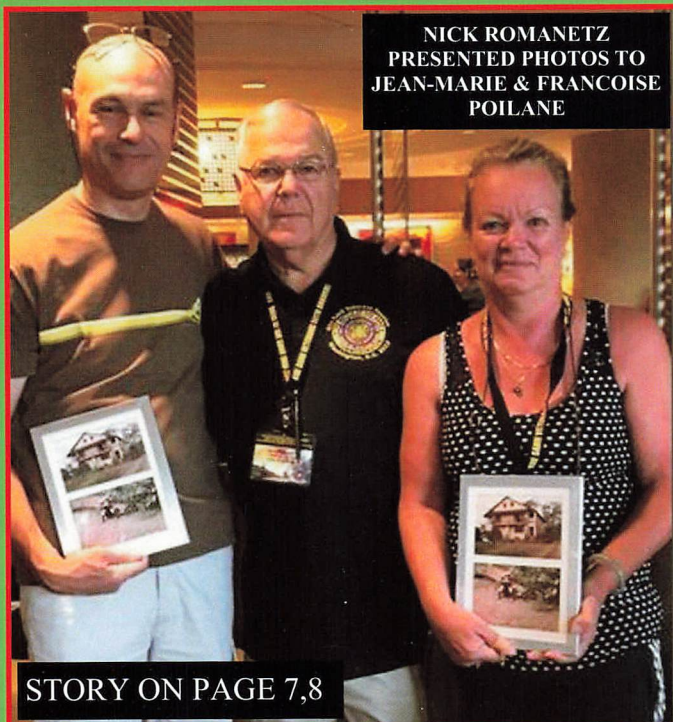
Dan Fisher, Chairman, Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc Scholarship Committee

Tom Eichler, President, Khe Sanh Veterans

TED SHOWALTER WITH THE ENTIRE POILANE FAMILY



TED SHOWALTER
IN TOP PHOTO WITH POILANE
FAMILY
TOOK ORIGINAL PHOTO OF
POILANE FAMILY



NICK ROMANETZ
PRESENTED PHOTOS TO
JEAN-MARIE & FRANCOISE
POILANE

STORY ON PAGE 7,8



USMC MOTOR POOL
MECHANICS
REPAIRED FELIX's TRACTOR
KHE SANH FALL OF 1967

MEMORIAL BUILT BY
SAMMY L. MORRISON OF
H&S 1/26 SCOUTS IN HIS
BACKYARD IN GARDEN CITY
MICHIGAN

