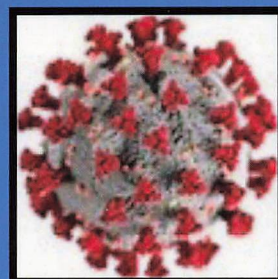
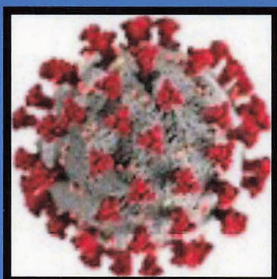


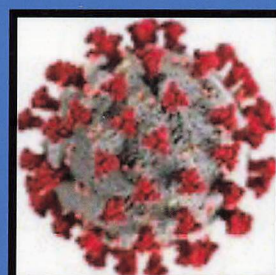
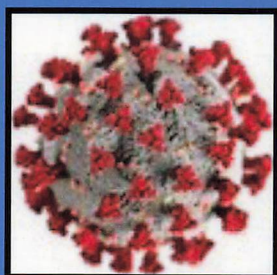
**ISSUE
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**WINTER
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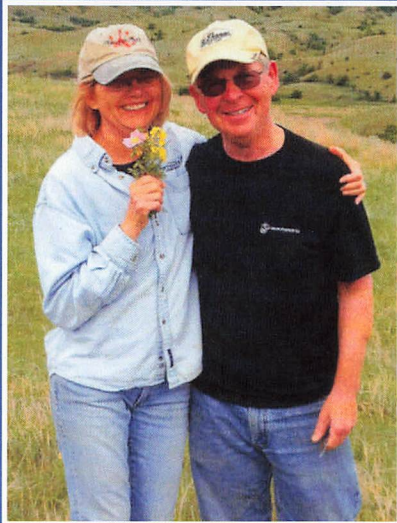


AS WE EXPERIENCED DURING THE SIEGE OF KHE SANH, WE WERE SURROUNDED ONCE AGAIN, THIS TIME BY AN INVISIBLE ENEMY, A VIRUS THAT IS NOT EASILY DEFEATED. A SILENT ADVERSARY THAT HAS REQUIRED US TO RELINQUISH MANY OF THOSE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES FOR WHICH WE HAVE ARDENTLY FOUGHT. I AM CONFIDENT WE WILL RECOVER FROM THIS PLAGUE AND GATHER AS WE DO EACH YEAR, ENABLING US TO VISIT WITH OUR "ETERNALLY BOUNDED" KHE SANH FAMILY, GOD BLESS AMERICA



EVER HATED SO MUCH YOU WANTED TO KILL?
EVER BEEN SO HOPELESS YOU'VE WANTED TO DIE?
EVER HAD A CLOSE CALL AND YOU PROBABLY SHOULD BE DEAD?
IF SO, THESE LESSONS MIGHT BE FOR YOU.
"LESSONS LEARNED THE HARD WAY ABOUT COMBAT"

ARTICLE ON PAGES 89-92
BY KEN KORKOW BRAVO CO 1/26



KEN & LIZ KORKOW



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

LESSONS LEARNED
THROUGH PAIN & REDEMPTION
HATRED * HOPELESSNESS * DEATH



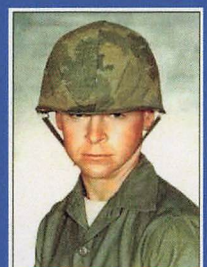
GOD DOESN'T WASTE PAIN

Ken Korkow was raised in a ranching and rodeo family and entered the Marine Corps when he was 18. He lived through the 77-day siege of Khe Sanh which was the longest and most deadly battle of the Vietnam War. When blown up, the two fellow Marines that pulled him out both thought he wouldn't live. Later, a doctor said, "You may as well accept this, you're never going to walk or use your hands again!" Ken married Liz while he was still in the military hospital and neither of them knew how much Ken had changed. After his medical discharge from the military the governor of his home state named a day in Ken's honor as the state's most highly decorated Vietnam Veteran. NAVY CROSS & PURPLE HEART

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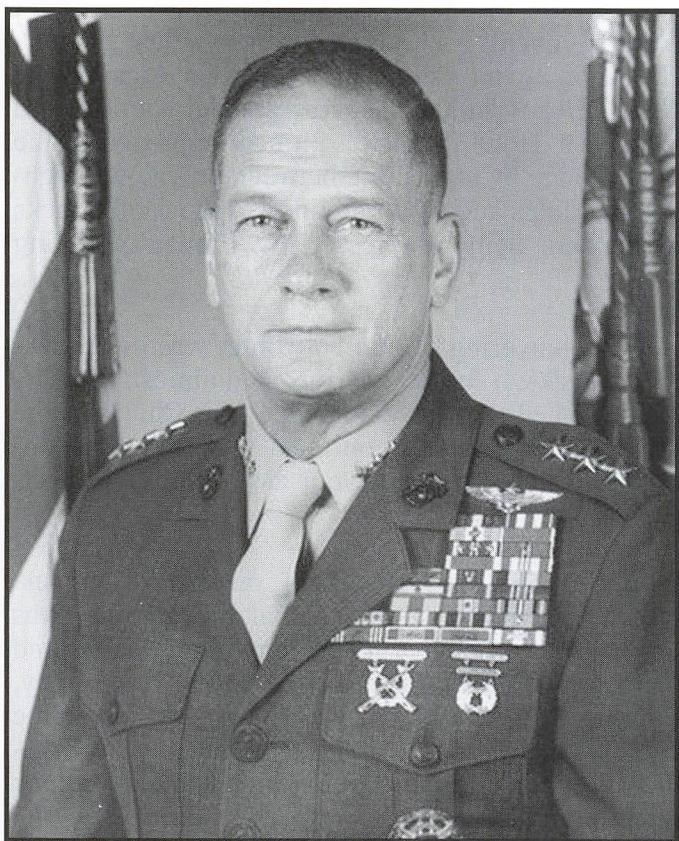
40 YEARS AFTER SNIPER MARK ESSEX, MARINE PILOT IS PROUD HE HELPED STOP THE CARNAGE

MARINE PILOT WHO 'BORROWED' HELICOPTER TO END SNIPER SITUATION HAS DIED

Ramon Antonio Vargas, NOLA.com | The Times-Picayune
Jan 6, 2013

Like most other residents of New Orleans, Marine helicopter pilot Charles H. "Chuck" Pitman watched the television in horror on Jan. 7, 1973, as authorities tried to stop a sniper or snipers who had invaded the Downtown Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge that morning and fatally shot seven people, including three police officers. Shots rang out from various spots in the 17-story hotel, making police think there was more than one gunman, but the cops eventually contained the killer or killers to the roof. Though cornered, whoever was on the hotel roof was out of the NOPD's reach. Disturbed, Pitman -- at the time a 37-year-old lieutenant colonel in charge of a Marine air unit stationed in Belle Chasse -- thought, "We've got to do something. Those people need help out there."

So Pitman did do something. He flew a Marine heli-



copter to the hotel on Loyola Avenue and helped police officers, some of them on board the chopper, kill 23-year-old Mark Essex, who investigators determined was the sole sniper. In doing so, however, Pitman placed his career with the Marines in jeopardy.

Four decades later, many New Orleanians are still thankful for Pitman's actions on the day Essex terrorized the city. "Without that helicopter and without his piloting, it would've been a lot worse," Moon Landrieu, New Orleans' mayor at the time, said recently. "The city owes him a debt of gratitude."

Antoine Saacks, a former police officer who boarded Pitman's copter that Sunday, said, "I always say the true heroes were Chuck and his crew, undoubtedly. I have a tremendous amount of respect for the man that's unwavering."

On the day he resolved to help the cops end the sniper's grip of terror on the city, Pitman ordered one of his subordinates to contact the New Orleans Police Department and offer the Marine air unit's help. An NOPD sergeant called back about 4 p.m. and accepted, asking for a helicopter with a searchlight.

Pitman, his co-pilot and two crew members immediately prepared to fly to the scene. However, in the rush to get there, Pitman had not gotten the high-level authorization necessary to undertake such a mission.

Though Pitman, along with the Coast Guard, did have standing permission to send helicopters to assist local responders' rescue efforts in case of a high-rise fire, such as the deadly one at the Rault Center on Nov. 29, 1972, six weeks earlier, there were no air rescues required at the hotel. Pitman recalled that on the day of the sniper, the Coast Guard didn't want to dispatch a helicopter to the Howard Johnson's because foggy weather and low visibility made flying dangerous.

So when Pitman flew his helicopter to the hotel with his crew, he exposed himself to a court-martial: He had deployed military personnel and resources to quell a civil matter, and he did not have permission to do so before taking off.

'I CAN'T DUKE IT OUT WITH HEAVY WEAPONS OR ANYTHING'

Entering the fight on that windy, frigid, rainy Sun-

day did not frighten Pitman. The combat veteran -- who was born in Chicago, grew up in an orphanage, moved to Wisconsin after being adopted and learned to fly by age 14 -- had joined the Marines in 1952.

He flew some 1,200 missions in the Vietnam War. His helicopters were shot down seven times, and he suffered a .50-caliber bullet wound to one of his legs.

"I enjoyed the excitement -- being in dangerous situations," Pitman said when asked why he volunteered to fly to the Howard Johnson's. "I didn't necessarily like killing anybody, but I liked being a part of the action. ... I was used to the sounds of battle, the fog of war."

Because of the poor flying conditions, Pitman could hover only slightly above the ground after departing



from Belle Chasse in a CH-46 Sea Knight, a twin rotor transport helicopter. He headed to the Mississippi River, tracked its course to the Crescent City

Connection and then turned toward downtown, following the expressway. He landed the helicopter in a parking lot near City Hall and an under-construction stadium now known as the Mercedes-Benz Superdome.

To meet with NOPD Superintendent Clarence Giarrusso and get his instructions, Pitman had to walk into the Howard Johnson's lobby, where the command post had been set up. Pitman, stunned that the command post was in such a dangerous location, said the only reason he walked toward the hotel entrance was that he figured running might draw sniper fire.

Giarrusso asked Pitman if he had brought an armored helicopter. Pitman replied, "I'm not armored. I can't duke it out with heavy weapons or anything." Giarrusso then requested that Pitman use his helicopter to lift a 16,000-pound armored car to the top of the roof. Pitman, whose Sea Knight was unable to carry half that load, said, "I couldn't take that up on the best day of the year."

But Pitman agreed to fly a group of well-armed officers -- including Saacks, 26 at the time -- over the hotel to better see where the sniper was hiding. They would try to force the sniper out of his lair.

CONFRONTING THE SNIPER

During events chronicled by writer Chuck Hustmyre in an essay titled, "Under Attack: The New Orleans Police Department and the Howard Johnson's Hotel Sniper," Pitman approached the motor lodge by navigating between downtown high-rise buildings and sweeping in over the roof. Saacks remembers being impressed by Pitman's piloting skills.

"His maneuvering of that helicopter was unbelievable," Saacks, a former Marine, said almost 40 years later. "When you have someone like Chuck in the driver's seat, you feel confident in what you're doing. You know he's got your ass -- you're protected."

Pitman shone his searchlight on a roof cubicle where it had been reported that the gunman was lurking, but no one could see anything. Saacks and the other officers on board fired volley after volley, figuring that the gunman was hiding just inside the cubicle's metal door, leading to a stairway, or in either of two adjacent alcoves, which had cinderblock walls on three sides.

Pitman passed over the roof several times. Each time, Saacks blew holes in the cinderblock with his M-16 rifle. The sniper wasn't hurt, but whenever Pitman pulled the helicopter away to circle back, cops positioned in neighboring buildings said the sniper would run out of the cubicle and shoot at it. From time to time, bullets smacked the exterior of the copter.

The cops aboard the Sea Knight ran out of ammunition a couple of times, and Pitman had to land so they could reload. After one of those pit stops, the sniper hit the Sea Knight with gunfire but vanished when the helicopter began to pass over the hotel.

Pitman lingered over the roof and focused his searchlight on the cubicle as the cops blasted away. Saacks then realized how the sniper was able to hide so well: Whenever the helicopter approached, the sniper would apparently shimmy up a fire standpipe inside one of the alcoves, leaving him hidden from the officers' view.

The police on the helicopter then shot the pipe and split it open. Pitman began pulling away for another pass, taking the searchlight off the cubicle.

The gunman scrambled out to the roof to squeeze off a few more rounds at the helicopter. Pitman suddenly reversed course, reappearing over the hotel and scanning the roof with the searchlight. Suddenly, the light illuminated the gunman. He was several yards from the cover of the cubicle.

The sniper fired once at the helicopter. Pitman observed a flash and a red streak speeding toward him. "When he fired ... at me, the helicopter jumped," Pitman joked, explaining that he instinctively jerked back on his controls. The bullet struck a little bit above the cockpit, hitting the transmission casing.

Pitman steadied the helicopter and kept the searchlight on the sniper. Saacks, his colleagues in the helicopter and the officers in surrounding buildings emptied their weapons at the figure on the roof. The sniper collapsed and died. He was struck more than 200 times.

It was 9 p.m., about 10 hours after the hotel had come under attack, but it wasn't until the next day that police finally recovered the sniper's body and decided there were no other gunmen in the hotel or on the roof. Though officials concluded that Essex was a lone killer, even today many of those who worked to stop him believe that he had at least one accomplice.

COPS, HOTEL EMPLOYEES, GUESTS WERE AMONG VICTIMS

A native of Emporia, Kan., Essex had been discharged from the Navy because of unsuitability of character and behavior disorders. An African-American man, he was enraged about racism he experienced in the Navy. He sympathized with radical Black Panther politics, loathed cops and came to New Orleans to meet up with a like-minded friend.

Essex actually committed his first slayings on Dec. 31, 1972, when he shot police cadet Alfred Harrell Jr. at Central Lockup with a .44-caliber Magnum carbine, and later officer Edwin Hosli Sr., who was investigating a warehouse burglary alarm tripped by Essex at the corner of South Gayoso and Euphrosine streets. Harrell, Essex's only black victim, died immediately. Hosli, who was white, died two months later.

Essex eluded authorities for a week. Then, on the morning of Jan. 7, wielding his .44 carbine, he shot and wounded a grocer he surmised was helping the police, stole a car at gunpoint and drove to Howard Johnson's. He killed the hotel's general manager, W. Sherwood Collins; the assistant manager, Frank Schneider; and two guests, Dr. Robert Steagall and Betty Steagall, a Virginia couple who had been married just seven months.

Essex also killed a pair of NOPD officers, Phil Coleman and Paul Persigo, and the department's deputy superintendent, Louis Sirgo. In all, Essex had killed nine people and wounded 13 others on Dec. 31, 1972, and Jan. 7, 1973.

There could have been many more victims had Pitman not gotten involved when he did, according to Moon Landrieu. "The fact that we had a helicopter gave us a tremendous advantage because we didn't know where (Essex) was on the roof. We suspected we would get the upper hand (with the helicopter), and we did," the former mayor said.

'Chuck put everything on the line'

Pitman soon learned that his actions could lead to a court-martial. But he said the issue was dropped after his commander sought out longtime U.S. Rep. F. Edward Hebert, a New Orleans Democrat and at the time the powerful chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. It also worked in Pitman's favor that he didn't cause more casualties by, for example, being shot down or crashing the Sea Knight into a building.

Saacks -- who later became the NOPD's deputy chief but was fired in 1994 because of allegations involving a private security enterprise he ran on the side -- said he will always admire Pitman for what he did to help the NOPD foil Essex. "Chuck put everything on the line -- not only his life, but his career," Saacks said.

Pitman was transferred out of New Orleans in June 1973. Seven years later, he was in charge of the helicopter crews that participated in Operation Eagle Claw, an attempt ordered by President Jimmy Carter to rescue 52 Americans being held hostage in Iran. The mission ended in disaster when a helicopter collided with a transport plane, killing eight American servicemen.

Pitman considers Eagle Claw one of the most difficult moments of his career. But better days were ahead for him. He became the Marine Corps' deputy chief of staff for aviation in 1987, and attained the rank of lieutenant general in 1988.

Pitman, who has two sons and two daughters, retired from the Marine Corps in 1990. Now 77, he lives in Pensacola Beach, Fla., with his wife. Among other things, he is a consultant for an aircraft maintenance company and advises a special weapons and tactics training group based in Weatherford, Texas.

During his nearly four decades in the Marines, he earned numerous honors, among them a Silver Star for valor, four Distinguished Flying Crosses, a Bronze Star with Combat "V," a Purple Heart and 65 air medals. Nonetheless, he says he is perhaps most proud of having served alongside the New Orleans police during their clash with Essex on one of the darkest days in the city's history, for which he was made an honorary NOPD captain on Nov. 8, 1991.

"I'm glad I was able to do it," Pitman, who has visited New Orleans countless times to celebrate Mardi Gras, said in Pensacola Beach this month. "It makes you feel good doing something good for the country, good for the city of New Orleans."

KSV IN THE NEWS

SPARTA VIETNAM VETS SPEAK TO PJ PLAYERS "MISS SAIGON" CAST

By TERESA SELLINGER
February 17, 2020 at 8:53 PM

Sparta Vietnam War Veterans Mayor Jerry Murphy, VFW Commander Peter Litchfield, and Doug Nobile shared their Vietnam War experiences Friday, February 7 with the Pope John Players, who will be portraying U.S. Marines and Vietnamese military members and civilians in their February production of "Miss Saigon" at Pope John XXIII Regional High School.

"We were very honored to have these brave men take the time to truly bring to life the experience of fighting for our country during the Vietnam War," says Social Studies Teacher and Theatre Director Jacquelyn Burt, whose own daughter is a U.S. Army Captain. "It's hard for teenagers today to imagine what it would have been like to be living life as a high school student one day, then enlist or be drafted and find themselves suddenly stationed in the jungles in Vietnam surrounded by enemy fire."

Sparta Mayor Jerry Murphy served in the U.S. Marine Corps as a helicopter pilot and spoke of the difficulty of experiencing the deaths of fellow Marines: "Our helicopter and another took off on a flight through terrible fog and mist. They had trouble navigating and went down. Never returned. You expect to lose friends in war, but you can never truly be prepared for when it actually happens."

VFW Commander Peter Litchfield, U.S. Marine Corps, fought in the famous battle of Khe Sanh in which 6,000 US Marines held off 30,000 North Vietnamese Army fighters. Litchfield recounted, "We got off the plane and asked the guys leaving if they'd seen any action and they said, 'No, nothing.' I thought, 'Great, this is the place to be.' We were attacked and lost 150 Marines within the first 24 hours."

Doug Nobile a U.S. Army Purple Heart recipient, talked about getting shot while trying to save his best friend who'd been shot in the chest: "He didn't make it. I should have known he wouldn't. They had to medevac me out. The next day, my entire platoon was wiped out. In a way, my best friend saved my life."

In addition to speaking of the horrors they experienced during the Vietnam War and the hostile environment to which they returned in the United States, the Veterans spoke to the career and travel benefits of military service, the friendships formed, and the humor shared. Following speeches, the veterans and the Pope John Players "Miss Saigon" cast participated in a question-and-answer session. Select cast members then performed an a cappella rendition of



THE POPE JOHN PLAYERS "MISS SAIGON" CAST GATHERS AROUND VIETNAM VETERAN SPARTA MAYOR JERRY MURPHY, VFW COMMANDER PETER LITCHFIELD, AND DOUG NOBILE

"Miss Saigon" song "Bui Doi" at the request of Litchfield.

The Pope John Players are honored to perform the area regional high school premiere of "Miss Saigon," the challenging, Tony award-winning production by the "Les Miserables" team of Boublil and Schonberg that follows the lives and love stories of a Vietnamese orphan, two American GI's, an American girl and the sleazy club owner who manipulates them during the Vietnam War as Saigon falls. Based on the Puccini opera "Madame Butterfly," "Miss Saigon" comes from the production powerhouse of Cameron Mackintosh ("Phantom of the Opera," "Les Miserables" and "Cats.") "Miss Saigon" garnered 31 theatrical awards, has been performed in 25 countries and viewed by over 35 million people worldwide. Tickets cost \$12. and are available at the door only. Show dates/times are as follows: Wednesday, Feb. 26: Senior citizen show: 3:30 p.m. (Complimentary Senior Dinner to follow. Senior citizens admitted free of charge on this date only); Thursday, Feb. 27: Opening night: 7 p.m.; Friday, Feb. 28: 7 p.m.; Saturday, Feb. 29: Matinee: 2 p.m., closing night performance: 7 p.m. (Sunday, March 1: Snow date: Time TBD) For more information, visit www.popejohn.org/apps/pages/pjplayers.

Located at 28 Andover Road in Sparta, New Jersey, Pope John XXIII Regional High School is an 8th grade - 12th grade institution committed to the Catholic tradition of education. Guided by the belief

that each child has unique gifts and is entitled to an excellent education, the Pope John community fosters its students' intellectual, spiritual and physical growth, and champions the importance of social responsibility. For additional information regarding Pope John XXIII Regional High School, visit www.popejohn.org or call the main office at (973) 729-6125.



THE POPE JOHN PLAYERS EXECUTIVE-COMMITTEE POSES WITH THEATRE DIRECTOR JACQUELYN BURT & VIETNAM VETERANS SPARTA MAYOR JERRY MURPHY, VFW COMMANDER PETER LITCHFIELD & DOUG NOBILE.

REMEMBERING

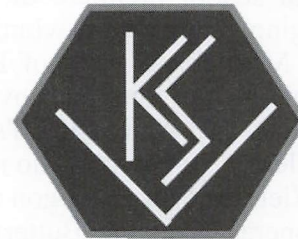


Remembering Navy HM2 Donald L. Rudd, 23, of Tecumseh, Michigan; assigned to H&S Company, 3rd Battalion, 4th Marines; KIA on this day in 1969, Vietnam. You are Not Forgotten Brother.

FROM THE WEB SITE



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.



I GET PICTURES



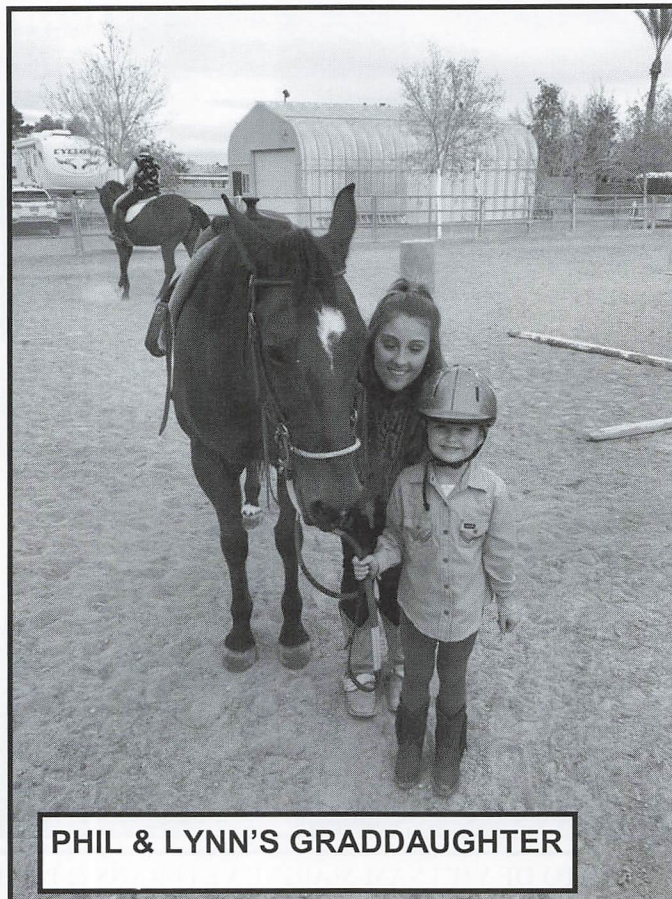
OUR FIGHTING SEABEES



PHOTO OF VIETNAM MARINE VETERANS & POLICE OFFICERS PHIL NUCHERENO WORKED WITH



PHOTO OF PHIL NUCHERENO WHEN HE SERVED THREE YEARS AS A UN COMMANDER IN CHARGE OF 155 POLICE OFFICERS FROM THE UNITED STATES & CANADA IN KOSOVO. THE VEHICLE SHOWN HAD ALL THE WINDOWS KNOCKED OUT AFTER A RIOT. (PHIL SHOWN ON LEFT)



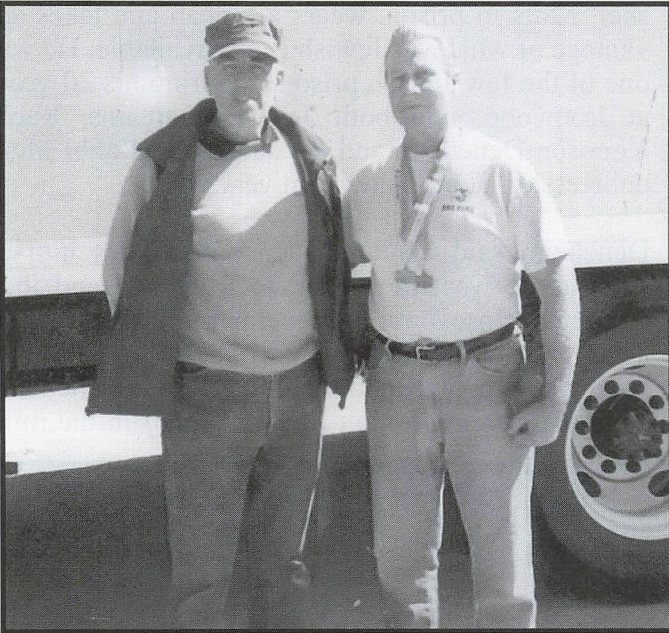


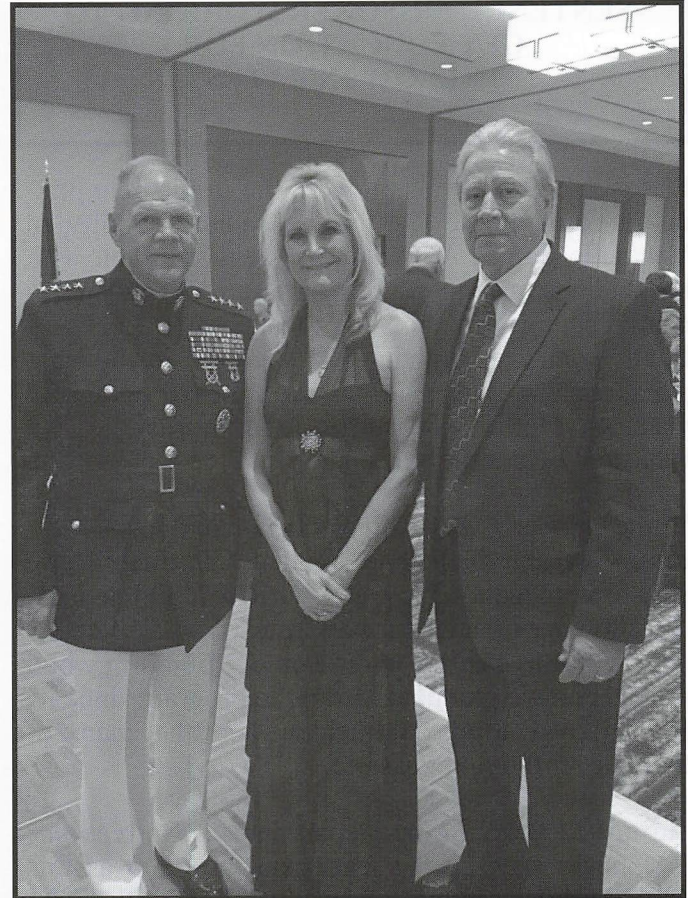
PHOTO OF PHIL & MARINE GUNNERY SERGEANT LEE ERMY FROM TV SERIES LOCK & LOAD AND MOTION PICTURE FULL METAL JACKET.

HE AND LEE COMPLETED IN THE NATIONAL M1 GARAND COMPETITION IN PHOENIX ABOUT SEVEN YEARS AGO. PHIL TOOK TWO BRONZE MEDALS IN THE 100 YARD OFF-HAND POSITION & THE 300 YARD PRONE POSITION.

LEE ERMY PRESENTED THE MEDALS TO PHIL AT THE AWARDS CEREMONY BECAUSE PHIL WAS A VETERAN OF THE BATTLE OF KHE SANH



LYNN & PHIL VISITING A VETERANS CEMETARY ON MEMORIAL DAY



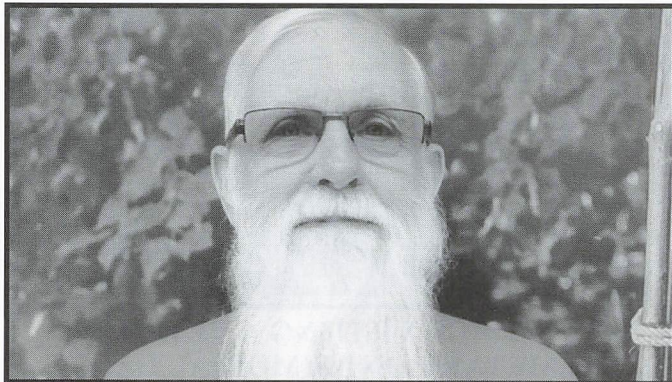
PHIL & LYNN WITH THE COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS ROBERT NELLER, AT THE KHE SANH VETERANS REUNION IN WASHINGTON DC CELEBRATING THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY BATTLE OF KHE SANH VIETNAM



PHIL ON PATROL IN KOSOVO

SENTENCED TO LIFE FOR MURDER, HE HAS HELPED 1,500 FELLOW INMATES EARN DEGREES

By Alix Wall | March 22, 2018



JAMES A. WHITE AKA "SNEAKY," A LIFE-SENTENCE PRISONER WORKING TO GET EDUCATION FOR FELLOW INMATES

Prisoner C27182 walks toward me in his blue prison uniform at the California Medical Facility in Vacaville. James A. White Jr. is easy to spot, with his distinctive long white beard and hair — he recently cut off his ponytail to donate to Locks of Love — and is something of a legend in the state penal system, where he has been locked up for 37 years serving life without parole for murder. It has not been time wasted.

White is nearly 80, a highly decorated Jewish Vietnam vet, and the person credited with establishing a college education program at Ironwood State Prison, allowing inmates to work toward an associate's degree while behind bars. Some 1,500 Ironwood prisoners have graduated from the program since its start in 2001, a personal achievement that many of them never thought possible.

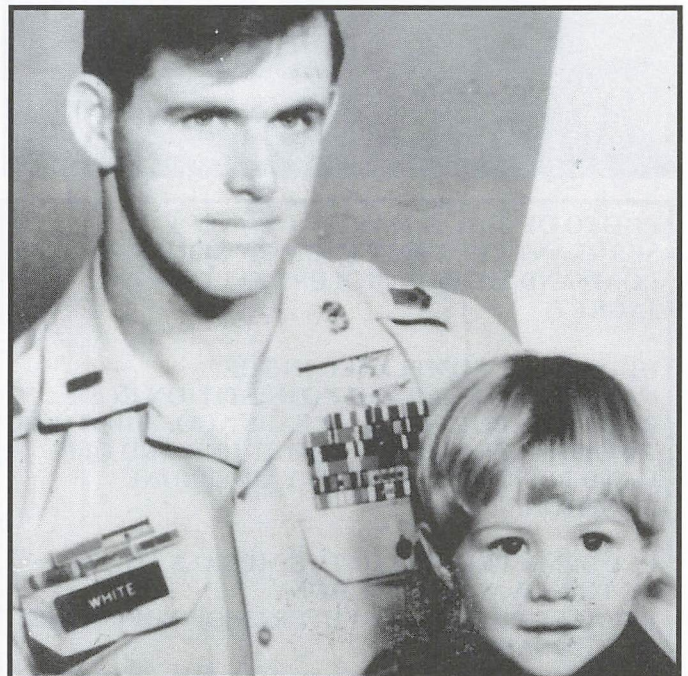
"In my 22 years in the Department of Corrections, I've never seen such a beneficial program as this one," said Bill Hobbs, a correctional counselor who worked closely with White in launching the college program and other initiatives benefiting the incarcerated at the Riverside County facility. Hobbs recalled happy parents and grandparents of the inmates attending graduation ceremonies, thrilled about their son or grandson being the first in the family to get a college degree.

White, who did not finish college himself, grew up

in a mostly kosher Jewish home and still orders kosher meals in prison, wears a kippah and takes advantage of whatever Jewish life is available. He was one of the few Jewish prisoners during his 20 years at Ironwood, and both Jewish chaplains, Rabbi Yonoson Denebeim and his successor, Rabbi Mendel Kessler, got to know him very well.

Denebeim said White made contact with him as soon as he was transferred to Ironwood and they remained close until Denebeim retired four years ago. White calls him "my rabbi."

"Jim was rough around the edges," said Denebeim. "Almost his entire adult life was either in the mili-



JAMES A. WHITE IN SUMMER 1968 ON LEAVE FROM VIETNAM, WITH HIS SON FROM A PREVIOUS MARRIAGE

tary or in prison, and yet he possessed a depth of character and a level of integrity, maturity and vision that other prisoners I met don't necessarily exhibit.

"He has a genuine concern about other inmates, and his desire to assist those who were willing to put in the effort to improve the quality of their lives went far beyond the prison system," he said. "That they could then go out into the world and make something of themselves was very important to him."

The Ironwood program was groundbreaking when it was created. Educational options for inmates began to expand with the 2014 passage of state Senate bill 1391, which cleared the way for face-to-face

college instruction in prisons, and the 2015 decision by the federal government to offer Pell grants to eligible inmates. Today nearly two dozen community colleges are providing instruction to 7,000 inmates in 34 prisons, according to the California Community Colleges Chancellor's Office, which noted that education is key to preparing inmates for life outside the walls.

It also helps prevent recidivism. A 2013 study by the Rand Corp. found that inmates who participated in educational programs were 43 percent less likely to return to prison within three years than those who did not participate. The study also found that every dollar invested in prison education programs saved nearly \$5 on later incarceration costs.

In a 2014 TEDx talk, White spoke to the Ironwood program's early success, reporting that of the 53 inmates enrolled the first year, all but one had graduated and very few had returned to prison a decade later. Statewide, the overall recidivism rate is as high as 65 percent, according to a study by Princeton University.

"We have a lot of people who are doing really important work in our prisons; he's just been doing it for a very long time," said Krissi Khokhobashvili, a spokeswoman at the California Department of Corrections in Sacramento. "Our prison system was very different 17 years ago, so to be doing that work at that time, there were a lot of challenges. He definitely helped pave the way for the work that's still being done today."

White has launched several other programs to help inmates use their time in prison more productively. He's started veterans organizations open to both inmates and staff and has raised \$350,000 over the years for various charities, all while serving his sentence. It is an incredible sum considering that the fundraising events have been limited to walkathons around the prison yard and pizza sales.

He's also put effort into improving himself. He keeps up with politics, has taken many college courses over the years, and says he is a voracious reader and subscribes to several magazines, including Smithsonian and Mother Earth News. On the day we met he was reading a book about King Henry VIII.

He has written a memoir, self-published and available on Amazon, called "Laotian Highway Patrol," which some guards have bought and asked him to autograph.

With all the good White has done, the two rabbis and others who know him believe that he has paid for his crime — one they argue was unfairly prosecuted and deserved a more lenient sentence — and should be allowed to live out the rest of his life in freedom.

"For me, the question is not *should* he be released, it's how can it be justified that he's still inside?" asked Kessler, a Chabad rabbi and former prison chaplain who got to know White at Ironwood.

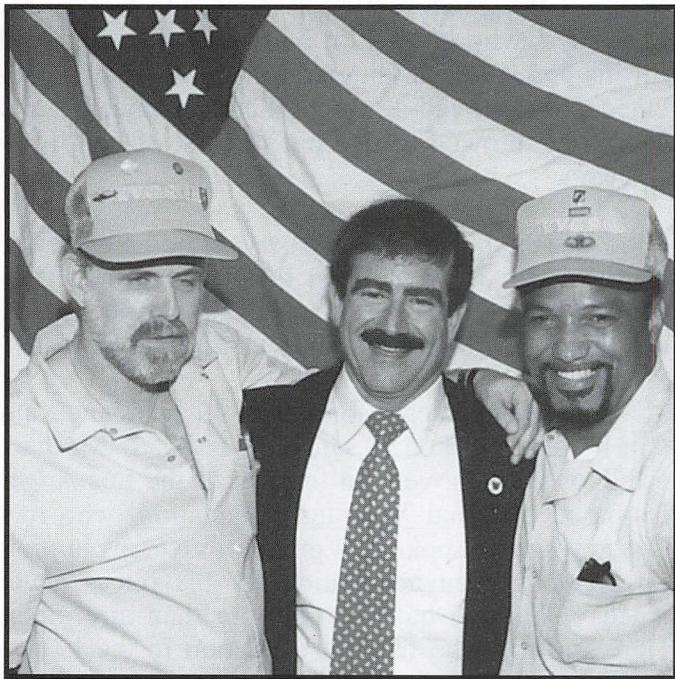
"I've been on this case for almost 40 years and I am still holding out hope," said Floyd "Shad" Meshad, a fellow Vietnam vet and founder of the Los Angeles-based National Veterans Foundation, who met White when he spoke to a group of veterans in prison and has been advocating for his release ever since. "This one baffles me more than any other. Here's a guy who has put education in the largest prison system in the country and raised \$350,000 for charity from prison, but [he is] locked up for life."

On a Sunday in January, I drove the 50 miles to Vacaville, where White was recently transferred. Visiting hours are from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. on Saturdays and Sundays, but he attends Shabbat services Saturday mornings, so we agreed I would come on a Sunday.

White's prison record permits him to sit outside in the courtyard during visits, with minimal supervision, but visitors can bring in almost nothing — no phones or recording devices, no pen or paper. All I could do was listen as White spent four hours telling his life story. Later, in the parking lot, I scribbled everything I could remember on a pad of paper, and then verified the facts and quotes in a series of 15-minute phone calls (the maximum time allowed) over the next few weeks.

James White was born in London in 1939 or 1940, which makes him 77 or 78 now. The details about his early life are vague. He doesn't know his birth name, or anything about his birth parents. He was adopted by James and Margaret White, a wealthy Jewish couple in Connecticut who later moved to Texas. They sent him to Wales for boarding school for much of his education.

Though his parents kept a "relatively kosher home," White said, their Judaism consisted mostly of "writing checks." He believes his father, who was born in Europe, chose to have nothing to do with his religion because of the anti-Semitism he had experi-



FLOYD "SHAD" MESHAD (CENTER) AND GERONIMO PRATT AT SAN QUENTIN PRISON IN 1988, WHERE WHITE CO-FOUNDED A VETERANS GROUP

enced. But young White always showed an interest and would have his parents drop him off at synagogue.

After three years of college at Texas A&M, White joined the military. He served 10 years in the Army and the Marines, earning the rank of sergeant, with four tours in Vietnam. He was awarded numerous medals but would not elaborate on how he earned them. His friend and fellow vet John "Crusty" Garrison, who served with him in Vietnam, said he got the Distinguished Flying Cross for saving the lives of crew members on the aircraft he was flying. The citation noted his "uncommon courage, bold initiative and selfless devotion to duty at great personal risk." He was later awarded three silver stars.

Vietnam was where White earned his nickname, Sneaky, for sneaking across a field filled with landmines unharmed. The nickname sticks to this day.

By 1972, White was out of the military. Without a college degree, and in the middle of a recession and widespread anti-war sentiment, he said, "not a lot of people wanted to hire a Vietnam vet." He supported himself doing odd jobs, and in 1975 went to Southern California for construction work. It was there that he spotted a woman watering her lawn and said it was "love at first sight." He and Nancy Napoli

married in 1978 and settled in Sunnymead, near Riverside.

She had been married twice before. According to White, Napoli's second husband had been abusive and violent toward her. Now he began threatening White and Napoli, ignored a restraining order and then molested one of his former stepdaughters. That was the last straw for White, who went to the man's office soon after, shooting and killing him.

White turned himself in as soon as he heard the police were looking for him. "I didn't think about the consequences at all. I was angry and fed up and wasn't looking at the ramifications. I had to stop the problem as I saw it."

Although White admits to his crime, it occurred at a time when post-traumatic stress disorder had just been introduced into the DSM, or Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, and it was still highly controversial. He was later diagnosed with PTSD, he said, but he has always felt it was a sign of weakness, and the issue never came up at his trial.

"Since I've been in prison I've gone through a PTSD class," White said. "I haven't gotten over it,



SHAD MESHAD DISPLAYS WHITE'S MILITARY MEDALS IN HIS OFFICE AS A REMINDER OF HIS HEROISM. (PHOTO/COURTESY SHAD MESHAD)

but I understand some of why I feel the way I do.

I'm not going to say I've whipped it because you don't get over it, but it's impossible to forget all the Vietnam stuff that I carry."

"With what we now know about PTSD, he never would have gotten this kind of sentence today," said Meshad, who has served as an expert witness in numerous trials for vets with PTSD. "When it came to my peers in Vietnam, we became trained killers taught to search out and destroy the enemy, and they didn't de-tune us when we came back."

In 1981 White was sentenced to life without parole. He spent several years at Folsom State Prison, six years at San Quentin, seven years at Solano State Prison, and then was incarcerated at Ironwood for nearly 20 years before being transferred to Vacaville in the summer of 2017.

By all accounts, White has been a model prisoner. In Folsom, he said, he saved the lives of two prisoners who badly maimed themselves in the license plate pressing machine, administering tourniquets until medical assistance arrived.

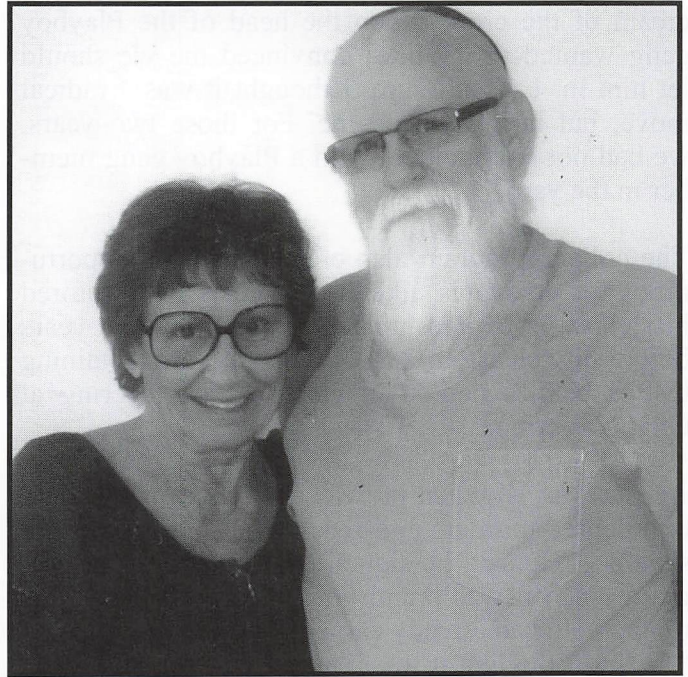
In San Quentin, after hearing rumors of a pending attack by inmates, he intervened and put himself between a guard and the inmates who were planning to stab him. The guard later said that White had saved his life.

"I took a life and it's affected me ever since, so I'm not going to watch someone else lose their life if I can help it," White said.

Also in San Quentin, he teamed up with Black Panther Elmer "Geronimo" Pratt and started his first veterans organization for staff and inmates in the late '80s.

The vets "asked me to approve baseball hats with a veteran's insignia, and they proudly wore them to the mess hall," said Steve Cambra, who was chief deputy warden at the time and a vet himself. "San Quentin had always had a history of racial segregation, but all races joined the vets' group, and they'd have their hats on and eat together. As an administrator, I found it very healthy that for the first time ever, different races were eating together in the mess hall. It broke that barrier for a bit."

Soon after his arrival at Ironwood, White first started thinking about setting up a college degree program. He had read about a study from McGill University showing a significantly lower recidivism rate for those who leave prison with an education.



JAN. 2016 WAS THE LAST TIME WHITE SAW HIS WIFE, NANCY, BEFORE SHE DIED IN MAY, 2017.

He had already started a veterans group in the prison, as well as chapters of Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous. "Over 90 percent of inmates enter with some sort of drug or alcohol problem," he said, though he was not among them. "I got to be pretty good with paperwork and understood what needed to happen to get these groups started, and I knew they'd be useful to people."

I'M NOT GOING TO WATCH SOMEONE ELSE LOSE THEIR LIFE IF I CAN HELP IT.

After he got the go-ahead on the college program, he started evaluating applicants. "I wouldn't let them in if they were screwing up on the yard," White said. "I had to see the lightbulb come on, for them to say: 'I want to change my life and I need the tools to do it.' I'd then say 'I'll give you the tools, but then it's up to you.'" He used skills he'd learned in Breaking Barriers, a program that helps inmates understand "why you screwed up, and ... change your motivational input to make good choices."

Hobbs worked closely with White. "We were very selective as to who we put in the program as we wanted to be sure that they succeeded and that the program succeeded," said Hobbs. "We took the

cream of the crop. When the head of the Playboy gang wanted in, [White] convinced me we should let him in. I wasn't sure, I thought it was a radical move, but he convinced me. For those two years, we had not one incident with a Playboy gang member in the yard."

The college program also created tutoring opportunities for graduates, like Julio Acosta, who tutored his fellow Ironwood inmates in math for five years before his release in 2013. Acosta is now obtaining his bachelor's degree in electrical engineering at CSU Northridge.

Acosta was 18 when he was convicted of two second-degree murders and received a 30-years-to-life sentence. He said he signed up for the college program when it was brand new, mostly to please his mother. He had already earned his GED in prison. "At first I thought it was a joke," he said, and when he first met White, "the old guy with the white beard that started it," he thought of him as Gandalf from "Lord of the Rings."

But now he sees just how much the college degree was worth. "If not for that degree, I don't know what I'd be doing," he said. "I'm sure I'd be working, but would be very unhappy as there's not much open to you straight out of prison. But this college degree opened up doors right when I got to Northridge. They said 'Your degree is good, we'll transfer your credits; you can start as a junior.'"

He said the strict ethnic segregation in prisons would have prevented him from ever socializing with White, but he got to know him in the veterans group, and over time White became not only a mentor but a grandfatherly figure to him.

"He gave me a sense of community and taught me about what it means to have community," said Acosta. "In prison, it's every man for himself, and everyone thinks so selfishly, but he taught me to start thinking beyond myself, and to think about helping others. He said to me, 'If you ever get out someday, you'll want to be a good citizen, and that starts today.'"

White's influence has reached way beyond the prison walls, in part because of his exposure on television and the internet. Danielle Walker of Sacramento came across White in the National Geographic program "Prison Fight: Ironwood State Prison California Lockdown" when she was taking a sociology course at a community college. She had come from a very unstable home and had been convicted of a

DUI.

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"I was watching all kinds of documentaries as part of learning about the sociology of criminology and addiction when I came across the documentary with Mr. White in it," she said. "I was in my mid-to-late 20s and had already been through so much. My self-confidence was so low. I wondered who will hire me with a criminal record, but when I saw what he was doing in prison, I realized here was someone in a way worse position and was still finding hope in helping others get an education."

Walker wrote to White at Ironwood and shared her story, and he began counseling her through letters and phone calls. They continued communicating for several years until he got transferred to Vacaville, which is when they finally met in person.

Walker recently graduated from CSU Sacramento and is considering a master's program in social work. She says White's guidance was invaluable to her at a time when her family and friends weren't able to be of any support.

"I could rely on him to tell me what I needed to do and guide me in the right direction," she said. "He was a friend when I didn't have those kinds of friends. He was a mentor who taught me that no matter what your circumstances are, you can make it a priority in your life to give back."

Despite this kind of testimony from all corners, and a wide circle of supporters advocating for his release, White has been unsuccessful in his appeals. He even petitioned Gov. Jerry Brown for a pardon (and Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger before him), to no avail.

Rabbis Denebeim and Kessler, Meshad of the veterans foundation, prison counselor Hobbs and White's friend Garrison all expressed their frustration at the fact that someone who in their eyes has not only paid for his crime but so clearly poses no danger may well spend the rest of his life behind bars. All have been active on his behalf, in some way or other, trying to bring attention to his story.

Denebeim said every day White lives with the pain of committing a murder, a kind of self-reflection the rabbi didn't often see in prison.

"He's chosen to live with that pain day in and day out, which is not something you find every day. To live with it is very painful, but to say 'I'm going to hold onto it so I hold on to my humanity' is quite exceptional. I met a few exceptional people in prison but not on that level."

White said that at one time he held out more hope that he would be released. His wife, who stayed with him to the end, had dementia in her final years and he expressed great sorrow about not being able to care for her. Napoli died last August, and White got teary every time her name came up.

"When I can't sleep at night, that's what I think about," he said. "I think about how much I failed her when she needed me most."

If he were to be released early, he said, he would work for Meshad for \$1 a year (for insurance purposes) and then eventually live off the grid (he's been reading up on solar energy) in eastern Washington, near his friend Garrison, and plant a garden, maybe have some chickens and other animals.

"My hand is not out," White said. "I'm not looking for anything. I just want people to know that even in prison we can do mitzvahs and do something good for society. Just because a person commits a crime, it doesn't mean that he or she is no longer a worthy person."

Adds Denebeim, "According to authentic Jewish thought, a prisoner is only a prisoner in his mind. I truly believe that the Creator puts us where we need to be where we can affect others and it's not by ac-

cident, but there's a divine purpose for him being in



Two fans: Danielle Walker, who reached out to White for life advice, and Julio Acosta, who got a college degree in prison and is now enrolled at CSU, Northridge

prison, to be able to affect a quality of life for those he encounters.

"As depressing as the walls and barbed wire can be, Jim embraced every day as a way to make a difference."



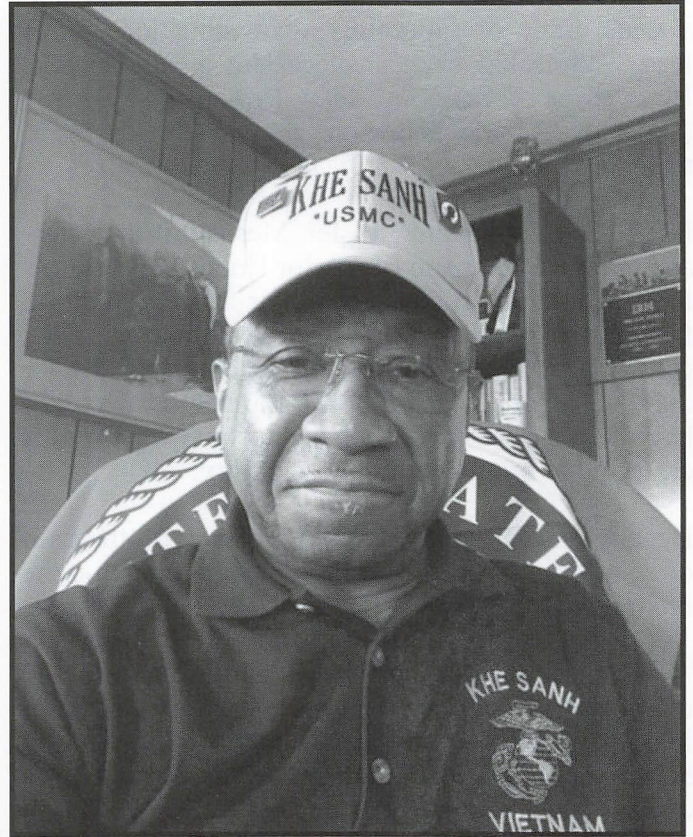
Alix Wall is a contributing editor to J. She is also the founder of the Illuminosh: The Not-So-Secret Society of Bay Area Jewish Food Professionals and is writer/producer of a documentary-in-progress called "The Lonely Child."



**TAKEN IN THE ARVN TRENCHES IN
FRONT OF BRAVO CO**



**BILL LATOUR WITH JUDY EISCHENS
LATOUR & FRIENDS AT THE ORIGINAL OYS-
TER HOUSE JOAN SPELMANN SCHMIT**



**ONE OF THE REASONS I DO NOT MISS
THE KSV ANNUAL REUNIONS, MY
FRIEND MILTON JONES WHO ALWAYS
HAS A SMILE ON HIS FACE AND WILL
ALWAYS BRING JOY NO MATTER WHAT
STATE OF MIND YOU ARE IN.**



B BTRY 1/13



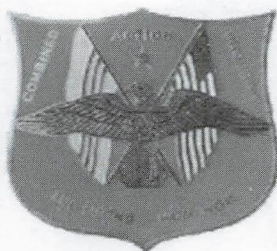
As

Louis & Sandi Reyes Visited with the President, Vice president & Sergeant Major of the Marine Corps



Thursday night we had dinner at the home of Master gunnery sergeant John Lewis, USMC ret. His brother Eddie, a former USMC SSgt, was there too,. Great night.

History of Oscar Company



Combined Action Company Oscar
III CAG, III MAF
Khe Sanh, RVN
1967 - 1968



noted in the introduction, this history is only an outline. It is told mainly from my own memories, and those of a handful of other Oscar company men, as

well as official records. Unfortunately, my memory is not what it used to be, and I was not present for all



A rare photo (perhaps the only one extant) of an entire Combined Action Company all together. (You can help by identifying yourself and your friends!) I am on the front row, extreme right, kneeling with M-16, helmet, and flak jacket. Doc Roberts is top row, second from the right, minus helmet, with glasses.) This photo was taken by a Bru with Doc Roberts camera just before the big sweep made in October 1967 . Photo Courtesy of DOC John Roberts

the events recounted here. Therefore there is much more to be written than I cannot write alone. I hope that all of you who were there will help fill in the details.

There will be a more complete version available to members in the near future. I will also be putting personal recollections in the section entitled "In their own words" Beneath this heading on the left sidebar menu). You may E-mail these to me, write, call or send a tape cassette or CD with your stories, or add them to the comments page on this site. I will edit them for you if desired. My personal first choice would be either Email or submitted as comments via this site, that way they are already digitalized. However, I will accept calls, tapes, letters (if legible) etc, if necessary.

NOTE: Since some of the events in this narrative occurred before or after my tour while I was hospitalized, I can only vouch for the verity of those events I actually witnessed and participated in. Even then, one's own subjective experience and perception of events can vary greatly from another person's. Also some of the things were written at or near the time they occurred, others years later - and memory can be deceitful!

Events I did not participate in directly are compiled from a number of sources - official records where available, and oral or written accounts from participants, both contemporary and later.

The official records are often subject to the usual errata and/or "official" point of view, and the personal statements were, like mine, sometimes made years later, and in any case, are colored by the individual's experience, perception, and memory.

However, despite these caveats, this is as truthful and accurate an account as I am able to present, and one that has rarely been presented. In truth, it is long overdue, because except for Ray Stubbe and a few others, this chapter of history has been almost completely ignored.

FOUNDATION

In February 1967, the Narrative Summary of the HQ 3rd Mar Div (Rein) notes the establishment of Sub Unit # 5 at Khe Sanh. This date corresponds to the establishment of Oscar Company.

The company eventually consisted of the HQ unit

and 3 CAPs. HQ was combined with CAP Oscar 1 in "downtown" Khe Sanh village. HQ and 0-1 formed a "double CAP" - 2 CAP plts + 2 Plts of the 915th Regional Force Co. (RVN). There were also 4 US Army advisors for a total of approx. 178 men.

Outlying units were Oscar 2, on the north side of Hwy. 9 at the western end of the village, and CAP Oscar 3, assigned to Ta Cong Village in Khe Sanh Valley. (This CAP was originally located on the South side of QL-9 approx 800 meters south of the west end of the main Khe Sanh Airfield.)

Originally, the unit seems to have been commanded by a sergeant, whose name has been unable to find. 1st LT (later CPT) William T. Sermeus arrived to take command sometime in February 1967. He was in command when the late Raymond Gray arrived in February 1967. 1st LT Sermeus picked him up, along with two men whom Ray described as "CIA" at KSCB. They rode in a Mighty Mite, (M422/A1, a field utility vehicle somewhat like a jeep). They visited CAP 0-3, en route to CAP 0-1.

EARLY TRAGEDY

LT Sermeus and Ray later traveled back to 0-3, where the LT issued orders to clear a "friendly" mine field. The NCOIC complied, though with serious reservations, as there was no map of the field.

On June 14th, CPL Albers (see in memoriam) lost both legs removing mines. Ray said that the word came while LT Sermeus was out on patrol with them. LT Sermeus was described as being "terribly shaken" by the news. Ray described the sergeant at 0-3 as extremely distraught as he had been close to the man. (According to the official reports, there was another man injured as well, but I cannot find a record of him, or his name. Does anyone have that information?)

CAP 0-3 LOSES A PATROL

There was an NVA rocket and mortar attack on the base just after midnight on June 27th, 1967. A patrol from 0-3 was sent to investigate suspected rocket and mortar launch sites spotted by observers. The patrol members included LCPL Francisco Alberto Mazariegos, CPL Dennis Alfred O'Connor, CPL James Merrill

Shepard, Jr., and LCPL Charles Aaron Lynch of Oscar-1, who was along because he had been visiting his friends at 0-3.

They launched at 0830, and about 1230 had reached the top of Hill 689, where they were ambushed, receiving heavy enemy fire, including rockets and automatic weapons. They immediately sustained casualties, some hit trying to reach comrades. An artillery mission was called in, but was nearly on top of their position. The survivors were unable to reach the KIA and wounded, except for one WIA who died enroute to the camp. After the artillery fire, two men attempted to sweep the hill for friendly WIA and KIA, but were driven back. The remains of the patrol were forced to retreat, leaving two Marines and one Bru PF on the hill, status MIA. The survivors fell back to their compound, where elements of the other CAPs were mustering.

A rescue force was almost immediately mounted by the remainder of CAP-3 and the other CAPs, who had just completed a grueling patrol, but was repulsed by the NVA, who were apparently well dug in and in force. India and Lima company 3/26 came to relieve CAP and try to dislodge the enemy. They assaulted the hill, and lost a number of officers, NCOs and enlisted men including Lima CO CAPT Bynum and LT Allen of India's First Platoon, all KIA, and a substantial number of WIA. Although they eventually gained the hill, it took several days and a ferocious air and artillery barrage to shift the determined enemy.

LT Sermeus was replaced by (I believe) CPT Haines (does anyone know his full name and the time frame? I am working on getting the chronology right), who was in turn replaced by 1ST LT Ernest Elmore. (Again, does anyone know the time frame?)

During this period, things were relatively quiet after the ambush, despite the build-up that was going on in the area. Patrols, LPs (listening posts) and ambushes were being run, and some contact was made.

I arrived at 0-2 in late September of 1967, and found things were rather calmer than I had expected them to be. I was new to scouting and patrolling, having been assigned as an admin man and later to FDC with HQ 3/12, but I remembered the basic infantry concepts and the men who had been there were quick to

teach me the ropes. In our unit, CPL Joe Potter and others gave me valuable training on how to operate in the bush.

WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT

Of course, as the FNG, I got to hump the radio. As I recall, these were mostly the older PRC-10s, which were fairly useless unless you were in line of sight of a tower or relay, or on top of a hill. They were old, cranky, heavy, and much of the time they were malfunctioning.

We were originally armed with the M-14, but we soon received the M-16. I had a very worn XM16E1. (I have since been told that the X stands for "experimental - this would have been a prototype model. How and why it was in the field in combat is beyond my comprehension.)

I was very sorry to lose my M-14, because despite the weight, it always functioned. The M-16 was very subject to jamming, especially the old pieces of junk we were issued. Most of us were in the habit of taping an assembled bore punch (cleaning) rod to the side of the stock to facilitate clearing the jams.

I have had this discussion with many troops, Marine and Army, and although some tolerated or even liked the weapon, the bulk of the men I knew who used them in combat didn't. The ones who did were usually armed with the newer "improved" versions, which had addressed at least some of the malfunction issues the weapon had.

I soon came to cordially and deeply hate mine, and "acquired" a .45 (with 4 magazines) and a sack of grenades. At least I knew these would sustain me when the inevitable jam occurred.

I think that I can say without fear of contradiction that the "pucker factor" • ever present in combat - is at an all-time peak when your weapons fail to function. (Of course, as one of Murphy's Laws of Combat remind us; "Never forget that your weapons were made by the lowest bidder.")

I think the incident depicted below is a fairly typical example of a night combat encounter - often, both sides would come upon one another totally unaware which could lead to disastrous results. I recently spoke to a former CAP com-

mander in another group who recounted an ambush that resulted in four US Army troops being killed - because the Army operational commander had earlier refused the CAP's request for well-defined operational areas and joint planning. Fortunately for us, there were no US patrols operating in our AOR the night of this encounter.)

FIREFIGHT NEAR 0-2

I was on point, and heard the enemy before they detected us. (I couldn't see anything - It was in part of the Poilane plantation to the southwest of our compound and as black as pitch. Fortunately, my hearing was much better in those days.) As I recall, LCPL Gullickson (aka "Gully") was leading the patrol, and he came quietly up as I halted the patrol. I indicated the apparent direction of the enemy. He nodded and prepared his favorite trick - an air burst with a grenade. Pulling the pin, he popped the spoon and held the thing for what seemed an interminable time - then he let fly. It burst in the area we believed them to be in, and we all opened up with everything we had. The enemy was apparently as surprised as we were, and may have been stunned and perhaps wounded by the airburst and heavy volume of fire.

They returned sporadic fire at first, but got their act together and soon were putting out a moderate volume of fire. In a matter of minutes, ALL the M-16s had jammed - if the Bru hadn't been armed with M-1s and a BAR and I hadn't had my .45 and grenades, the enemy might have waxed us. However, the Bru quickly went through their meagre supply of ammo. (They were issued 90 rounds a month, as I recall, supplemented by us as possible.)

The BAR man was a small but sturdy man we called 'Popeye' because (as I recall), his Bru name sounded similar to that of the cartoon sailor, he had a bit of a squint, and he smoked a small pipe.

(The Browning Automatic Rifle, a .30 caliber fully automatic weapon of WW II and Korean vintage that, as the name implies, was something of a cross between a machine gun and a rifle. It is large and heavy, with a heavy recoil, but he still managed to control it and keep putting out rounds!)

Finally, "Popeye" and I were the only ones still firing, though some of the others were still throwing grenades.

As it was, we beat a fighting retreat to the road, in reverse order of our entry, with Popeye and me in the rear, popping rounds off in the general direction of the foe. Once on the , we hadn't gotten very far from camp when the action occurred, and they came running!

However, the enemy, whether from their own losses, orders, or just prudence had already decamped. We found little evidence of their presence the next day when we "swept" the area - they typically left a very tidy battle-ground, both because they could ill spare the equipment, and because they wanted to prevent us from gathering information on them.

(Does anyone remember this incident, and who else was on this patrol and the reaction force?)

(Just for the record, I have had many proad, we regrouped, and started moving back towards camp, awaiting the reactionary force that soon came pounding out in support - fortunately people tell me the same sort of story. As for those who have said; "They just have to be cleaned properly." - I was raised around guns. My dad was a WW II Marine and hunter, as were most of my family. I know how to shoot and clean weapons - I have been doing it since age 8. Any combat weapon that is that finicky is, IMO, crap. Others are entitled to their own opinion.)

We often used the weapons meant to be issued to the PFs - these were WW II and Korean War surplus weapons and ammo sent to Vietnam as part of the military aid program. They included small arms like the M-1 rifles and carbines (as well as the M-2 fully automatic carbine), the Browning Automatic Rifle, .30 Caliber machine guns, 60 MM mortars (aka "the company commander's personal artillery"), M -3A1 "grease gun" and other such implements of destruction. For some good pictures and tech descriptions of many of these weapons, go to the Korean War Weapons Web-Site a well-illustrated site dedicated to the Korean War.

We would often carry these weapons on patrol in lieu of the despised M-16s. (I personally favored the Browning pump riot shotgun with 00 buck-shot at night.) Here is a picture of Rick Valdes ready for a patrol as point man. Note he is wear-

ing (then unauthorized) jungle camouflage, bush hat, and shotgun, with ammo waist belt. We often wore what we wished, as uniform regulations were very loosely enforced.

When I was at Cam Rahn Bay, trying to get back to KSCB after the Tet Offensive started, I was wearing what I had been med-evaced in - a worn set of "jungle" trousers, a green wool Marine issue cold weather shirt over a Navy issue (but not to me' black sweater, and a Scottish Balmoral cap that a girlfriend had sent me.

A beefy Army MP NCO (an obvious REMF in spit-shined jungle boots and starched jungle fatigues) looked me over with a jaundiced eye and asked; "Who in the hell are YOU with? Is that uniform authorized?" Since I didn't want to be bothered with a Charge sheet for being out of uniform, and/or telling an NCO to do something unnatural and impossible to himself, I just Bull-shitted him and told him I was with a covert ops unit at Khe Sanh, which I was now headed back to.

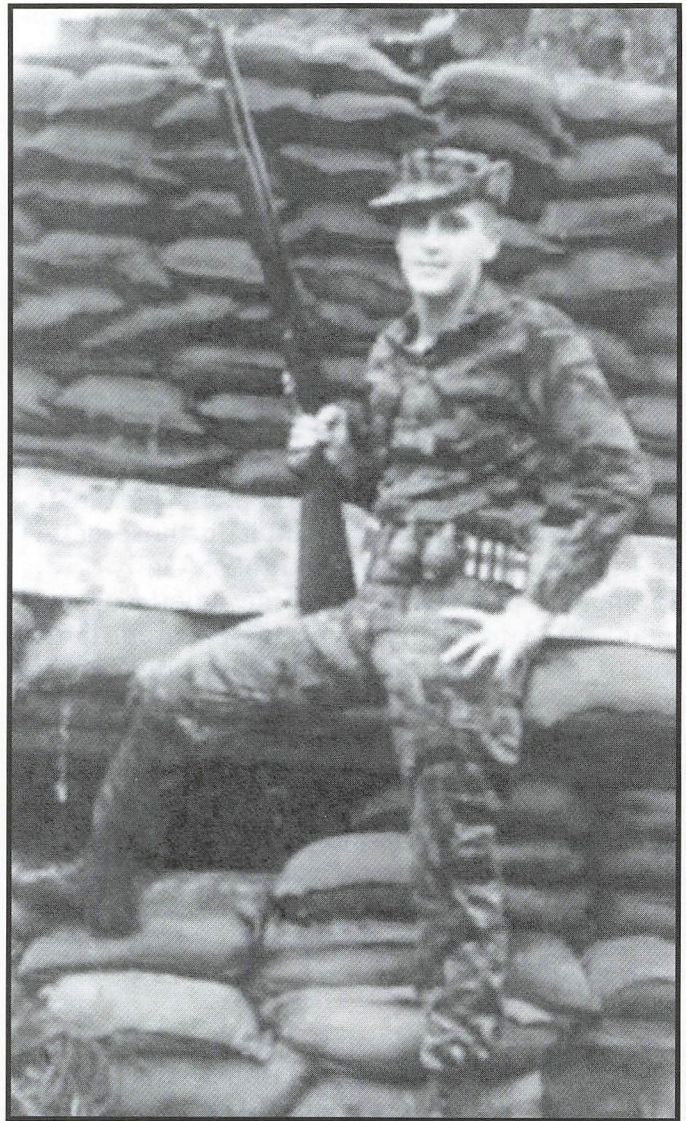
Something told him not to press the issue, but he had to have the last word, so he said; "Well, OK, but if you're still here tomorrow, you'd better be in issue gear!" Since I had no intention of being there the next day (I had finally gotten a flight out!), I just smiled and said, "OK, Sarge" I later had a run-in with a Marine SGT/MAJ in Danang on the way home, but that is another story!

THE BIG SWEEP

In October, shortly after my arrival, we formed part of a major sweep of the surrounding hills. All the CAPs participated, as did Marines from the combat base and I believe some of the Army Special Forces were also involved. The idea was that we would comb the hills and (ostensibly) "flush" the enemy, or locate him (and / or act as a "blocking force") and then the line units would converge to engage them more heavily.

The picture of the entire Combined Action Company was taken before that patrol. It was taken by Doc John Roberts' camera, wielded ably by a Bru PF. It is a very rare picture - perhaps one of a kind - it is the only picture I have ever seen or heard of with an entire Combined Action Company all together 'in one place at the same time.

The patrol itself was fruitless and arduous like



RICK VALDES, O-2, NOVEMBER 1967 (Courtesy of HN "DOC" JOHN ROBERTS, O-2)



ANOTHER PICTURE OF "GUNGY" "DOC" JOHN ROBERTS WITH A GREASE GUN (COURTESY OF HN "DOC" JOHN ROBERTS, O-2)



PHOTO COURTESY "DOC" JOHN ROBERTS

many military "events". I don't believe that we even had a peep of the enemy. Someone once said that war is 90% boredom and 10% sheer terror. To that I would add that it is often hot, exhausting, and uncomfortable. The noted seventeenth century philosopher Thomas Hobbs once, "Life in an unregulated state of nature is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." I would say that we although we were highly regulated, this would sum up the nature of warfare nicely.

Starting very early in the morning, we went up one steep hill and down another, the mud, wait-a-minute weeds, and other obstacles and hazards causing us much trouble as we slid back two steps or more for every three gained. In a short time we were hot, wet, sweaty, filthy, and exhausted (If you saw the patrol scene in "Platoon" you have a good picture of what such a patrol is like .) Many of us bore extra ammo for the machine guns and mortar rounds. However, as the day wore on and the sun grew even hotter, some of this extra weight was surreptitiously regulated to the debts of the jungle by some of the unwilling bearers. Thankfully, we didn't meet Mr. Charles that day, which might have caused us to regret "losing" the ammo.

We crossed a stream. As we waded through the water, most of us took the opportunity to fill our helmets with water and pour it over our heads, soaking us even more, but cooling us briefly. Since we were already soaked, it hardly mattered!

The leeches, ever present and ever ready, began swimming out to meet and attach themselves to us if possible. Some of them found home on exposed skin and as they hit the other bank, some of amused themselves by applying a lit cigarette or

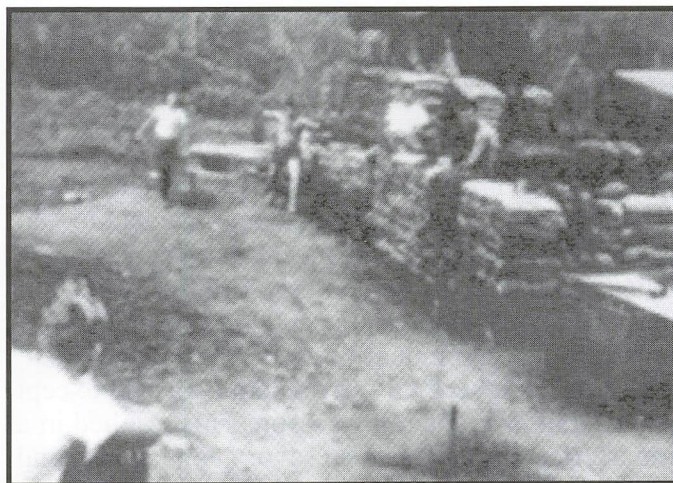


PHOTO COURTESY "DOC" JOHN ROBERTS

some alcohol from the "Docs" med kit to make them back out. I remember some of the guys would make bets on the leeches swimming abilities, and other characteristics and attributes. Marines and servicemen in general will bet on anything!

At the end of an exhausting day, we finally came down to the road where trucks were ready to meet us and ferry us back to our compounds. We were more than ready. This picture shoes Rick Valdes, Doc Roberts, and others and the Bru PFs at the end of that grueling day. (BTW, Rick's uniform was not black, that's sweat)

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

Things went on In the same way for some time - patrols, ambushes, LPs and OP's, civic action work including med caps, etc. Sometimes, we'd make contact - most times we saw or heard nothing, but It seemed that the activity and numbers of the enemy were increasing

On at least one occasion one of our patrols pursued a small enemy unit west, and crossed the border in Laos, before they were aware of their position. As this was not within the scope of our duties. The patrol broke of pursuit and returned. This was probably a good thing, as by this time, large numbers of the enemy were in or entering our area.

we were aware from at least October on that the enemy was ramping up his operations in the area and the patrols and other activities became even more important. This didn't stop us from making the best of our situation.

When things were quiet most of the time then, the

men would engage in activities and games when not upgrading or repairing the defenses. Here is a picture of the men engaged in pitching horse shoes at O-2

The Marines in O-2 attended a feast at one of the Bru villes. As civic action personnel, we had to "do as the Romans do." This meant eating the choice delicacies they very generously offered to us, including rat, par-boiled pig, and rice, rolled into a ball from the communal bowl by the village chief, whose hands it seemed were seldom washed except by accident or in the rainy season. This resulted in a greyish rice ball of less than savory appearance, and probably crawling with bacteria of all sorts. However, as their guest, we were expected to eat what was offered, as it would have been a serious insult to turn it down.

We off-set the germs with a very unsavory alcoholic beverage that was called "drang" if I recall. I believe it was some sort of potent rice wine or whiskey, similar to sake, but with a vial taste and color. I seem to remember that it was urine yellow. However, I reckoned that the alcohol would of set the germs, and after a few servings I no longer cared about them, the taste, etc. In fact I remember very little of that evening other than the beginning.

We also prepared for the upcoming Christmas holidays by getting a small local tree (rubber I believe), and "decorating" it with grenades and ammo belts. We also popped a couple of red and green smoke grenades to give things a appearance. It was about this time that we took "gungy" photos, taking turns posing with various weapons. We also did a group photo, but I do not have a copy of this. (Any body have one)? Doc John Roberts gave me the photos in this article.

Since one of the film companies (Kodak)?, was offering a deal on photo Christmas cards, some of us sent of our "hero" photos in to be processed, and when they returned, we mailed them to families, friends, and others including the Secretary of Defense McNamara and President and First Lady LBJ. We actually received a polite thank you from the Johnsons though it was only a printed signature, we thought it was nice that someone responded (I do not recall if McNamara did).

"BIG TET" THE ASSAULT ON KHE SANH CAPS

Sometime in mid-December, I contracted a case malaria and pneumonia, and was eventually evacuated to NSA Danang. I remained there during the rest of the month and was therefore not in the village for the initial assault of the 1968 Tet Offensive, which preceded the Siege of Khe Sanh.

(However, I was able to evade a further month in recuperation and return to my unit a few days after the initial assaults, after the company was pulled back to KSCB. For any who may be interested to know how I accomplished this when the only thing going in to KSCB was, in the words of the air travel clerk; "Beans, bullets, and bandages" my story will eventually appear after I have gotten the other stories posted.)

Since I was not there I, will rely on official and eye witness accounts for that eventful period I. also refer the interested reader to the sub-section under this history " In their Own Words," which as the name implies, give the story in the words of the participants themselves.

Currently, the accounts of John Balanco of O-1 and "Doc" John Roberts of O-2 are posted, as well as a pre-Siege article by Bob Hall (a radio relay man attached to CAP Oscar In 1967). This section will be expanded as I get more information.

Like the rest of Oscar's story, this has never been adequately treated, despite the fact that it constituted an almost phenomenal feat of arms, and almost incredible bravery and tenacity (on both Sides).

(NOTE: The following account is in the process of being re-drafted in deference to the request of COL Bruce Clarke, one of the participants, who has written what is without a doubt the most complete, detailed, and authoritative account of this action and other lesser-known actions that occurred at Khe San h. I am pleased to say that my conversations and correspondence with COL Clarke in the mid-1990s asking him for his account of the action for my history of Oscar company were the motivating factor that spurred him to write what became the draft for his book). At such time as he publishes his book, this article will re- appear with more detail and quotes I believe that every man who was there at this time, and any military scholars or buffs, will want a copy of this account. It is my understanding that he will soon publish this in a popular version with the working title of "Expendable Warriors: The Untold Story of Khe Sanh" {as well as his current scholarly ver-

sion}, and that he is arranging publication, and possible film treatment. When he informs me of the publisher and publication date, I will promulgate it on this site.)

THE ASSUALT ON KHE SANH VILLAGE

There were many warning signs prior to the assault. Despite these, it seemed that little notice was being taken of the information we and other outlying and reconnaissance elements were providing.

For example, little was done to reinforce the combat base, or to deepen and harden its fighting positions, or provide secure magazines for the ammunition. The ammo dump for the artillery remained uncovered until the offensive began, and was blown up shortly after the fighting commenced, destroying a large portion of the on-hand ammunition needed to resist. (This was given as one of the reasons that the outlying units, such as Oscar, were pulled in.)

One of the more astounding events was on Jan. 2, 1968, a Marine listening post at Khe Sanh called in that they had movement. A patrol was sent out to reinforce the LP. They encountered the enemy, and there was an exchange of gunfire.

In the sweep of the area, the bodies of five North Vietnamese officers, apparently a regimental commander and his staff were found. They were believed to be reconnoitering the position. On Jan. 20, a day before the assault on Khe Sanh began, a patrol from India 3/26 was sent to 881 N. They were ambushed by a large NVA force, and after a ferocious full day action, India withdrew to 881 S.

On the same day, LT La Thanh Tone, officer of the 14th Anti-Aircraft Company, PAVN (NVA) defected. He said he was upset that another officer in his company had been promoted over him (after 14 years service). He just walked up to the perimeter and gave himself up. He also told his captors of the plans for the planned NVA attacks, and that the campaign was to be an important one for the North Vietnamese. However, the intelligence section was not entirely convinced of its truthfulness, some arguing that he was a "dis-Intel" plant, and as this was being discussed, the enemy commenced their operations.

Just after midnight, an outpost on hill 861 was assaulted. Though the Marines beat back the NVA, they suffered many casualties.

There is a divergence of opinion on when the initial assault on Khe Sanh village began. The attack on Khe Sanh Combat Base is generally given as 0530, and the 26th Marines' Command Chronology for January 1968 states that the attack on the District village occurred at 0610 on the morning of the 21st of January, 1968.

However, CPT (later COL) Bruce B. G. Clarke, who was the senior U.S. Army District advisor for Huong Hoa, wrote in April 1968 that the attack began at 0500. If so, that would make the village the first unit attacked.

It is possible that both assaults were meant to be coordinated, but due to the fortunes of war and the difficulty of coordinating separate major actions, one "went off" too soon (or too late).

(A Marine infantry officer who served in a region that had several Combined Action units once told me; "Oh, we loved the CAPs! They made great trip flares!")

The US forces at the HQ and surrounding area included a double CAP of Combine Action Company "Oscar" (HQ and O-1), two platoons of the 915th Regional Force Company, and the four-mart U.S. Army advisory group led by Army Captain Bruce B.G. Clarke, whose team medic, SFC Jim Perry, also figured prominently in the defense, by leading the medical effort to care for the wounded.

The CAP HQ element was commanded by USMC 1st LT Tom Stamper and acting CO. GYSGT, SSGT Robert Boyda, and CAP O-1 was led by SGT John J. Balanco. There were perhaps 22 Marines and two Navy Corpsmen, as well as their Bru.

The total strength of the defense force at the HQ compound consisted of approximately 178, the bulk of whom were Viet and Bru indigenous forces, four US Army advisory personnel, and the CAP Marines.

CAP O-2, led by Sergeant Roy Harper, had a squad of Marines and one Navy Corpsman, but was separated from the HQ and CAP 1, lying about 200 yards to the West on Hwy. 9 at the

edge of the village of Khe Sanh.

On the morning of Jan. 21st, 1968, under cover of one of the dense fogs that often blanketed Khe Sanh at that time of year, elements of the crack 66th Regiment, 304th Division of the PAVN (NVA) attacked the Huong Hoa District HQ and the Oscar CAPs in and around Khe Sanh Village under cover of fire from their artillery (located on Co Roc Mountain in Laos), mortars, and rockets.

CPT Clarke had just completed checking the fields of fire and artillery coordinates. It is almost certain that he was at times under the guns of the NVA, who, however, probably held their fire to maintain surprise. (Had they known who he was, and what great damage he would soon inflict on them, they might have reconsidered!)

When the attack started, CPT Clarke ably coordinated the supporting arms, delivering the fire so close as to be almost on top of the US positions. In addition to the Marine artillery, he was on a different radio and frequency, which he used to keep in radio contact with an Air Force FAC (forward air controller) who called in air strikes against the North Vietnamese. CPT Clarke also maintained contact with Robert Brewer, the Senior Quang Tri Province Advisor (CIA) in Quang Tri City.

It is almost certain that without this supporting fire, the compounds would have been over-run by the well-planned and ferocious attacks of the enemy, despite the indubitable valor of their defenders.

Meanwhile, the CAP HQ and O-1 troops, Army advisory unit, and the RF troops manned all trenches and fortified points, ably led by SGT John J. Balanco, stood off the initial attacks in intense and ferocious fighting. He was nominated for a Navy Cross, though he eventually received a Silver Star.

PFC Jim Perry of the Anny advisory team bravely and competently led the medical response under intense fire. (He was also nominated for a medal, and eventually received a Bronze Star, but in the opinion of the men who served with him, this should have been at least a Silver Star.)

Though I was absent from that fight (see above), stories about John Balanco's superb leadership

and bravery were already circulating. John seldom talks about his own role, instead concentrating on that shown by his men. However, the following story will serve to show why the men of Oscar respect John to this day.

Sgt Balanco was making his rounds of the lines, carrying ammo and supplies to his men. He jumped into one fighting position and reversed his weapon so the butt was facing the enemy, he said to the young Marine; "Don't worry, kid! I've got 'em covered!" The Marine smiled, relieving the fear of the situation.

For a riveting first-hand account of the action, see [John Balanco's story](#).

Meanwhile, the men of CAP O-2 were also being heavily assaulted. O-2 lay west of O-1 on the end of Khe Sanh village on Hwy 9. The unit consisted of one squad of Marines, one Navy Corpsman, and ten Bru PFs.

They were led by SGT Roy Harper; and included: CPL AL Terry Sullivan, CPL Ronald Harper, LCPL George ("Doc") Sargent, LCPL Frank Batchman, LCPL Jimmy Tyson, FC Donald Gullickson, PFC Biddle, PFC Dana Matonas, Navy Hospital Corpsman HN John Roberts and some of the Bru.

Although they lacked the numbers of O-1, their courage and determination was great. (CPT Clarke's fields of fire also included their position as he ably covered their ferocious defense.) For a first-hand account of this action, see John Robert's story.

The Marines' job was to take lives - the Corpsman's job was to save them - often under fire. Doc Roberts would treat the Bru or Vietnamese as well as a Marine. On this day, he would have to both take and save lives.

'Doc' was always there for all of us and the Bru. Before and during the assault and Siege, he was always among the first on hand when help was needed, no matter if the rounds were coming in - which they often were. He risked his life selflessly on numerous occasions to help his Marines. He was (and is) a real hero, in our opinion.)

About midday on the 21st, the fog lifted and the intensity of the assaults were reduced. However, the NVA continued to place pressure upon the

defenders with mortar and RPG bombardments, they limited their infantry action to small arms fire and probes.

Helicopters attempted to resupply the compound, but could not land because of the enemy fire. However, the crews managed to hover low enough to kick out some sorely needed ammunition.

Two relief expeditions were then dispatched from the Combat Base, one Marine force and one air assault mixed Army and Vietnamese force. They also failed in their attempts to relieve the beleaguered garrisons in the village. The Marine force consisted of a platoon from D Company, 1st Battalion, 26th Marines. When the platoon reached the hill overlooking the village, they could clearly see North Vietnamese troops deploying. COL Lownds, decided that the relief mission was too dangerous and ordered the platoon to return.

The second expedition was an airborne operation mounted by the Army, and unfortunately, due to a series of misunderstandings, ended in one of the worst disasters of the entire Siege, and indeed the war.

According to Ray Stubbe (in his book, "The Final Formation") Robert Brewer, the senior CIA representative in Quang Tri Province and Senior Provincial Advisor, called a council of war to decide upon a relief effort.

Although the units in the village or the village itself were not of great strategic or tactical concern {other than its position astride Hwy. 9} the District HQ was of great propaganda value. Both sides recognized that, which is why so much energy and so many troops were expended in a drive to seize the village, and why Brewer and the political operatives were determined to keep it if possible. They decided to send an aerial relief force, and launched LTCOL Seymoe of MACV Det. #19.

LTCOL Seymoe, instead of landing in the Khe Sanh village HQ, landed in the "French Fort" (by then an NVA position). Seymoe and most of his relief force were slaughtered. CPT. Stiner, a pilot, (who had been celebrating his 30th birthday before the launch), was one of the few who somehow managed to escape, getting help from the French planter, Felix Poilane, but was unfortunately captured by Marines of CAP 0-3 who ini-

tially thought he was a Russian advisor. Stiner was held until the next morning when he finally convinced the CAP members that he was an American.

NOTE: While some might see this as excessive caution or even stupidity on the part of the CAP, we had often been told that various European nationals, including Russians, East Germans, and others were operating with the enemy, sometimes Pulling "Trojan Horse" routines on isolated units. Whatever the truth of this, the Russians and other Soviet Bloc countries including East Germany certainly had advisors and observers in country.)

Overall, the relief effort, though gallantly intended, was an unmitigated disaster. 3 pilots and 14 enlisted crewmen, as well as Lt Col Seymoe were lost, and the South Vietnamese RFs were all killed or missing.

Seymoe's remains, and a number of the others, were only recovered following the Siege by the 1st Air Cavalry. At least one is still MIA.)

Ray Stubbe wrote, (in "Valley of Decision"), that LTCOL Seymoe's relief attempt 'as; "in terms of proportionate casualties and equipment losses the worst military debacle of the entire campaign at Khe Sanh."

Oddly enough, this action and others that were disastrous (such as Lang Vei have received far more attention (and more medals) than the defense of Khe Sanh ville.)

During the night (21 to 22 January 1967), the situation in the compound in Khe Sanh Ville was fairly quiet, although they received NVA sniper fire. The Marines at both compounds had sustained several wounded but amazingly, no dead, given the great numbers of the enemy and the ferocity of their attacks. Unfortunately, the ARVNs and Bru had suffered a number of casualties KIA, as well as their wounded. (This fact points up the ability and bravery of the indigenous troops when ably led.)

In the morning of 22 January 1967, the men of O-2 had broken out of their compound in an "all or nothing" dash, shooting as they went. Thankfully, they met no resistance and made their way to HQ, where they joined the defenders.

SGT Balanco led a patrol towards the "Old French Fort", hoping to find survivors of the aborted relief mission, but turned back at the bottom of the hill upon seeing some Vietnamese in what he called "strange uniforms." He gestured for them to come down, and they in turn gestured for him to come up - he very correctly declined. These were almost certainly NVA seeking to lure him into an ambush.

Upon his return, SGT Balanco's patrol recovered at least 150 weapons from the enemy KIA, including RPGs and assault rifles, many of them brand new. SGT Balanco described seeing; "hundreds of mutilated and mangled NVA. He believes there were at least 300 and possibly 500 bodies there. He once informed me that they used ponchos to slide the gear in, because there was too much to carry.

(When I returned, I was envious, because I had missed the fight, and all of the men who had been there now had NVA belts, knives, and enameled Red Stars, among other souvenirs. My lobotomy has since more or less healed.)

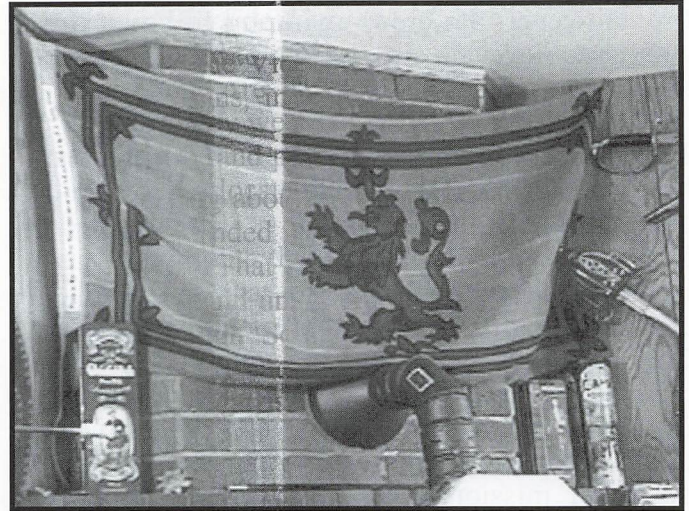
Many years later when visiting John at his home in Oregon, I saw among his other trophies a rare Fairbairn-Sykes British Commando knife. He had taken it from one of the NVA they had killed. It had markings on the blade that, when traced, told an interesting story.

It was one issued during WW II to the Free French Forces (mostly Foreign Legion I am told) under De Gaulle before Normandy. How it got to Khe Sanh in 1968 is unknown but I can hazard a guess - the main forces defending Dien Bien Phu were Foreign Legionnaires. It seems possible that one was a WW 11 vet, and that he had been one of those the knives were issued to. Captured after the surrender, his knife had been "liberated- by an Viet Minh, who in turn had wound up at Khe Sanh. We'll never know, but, as often when I handle old weapons, I wish that they could tell their tale.

The Oscar 2 Marines also reported many bodies (300-plus) and much equipment, though they brought little out with them. One of the CAP 0-2 Marines (it may have been Tyson) brought out my Scottish Royal Standard which had been above my bunk. He later told me that as he was grabbing the little gear they were allowed to take out, he thought; "Taylor will want this!~ and stuck it in his pack. He later gave it to me when I returned from the hospital, and I flew it over my bunker on FOB-3 for the

first part of the Siege - many flew state flags and the like - however, it was the last individual flag {other than the US flag} to come down.

Unfortunately, as they were severely limited to



**SCOTTISH STANDARD THAT FLEW AT
KHE SANH**

what they could take, he didn't recover my bagpipes, which remain combat losses to this day, along with most of my personal gear from that time and place. or have often wondered if they survived, and if so, whether they are gracing some Vietnamese mantle piece (or its equivalent)! 1STLT Grenville Sutcliffe (of whom more anon) later volunteered to retrieve them for me when he went on a mission to reconnoitre Khe Sanh Ville after the evacuation. (He told me that he liked bagpipes.) As it happened, he and the patrol he was with found a very warm reception from Khe Sanh's new occupants that didn't lend itself well to recovering musical instruments.

Late on the morning of January 22nd, a Marine helicopter took Lt Stamper to Khe Sanh to report to Colonel Lownds the base and area commander, about continuing ie defense of the Ville

COL Lownds later stated; "... after long consideration and proper evaluation of the facts I decided to evacuate the units."

His was the only logical decision. Despite the propaganda value of the village, and the demonstrated ability of the defenders. it had little tactical value. In addition, the village was too remote, and too difficult to continue to defend without tasking the artillery and other

support elements at KSCB too greatly. COL Lownds was of the opinion that he would soon need all his rounds for the main command, but even he didn't know how correct this would prove - the artillery ammunition dump would soon be a blazing inferno. In addition, the weather at that time of year would often preclude the use of the air support which had proved so useful in the defense, as we later came to see.

SGT Balanco said; "We received an agonizing radio message from LT Stamper telling us to pack up." LT Stamper also told him that "No R.F.'s or Bru with their weapons would be allowed on the helicopters to return to the combat base." (Indeed, to the Marines' disgust, no Bru or ARVN were allowed on the flights at all! They were inclined not to leave their brave counterparts, but they were ordered to do so, and, being Marines, complied. (It would not be the last order they would obey against their will at Khe Sanh.)

The evacuation was, as such things often are, chaotic, and included justifiably panicked Vietnamese and VA shelling. Six evacuation missions flew out. As the choppers took off, frightened Vietnamese civilians rushed to try to board. SGT Balanco, knowing that they would overload the aircraft and cause them and their crews and the wounded to be lost as well, fired "a few M-70 rounds" in the opposite direction, to hold them back. (The WIA's were Americans, including two U.S. Army NCOs from the Advisory Group).

SGT Balanco departed on the last helicopter out. Before he boarded, two Bru approached him carrying a badly burned man and asked the Marines to take him on board. The pilot reportedly shouted: "No one except Americans can go." and that he was departing immediately.

Balanco took out his pistol, thinking to put the man out of his misery, but change his mind. Instead, he "got him on that last chopper out."

Meantime, CPT Clarke also had received orders (from Robert Brewer), to evacuate. According to CPT Clarke, Brewer had wanted to try to hold the village, but without Marine artillery support, agreed that was not possible. However, CPT Clarke and SFC Perry declined to board the choppers. They had no intention of leaving their loyal Vietnamese counterparts to

whatever mercy they could gain from the NVA. Instead, they organized the remaining men of the 195th RF Company and a number of the Bru PFs, and marched back to the FOB-3 compound along a secret trail.

In my personal opinion, this was one of the bravest and boldest feats of this or any war, and CPT Clarke and SFC Perry should have been awarded at least an Army Cross for their exploits in defending the ville and leading this latter-day "Anabasis."

Ap-3 had not been attacked, but they also were ordered to evacuate their Bru hamlet of Ta Con (north of Khe Sanh) and returned to the combat base, here, the CAC Oscar Marines regrouped, and rejoined the RF troops and the popular Force Bru at the southern edge of the FOB-3 compound. However. Here they found another unpleasant surprise - the Marines refused to allow the Bru and Vietnamese troops on their portion of the combat base, supposedly because they feared they harbored spies among them. The CAP Marines, already distraught at having been ordered to retreat without their Bru, were truly in a quandary.

However, the Special Forces commander at FOB -3 {which was separate from and not subject to the orders of the Marine CO}, already had many Bru among his IDG teams. He happily accepted our counterparts - in fact, he was so glad to get them, he even accepted the Marines - though much less happily I have been told!

Visualize the scene in "Blazing Saddles where the towns people are debating accepting the Black, Chinese, and Irish railroad workers - but don't want the Irish.

There has been some debate as to who actually gave the orders to abandon the Bru and Viet troops. COL Lownds (in a Marine Oral History interview), said he had ordered the aerial evacuation of the Bru CAPs and RFs, but that they and CPT Clarke chose to walk out. However. the accounts of CPT Clarke and SGT Balanco make it clear that the orders came from the Marine command post, relayed by LT Stamper.

Of course, COL Lownds' orders may have been misunderstood by LT Stamper. It has also been speculated that it could also have been a decision of the pilots due to the situation in the LZ. However, it again seems clear

from CPT Clarke's and SGT Balanco's accounts that the command was generated earlier at a higher level.

Whatever its origins, it was a bad order, and only redeemed by the bravery of CPT Clarke and SFC Perry.

Later that afternoon, CPT Clarke led a Special Forces unit in by chopper from OB-3. They salvaged what they could, and destroyed everything of value to the enemy in the headquarters.

Despite the great valor of the defenders and their repulse of superior numbers of NVA, inflicting heavy losses upon them, this unit has never gotten more than a footnote or a paragraph or two at most in any histories I have read. (Ray Stubbe' being one of the rare exceptions.) This valiant defense, defeat of the NVA forces, and marching out of the indigenous defenders under CPT Clarke were one of the most impressive stories of that campaign. A small unit, less than 200 men. Fought off with few losses one of the finest regiments the NVA could throw at them, then marched back through the midst of their enemies.

**"THOSE REMEMBERED" 27 JUNE 1967
BY JIM "OLLIE" COLLINS
A CO 1/26**

2 Lt Dale Charles Allen

I/3/26 CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

SSGT William Ivor Tenney Bacon

06/29/67 H&S 3/26 * Died USS

Sanctuary

2Lt Lawrence Joseph Bolger

A/1/26

PFC Frederick Joseph Brenke

L/3/26 CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

L/Cpl Victor Lee Burns

A/1/26

Cpt Franklin Delano Bynum

L/3/26 CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

L/Cpl., Allan James Damian

A/1/26

L/Cpl Jeffrey Jay David

I/3/26 CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

Cpl Anthony DI Cesare Jr

I/3/26 CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

HM-3 Carl Douglas Dudley Jr

H&S 3/26 CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

L/Cpl Charles Manley Gattis Jr 07/05/1967

I/3/26 * Died Navy Hospital, Danang

L/Cpl Alejandro Ray Godinez

I/3/26 CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

SSgt Donald Paul Hamilton

I/3/26 CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

HM-3 Curtis Darrell Jackson

H&S 3/26

L/Cpl Freddie Lee Johnson

I/3/26 CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

Sgt Paul Eddie Kincaid

A/1/26

L/Cpl Charles Aaron Lynch

Sub Unit 5 HQ CO/HQ BN CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

L/Cpl., Francisco Mazariegos

Sub Unit 5 HQ CO/HQ BN CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

L/Cpl Kenneth Arthur Millard

I/3/26 CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

Cpl Dennis Alfred O'Connor

Sub Unit 5 HQ CO/HQ BN CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

PFC Paul Maldonado Rodriguez Jr

A/1/26

L/Cpl Glenn Edward Sanders 06/29/1967

A/1/26 * Died USS Sanctuary

Cpl James Merrill Shepard Jr

Sub Unit 5 - HQ CO/HQ BN CAC - OSCAR Hill 689

PFC Rick James Stewart

A 1/13

Cpl Edmund Burke Travis

I/3/26 A BTRY /1/13

Cpl Richard Lee Walker

I 3/26 CAC-OSCAR HILL 689

Cpl Stephen George Wassenich

I/3/26 CAC-OSCAR Hill 689

L/Cpl Jonathan Charles Whitticom

H&S 1/26

L/Cpl Ira Winard Williams

A/1/26

PFC William Jack Williams

I/3/26

OBIT

CECIL BUXTON, USMC KHE SANH VETERAN 2/9

Cecil "Buck" Buxton, 75, of Unionville, beloved husband of Donna Morocco, died unexpectedly Sunday March 8th. Born February 22nd, 1945 in Waterbury, son of the late Cecil A. and Dorothea (Burns) Buxton, he was a graduate of Lewis S. Mills High School in Burlington, Class of 1963 and the school of hard knocks. He served proudly as a U.S. Marine in the 2nd battalion 9th Marines in Vietnam and participated in two of the bloodiest battles of this War. The 1968 Battle of Khe Sanh was the longest, deadliest and most controversial of the Vietnam War, pitting the U.S. Marines and their allies against the North Vietnamese Army. Buck spent a total of 54 days in this battle.

And the battle at Dong Ha, which for 3 days in April and May of 1968, a beleaguered battalion of 652 Marines fought what was arguably the most tenacious and significant battle of the Vietnam War. Buck spent many years with his wife Donna taking many memorable trips to places like Puerto Rico, Las Vegas, California, Pennsylvania, Texas, Aruba and of course many delightful trips to Maine to visit his daughter and her family. He immensely enjoyed many winters in Myrtle Beach, SC and was even more delighted when his daughter and her children could join him for some extremely lively visits.

His grandchildren loved him deeply and even deeper than their love for "Grampa Buck" was their love for teasing Grampa Buck. His grandson Gage found great pleasure often hiding Grampa Bucks remote control which would always send Buck into quite an animated tizzy. He enjoyed great friends at his clubs The American Legion and VFW in Plainville and the Knights of Columbus in Unionville. He was named bartender of the year in 1996 at the Knights of Columbus in Unionville and he had a strong affinity for a cold Coors Light. Besides his wife, Buck is survived by his beloved daughter, Sarah B. Berry and her husband Jason of Newry, ME, his three grandchildren, Gage Buxton Berry, Jordan Berry

and Payton Berry, his two sisters, Cathy Buxton of Collinsville and Mary-Ann Schwarzmann of Farmington, his beloved Neicey WeeSees, Katie Garcia and Debbie Norton and Nephews Curt MacDonald. Burial with full Marine Corps Honors were held in Calvary Cemetery, Collinsville. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, 501 St. Jude Place, Memphis, TN 38105.

I GET MAIL By Jim Zechman



Just joined this FB group. This picture was taken on Hill 861 in late June of 1967. I was with Bravo 1/26. I'm the one without the shirt and to my left is Ron Norris of rockets. I was wounded about 3 weeks later on patrol out on Route 9. I was section leader of 60mm mortars at the time. I've been a life member of KSV for a long time but have yet to attend reunions. I do enjoy the Red Clay magazine and read it cover to cover. A special thanks to Craig Tourte, I enjoy your articles. Semper Fi all.

TYPHOON HITS THE DUC REFUGEE RICE FARMING VILLAGE (A TRUE STORY)

Morning. A steady rain douses a line of Vietnamese villagers as they wait to reach the first aid station set up by the Combined Action Program. Inside, 24-year-old U.S. Navy Corpsman Steve Blakemore uses antiseptic to clean a minor wound of one Vietnamese child, then applies a Band Aid to it. Another child with a thermometer in her mouth is seated next to him. The parents of the children thank Blakemore. One gives him food as a gift. The Corpsman returns the favor by handing each person

a bar of soap. There is obvious trust between this corpsman and the villagers.

In a South Vietnamese family's hut, two very tired Marines talk about the ceaseless rain of the monsoon season, now in full swing. The Marines are obviously living with the family, since a few family members are moving around the hut, as well. "I kept waking up last night hoping it has stopped raining," George Dros says. "It hasn't been more than two days, and it's already getting to me."

"I never thought it could rain this much—anywhere," Jack Cunningham says. "When I was a kid growing up in Rosedale, I thought it rained a lot, but that was a joke compared to this. I'm figuring today's patrol will have to be cancelled. There won't be rice patty dikes to walk on. They're flooded out. Under water, already."

The two Marines decide to cook up some C-rations. It's slim pickings. Jack looks through George's pack. "Hey, George, what are you going to eat—the ham and lima beans, pork slices or spaghetti?" "You take you want," George says. "I don't care which I get."

"You know what? Let's make a stew out of all of it," Jack says.

"Done deal. Sounds good," George says. "And I'll get some hot chocolate started."

The Marines walk around the hut trying not to get in the way of the Papasan, the village carpenter, whose workshop is part of the hut, and the Mamasan living there. Their two children follow the Papasan everywhere he goes as he tends to his carpentry.

"You know, George," Jack says, "I feel more comfortable in this hootch [hut] than any other one in the village. Papasan Bay is always trying to make us feel at home. I don't know how I know that, exactly, because he can't speak a word of English, but I know it."

"Yeah, me, too," George says. "He's a friend. It sounds corny as shit, but you can tell that without any words, right?" Jack nods.

As Jack starts to dish out the stew he has prepared, Papasan Bay walks over to the two men with a large bowl of rice, lays it in front of them and nods his head.

"Thanks," Jack says.

"Thank you," George says. Papasan leaves.

"Listen," Jack says, "Before we leave to go home we have to give this family something really nice. What would that be? They sort of have everything they need, right?"

"We'll figure something out, Jack," George says. "We've still got 136 days here. Hey, mix some of this rice in with your stew. It's great."

The two Marines finish breakfast, then clean their rusted weapons. "Somehow," Jack says, "sitting out in the rain for hours on patrol, waiting for Vietcong to attack, then getting the rust off my weapon, wasn't something I saw in any John Wayne flick," he says.

"Not that you're complaining," George laughs.

Marine Sergeant Phillip Assante walks into the hootch. "Dros, Cunningham, get up. The jeep from the Ca Co is on its way here. It's your turn to pick up the supplies. Try to make sure you keep the rain off the mail. The last time you guys went, all the writing in my letters had smudged off."

The two men grab their weapons and ponchos and start to walk down the water-covered path to the road. "I just don't know how it doesn't ever fucking stop raining," Jack says. "How are we going to walk back with all the supplies?"

"Very carefully," George says. "I don't want Assante pissed at us like last week."

The two men reach the road, but only after almost falling into the swollen rice patties a few times. "Where's the jeep. Should have been here by now," George says.

Two other Marines are coming up the path. "Hey," the shorter of them, named Neal, yells. "The jeep is stuck up the road. Sarge wants us to go up there and get the supplies."

"Sure," George says, "but that mud is a foot-and-a-half deep. How are we going to get the supplies back to the hootches?"

"No idea," the other newcomer Marine named Benny says. "But we better do it."

The four men start up the muddy road. Their feet slip and slid through the mud, as if it is ice and

slush.

"Why don't we just forget about supplies for the day?" Neal asks. He falls into the mud and is just starting to pick himself up when the Ca Co jeep shoots around a curve in the road.

"Jump on everybody! I can't stop or I'll get stuck again!" the driver yells.

The jeep slows down as the men try to get on. Three of them do.

"It's like trying to grab a greased pig," Benny, the last of them, laughs, as he's dragged across the muddy road.



"Grab him before he falls off," yells the driver.

The three marines stretch over the side and back of the jeep to try holding onto their friend. Mud files into their faces and into their mouths as they laugh. "I wish we had a movie camera to film this," Jack says.

The jeep comes to a full stop. Everyone lets go of Benny, sending his head crashing into the mud-caked truck. The laughter literally erupts now, with passing villagers joining in the fun.

"Hurry up and get your shit off the jeep," the driver yells. "I have another stop to make up at Hill 65. I don't have all day."

"Go f**k yourself," Benny says. "We're having a little fun." He picks himself up out of the mud.

"You compound bums always have it easy," Jack yells to the driver. "Sorry to inconvenience you."

As the rain starts to come down even harder, the four men unload the supplies. Within a minute, the

road has little lakes in between the huge mud tire tracks left by the jeep.

"Come on," the driver says. "If you don't hurry up, I'll never get back to Ca Co."

"Don't worry about it," laughs George. "You can always sleep out here in the village."

The marines finish unloading and start walking up the path.

"I think in just the last 45 minutes this water got a lot deeper."

"Agreed," says Neal.

"Watch it, Jack," George yells. "There's a snake right next to your left foot. Don't move."

"It's only a Buddha snake," Jack says.

"What the hell is that?" Neal asks.

"A snake that hangs around Buddhist shrines a lot. They like it cool and damp. They're not poisonous," Jack says. "But if this rain doesn't stop, there are going to be lots of snakes floating around, so thanks for the heads up."

They walk into the hootch. "Where do you want everything, Sarge?" George yells.

"I don't care what you do with the C rations, I just want my mail," Assante answers.

"Hate to tell you this, but there is none," George says.

"That makes four f**king days without mail!" Assante says.

"In my last CAP unit, we didn't get any for two weeks, one time," Jack says.

Assante lays himself back on his wooden bed, obviously laid low by not receiving mail. Mail was the lifeline to home. Without it, home seemed too far away.

"Who gets the peaches and pound cake from the C rations today?" Neal yells.

No one answers. Everyone is busy drying their socks and boots.

All of a sudden, a voice on the radio blares: "Charlie House 2, this is Charlie House. Come in." "This is Charlie House 2. Come in Charlie House,"

answers Assante.

"You better move your unit to the highest point of the village," the Ca Co radio man warns. "This rain is not supposed to let up. There's a typhoon heading this way from the Phillipines."

The men jump to their feet.

"What the hell is a typhoon?" Neal asks.

"It's like a hurricane, but with stronger winds and more rain," Jack says.

"Thanks for warning us," Assante tells the Ca Co radio man.

The radio goes silent. The men look into one another's eyes. No one has ever told them what to do when a typhoon hits. Most of the village is only five feet above sea level. Even the highest point was only a few feet higher."

"Don't panic," Assante says. "I think the school house is the highest point. We'll stay there. Get your gear. We move out in 10 minutes."

The worried Marines run out of the hootch to get their gear from the other hootches.

"Do you think the typhoon will actually hit us?" George asks Jack.

"No," Jack says, "Knowing the weathermen in New York, I don't think the Vietnamese are any better."

"Yeah, but there are American weathermen working here, too," George says.

"Then we definitely aren't getting hit," Jack jokes.

Jack and George try to explain to Papasan how the wind and rain are going to surge. It takes a few minutes, but Papasan eventually gets it and points to the rafters of the house.

"He's telling us not to worry," George says. "The family will go up there."

The two Marines pick up their gear and wave goodbye to their Vietnamese friends.

"I'm just hoping they'll be okay," George says, on the way out.

"He's got a good head on his shoulders," Jack says.

"Hurry up!" Assante yells at the two of them. "You two are always late."

The look on Jack's face says, "I'd love to put my foot in that guy's mouth."

The unit walks up the path and onto the muddy road. Man after man gets his boots and legs stuck in mud holes and can't get out without help from other Marines. A man slips into a road side river patty and is searching for his rifle.

They finally make it to the school house after what seems an eternity. Up ahead by 100 yards, the men see that the road is completely covered by the overflowing river.

"Thank God the V.C. aren't out today," Jack says. "I don't think I could handle the V.C. and the water."

"They could have wiped us out if they ambushed us on the road coming up here," George says.

"Don't stop worrying about them because of the higher water," Assante says, "They'll probably come looking for us tonight."

"With this much rain?" Jack says. "They'll have to attack us by boat." He laughs.

The school was comprised of three small concrete buildings and a tiny thatched hootch used by the school teacher.

"This place was built by CAP. They finished about a year-and-a-half ago," Jack says.

"And they don't appreciate it," Neal says. "They never do."

"Some of them do," Jack says. They invite us into their homes every day. Gotta be a reason."

"I guess," Neal says. "You're right, I guess."

The winds start to pick up as the day goes on. Rain pours into the school house from every open window. Even when the Marines try to cover the windows with their ponchos, the strong gusts of wind just tear them away.

The view of the mountains is all grey shadows. And the Marines know that rain falling on the mountains means water flowing down and into their alley.

"We can forget about trying for a night ambush tonight," Assante says. "We won't be able to go anywhere. If this keeps up, the school's gonna be gone, too, soon."

Darkness descends on the village. The winds only get stronger. The men walk around the school house trying to find good spots to lay out. Five P.F.s arrive at the school house.

"How deep is the water," Jack tries to ask them. One of them lays his M16 on the cement floor and a few ounces of water rushes out of the barrel. The other P.F.s laugh as they joke with one another in Vietnamese.

"How deep?" Jack asks, again. One of the P.F.s named Tiu smiles and raises his hand to his chest. "Um, that would be about four to four-and-a-half feet," George says.

"These guys risked their lives coming up here to be with us," Jack tells George.

"Make sure you let these P.F.s rest tonight," yells Assante. "They had to go through hell to get here. Everyone else takes turns on watch tonight. Two men at all times."

"But, Sarge, the place is completely surrounded by water. How can we be attacked?" "I don't care," Assante says.

The Marines argue about what time slots each of them will get. Those who can start to try to sleep. The next day is certain to be a tough one.

The howling winds and rains continue all through the night and, by the next to last watch, the water reaches the school house floor, slowly stretching its way across the concrete foundation. The men who were sleeping start to wake up from the dampness.

"Hey, Sarge, when are you going to call the Ca Co to get us out of here?" George asks, stepping off the concrete slab into the cold water.

"Scared already?" Assante says. "Wait until the water is at your waist, and I'll start thinking about getting us helicoptered out."

"Charlie House 2 . . . Charlie House 2, this is Charlie House," the radio man blares.

Assante grabs the radio. "Charlie House, this is

Charlie House 2."

"Weather looks like the typhoon will pass to the north of us," the radio man says. "But expect winds at 40 miles per hour and gusts to 70 miles per hour. The rain should continue all day. Tell us when you want out."

"Roger," Assante says.

Before long, the water is a foot deep in the school house, and climbing. The men's eyes keep returning to the radio, hoping that someone will make an independent decision to send a helicopter.

Jack and George sit on top of some of the desks, listening to a tape of the Beatles Abbey Road album. The water starts rising faster.

Assante is obviously losing his cool. "Alright," he says a minute later, "Get everyone into this building. I'm calling the Ca Co to get us out of here." He starts using the radio to do just that.

Everyone seems relieved. Help will be on the way. The trouble is that Assante has waited too long. There's a waiting list for a helicopter, and Ca Co tells Assante it will be at least an hour to get the men out.

Assante looks at the short P.F.s, with the water already up to their knees. "Start piling desks on top of one another," he orders the marines go around to the other buildings and collect desks, in case all of them need to be used. Even after an hour, there's no helicopter approaching—only the sounds of some in the distance.

The water rises to the P.F.s' waists.

The Marines start to lift the P.F.s out of the water and onto the desks.

"Don't move!" a Marine named Bill shouts. "There's a snake right by you George." The other Marines slowly climb onto desks to get away from a greenish snake that then dives under water. They all know this isn't a Buddha snake. It's a bamboo viper, one of the deadliest snakes in the world. It can kill a human in less than a minute.

When the snake reappears near George, ten M16 rifles fire, tearing it apart and sending it into the air outside the school building.

"You could have killed me!" George yells. The Marines laugh.

Then, all grow silent again, listening for the helicopter. And . . . then . . . they hear it.

By now, the water is six feet deep outside the school house and coming out the side of the building is impossible. So the Marines get up near the roof and pull it back. They succeed enough so that one person at a time can fit through.

Neal goes first. "Pass me up P.F.s!" he yells as he lowers his arms through the hole in the roof. The P.F.s are passed through the hole, one by one.

The helicopter pilot keeps trying to hover over the roof, but can't stay closer than 10 feet. There's too much wind and rain, and the heavy machine could easily crash down into the school and kill everyone. George pulls himself onto the roof just as one P.F. slips and starts falling off. Neal and George grab his legs and pull him to a safer position. The P.F. looks into their eyes with profound gratitude.

With the P.F.s and the two Marines on the school roof, a side door on the CH-46 copter lowers, exposing three Marines. "Jump up and grab my arms!" one of them yells. He lowers himself down from the doorway, with the two other Marines holding his feet to keep him from plummeting.

George and Neal forget about their own safety as they lift the short P.F.s to the outstretched arms of the hanging Marine.

The Marines in the school house are still waiting, as snakes swim below the desks they are perched upon . . .

When it's finally time for the Marines to be taken out of the school house, Jack remembers they have to collect all their weapons and make sure none are left behind. Some of their gear just has to be sacrificed to the waters.

The men lift two M.60 machine guns through the hole in the roof. As Neal tries to lift one of the guns up towards the helicopter, he feels his foot start to slip. He has to let go of the weapon. It falls into the rushing water. Filled with guilt, he looks at George and says, "F**k me. That weapon will be killing Marines."

"You would have fallen in with it," George assures him.

One at a time the Marines climb through the hole in

the roof. They are slowly rescued, despite harrowing odds.

George will be the next-to-last to be lifted into the helicopter.

Sergeant Assante will be the last to go.

"I wonder if all the villagers got out okay," George says.

"God willing," Assante says. "They have boats. They know floods."

Just as George jumps, a gust of wind pushes the helicopter away. Miraculously, George catches one of the arms of the hanging Marine. The helicopter has to keep swinging side to side in order for George to grab the Marine's other arm and be lifted into the copter. Assante comes aboard next.

The men look at one another. They're all Marines—willing to risk everything for one another, again and again.

"A man good enough to shed his blood for his country, is good enough to receive a square deal afterwards . . ."

-- Theodore Roosevelt

United States Marine Corps' Combined Action Program CAP TV Series CA Productions I served in CAP from about Jan. 1970 to Jan. 1971 This is a true story... Please email your comments to: Proud-CapMarine@earthlink.net

WILL NEVER FORGET FROM THE WEB

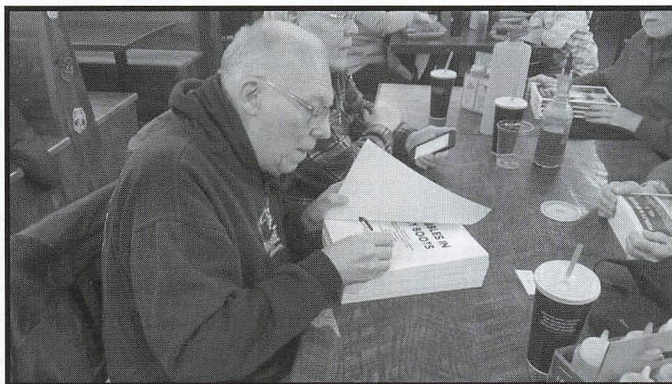
The stench of dead bodies, the look on the face of a dying Marine, the wounded children, the sound of incoming, the red dirt of Khe Sanh, night ambush, elephant grass, malaria pills, rice paddies, napalm, the impact of being hit by an enemy round, the calling in med-a-vacs, the silence before a firefight, the prayers to God, leeches, the size of the rats, landing in a "hot" LZ, sweeping through a ville, graffiti on helmets, willy peter, piling up dead gooks 6 foot high, bug juice, the 23rd Psalm, the ace of spades, homesickness, the taste of C-rats, calling in arty, round eyed girls, when one bandage was never enough, being pinned down, memories of home, the Tet Offensive, humping the bush, short timer's calendar, the motto of the 3rd Battalion 26th Marines, calling in choppers, removing the bandages, the smell of Charlie, photos from home, walking point, the monsoons, punji pits, the sound of shrapnel fly-

ing through the air, R&R, watching a buddy get blown away, pulling the trigger, burning shitters, booby traps, crossing in the open, digging in, mosquitoes, combat, bagging sand, the wall, jungle heat, Danang, zippo raids crawling inside a flak jacket, being afraid for 13 months, he welcome home, gook haircuts, the faces, counting the days, being short, entering a hooch, beetle nut, fire missions, picking up what's left, the taste of canteen water, tunnel rats, sit-reps, trip wires, salt pills, mine sweeps, thousand pounders, Phu Bai, the meaning of "Hard Corps", body bags, Christmas 1967, what not to write in letters sent home, the shots, interrogating enemy prisoners Ham & Limas, standing watch, bumming smokes, our last night in country, Malayan whips, building bunkers, Hanoi Hanna, the flight home and... American ignorance.

FROM THE WEB



PHOTOS OF OUR FOUNDER CHAPLAIN RAY W. STUBBE, WHO IS HOME FROM A VISIT TO THE VA. WISH HIM WELL. RAY W. STUBBE, 8766 PARKVIEW CT, WAUWATOSA, WI 53228, 414-771-2729



RAY, AUTOGRAPHING SOME OF HIS PUBLICATIONS



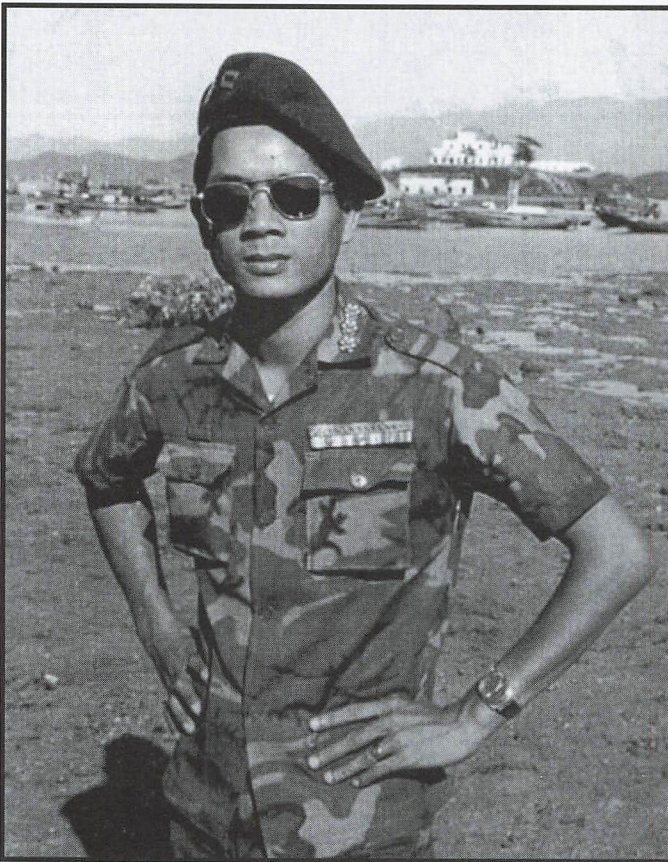
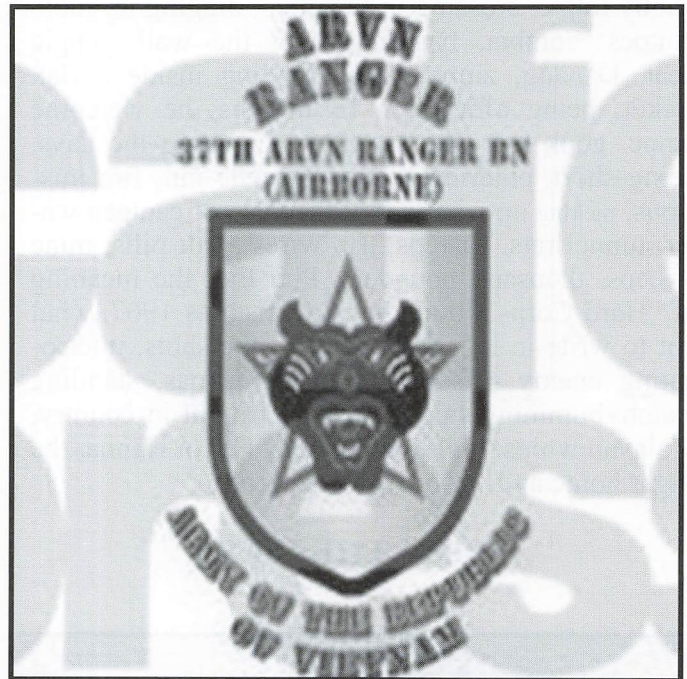
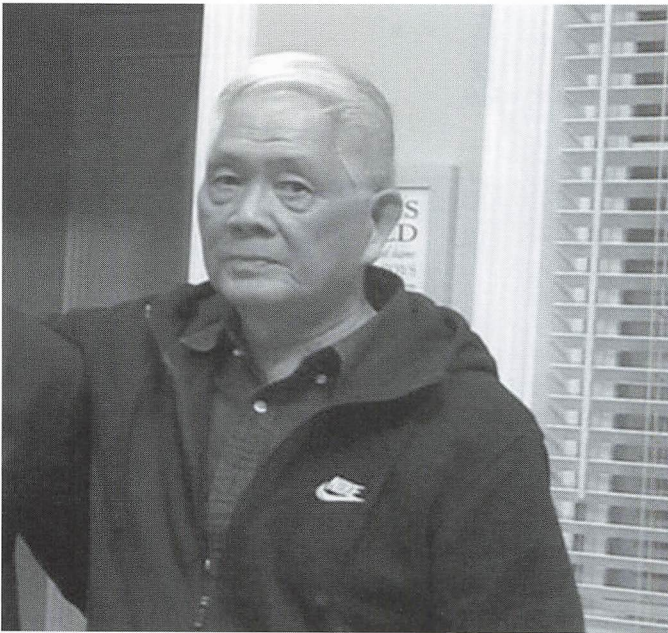
I used this photo in my book, Missing on Hill 700. My brother, Tony Pepper, took this while in Vietnam, but I have no idea who these two are... might ANYONE know?? I would so love to have their names
Carrie Pepper



JOHN "LUM" LOMBARDO, MIKE CO 3/26 1ST PLATOON



SUPPER TIME

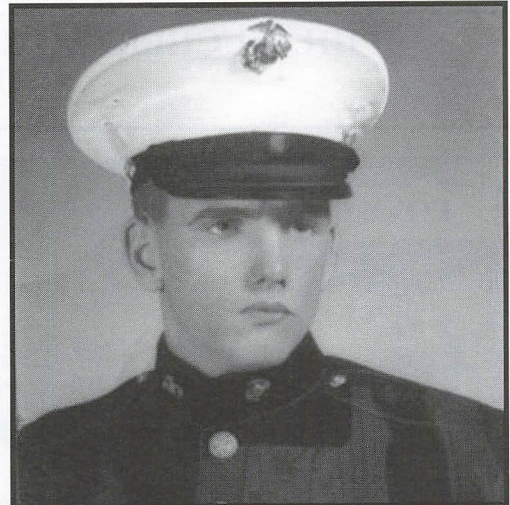
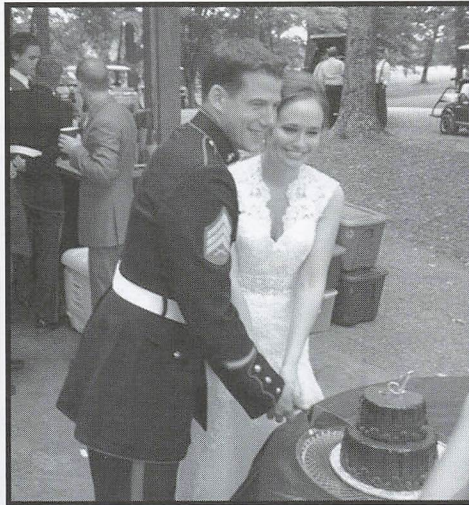


Hoang Phc, Commander of the 37th ARVN Ranger Battalion. In the Tet Offensive 1968, his 37th Ranger Battalion and the US Marines fought and defended Khe Sanh base, against the North Vietnamese Army. After the battle, Captain Hoang Pho was promoted to Major. Later in the war, he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and became the Deputy Commander of the 12th Ranger Group in the I Corp.

They were known as the Black Panthers (note his patch). They had recently come from Hue City where their relatives were murdered along with all priests while the Black Panthers were south of Phu Bai helping the CAP Marines in the villages fight off attacking VC during Tet. When the young Captain linked into the Khe Sanh lines, he chose the only approach suitable for NVA tanks. He told Col. Lownds that his brother commanded an NVA tank unit, and when he came, his brother would not get by his Black Panthers. Stand gentlemen, he served at Khe Sanh.



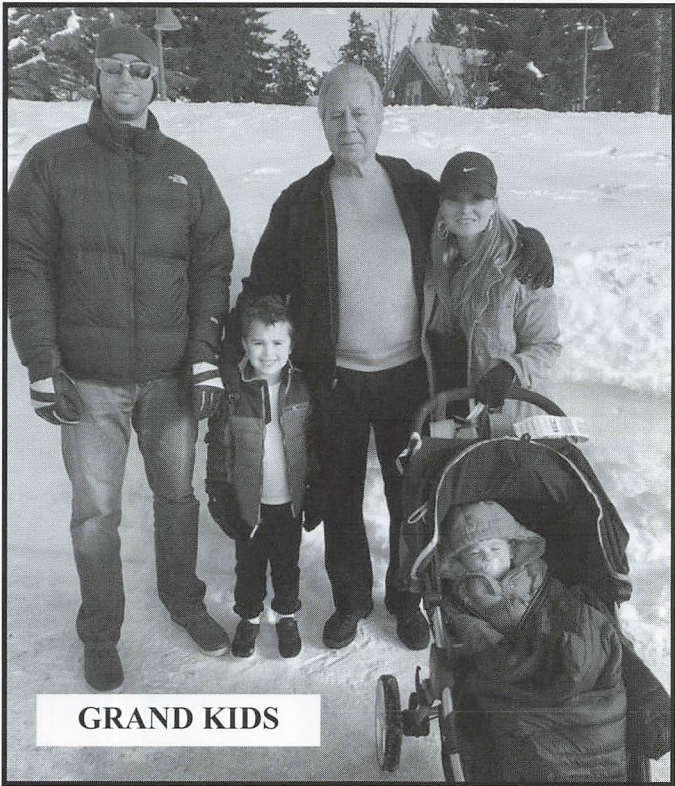
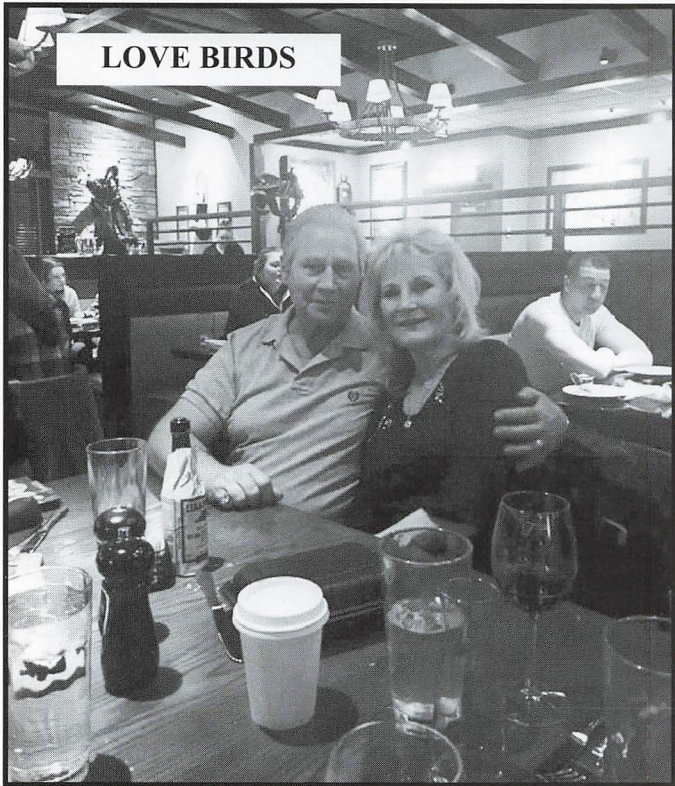
A very Happy Birthday to my Brother...Bill Aiello...Served with the Marines in VN & retired as a MP in the Army...He is a proud Husband, Dad, and Grand-Pa...His wife Jo is a Marine and his son William was also a Marine...I am proud Brother



I GET PICTURES



PHIL NUCHERENO & LOVELY WIFE LYNN WITH A BUNCH OF GOOD FRIENDS



KHE SANH VETERANS IN THE NEWS

A FRIENDSHIP FORGED IN WAR REKINDLED 50 YEARS LATER, AND A HEARTFELT GIFT

By Bill Lohmann, Richmond Times Dispatch



During a luncheon last week, Vietnam War Veteran Mike Bonacci (Right) shows a watch given to him by Ron Echols. The watch is a replacement for one lost during the war.



In December 1967, Ron Echols, a Marine platoon Sergeant, had been in Vietnam less than a year and had never quite hit it off with his platoon commanders - one had rotated home, one had been wounded, one had been relieved of his duties. Then Mike Bonacci arrived.

As lieutenants went, Echols said with a laugh, Bonacci was on the ball." We worked together for about

three months,' Echols, who was 21 and from Ohio, said of Bonacci, who was 24 and from Pennsylvania. "we became buddies."

Out on patrol one day, terrible sound of someone stepping on a booby trap. It was Bonacci, Echols raced to the front to help.

"I thought his foot was blown off," Echols said, "His leg was " shredded from the shrapnel."

A corpsman bandaged him up. Echols helped lift Bonacci's stretcher onto a helicopter for transport to a ho spital.

Bonacci asked: Echols to take the watch off his arm. Echols had taken a liking to Bonacci's distinctive Zodiac Sea Wolf, a diving watch, over the months they'd gotten to know each other, often joking that Bonacci should sell it to him for \$10.00 or some other ridiculous price.

Echols thought Bonacci wanted him to put the watch in the lieutenant's pocket so he wouldn't lose it. No, Bonacci said, "Put it on. I want you to have it.

Echols replied, Ok, I will keep it until next time I see you."

That turned out to be a very long time. Before we get to the rest of the story, however, I should tell you that a lot happened in the ensuing years.

Echols was later wounded during an ambush as he was maneuvering troops against the enemy. Losing the watch in the confusion. He returned to the States, after four years in the Marines, having received a Purple Heart and Bronze Star and retiring as a second Lieutenant. He settled in Richmond because his wife, Sue, is from here. He's been here since 1968.

Over the years, he searched for Bonacci from time to time - wondering if he'd made it home and how he was doing with out luck.

A few years ago, he attended a reunion and saw Bonacci's name on a platoon roster. He hadn't had the correct spelling of Bonacci's last name. The search was on again, and this time in 2017 there was success. Or as Echols tells it, he was from Northeast Pennsylvania. I was from Ohio, and I found him in Fredericksburg.

Echols placed a call and Bonacci couldn't believe it was his old friend. They met the next day, talking for three

hours. Ron filled in a lot of the blanks I had, "Bonacci said."

One of the blanks that Bonacci filled in was that he been told, while recuperating at a hospital in Japan. that Echols had been killed Hence, he never searched for Echols once he was back stateside.

Bonacci, who operated an insurance agency in Fredericksburg. spent most of a year in and out of hospitals as doctors- saved his leg and foot. He still walks with a bit of a limp. and he needs to stop every couple of hours on car trips to get out and stretch. But he's dealt with it. knowing the alternative.

"I'm glad I'm here.' he says.

The men see each other regularly now, volunteering as docents at the National Museum of the Marine Corps along Interstate state 95 in Triangle .

"He and I are the only two docents at the museum who served in combat together" Echols said. Echols teaches a class on combat leadership for sergeants at Marine Corps Base Quantico talking about his experience in Vietnam, including the time he captured about 50 Viet Cong soldiers without firing a shot.

He had been leading a small patrol, when the area became overrun with Viet Cong. Badly out numbered. Ech-



ols had his men hide in a ditch next to a road until the Viet Cong passed except they didn't pass by. They came to a standstill on the dirt road, a few yards from where Echols and his men were hiding. Echols still isn't sure why he did this, but he leaped from the ditch, yelled the Vietnamese word for "stop" and they did. Help arrived soon, and the Viet Cong were taken prisoner.

He also tells the story about Bonacci. When Bonacci is available, he introduces him at the end. which is always a nice moment.

He did that last week when he was asked to speak at the monthly Houston-Holicky-Sitter Veterans Group lunch in the upstairs meeting room at the Publix on John Rolfe Parkway.

When Echols introduced Bonacci, the audience, mostly Marines stood up and applauded in an extended standing ovation. But that wasn't all

Echols, now 73, invited Bonacci 76 to the front of the room and pulled out a small box

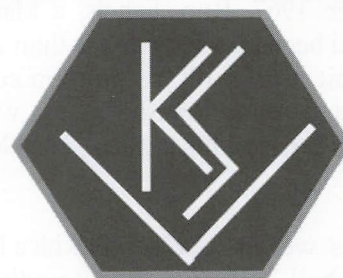
"Mike", I lost that watch," said Echols handing Bonacci a watch with the Marine Corps emblem on its face. "but I got you a replacement.

"Love you, man.' Bonacci said after lunch that he was surprised by the watch and gratified by the friendship with Echols they have rekindled, "I'm glad I made the trip." he said of the drive from Fredericksburg, "and I am glad we reconnected."

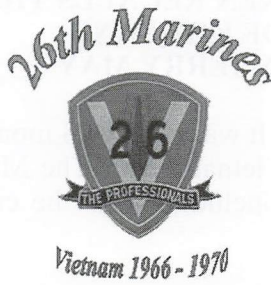
I GET PICTURES



Had another really great trip this year with Dave (Doc) Leverton and Barb. Dave was one of our 2nd PLT Corpsman who was wounded Feb 7th 1968 on hill 861. Proud to call him brother...



WELCOME HOME 26TH MARINES Old Article Brings back Memories



The Marine regiment that defended Khe Sanh has returned home.

More than 300 Marines of the 26th Regiment landed at the El Toro Marine Corps Air Station, carrying their colors, command element and a record of almost three years of steady combat.

They were greeted by five Marine Generals, including General Leonard F. Chapman, Jr. Commandant of the Marine Corps, as well as several hundred mothers, wives and sweethearts.

The return of the 26th Marines the regiment that turned a siege into defeat for two NVA divisions in early 1968, as part of the President's Phase III redeployment of troops from Vietnam.

In formation, commanded by Col James E. Harrell the returnees heard the Commandant say "You have earned your rest and these colors have earned their rest, too. Thank you for your service, Marines, and welcome home."

The 26th Marines became a unit of the 5th Marine Expeditionary Brigade, commanded by BGen Ross T. Dwyer. The regiment was deactivated at Camp Pendleton. The unit won the Presidential Unit Citation for its defense of Khe Sanh, and prior to leaving Vietnam, it was presented the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry,

KSV IN THE NEWS

LATE DOCTOR, ADVOCATES FOR DISABLED TO RECEIVE GREENSBURG ALUMNI HONORS

BY Jeff Himier
DANIEL PULTZ, USMC KHE
SANH VETERAN

A Vietnam veteran who assists today's wounded

warriors, a consultant for nonprofits who advocates for people with physical challenges and a late Greensburg pediatrician who cared for young patients for more than 60 years will be honored at April's annual Greensburg Salem Distinguished Alumni banquet.

Presented by the nonprofit Greensburg Salem Education Foundation at Ferrante's Lakeview in Hempfield, the latest alumni awards will recognize, respectively, Daniel Pultz of Pittsburgh's North Side (Class of 1961), Linda Dickerson of Pittsburgh (1978) and the late Dr. Pascal Spino (1941).

The event has been held since 2014. It honors graduates of Greensburg High School and Greensburg Salem High School who are "dedicated to public service professionally and personally" and serve as role models for today's youth.

Pultz, who grew up in Southwest Greensburg, served two tours as a Marine Corps officer in the Vietnam War, surviving the siege of Khe Sanh. He was awarded the South Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry with Silver Star.

In a varied civilian career, Pultz worked as a counselor and cottage supervisor at the Warrendale Youth Development Center for adjudicated delinquent boys, founded the Chariot Group of Companies, which specialized in leasing cars, and developed Applied Business Computers, a technology firm that sold and serviced hardware and software networks for regional companies.

Most recently, he assisted at Semper Fi Odyssey, a transition program for wounded service members. He has been a team leader at 47 of the program's weeklong events, accumulating more than 10,000 volunteer hours.

Dickerson operates 501(c)(3) Squared, a Pittsburgh firm that provides management consulting services to clients including nonprofit organizations, and is a principal in Lynch and Dickerson Resource Development. She serves on the boards of the River City Brass Band, Pittsburgh Zoo & PPG Aquarium and Carnegie Mellon University and is an ex officio member of the Point Park University board. She has chaired the boards of Pittsburgh Ballet Theater and Visit Pittsburgh and served for two years as CEO of the National Aviary in Pittsburgh.

Dickerson, who uses a wheelchair, is a longtime advocate for disability rights. As noted by the non-

profit Disability Rights Pennsylvania, Dickerson founded and served on the board of Accessibility Development Associates, an organization that performs accessibility audits around the country.

She worked with entertainment venues to ensure they have wheelchair-accessible seating and created a business plan for Bender Consulting, a company that operates nationally to locate jobs for people with disabilities. She also is credited with working toward passage of the Americans with Disabilities Act in 1990.



Spino earned the Citizens Service Before Self Honor from the Medal of Honor Association, in 2011, "for a lifetime commitment to treating children, often not charging those who could not afford health care." He received the Westmoreland County Community College Humanitarian Award in 2001.

A World War II Navy veteran, he served as a lieutenant on the medical ship the USS Hope. In a 2008 Tribune-Review story, he noted that his desire to become a doctor was reinforced after he contracted tuberculosis as a teenager and spent time in a sanatorium.

Spino retired from medical practice in 2008 and was 91 when he died on July 27, 2013. His son, Domenic Spino, is expected to accept the alumni award on his behalf.

MORE KSV IN THE NEWS

JERRY WILCOXEN RECALLS THE BATTLE OF KHE SANH BY JERRY MAY

KEATCHIE, La. - It was a busy 13 months for Jerry Wilcoxen in the Vietnam War. The Marine fought in 22 campaigns, including what he calls "the big one."

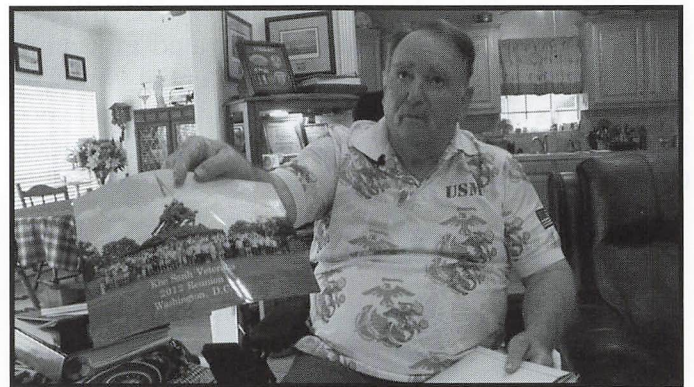
He was among about 5,500 Marines who were cut off and surrounded by three North Vietnamese Army divisions. That meant they were outnumbered nearly 4 to 1 and under siege. Jerry was just out of Woodlawn High School. It was now January of 1968, when he and his fellow Marines were attacked at their garrison. So began The Battle of Khe Sanh.

"The longest 77 days," Jerry says. "Some days you might take 12, 13-hundred incoming rounds. People don't understand what that's like. It's very unnerving."

"You just lay there and take it. That's all you can do and hope it stops at some point before it gets you," Jerry added. "They'd just shell, bomb. Shell, bomb. Everybody around me either got hit or got killed."

"There were times I thought my number was up, but it just didn't work out that way. I had a little something to say about it," he went on to say.

The North Vietnamese would fire, then hide their big guns in caves. But with improving weather, the U.S. brought in their big weapons from above.



Jerry Wilcoxen holds a group photo with fellow survivors of the Battle of Khe Sanh, as they gathered at the U.S. Marine Corps War Memorial in Washington, D.C.

"I really think what broke their backs was the B-52 strikes," Jerry says.

He described watching the bombers make drop on long lines of NVA targets.

"A mile across there, one plane would just blow it up. Boom boom boom boom boom," Jerry rattled off.

The U.S. inflicted thousands of casualties on the NVA and Viet Cong, while losing an estimated 1,500 of our own before withdrawing from Khe Sanh.

Jerry wasn't wounded there. But he was a few months later at another battle. He was hit by shrapnel in three places. Some of it's still in his left arm.

"They asked me if I wanted a Purple Heart," Jerry recalled. "I said, 'Purple Heart and ten cents would get me a cup of coffee.' And I just kept on going."

Jerry shrugs off the effects of the war, like PTSD and some ailments from Agent Orange, just like he did not getting that Purple Heart. After his stint in the Marines, Jerry built an air conditioning service business.

NAVAL CHAPLAINCY SCHOOL AND CENTER RETURNS TO NEWPORT

The Naval Chaplains School, as NCSC was once known as, resided in a building at Naval Station Newport, dedicated and named for Lt. Robert Raymond Brett, a Navy chaplain killed in action while serving with Marines in Vietnam in 1968. In 2009, NCSC moved from Naval Station Newport's Brett Hall to Fort Jackson, South Carolina as part of the 2005 Base Realignment and Closure Commission. Bringing chaplain and religious program specialists (RP) training together, the combined training location was renamed the Naval Chaplaincy School and Center.

In March 2019, the NCSC returned to Newport, Rhode Island and to its historic home in Brett Hall. Throughout a year of renovations and updates, the NCSC continued to train chaplains and RPs and to develop and deliver ready, relevant religious ministry training to achieve fleet readiness. Initial training for chaplains occurs at NCSC in Newport and initial RP training in Meridian, Mississippi. Throughout their careers, chaplains and RPs return to NCSC for further rank-based training.

"I'm very excited about NCSC's return to New-

port," said Lt. Cmdr. Justin Hayes, an instructor at NCSC. "By moving back here we're reconnecting with our roots as Sailors. Those who leave here go to their commands ready to help strengthen the warfighter's spirit. A lot of the different weights we carry on our shoulders can degrade mission readiness, and it's the chaplain's role to be someone who breathes fresh life into the fighting spirit of the warrior."

Brett Hall's namesake felt called to become a Catholic priest from a young age and was commissioned as a lieutenant in the Navy in June 1967. On Feb. 22, 1968, five months after arriving in Vietnam and six months after graduating from Naval Chaplains School, Brett and his Marine chaplain assistant, Cpl.

Alexander Chin, were in the midst of the 77-day siege of Khe Sanh. A helicopter arrived at their position, which Brett and Chin intended to board but they waived off and returned to the trench, aware that the Marines were continuing to take fire and that care would need to be offered. Moments later, the area was attacked with a barrage of 122mm rockets, with at least one hitting their trench. Brett



Photo By Petty Officer 2nd Class Derien Luce | 200313-N-EL867-0028 NEWPORT, R.I. (March 13, 2020) Capt. Steven R. Moses, commanding officer of Naval Chaplaincy School and Center (NCSC), right, and Rear Adm. Brent W. Scott, Navy Chief of Chaplains, left, cut the ribbon to formally commemorate the relocation of NCSC to Naval Station Newport and Brett Hall. NCSC develops and delivers religious ministry training to achieve fleet readiness. (U.S. Navy photo by Mass Communication Specialist 2nd Class Derien C. Luce)

and Chin were killed, along with six other Marines. All NCSC students are encouraged to uphold Brett's example through his ministry of presence, continued care, and selfless devotion to duty with Brett embodying the Chaplain Corps motto, *Vocati ad Servitium*, "Called to Serve." Brett and Chin's legacies

continue to reverberate in the halls of NCSC where chaplains and RPs prepare to be with Sailors, Marines, and Coastguardsmen when the next fight comes.



WE MISS OUR FRIENDS



OBIT

**SGT/MAJ RALPH F. SARGENT, USMC,
KHE SANH VETERAN, C BTRY, HQ
BTRY & WHISKEY BTRY 1/13.**

AUGUSTA – Ralph F. Sargent, 84, of Augusta died Tuesday, March 24, 2020 at VA Hospice Unit Togus Springs. He was born in Gardiner on the 28th of March 1935, the son of Grandville M. “George” Sargent and Georgia I. Holloway Sargent. He attended schools in South China and Gardiner. He was a member of the class of 1954. He furthered and completed his education in the military and completed some accounting courses at Mid-State



College in Augusta.

He entered the Marine Corps Reserve at the age of 17 with his long-time friend, Arthur J. Baker. They went on active duty in 1954 and integrated into the regulars the same year. He completed over 24 years of service and obtained the rank of Sergeant/Major, E-9. His service awards were the Bronze Star and Marine Commendation with the combat V for Vietnam during his first tour. Other awards consist of the Combat Action Ribbon, Vietnam Service 6th award, Presidential Unit Citation 3rd award, Marine

Good Conduct 7th award, and National Defense 2nd award. And other awards include The Cuban Blockade and Vietnam Cross of Gallantry w/Palm, Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal Device.

He fought in the Battle of Khe Sanh, where his unit was surrounded for 77 days. It was the fourth biggest battle in the history of the Marine Corps. Tours of duty included five different times at Camp Lejeune, N.C., Parris Island, S.C. as a drill instructor, recruiting duty in Woonsocket, R.I., two Mediterranean cruises, Quantico, Va., two tours at Guantanamo Bay Cuba after the blockade in 1962, four tours in the far east at 13 months each, at NROTC Unit in Auburn, Ala., and retired from the instructor and inspector staff at Lawrence, Mass. on Sept. 30, 1976.

He also served or traveled on 23 different ships during his career. He married his high school sweetheart, Orise M. Bean, on Jan. 14, 1955. They lived in several states on the eastern seaboard. Both of his children were born while he was in the military. After retirement, he worked for Capital Security Police for four years and 11 years at Digital Equipment Corporation retiring as a senior supervisor. He and his wife traveled to Alaska and Hawaii. They spent their summers in northern Maine at their camp on Lake St. Froid, Winterville. They also took many trips to Las Vegas, using their time share. He was a member of American Legion Post 4, Gardiner, ME, VFW Post 9, Gardiner, and he was the Commandant of the Marine Corps League Detachment 599. He was an avid hunter, fisherman, and gardener, canning and freezing many of his own vegetables.

He is survived by his wife of 65 years, Orise; daughters Deborah L. Berner and her husband Thomas of Augusta and Cynthia A. and husband Patrick Woodside of Sidney; grandchildren Eric L. Proctor and his wife Megan of Richmond, Allen M. Proctor and his wife Shannon of Plymouth, Mass., Shawn Irish of Augusta, Nicholas and Lauren Woodside of Sidney; and great-grandchildren Sophie and Ethan Proctor of Richmond, Charlotte Proctor of Plymouth, Mass. and Bryson Irish of Augusta. Services will be held at a later date



OBIT

**COLONEL ROY BAHR, USSF US ARMY,
C/O FOB-3 KHE SANH VIETNAM**

He was born and raised in Jacksonville, Florida and swam competitively at the University of Florida. He spent summer as the sole lifeguard along the Jacksonville beaches.

He joined the Naval Air Reserves on his 17th birthday and served as an aviation ordinance man until 1950. He joined the Army and attended Infantry Officer Candidate School at Ft. Benning in 1951. He



volunteered for Special Forces and earned his Green Beret in 1962. His first assignment was at the Special Warfare School as an instructor in the Unconventional Warfare Dept.

He attended the Command and General Staff College in 1963 and the Defense language Institute studying Spanish. He was then assigned to the Irregular Warfare Committee at the School of the Americas in Panama.

He also served as a Training Advisor to the Chilean Army earning Chilean Jump Wings. In 1968 he volunteered for Vietnam and served with MACV SOG as the Commanding Officer of FOB-3 in Khe Sanh which was under siege when he arrived.

He commanded FOB-1 in Phu Bai and FOB-2 in Kontum. He then became the Commanding Officer of Command and Control Central. In 1969 he was the Deputy Commanding Officer of the 10th Special Forces Group at Ft. Devens, MA. In 1971 he was promoted to Colonel and assigned to the joint US-Spanish Permanent Secretariat. In 1973 he was assigned to the US Readiness Command at MacDill AFB. Col. Bahr retired in 1974. He had served during the Korean and Vietnam Wars.

Among his many awards and decorations are the Bronze Star, Legion of Merit, Soldiers Medal, Air Medal w/OLCs, Combat Infantryman's Badge and Master Parachutist Badge. He also earned numerous Service and Campaign Medals.

After his retirement he built homes in Montauk, NY and restored Victorian and Colonial homes in Newport, Rhode Island. He was active in real estate in Florida, Rhode Island and North Carolina. He was a diehard Gators fan and enjoyed watching football games. He enjoyed Golf and was an avid reader.

Roy remained involved in many veteran's activities and was especially fulfilled by his MACV SOG friendships. He was inducted into the Infantry OCS Hall of Fame in 1972. He was a member of the Special Forces Association Chapter 21, Special Operations Association, Khe Sanh Veterans, DAV, VFW, OCS Alumni Assn. and the Military Officers Association of America.

Roy is survived by his wife, Maxine; step-son, Mark [Kristin]; granddaughter, Anna; sister, Audrey, many nieces, nephews, their children, and his many friends and comrades. Roy was buried at Arlington National Cemetery.



THE RAINBOW HERBICIDES OF THE VIETNAM WAR ERA IT WASN'T JUST AGENT ORANGE



2,4,5-T
AGENT GREEN



2,4,5-T
AGENT PINK



2,4-D,2,4,,5-T
AGENT PURPLE

USED: 1962

PURPOSE: DEFOLIATION
OF JUNGLE VEGETATION

IN VIETNAM: 365 DRUMS
(20,056 GALLONS)

USED: 1961-1963

PURPOSE: DEFOLIATION
OF JUNGLE VEGETATION

IN VIETNAM: 1,315 DRUMS
(72,256 GALLONS)

USED: 1962-1963

PURPOSE: DEFOLIATION
OF JUNGLE VEGETATION

IN VIETNAM: 12,475 DRUMS
(685,474 GALLONS)

**THEY SENT YOUNG MEN TO VIETNAM TO DIE AND SOME OF
THEM DID. THE REST OF THEM HAVE BEEN DYING IN BITS AND
PIECES SINCE THE FIRST DAY THEY SENT THEM HOME**

THE RAINBOW HERBICIDES OF THE VIETNAM WAR ERA



CACODYLIC ACID
AGENT BLUE



2,4 D,PICLORAM
AGENT WHITE

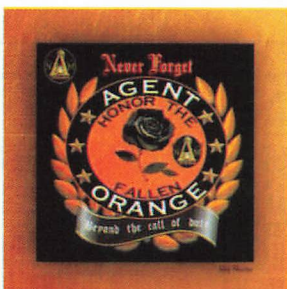


2,4-D,2,4,,5-T
AGENT ORANGE

USED: 1966-1972
PURPOSE: CROP
DESTRUCTION
IN VIETNAM: 29,330 DRUMS
(1,611,619 GALLONS)

USED: 1966-1972
PURPOSE: DEFOLIATION
OF JUNGLE VEGETATION
IN VIETNAM: 104,800 DRUMS
(5,758,328 GALLONS)

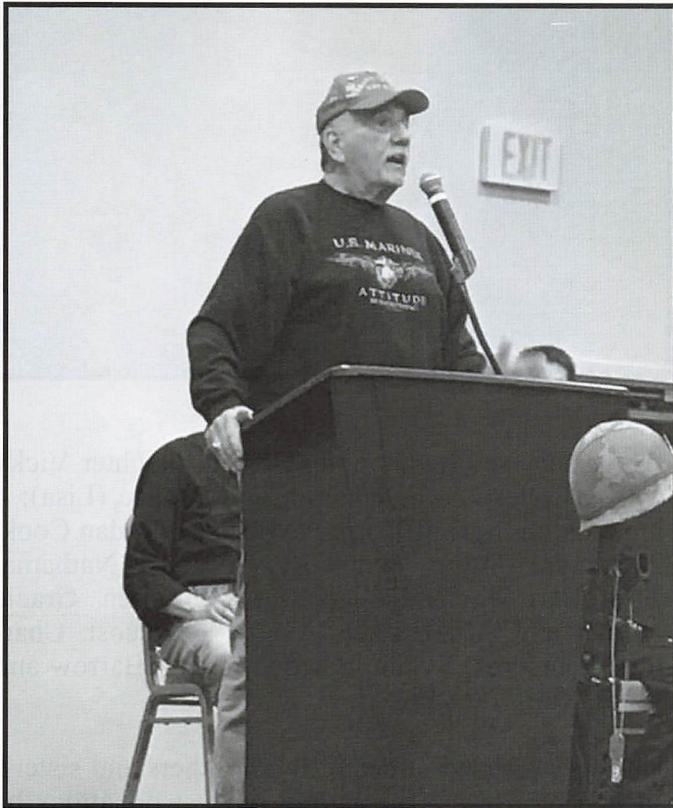
USED: 1965-1970
PURPOSE: DEFOLIATION
OF JUNGLE VEGETATION
IN VIETNAM : 208,330
DRUMS (11,447,272 .
GALLONS)
(685,474 GALLONS)



KSV IN THE NEWS

TOM QUIGLEY BRAVO CO 1/26 KHE SANH VETERAN

Here is BRAVO! Marine Tom Quigley who was guest speaker today for Illinois' annual Vietnam Veterans Recognition Day, always held the last Saturday of March. In one of those coincidences that



Skipper Kenneth Pipes believed were not coincidences at all, this year's event was on March 30, the precise 51st anniversary of the Payback Patrol. Today's event was held at the Mt. Zion Civic Center. We salute you, Tom! Semper Fi.

SPEAKER'S BIOGRAPHY

Tom Quigley was born on August 11, 1948, in Springfield, IL. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in March of 1966, and served a tour in Vietnam from June 1967 to March 30, 1968. He was wounded March 30 during the Siege of Khe Sanh and was awarded the Purple Heart on April 1, 1968 while on the

hospital ship the USS Repose.

As a result of his wounds, he spent 10 days on the Repose and 2 months in a Naval Hospital in Japan. He was honorably discharged in June 1969, with the rank of Sergeant. In 2010 he had the opportunity to participate in a documentary, "Bravo: Common Men, Uncommon Valor", in which he was interviewed about his experiences in Vietnam and the Siege of Khe Sanh.

A life long resident of Springfield, he spent almost 35 years in the automotive business, as sales manager and then as a wholesale representative. He retired in 2015.

Tom lives in Springfield with his wife Nancy who he married in 1980. They have 2 children, a son Shane (companion Nixon) and daughter Erin (husband Jacob), 2 granddaughters, Julia and Autumn, a grandson, Carlin, plus a bonus grandson, Arlo.

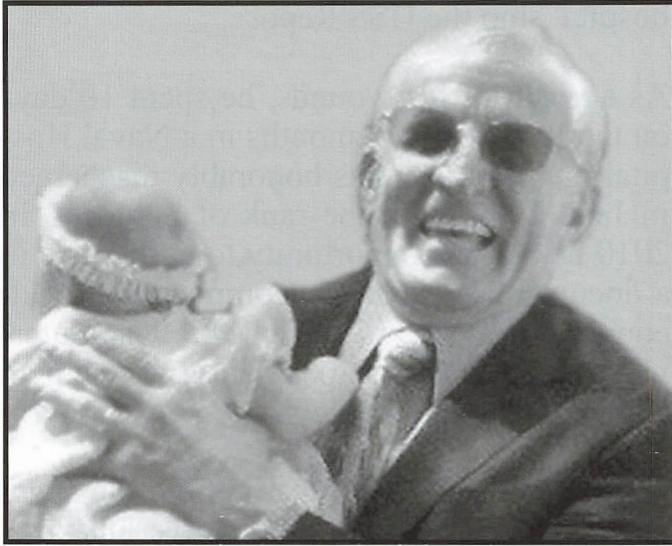
OBIT

M/SGT DAVID MAGEE USMC KHE SANH VETERAN HMM-364 PURPLE FOXES

Dave was born April 22, 1943 in Salt Lake City, Utah to Agnes Greer and Harry Dewey Magee Sr. He was raised by his mother Agnes and his stepfather Benjamin Edwin Anderson.

At seventeen year's old, Dave enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. He was a Vietnam Veteran and retired as a Master Sergeant after twenty years of service. During his time in the Marine Corps he made many lifelong friends. One of the highlights of his Marine Corps service was to be a member of the helicopter squadron HMM-364 Purple Foxes. In his retirement years he enjoyed acting as webmaster for the squadron alumni as well as organizing multiple reunions to help bring these brothers back together.

He married Geneil Paget in Jacksonville, North Carolina on September 9, 1967. Geneil would say their



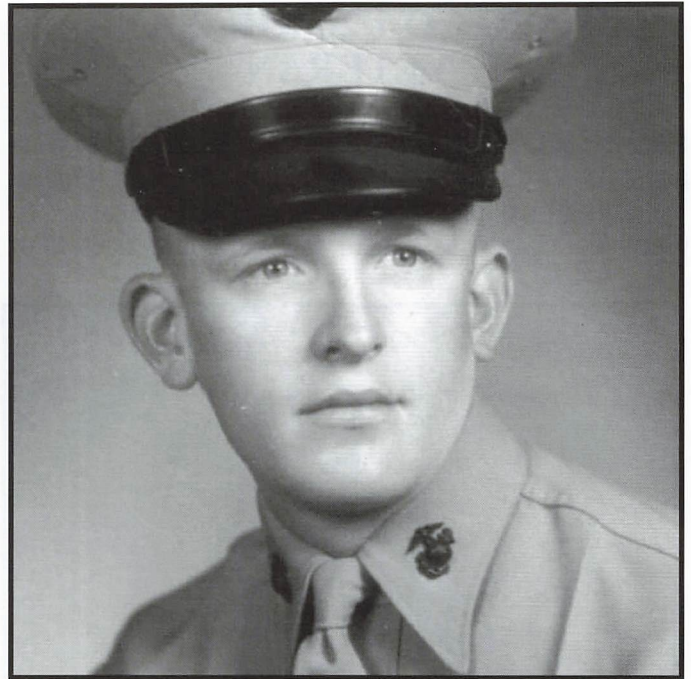
relationship was adventurous and loving. Dave always said that even though he grew up in a big family he came to understand what family really was after he married Geneil. His children and grandchildren often teased them about spending so much time together.

Dave recently celebrated thirty-five years of sobriety. He was actively involved in Alcoholics Anonymous.

It was rare to see Dave sitting still until later in his retirement. He was always on the go and working on a project. Dave enjoyed spending the day on his favorite trout stream. He loved woodworking and



always had a project in progress. His favorite past time was spending time with his grandchildren and great grandchildren.



He is survived by his wife, Geneil; daughter Vicky Cook (Roger); son Benjamin Roy Magee (Lisa); 4 grandchildren, Kari Horner (Michael), Jordan Cook, Alexandra Marie Pentecost (Jordon), Nathaniel Tims Barrow, and 6 great-grandchildren, Gracie Horner and A.J. Horner; Averett Pentecost, Charlotte Pentecost, Yvaine Barrow, Arietta Barrow and sister, Ruth Carlston.

He was preceded in death by 9 brothers and sisters. In lieu of flowers the family request donations be made to the Semper Fi Fund. <https://semperfifund.org/>



KHE SANH VETERAN IN THE NEWS

ALTOONA VETERAN TO BE INDUCTED INTO PITTSBURGH HALL OF VALOR

FRED MONAHAN ECHO CO 2/3

ALTOONA, Pa. (WTAJ) — Altoona native Fred Monahan will soon be inducted into the Joseph A. Dugan Hall of Valor at the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall and Museum in Pittsburgh.

He is one of the most highly decorated marines from Pennsylvania that served in the Vietnam War. His story will be honored with that of other veterans who were awarded the Medal of Honor and other medals of distinction, like the Navy Cross.

Monahan was awarded the Navy Cross March 24th, 1968 for what happened to him and his men in Vietnam about 15 months earlier.

On May 3rd, 1967 Monahan was a rifleman, and an intelligence scout in a position on a hill that was of great interest to both sides.

In a battle for the position near Khe Sanh, Monahan's company came under intense mortar, automatic weapons fire and hand grenade attack. While others pulled back, Monahan put himself in between hundreds of attackers and the command post and was injured by a grenade.

He stopped repeated enemy assaults while commanding 4 other men. "It was certain death, so we're going to go down swinging. And it was an enemy position they vacated on a hilltop and we took without a fight. They came back 3 nights later to take it back off of us. I knew when I heard enemy sergeants and lieutenants screaming to their men, 'go get 'em, kill those Americans.' I knew I better, people better put up a fight"

FRED MONAHAN, VIETNAM WAR VETERAN

They kept the enemy pinned down until reinforcements arrived. Then Monahan guided the American troops in a counter-attack.

Monahan said that he fired rifles and threw grenades for 5 hours. Monahan doesn't consider himself a hero. "I am not a hero. The soldiers, sailors, airmen and Marines who lost their lives are the he-

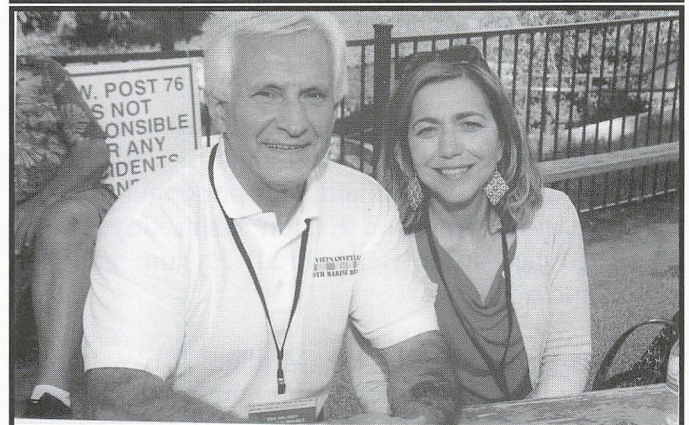
roes." Fred lives in Greystone Court Villas in Altoona and has a son in Punxsutawney.



I GET PICTURES



Steve Starkovich met With Terry Reed this morning in Alamogordo NM.. Terry is with a large group of Religious Bikers on their way to Cloudcroft NM to Eat Lunch and enjoy the high country. Terry and I were in Vietnam Together.



DAN & FRANCESCA DIFLORIO

JOYCE L. DeVERNEY (1949 - 2020)
WIFE OF WAYNE "BUTCH" DeVERNEY
USMC KHE SANH VETERAN, HQ CO 2/26

Joyce Lloydette (Brancroft) DeVerney passed away Sunday, April 19, 2020 at her home after a courageous battle against ALS "Lou Gehrig's Disease". She was born on September 13, 1949 at Munson



Hospital. Joyce grew up on a farm in Kingsley, Michigan and graduated from Kingsley High School class of 1967. She moved to Marquette to attend Northern Michigan University where she met Wayne "Butch" DeVerney. The two were married in St. Christopher church in Marquette on May 11, 1974.

Joyce was devoted to her family, husband Butch, daughters Jessica (Jeff) McLaughlin and Emily (Kriss) Hahn all of Midland. Her pride and joy was her 7-year-old grandson Easton Hahn. Joyce also cherished her sister Beth (Fred) Bynum and her nieces and nephews.

She was a member of the Midland VFW Ladies Auxiliary Post 3130 and spent countless hours volunteering her time there. She was also a member of Sanford American Legion and was very proud to be

the wife of a military serviceman. Joyce was a strong advocate for Title 7, which encourages all schools to teach Native American culture. Private family service took place at the Ware Smith Woolever Funeral Chapel with Khe Sanh Veterans Chaplain Ron Rayner officiating. Those planning an expression of sympathy are asked to consider the donor's wishes.

In loving memory of Joyce DeVerney, a most caring, giving and wonderful woman, one of our Khe



Sahn Veteran wives. I will miss sharing treasured moments with you at reunions. We will all miss you. Rest In Peace, my dear, dear friend. Prayers and condolences to Butch and your family.

ALICE KENNY (MEMORIES)



OBIT

**HENRY J. DUVAL SR., USMC KHE
SANH VETERAN H&S CO 2/26**

BENNINGTON, VT- Henry Joseph Duval, 70, of Rutland, VT died Tuesday morning April 7, 2020 at the Vermont Veterans Home in Bennington.

He was born on June 19, 1949 in Proctor, VT the son of Charles and Germaine (Knapp) Duval.

He attended Castleton Elementary School and Fair Haven Union High School before enlisting in the United States Marine Corp in June of 1967.

Henry graduated from Marine Corps boot camp at Parris island South Carolina on September 1,



1967. His tour of duty in Vietnam took place between 1968 and 1969 as an artilleryman where he took part in the famous battle of Khe Sanh among others. He was honorably discharged from the United States Marine Corps on June 27, 1973 at the rank of corporal.

After his service, he was employed as a welder and was a member of the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers Union. He also did carpentry work with several contractors in the Rutland area.

His hobbies included fishing and hunting, especially with his nephew Neil Cunningham and niece Michele Clark, and he even had a crossbow license. He also enjoyed shooting guns, playing cards, and antiquing. He was a collector at heart. He loved to dance and play the guitar with his brothers and had an affection for real country music. Two of his favorite song were "The Old Man and His Horn" by Gene Watson and "A Daisy a Day" by Jud Strunk.

He was known for speaking his mind regardless of what anyone would think and his grandchildren inherited that spitfire for sure.

Survivors include a son Henry J. Duval Jr of RI and his fiancé Amber Holden, 3 sisters Carolyn and George W. (deceased) Aitken of Poultney, VT, Barbara and Thomas Ettori of Castleton, VT, and Joanne and Bruce Williams of Poultney, VT, brothers John and Bobbi Duval of New Bern NC and James and Sandy Duval of Granville, NY, 2 granddaughters Ashley and Kyle King and Bailee Cameron, a grandson Hunter Cameron, a great-granddaughter Grace King, and nieces and nephews.

He was predeceased by his daughter Melissa "Missy" Cameron on January 17, 2008, mother in 2013, father in 1981, a sister Charlene Weyrach in 2008 and 3 brothers Bill Duval in 2015 Charles Duval Jr. in 2000 and Michael A. Duval Sr in 2018

Graveside services with state Honor Guard were held in the Hillside Cemetery in Castleton, VT.



PRIVATE REFLECTIONS AND STEVE WIESE BY CRAIG W. TOURTE

Ken Rogers did a wonderful job sharing with us his article, "Steve Wiese was an American Hero" I am confident Steve would have respectfully appreciated the article and kind words, he loved the Marine Corps, those he served with and in particular those in Bravo Company. His ending salutations on the Khe Sanh Board and other articles he had written always ended with "Bravo Lives." His way of showing the men he served with and so loved were never far from his thoughts. I wanted to take a few minutes here to say a few words about my friend Steve.

This is not an obituary, but rather just some personal reflections I have on the Steve Wiese I knew as a friend. I first met Steve at one of our Khe Sanh Reunions and we discovered that we lived but a few miles from each other. I introduced Steve to the little bar group I play golf with, Steve didn't play golf but bought a set of clubs and started swinging away, he was a natural athlete and within a year was playing much better than I. He attended our January 21st Khe Sanh luncheon in Chico/Oroville each year hosted by Tom Horchler. Steve never assumed anything, and I always had to personally invite him, when he felt comfortable, he enjoyed himself as much as others enjoyed his presents.

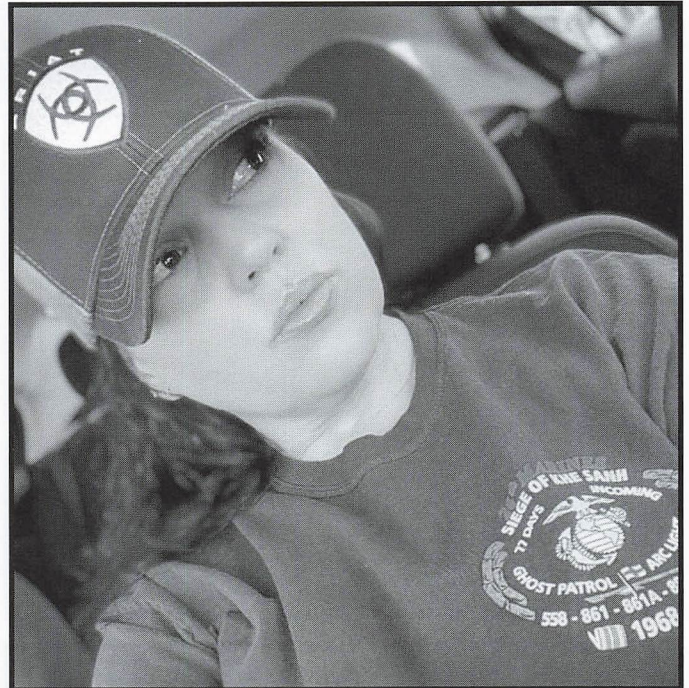
Unbeknownst to many, the camera and microphone loved Steve, he was one of the most elegant impromptu speakers I have ever heard. When Steve and I attended Jim Kaylors memorial, he shared a few memories of his association with Jim. Steve's moving and inspirational parting words from the podium were, "Be sad that Jim is gone, but happy that he was here." In 2012, the Military Channel under the title "Combat Tech" aired a segment that was filmed at my home. Steve did a wonderful interview. I was rather stunned during the interview, which was included in the broadcast when he said, "...the whistling of the bombs falling before they hit the ground was like an angel's voice." It was just a wonderful and profound statement that left little doubt in the mind of the viewer the impact the B 52 bombings had on the morale and spirit of those who had endured that horrific event.

I could get verbose here, but it would just be redundant, we spent many hours together and shared many thoughts and opinions, too many to recount and most just left to my wonderful memories of one of my good friends and true heroes. In closing we had several conversations about religions, some-

times when you see great tragedy you ask yourself "Why" as in why me, why did I survive? the answer is, we will never know, "That's why we call it faith." When speaking about organized religion and its complexity and beliefs Steve told me something his grandmother said, "The Lord knows what's in my heart." A personal statement so simple and easy to understand, we agreed it described our beliefs. So, this sad chapter closes for all of us, knowing the book of departure waits for us all, but we find solace in the words Steve spoke, "Be sad that he is gone, but happy that he was here."

FROM HIS LOVING DAUGHTER

Today you would have been 72. It's been 60 days now and it still doesn't feel real. You told me I was your rock and God knows I'm holding it down as best I can. But I would trade it all if I could get time back. I know you are looking down on us and smiling.....laughing, at times probably angry as well



(stubbornness runs strong in this family). Today we will try to keep the tears back and just remember the good times. The fun times. The jokes and laughter. The good memories that over power the bad. And I will end this with something from you. Happy birthday old man





VETERAN OF VIETNAM WAR RECOUNTS BATTLES NEAR KHE SANH COMBAT BASE

By **PAUL J. CHOCLIS**
MARINE CORPS STAFF SGT.

This account was written by Khe Sanh Veteran USMC, Staff Sergeant Paul Choclis, of Marion Heights.

This year marks the 50th anniversary of the battles and Siege of Khe Sanh Combat Base in the Vietnam War: The valley mountain base was located in the north-west corner of South Vietnam, a few miles below the (demilitarized zone) separating north from south, close to the Laotian border to the west.

In 1968, Khe Sanh gained Worldwide attention When an estimated 40,000 to 60,000 North Vietnamese Army enemy forces laid Siege to a garrison of about 6,000 US servicemen Called to arms to defend Khe Sanh were legendary units of the Marine Corps 5th (Spearhead Division), consisting of three battalions, of the 26th Regiment, along with their main artillery support, the 1st , 13th Marines.

In addition, joining the fight was a group of South Vietnamese Rangers and the 1st Battalion, 9th Marines, also known as the Walking Dead .

In 1967, as a result of actions in and around the surrounding hills and at the Khe Sanh Combat Base, hundreds of US. forces were killed in action and thousands wounded.

I remember when my special landing team of the 3rd Battalion, 26th Marines and C Battery, 1st Battalion, 13th Marines received orders to move north and engage the enemy at Khe Sanh.

Our units had arrived "in country" in the Republic of South Vietnam in December 1966. At Christmas, we received a baptism of fire in the Valley of Shadows/ Death at Cobithanhtan northwest of the imperial capital at Hue.

Military intelligence . reported an estimated 4,000 retcong/NVA forces in and around the valley sector. Immediate contact was made upon entering the valley, and we engaged the enemy in a weeklong battle.

Our first KIA was Paul Evans, of Lima Co., 2nd platoon, 3rd Battalion, 26th Marines. The battle site at Cobithanhtan Valley was named in his honor:

Camp Evans.

After our first battle, we were ordered to conduct combat operations of the entire valley and jungle areas near the base of the Ho Chi Minh Trail We spent nearly three months in the torrential, punishing monsoon rains of 1967 before returning to the base at Phu Bai, near Hue, for refitting.

Near the end of April 1967, while still recovering from valley operations at Cobithanhtan, our positions at Phu Bai were hit with some 200 plus rounds of 82mm mortars. Several aircraft, vehicles and structures were damaged or destroyed. Sixty-eight Marines were wounded.

It was at Phu Bai in June 1967 that we received word of a large enemy buildup in the north DMZ areas. Orders were cut for us to engage the enemy at Khe Sanh.

On or about June 13, 1967, our units headed north . In a convoy to the base at Khe Sanh. Along the way, we took sniper fire from a rice paddy near a Quang Tri Village and, before we reached Khe Sanh base. the NVA blew out a bridge in front of us. The convoy was halted and choppers were called in to fly us into Khe Sanh.

The NVA/Vietcong were well aware of our every movement Khe Sanh's vulnerable position in a valley surrounded by rolling hills and higher elevation made a virtual shooting gallery for the enemy.

On June 27, 1967, about a half hour after midnight, the Khe Sanh Combat Base and nearby positions were hit with some 50-plus rounds of 82mm mortars. Then, just before dawn on the same day, the enemy hit again with 50 rounds of 122mm rockets.

Our C Battery, 1st Battalion, 13th Marines (105 howitzer parapet area) took a direct rocket hit, missing the guns and the command bunker but hitting our supply tents just several feet away.

This deadly attack would take the lives of 24 U.S. servicemen and wound well over 100. Many actions, encounters and battles would take place in the First Corps region below the DMZ before 1967 ended.

Then, in January 1968, a 77-day siege of Khe Sanh Combat Base took place, remembered now and forever in American history as one of the deadliest actions in the Vietnam War.

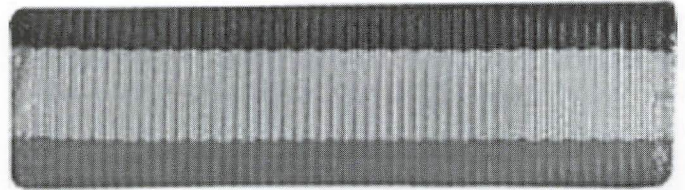
In 1983, the Khe Sanh Veterans Association was formed and dedicated to preserving the memories of the gallant warriors who served, fought and died as a result of the Khe Sanh combat experience. The founder of Khe Sanh Veterans Inc. is Navy Chaplain Commander Ray W. Stubbe. He is a survivor of the siege in 1968 and a leading authority on Khe Sanh. Stubbe also authored or co-authored many articles, papers and books.

I am an original member of the Special Landing Force, 3rd Battalion, 26th Marines in the Western Pacific (Wespac) operations of 1966-67. I served as a scout/forward observer for C Battery, 1st Battalion, 13th Marines, attached to infantry companies Lima and Mike, 3/26 Marines, at the Khe Sanh Combat Base in 1967.

A true experience and actions of my units in the Vietnam War is featured in the book "to Hear Silence," By Author Ron W. Hoffman".

I also am a life member of the Khe Sanh Veterans Inc. and of the Disabled American Veterans.

Note: For extraordinary heroism in action against the NVA and Vietcong enemy forces in the Republic of Vietnam, the 26th Marines and 13th Marines received America's highest unit combat award, the Presidential Unit Citation.



Shown here are some of the original Marines from the Special Landing Force, 3rd Battalion, 26th Marines (1966-67): Standing on right, Earl Rupp and Garry Wilkerson; standing from left, Randal Cok, Jim Jasmund, Larry Smith and Skip Fisher; below from, Bob Zink, V.J. Beadling, Paul Choclis and Conrad Reslock. Choclis, who lives in Marion Heights, submitted the photo

"FREEDOM IS NOT FREE"

BY CRAIG W. TOURTE
HQ BTRY 1/13

Everyone who knew William Denman called him Buddy and that nickname appropriately described who he was. Buddy grew up in the town of Maxwell, located in Northern California. Maxwell is the quintessential example of a rural small-town America where everyone knows your name, family, and most of your relatives if they had lived around those parts for a few generations. There would be no reason for the road traveler to take the exit off Interstate 5 and drive into the little farm community of 500 where most folks live in quiet obscurity. Some have come and stayed and raised their families while many others have moved along and are now mostly forgotten.

From the Virtual Wall - "Dau Tieng, Tay Ninh Province, 03 Nov 1966 - elements of the 196th Infantry Brigade and the 25th Infantry Division got into a heated fight with entrenched and bunkered VC troops, a fight that grew into a full-fledged battle fought over a three-day period. Landing Zone Lima Zulu, slightly north of where 1st Bn, 27th Infantry fought on 03/04 Nov, drew some of the heaviest fighting beginning after C Company, 2/27 Inf, was inserted at about 1400 on 04 Nov." - "

"Dau Tieng, Tay Ninh Province, 03 Nov 1966 - elements of the 196th Infantry Brigade and the 25th Infantry Division got into a heated fight with entrenched and bunkered VC troops, a fight that grew into a full-fledged battle fought over a three-day period. Landing Zone Lima Zulu, slightly north of where 1st Bn, 27th Infantry fought on 03/04 Nov, drew some of the heaviest fighting beginning after C Company, 2/27 Inf, was inserted at about 1400 on 04 Nov."

Buddy was a popular kid, handsome and athletic with blond hair and light blue eyes and he possessed an independent and adventuresome spirit many admired. Buddy had a difficult and tragic family life; there were many challenges and hardships including a grievous personal experience between his parents that he witnessed at a very young age. After he graduated from high school Buddy volunteered for the Army and attended boot camp at Fort Ord located in Monterey California. He thrived in the Army life with direction, discipline, and a sense of belonging. He found a new beginning, writing to many friends about the respect and admiration he

had for the warriors he had met, respected, and hoped one day to emulate.

In the summer of 1966, I was living with my aunt and uncle in Maxwell and looking forward to going off to Marine Corps boot camp. Going into the Marine Corps was an adventure I was looking forward to even though I knew I would be deployed to Vietnam shortly after my training was completed. Buddy had completed his Army training and was home visiting his mother and sister and preparing for his deployment to Vietnam. I went over to his house with my cousin Larry Bowen (1947-1968) and walked into his bedroom where a few of his friends were visiting with him. It was mid-morning and he was still in bed, stating that he wanted to rest as much as he could after all the training and before his deployment. He was in high spirits and looking forward to serving his country and all of what that entailed. We talked about his military training and what he expected while in Vietnam. I sensed that he too was in pursuit of action and eager for a new experience. I told him that he would be returning from Vietnam before me and when I returned home, we would share and compare experiences. I wished him luck and was a little envious that he would get to the war before me. I left knowing he was doing what he wanted to do and I was looking forward to becoming a United States Marine. I entered Marine Corps Boot Camp (Platoon 1145) on October 29, 1966.

When Buddy arrived in Vietnam his Sergeant asked him what he wanted to be called, William or Bill. His response was "My friends call me Buddy." His Sergeant said, "Then Buddy it is." He was assigned to A Company, 2nd Battalion, 27th Infantry (Wolfhounds), 25 Infantry Division. Within a short period of time, he went into combat against the experienced, prepared, and determined Viet Cong forces. Tragically only three and a half months after arriving in Vietnam he was killed in action.

C/2/27 moved south from LZ Lima Zulu, intending to link with 1/27, but could go only a few hundred meters before being stopped by VC dug into a tree line. Unable to move forward, with enemy troops infiltrating to their rear, the battalion and company commanders dead, and under fire from three sides, C/2/27 pulled together after nightfall, using a left flank displacement to get out of the "horseshoe" and avoid encirclement. The maneuver worked, and C/2/27 held out through the night amidst sporadic hand-to-hand fighting. By 1030 on 05 Nov, Alpha 1/27 fought through and relieved C/2/27." At the

same time, HHC and A Company, 2/27, was coming into LZ Lima Zulu, intending to take the VC from the rear, pounding them against the anvil formed by A/1/27 and C/2/27.”

05 November 1966 - While the engagements cost the VC dearly, with several hundred known dead, the US infantrymen paid a high price with 50 men killed in action over the three-day period. William (Buddy) Denman was one of the twenty Americans who was killed at LZ Lima Zulu on the 3rd day of the fight.”

The community cemetery of Maxwell is located a mile west of town. William Luther Denman (August 25, 1946 - November 5, 1966) is buried near the flagpole; his final resting place is identified with a brass United States Military Headstone. He was the first to be killed from the small town of Maxwell and County of Colusa during the Vietnam War. He had the largest funeral ever attended with vehicles stretching for a couple of miles leading to the cemetery.

Several years ago I placed a small note on the A Company, 2nd Battalion, 27th Infantry Wolfhound website regarding Buddy, just so others would know he had someone who continued to remember him and his sacrifice for this wonderful country.

Similar to the Khe Sanh Veterans websites (Where I served during the Vietnam War) - Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc & Khe Sanh Veterans Home Page - which have contributed to bringing together those who fought in the battles on the hills and the Marine Corps Combat Base of Khe Sanh, the Wolfhounds website is followed by those with comparable experiences.

Several months ago I received an email in response to that little notation I had written on the Wolfhound web site. A former Vietnam and Wolfhound Veteran Robert Park contacted me and said that he was with Buddy during that particular battle and continues to remember Buddy's death with great sadness. Robert said he was the one who asked Buddy what name he wanted to be called. Having been in the country longer and with more experience, Robert felt an obligation to watch out for Buddy and has carried with him all these years a feeling of responsibility for Buddy's death during the battle. A few years ago, Robert had come to Maxwell to visit Buddy's grave and say goodbye but was unable to locate his grave at the cemetery. He asked around town, but no one seemed to recall who Buddy was nor were they familiar with the location of his

grave. Robert has vowed to return someday to say his final farewell.

A few of weeks after my email communication with Robert I received an email from Chuck Dean, another Vietnam and Wolfhound Veteran who told me he had been in communication with Robert and that he had been with Buddy when he fell and was planning on driving to California and visit Buddy's grave. I shared both emails with people I knew were close to Buddy while he was growing up.

Email from Chuck Dean - “I plan on visiting Buddy's grave in May of this year (2012), something I have tried to face for 45 years. Buddy and I were very close friends in Vietnam. We were both Grenadiers in A Co 2/27 Wolfhounds. I was with Buddy when he fell. I only wish I could have done this years ago, but have only been able to come to grips with Vietnam in the last couple of years. I have hooked up with some of the other “Hounds” such as Robert within the last year and have been steadily working my way out of the shadows. I will be in the Maxwell area to visit Buddy's gravesite in May. Buddy will always be part of the band of brothers called the Wolfhounds and will never be forgotten. His memory will live on as long as there is one Wolfhound alive.”

Freedom Is Not Free” Reads the program pamphlet provided at the Memorial Day Service held at the Maxwell Cemetery, May 28, 2012 - I attended the Memorial Day Service with 100 or more people from the community sponsored by American Legion Post 218 (Maxwell) - Ronald Azevedo, Commander. The Maxwell High School Band played the Star-Spangled Banner and one of the high school girls sang the National Anthem. The service included a bugler playing taps and a rifle volley “Salute to Deceased Veterans.” I didn't notice any politicians or back-slapping significant officials, just local folks with moist eyes and heavy hearts who attended out of respect and honor for those who served and for those who had fallen.

Chuck Dean arrived for the service and was shown the location of Buddy's grave by Paul Richter (1st Lt. U.S. Army) and my cousin Gary Bowen (1949-2013) (U.S. Navy) who were childhood friends of Buddy's. There was a large floral wreath standing at the headstone sent by Robert Park in the name of all the Wolfhounds Buddy served with. Chuck said that he had driven out from Alabama to finally say goodbye. We had a long conversation where he reflected on the battle and Buddy's loss. Chuck said that Buddy was just a few steps behind him when he

was shot and killed. He walked over to Buddy, turned him over, and saw that he was deceased. Chuck said that he had the canvas helmet cover Buddy had worn that day. I held the now faded green camouflage helmet cover and observed written in black ink Buddy's blood type, unit, and the words "Pat" for his high school girlfriend Patricia. Chuck said that he had kept the cover locked away for 45 years and now it was time the cover should be with Buddy's hometown, family, and friends.

Chuck handed the helmet cover to Buddy's friend Paul Richter for safekeeping until it could display properly in a place of care and honor. I recognized that Chuck's act of presenting Buddy's helmet cover to Paul and the town of Maxwell was more than just transferring some possession of property. It was a spiritual release, a dedication, shared memory, and memorial of an item of hallowed significance to be forever treasured. It was part of Buddy's spirit and represented his life and sacrifice in battle and that significance had been tucked away for 45 years in a corner of Chuck's heart and soul.

Paul told me there were efforts under development to build an appropriate incased memorial with memorabilia dedicated to Buddy which would include the now gifted helmet cover along with his military Bronze Star, Purple Heart, military photograph, and additional items relating to Buddy already on display at the American Legion. The new display would not only be a tribute to Buddy but also to the many who have served in the Armed Forces and a reminder to all that, "Freedom Is Not Free."

OBIT

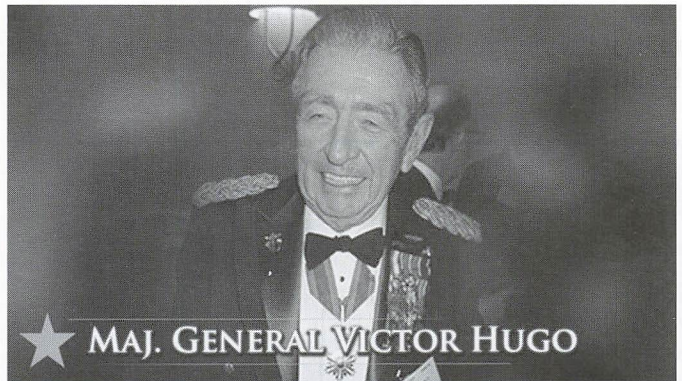
MAJOR GENERAL VICTOR HUGO JR. USA KHE SANH VETERAN, C/O 1ST BATTALION 44th ARTILLERY

Major General Victor J. Hugo, Jr., United States Army (Retired), a 1954 graduate of the U. S. Military Academy @ West Point and great-grandson of the renowned French author Victor-Marie Hugo—*Les Misérables*, *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame*, etc.—recently passed away. General Hugo played an under recognized role in the 1968 battle @ Khe Sanh since he commanded the U. S. Army's 1st Battalion, 44th Artillery and as such he provided a battery, with supporting units, for badly needed fire support in defending the Combat Base.

It was my good fortune to meet General Hugo a few years ago. He was a most gracious gentleman. We had a pleasant conversation, which included dis-

cussing the battle—he was most interested in my views even though I emphasized that, as an eighteen (18) year old PFC on a nearby hilltop, I had a most insignificant part and limited direct knowledge.

Mostly my knowledge was based on my exposure to the men with whom I served. The General assured me that all of us were heroes; that what we accomplished with the assets we had was absolutely remarkable. General Hugo was a remarkable man. Rest in eternal peace Sir.



KSV IN THE NEWS

MIDLAND REMEMBERS SERGEANT ALLAN ARCHER, USMC, KHE SANH VETERAN VIETNAM VET VIRGINIA FLOREY

Sometimes a single moment defines our entire life. Such a moment came for Allan Archer on Hill 55 in Vietnam in March of 1967. This is the story of that moment and the men who shared that moment with him.

The Vietnam Conflict was unlike any other war that young American men were called upon to fight. Guerrilla warfare was the enemy's strong point. The mountains and vine-tangled jungles of Vietnam enabled the communist forces to hide. To shoot. And to slip back into the jungle leaving young Americans dead or wounded from bullets coming from an unseen enemy. Some of the enemy wore black clothing to blend in with the darkness of the jungle. They wore tennis shoes or handmade sandals so the sound of footsteps wouldn't alert the Americans that they were coming. Some wore uniforms.

The Vietnam conflict proved to be a hard lesson to learn by men accustomed to knowing where the enemy was. The enemy in other wars had faces. But not this time. The enemy was bullets chattering through the trees with no faces and no names. A

man named Colonel Ba was the man in charge of the communist snipers. His team was both ruthless and successful until the appearance of an American Marine they called White Feather.

In October 1966, two young Marines named Carlos Hathcock and John Burke were trained to be snipers. It wasn't long before Carlos Hathcock began his tour of duty in Vietnam. A young Marine who stuck a white feather in his camouflage cap for good luck. And it was on Hill 55 that Carlos Hathcock would meet another young Marine named Allan Archer, the man who pledged his life to keep snipers like Carlos Hathcock alive.



Allan Archer was only 19 years old at the time when one officer gave high praise to Allan Archer, describing him as a fearless leader, bold with an inner strength and iron determination. Faithful, loyal, true to his word. A sniper team could trust Lance Corporal Archer with his life.

Pelting rain, a steamy fog, endless waiting for the enemy to appear, Carlos Hathcock and John Burke were enduring it all as they waited for relief. Their relief was coming in the form of Lance Corporal Allan Archer and the 18 men in his Platoon. Archer would never tell his men to do something that he wouldn't do.

Bullets chopped through the tree line as Hathcock and Burke lay concealed in a small gully and then they heard a thrashing sound behind them. It was Allan Archer and his platoon and Hathcock called out, "Archer?" And Archer answered back, "Are you two alive?"

Hathcock said to Archer, "Hope this little bit of what we have lasts. I think all your boys have are M-16 rounds and M-60 belts. And I don't want to be

trying to yank rounds out of those machine gun belts with this bunch coming at us."

Sliding over to Hathcock's side, Archer told him he had radioed operations when the shooting started and told them that he and his platoon would consolidate and set up a defense with Hathcock and Burke. Hathcock asked to see the map Archer had used and said to him, "Are these the numbers you gave?" Archer said they were, and Hathcock replied, "That red dot is us," and pointed to Archer's map. Archer had unerringly located Hathcock and Burke.

Settling back with the map in front of them, Archer told Hathcock that a little close air support and a couple of choppers with about 70 or 80 reinforcements were coming. It was a definitive moment in the life of two young Marines on Hill 55 in Vietnam.

Allan Archer, Rank E-5, 1/26th Marine Battalion, Company Bravo, enlisted Feb. 1, 1966, and served until Jan. 31, 1968. He moved through the ranks rapidly beginning as PFC, Lance Corporal, Corporal and then Sergeant at Khe Sanh. He participated at battles at the DMZ, the three gates of hell, the Mekong Delta, Operations Prairie and Hastings and spent most of 1967 in Khe Sanh. Allan participated in 17 major operations while in Vietnam.

After Allan Archer left Khe Sanh, his replacement and 34 Marines in Allan's platoon died in an ambush. By Feb. 27, 1968, Allan's platoon was wiped out and it took 45 days to remove all the bodies. It was called the Ghost Patrol.

Allan received a note he treasures to this day from Sept. 11, 2014, by Lt. Col. USMC (retired) Guy A. Peete Jr. to Allan.

"Archer, you are one of Marines greatest and effective combat leaders of Marines that I have ever had the pleasure of serving with in my career of 24 years in the Corps. The third herd will always be with us," the note reads. "Lest we forget – Semper Fi."

When Allan returned to Bay City, he went back to his home at 1111 Madison St. where his 1959 Oldsmobile was still sitting in the yard. To his amazement, it started up immediately. Today Allan and his wife, Elizabeth, live in Midland. The Vietnam Conflict has been over for decades. Still, veterans of that time in our history carry the memories of a part of their life they will never forget. Semper Fidelis is the motto of the Marine Corps.

It's Latin for Always Faithful and Sergeant. Allan Archer treasures those words a half century after returning home from the Vietnam Conflict. He served with dignity, faithfully fulfilling his part in a war that lasted 19 years. His duty? To protect. To help. To lend aid wherever it was needed. Allan Archer personifies the proud record of the Marine Corps.

Editor's note: This is the final installment of the May 2020 Midland Remembers, which has featured veterans with local ties all month long. Midland Remembers will return to its regular publishing schedule in June, which is the first and third Thursday of each month.

REPLY JIM COOPER

I transferred in to Archer's squad in April of 1967, almost a broken man from 86 days in the bush with Lima 2 3/26 on Operation Chinook I and II. Straight out of the bush many of us were transferred from the men we had grown to trust with our very lives. Men who had become closer than family. Fear of not having that kind of support with the new Marines I was assigned to Bravo3 1/26 was overwhelming me.

Archer took me into the squad with a calm but firm demeanor. I personally credit him with getting my head back on straight. His leadership inspired me to become the Marine I had been and gradually learn to trust the men in this new to me platoon as I hope I earned theirs. I ended up spending more time in country with this platoon and am proud of everyone of them. Have had the chance to meet our old Lt Guy Pete a few years ago and talk to Archer on the phone. Guy Pete has been extremely good at keeping me and others informed of those he is in contact with. Can't say more than he did in the above article except to say I found Archer to be everything that was said in this outstanding article. Semper Fi, Brothers.

AN OLD COBRA RETURNS TO ITS ARTILLERY ROOTS AND FINDS A NEW HOME IN OKLAHOMA

Posted on May 28, 2020 by Dan Parsons

U.S. Army Cobra 15654 began its career with three years of combat during the Vietnam War, and almost ended its days in Minnesota with birds nesting in its engine compartment.

Now it has been fully restored to its original configuration as an aerial rocket artillery helicopter and found a new home with the folks who will care for it at the U.S. Army Field Artillery Museum at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Known as attack helicopters and the precursor to the AH-64 Apache, the AH-1 initially served the Army in aerial rocket artillery units providing close air support to troops on the ground in Vietnam, said Jon Bernstein, a Cobra historian and director of the Air Defense Artillery Museum at Fort Sill.

"Aerial rocket artillery was a very specific role and there were actually only three units that performed that mission through the entirety of the war," said Bernstein. "Their main mission was support of troops on the ground. They weren't like Cavalry where they use Cobras to seek and destroy the enemy and they weren't like assault helicopter company Cobras, which were designed primarily to escort Hueys in and out of hot landing

zones, although Cobras in ARA units did all that, as well. They were supposed to be on-call fire-support units for ground troops in contact."

It was for this reason that Bernstein decided the artillery museum should have its own Cobra, so he went hunting for one in the collection of old vehicles and other artifacts the Army keeps from past conflicts. Artifacts on the so-called "de-accession" list typically end up at museums outside the government system or are reused by the Army for other purposes.

"I looked through the entire collection to see what Cobras were there and to see if any of them had aerial rocket artillery provenance and I came across this one, which was due to be de-accessioned," Bernstein said. "I said, let's grab this one while we can."

Before arriving at Fort Sill, the helicopter lived outdoors at the Minnesota Air National Guard Museum in St. Paul, which was hoping to "get rid of it," Bernstein said.

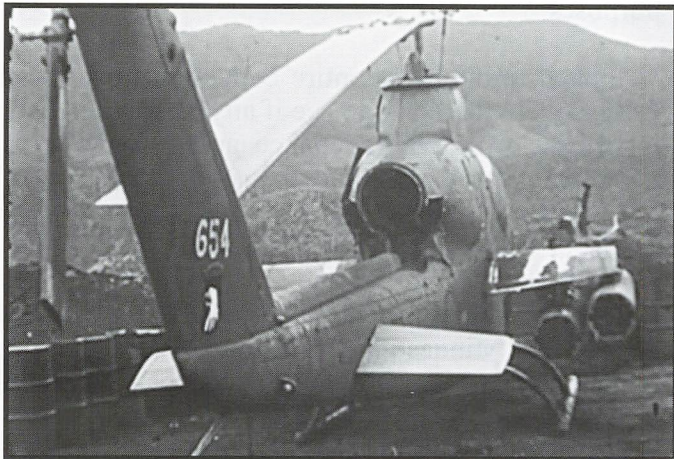
The 50-foot-long AH-1S Cobra attack helicopter arrived at the museum in March 2019 and has undergone extensive restoration by Bernstein and exhibits specialist Zane Mohler since. During the recent shutdown, Mohler had time to finish painting the entire fuselage in preparation for it being installed in the museum.



THE COBRA, NOW RESTORED TO AH-1G CONFIGURATION, OUTSIDE THE ARTILLERY MUSEUM IN FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA. JON BERNSTEIN PHOTO

Entering service in 1966, the Bell AH-1 was a production model gunship for the U.S. Army, with one 1,400 shaft horsepower (1,000 kW) Avco Lycoming T53-13 turboshaft engine and shared fuselage commonalities with the UH-1 Huey.

This particular Cobra was flown by A Battery, 4th Battalion, 77th Aerial Rocket Artillery (ARA) in Vietnam and Laos from December 1970 to March 1971, when it was blown up during a sapper attack on the Marine Corps fire base at Khe Sanh.



A STILL FROM A VIETNAM WAR-ERA FILM SHOWS COBRA 67-15654 AT KHE SANH. JON BERNSTEIN PHOTO

were able to find video of it at Khe Sanh on the morning after the sapper attack,” Bernstein said. “You can clearly see all the damage to the tail boom and other things.”

The helicopter then went back to manufacturer Bell for a rebuild, after which its operational history becomes “a little fuzzy,” Bernstein said. It might have been rebuilt as a G-model at that point or as an AH-1Q, which introduced the M65 tube-launched, optically tracked, wire-guided (TOW)/Cobra missile subsystem, M65 telescopic sight unit (TSU), and M73 reflex sight. It was those sighting systems that sat in the nose turret the aircraft sported when it arrived in Oklahoma.

In any case, by the late 1970s the helicopter was sporting new 1,800 shp (1,300 kW) T53-L-703 turboshaft engine that classified it as a baseline AH-1S, Bernstein said. It flew with the Minnesota National Guard for an unspecified amount of time before being demilitarized and placed on static display outside the museum in St. Paul.

“It was in rough shape,” Bernstein said. “It had been outside for years. There were 18-inch deep bird nests in the engine compartment.”

It went into the museum workshop in December 2019 to emerge during the Covid-19 lockdown and will be installed atop its piling in the coming weeks as the museum prepares to reopen.

Pretty much from December through [May 27] we’ve been working on it, of course with the quarantine and everything, Zane [Mohler] has been the only person in the exhibit shop and he was able to get the entire thing painted and stenciled during those two months.”

Before that, the pair had to remove all the anachronistic add-ons of its later service, including wire-strike protection devices, and replace the tail rotor and tail rotor gearbox. They also had to replace the AH-1S nose housing, which features the later addition of a swivelling turret.

Bernstein was able to track down an older, smoother AH-1J nose to backdate the helicopter to its aerial artillery days in Vietnam. But when the helicopter had its nose job in the 1970s, one of the forward fuselage bulkhead was widened to accept the new turret. Those had to be narrowed by about 1.5 inches in order to accept the older nose.

“I started digging a little deeper and we actually

“It was more involved than I thought it was going to

be, but definitely a challenging and rewarding experience,” Bernstein said.



THE COBRA, NOW OUTFITTED AS AN AH-1S, ARRIVES AT THE ARTILLERY MUSEUM IN FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA. JON BERNSTEIN PHOTO

Much of the credit goes to Mohler, Bernstein said. As the lone person with access to the museum shop during the shutdown, Mohler continued the work. He was able to hand-build four “impossible to come by” M200 rocket pods by borrowing the real deal from the Army Aviation Museum at Fort Rucker, Alabama, and copying it using PVC pipe, plexiglass and sheet metal.

Mohler also had to build proper pylon fairing from scratch by molding fiberglass using original technical drawings and Vietnam-era photos.

For Bernstein, a former Apache pilot, returning this Cobra to its aerial artillery roots is a complete circle. After the battle of An Loc in 1972, the Army realized that helicopters could kill tanks, Bernstein said. For the past two decades, the Apaches he flew as tank killers have been performing air support for troops in Afghanistan and Iraq. “The Army shifted focus from a fire-support platform to a tank killer and that’s how the Apache evolved,” Bernstein said. “And now, the Apache now has been doing a very similar role to what the ARA Cobras did in Vietnam.”

PATRICK GAVIN TADINA, VIETNAM WAR'S LONGEST CONTINUOUSLY SERVING RANGER, DIES AT 77

By **CHAD GARLAND** | STARS AND STRIPES

Published: June 1, 2020

A 30-year Army veteran who was the longest continuously serving Ranger in Vietnam and one of the war’s most decorated enlisted soldiers has died

Patrick Gavin Tadina served in Vietnam for over five years straight between 1965 and 1970, leading long range reconnaissance patrols deep into enemy territory — often dressed in black pajamas and sandals, and carrying an AK-47.

The retired command sergeant major died Friday morning in North Carolina. He was 77.

“Early this morning my Dad ... took his last breaths and went to be with all the Rangers before him,” his daughter Catherine Poeschl said on Facebook. “I know they are all there waiting for him.”

He is survived by his wife, two sisters, two daughters, four sons, six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, the family said in a brief online obituary. A funeral had not yet been scheduled.

A native of Hawaii, Tadina earned two Silver Stars, 10 Bronze Stars — seven with valor — three Vietnamese Crosses of Gallantry, four Army Commendation Medals, including two for valor, and three Purple Hearts.

After the release of the second Rambo movie, he was profiled in Stars and Stripes, where he was contrasted with Sylvester Stallone’s beefy — often shirtless — portrayal of a Vietnam combat veteran. “The real thing comes in a smaller, less glossy package,” wrote reporter Don Tate in December 1985. “Tadina stands just over 5-feet-5, and swells all the way up to 130 pounds after a big meal.”

His small stature and dark complexion helped him pass for a Viet Cong soldier on patrols deep into the Central Highlands, during which he preferred to be in the point position. His citations describe him walking to within feet of enemies he knew to be lying in wait for him and leading a pursuing enemy patrol into an ambush set by his team.

In Vietnam he served with the 173rd Airborne Brigade Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol, 74th Infantry Detachment Long Range Patrol and Compa-

ny N (Ranger), 75th Infantry.

Tadina joined the Army in 1962 and served in the Dominican Republic before going to Southeast Asia. He also served with the 82nd Airborne Division in Grenada during Operation Urgent Fury in 1983 and with the 1st Infantry Division during Operation Desert Storm in 1991.

A 1995 inductee into the Ranger Hall of Fame, he served with "extreme valor," never losing a man during his years as a team leader in Vietnam, a hall



Patrick Gavin Tadina is pictured here in an undated photo wearing North Vietnamese Army fatigues and carrying an AK-47, as he often did as a long range reconnaissance patrol team leader over five years straight serving in Vietnam during the war. One of the most-decorated enlisted soldiers of the Vietnam War, Tadina retired as a command sergeant major in 1992. He died Friday, May 29, 2020, at age 77.

CATHERINE POESCHL

of fame profile at Fort Benning said.

Some 200 men had served under him without "so much as a scratch," said a newspaper clipping his daughter shared, published while Tadina was serving at Landing Zone English in Vietnam's Binh Dinh province, likely in 1969.

Tadina himself was shot three times and his only brother was also killed in combat in Vietnam, Stars and Stripes later reported.

The last time he was shot was during an enemy ambush in which he earned his second Silver Star, and the wounds nearly forced him to be evacuated from the country, the LZ English story said.

As the point man, Tadina was already inside the kill zone when he sensed something was wrong, but the enemy did not fire on him, apparently confused about who he was, the article stated. After spotting the enemy, Tadina opened fire and called out the



This undated family photo shows Patrick Gavin Tadina, far right, during his time as a drill sergeant at Fort Jackson, S.C., in the late 1970s. Tadina, a retired command sergeant major and one of the most-decorated enlisted soldiers of the Vietnam War, died Friday, May 29, 2020.

ambush to his teammates before falling to the ground and being shot in both calves.



He refused medical aid and continued to command until the enemy retreated, stated another clipping, quoting from his Silver Star citation.

“When you’re out there in the deep stuff, there’s an unspoken understanding,” he told Tate in 1985. “It’s caring about troops.”

He was not one to boast of his experiences, his daughter said in a phone interview Monday.

After retiring from the Army in 1992, he continued working security jobs until 2013, Poeschl said, including stints in Iraq, Afghanistan and Pakistan.

In recent years, he’d been struggling with dementia and other ailments, she said, and he often believed he was back in the Army with his buddies.

He always seemed most at home with his “Ranger family,” his daughter said. She was trying to get word of his death to as many as she could.

“He was my dad, but he belonged to so many other people,” she said.

VETERANS SAY THEY FEEL ‘SAD’ AND ‘TERRIBLE’ WITHOUT TRADITIONAL MEMORIAL DAY EVENTS

Updated May 24, 2020; Posted May 24, 2020

During Operation Lam Son 719, Tony Goodson defended the tactical operations center — all day and night — from attacks in every corner during the Vietnam War. But one explosion struck near him, shooting him into the air.

When he landed, he looked down and saw his legs covered in bloods and scars.

Goodson was winded, but after medical officers picked the shrapnel out of his legs, he was sent back into the field to defend the Khe Sanh Combat Base, supporting South Vietnamese troops.

“I felt very lucky the next morning,” Goodson said.

Lam Son 719 left over 200 Americans killed or missing in action while 1,149 were wounded, according to History Net.

Goodson, now 70 years old, told The Jersey Journal on Sunday that he can never forget about those he lost during the war. Memorial Day is a “bittersweet time,” he added, but not being able to get together for the traditional annual events — due to coronavirus concerns — makes him sad.

Goodson, a commander at VFW Shelton Post 2294, said they will instead have a small gathering for a flagpole raising and prayer service outside, spaced out from one another, on Monday at 10 a.m. Members of the post will also visit monuments individually.

All Jersey City-run events are canceled until further notice.

On Friday, Gov. Murphy loosened state restrictions allowing groups of 25 outside. Though Monday will have a smaller crowd, Goodson said it's the right move to follow guidelines and avoid hosting large gatherings because it's not worth the risk.

The Jersey City native was a U.S. Army sergeant and served in Vietnam from June 1970 to May 1971. He was also part of the 101st Airborne Division during Lam Son 719 where 19 U.S. Army aviators died, 59 were wounded and 11 went missing, according to the Air Force History and Museums Program.

"Birthdays, holidays, it's all the same to me," Goodson said. "... I always think about those who couldn't be here."

For Stephen Holinka, 72, he said he feels "terrible" without the traditional Memorial Day events, which are a way for him to commemorate his former comrades — people who he thinks about often.

Holinka has marched with Jersey City's Lafayette Amvets Post 33 in its annual Memorial Day parade for the last 40 years. Afterwards, there would also be a mass, memorial services and a luncheon for members, family and friends at Broadway Diner in Bayonne. But those are other events that won't be happening Monday due to COVID-19.

"Just a shame we couldn't have it..." Holinka said. "... It's been a very disappointing year."

Holinka said that on Monday he'll be thinking about all the people he knew during his three years of service. He was a former sergeant and spent a tour in 1966 to 1967 in Korea before volunteering in 1968 for the Vietnam War.



The commander of Amvets Post 33 also said he'll been commemorating the former World War II veterans of the post, many of whom have died.

"I knew many of them very well and we had some great times at the post," Holinka said. "I just think about them so much and what they've done for this country."

"I constantly think about them. They're part of me." Though there'll be no parades, some places like Weehawken have decided to move their festivities online.

Weehawken Mayor Richard Turner told The Jersey Journal Saturday that there will be a virtual Memorial Day Ceremony on Monday. It will include a dedication of wreaths, veterans ritual, naming of deceased Weehawken Elks Lodge members and more.

The broadcast will be available through the township's government Facebook page and website.

"I think we're all disappointed," said Elks Exalted Ruler Lorraine Wuillamey. "But of course, everybody understands."

JIMMY TAYLOR SHARED A POST

Lt. Col. Fred Headley. Col. Headley was the Army Airfield Commander at Khe Sanh during Lam Son 719. One of the finest men I ever met. We became friends during my time at Khe Sanh (his tent was next to mine) and I found out he had married a girl from Ft. Valley, Ga, just up the road from where I was from. A few years ago I set out to find him. Sadly, he had passed away some three years before but I found his family and his widow reaches out to me on certain days like today. One of the photos was taken behind Col. Headley as we watch a C-130 taking off from Khe Sanh. This was early March, 1971 before the base itself had started taking incoming. The other photo shows Col. Headley on the far right in a steel pot with sleeves rolled up as he and some of the air traffic controllers and one of the Air Force weathermen, which was my job, enjoy a lukewarm Pabst. This pic was taken after the incoming started.

VETERANS SPOTLIGHT

JOHN FERGUSON SR./US AIR FORCE
By WAYNE SOARES May 15, 2020

While interviewing this week's Veterans Spotlight feature, two words kept coming to mind—class and humility. John Ferguson Sr. served his country in the US Air Force from 1958 to 1969, ending his career as a captain.

He grew up in Westerly, Rhode Island, and graduated from the University of Rhode Island. He entered military service as a second lieutenant via an ROTC program in college.

During the Vietnam War his unit, originally stationed in the Philippines, was sent to Dong Ha because the US government wanted a radar site as close to the DMZ as possible. He was promoted to captain during this period.

We had no idea what we were getting into...my first impression was to stay alive...didn't know one Vietnamese from the other," Captain Ferguson remembered.

He shared this story: "We had a Vietnamese man that received a security clearance to work in our kitchen...we didn't know it at the time but he was actually a VC (Viet Cong) soldier...they shot him while he was lobbing grenades towards an area with Marines...place we never should have been...only thing war does is kill people."

When I asked Captain Ferguson about the closeness of his unit in the everyday threat of danger he responded with this: "We were mortared a few times under full moons...we had no casualties except equipment...that's because everyone worked together...we were close."

Captain Ferguson brushed aside a question about the holidays. "It just became one day...would like to have been home with my wife and four kids but I wasn't...looked at it as another day," he said.

Did he ever have the chance to see Bob Hope? "He didn't dare come that close to the DMZ...had a two-star general come in...I liked seeing him because he could get us equipment," Captain Ferguson said seriously.

I asked Captain Ferguson if any one particular memory stands out during his time in Vietnam. He shared this: "We had four fighter aircraft on standby under my command...I was talking to Khe Sanh...they were under heavy mortar fire...you had to go through three to four different channels of communication all the way back to the Pentagon to get approval to send out the fighters...I wasn't getting the

go-ahead but radioed Khe Sanh...they said they'd send up colored smoke where the fighters should bomb...I gave my two lieutenants permission to send the fighters...we squashed the mortar fire and saved everyone in the unit from capture or death...next day a lieutenant colonel comes in and ripped me...wanted to know who gave permission to send the fighters...told him I did...never said I did the right thing."

Captain Ferguson explained the qualities of a good leader, especially one involved in heavy day-to-day combat. "Understand your job...make sure your troops are taken care of and make sure the mail comes," he said.

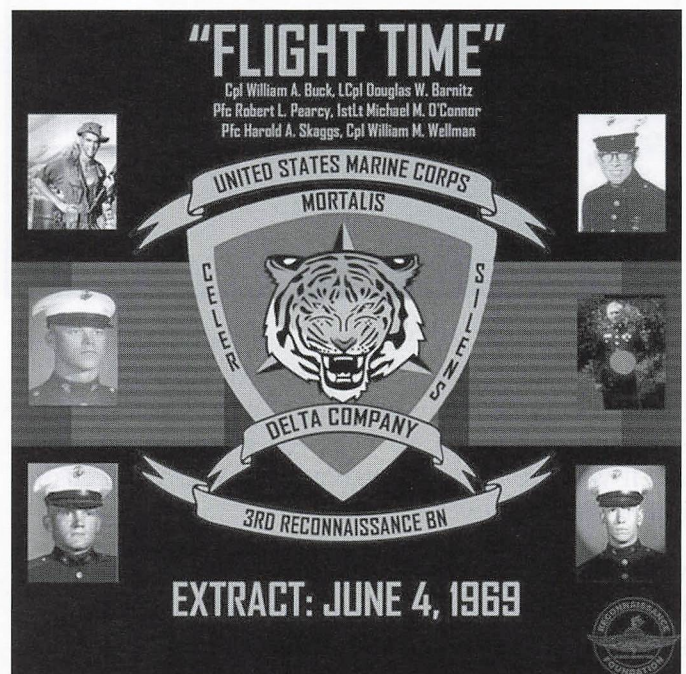
He was asked what he thought about when coming home from Vietnam. He said, "Wanted to see my family, badly...we got mortared a few times...and fortunately, we didn't lose any men."

Now 86, he has had prostate cancer and suffers from Parkinson's disease caused by exposure to Agent Orange.

Captain John Ferguson, thank you for your service to our great country.

MEMORIES

On 02 June 1969 Recon Team "Flight Time" from D Company, 3rd Reconnaissance Battalion, was

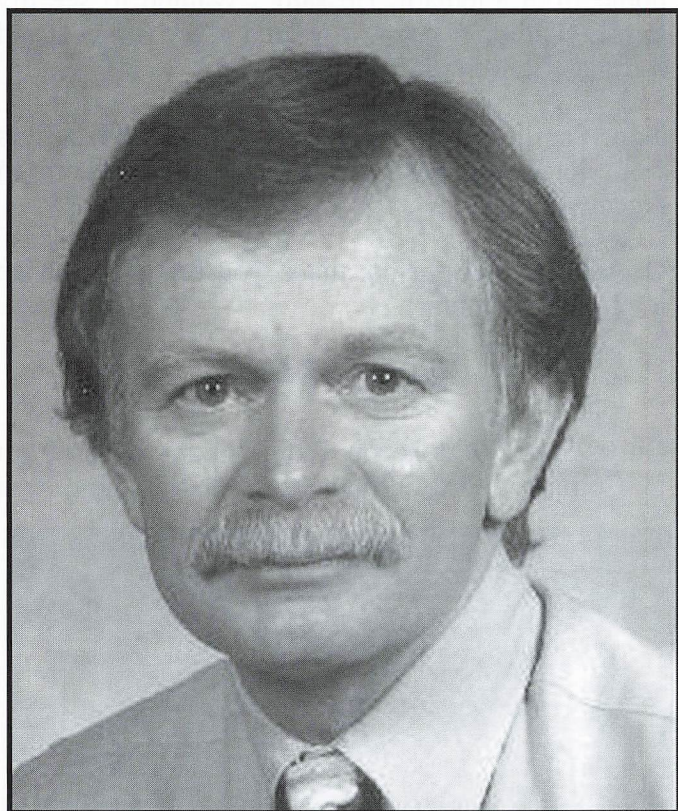


inserted on Hill 471 about a kilometer south of Khe Sanh in the Quảng Trị Province, Vietnam, On the

night of 03/04 June 1969 the team was attacked by an enemy force and requested both emergency extraction and immediate reinforcement. Communications with the team were lost at 0320. When the reactionary force arrived a little after 0400 they were too late ... the six members of "Flight Time" were dead. Five members of the team were in a small trench; the sixth, Cpl Buck, was approximately 10 meters further down the hillside. It was apparent from the state of the battle area that "Flight Time" had been overwhelmed in fierce Hand to hand combat.

OBIT

Warren Titcomb, 74, died on Saturday, June 13, 2020 after a long illness. Born in Portland, Maine,



he was the son of Virginia and the late Warren Titcomb. Warren was the beloved husband of TJ (Teri) Titcomb. They married after a 7-week courtship and celebrated 50 years of marriage on April 21. It was the only impulsive thing Warren ever did but he said he never regretted it.

Warren graduated with a B.A. in Psychology from Miami University of Ohio in 1967 and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps. He served in Vietnam, including time at Khe Sanh during the 1968 Tet offensive. After his honorable discharge as a USMC Captain in 1971,

Warren and TJ moved to Arizona. He completed his master's degree in Counseling Psychology at Arizona State University. In their fifteen years in the Phoenix area, Warren worked as a mental health therapist and clinic director. He was a long-distance runner, braving the heat and sun to compete in 10K runs and marathons. Warren also began playing classical guitar and enjoyed his lessons with Miguel who regaled him with stories of his study under Segovia. Warren continued his love of making music throughout his life, although he rarely performed for any audience other than the family cat.

The Titcombs moved to Lancaster in 1986 after a two-year search for a new home. They chose Lancaster County for its quality of life, beautiful countryside, and relatively balanced four seasons. For the next thirty years, Warren helped thousands of individuals, couples and families as a therapist with Catholic Charities, the Lancaster Guidance Center, Family Service, and Wellspan Behavioral Health. He was widely known for his caring and innovative work, using cognitive behavioral approaches to help those with a dual diagnosis of major mental illness and substance abuse. Warren never met a "sick" person – he always looked for and found the goodness and potential of each individual.

Warren was an active member of First United Methodist Church in Lancaster, singing tenor in the Chancel Choir. He served on the Board of Allegro Orchestra Lancaster for twenty years and was a friendly presence, welcoming concert goers at the door.

Warren is survived by his wife TJ, mother, brothers Joel and Jason in Maine, and extended *family*. The family is deeply grateful for the loving and respectful care he received

WHAT I NEVER HAD

By Craig Tourte
HQ BTRY 1/13

It was sitting around my favorite watering hole a few years ago after playing a game of golf, shooting the stuff with a few old guys my age. The discussion got around to serving in Vietnam and "where were you and what did you do." One of the guys talked about his time in the Air Force and how he saw the world and the various bases and countries he had been in. Another talked about his time in the Navy and the food on the ships and how his bunk was right under the flight deck and the noise it

made. Another said that he was in the Corps but never made it to Vietnam but had spent time at Twenty-Nine Palms and Okinawa. Then one of the guys smiled and asked me where I was, while I was in the Marine Corps. Of course, everyone knew I had served during the Siege at the Marine Corps Combat Base of Khe Sanh. I didn't want to disappoint anyone. I tried not to make my story into a whine, but I knew what they all wanted to hear. I started out with "I Never..."

I figure I spent ten months on the Khe Sanh Combat Base. The other times in Quang Tri after the Siege, guarding something way off away from everything. Anyway, my story started off, "I never sat on a flush toilet, I never spoke to a Vietnamese, I never was in a town or large village, I never went into a bar, I never took a bath or shower from a forced water pipe, I never walked on cement or asphalt, I never saw an American woman, I never slept on a bed, I never had a pillow, I never slept in sheets, I never saw a television, I never listened to a radio, I never sat in a chair, I never wore any under clothing, I never had my cloths washed except when I washed them in a bucket, I never ate a hamburger or had french-fries, I never had any shaving crème, I never walked on a rug, I never had more than one pair of boots, I never stood near a heater, I never had more than one pair of socks, except for two occasions of warm beer I never had an adult beverage, I never went to a USO show, I never went anywhere without a weapon, I never had nor wore civilian clothes, I never saw nor did I talk to any civilians, I never rode in a car..."

I think I stopped at that and looked around, I was kind of shocked to see the look on all of their faces, mouths were open, and eyes were wide and strangest of all, no one said anything. I said, "I think it's time for me to go home" and I stood up and walked out.

When I got home, I thought a great deal about what I had said and oddly the list got longer. I looked around my house and the list of "I never" just seemed to continue on forever. I hate the "my time was tougher than your time" because each has their own individual cross to bear and after all, I knew that my deprivation was much less than many and certainly less than those up in the hills of Khe Sanh.

OBIT

**FERNANDO R. CORBACHO, USMC,
KHE SANH VETERAN H&S CO 1/26**

It is with the deepest sympathy that I am reporting the loss of a Warrior ~ Fernando R Corbacho ~ on Saturday July 4, 2020. Fernando served with Honor, courage and commitment, the core values of the Marines. He was Honorably Discharged Medically after Earning a Purple Heart in 1968 during the Bat-



FERNANDO R. CORBACHO, USMC

tle of Khe Sanh while attached to 1st Battalion, 26th Marines, 3rd Marines Division. Fernando & Roberts mother brought them to the United States from Cuba in 1963 with the hopes of their having better lives...Rest Easy and Peacefully as we who remain will cover your post. Semper Fi Marine ~ Until Valhalla

OBIT

**MICHAEL P. MATEY USMC, KHE
SANH VETERAN**

Michael P. "Skip" Matey, Jr. passed away on March 3, 2020. He was 71 years old. Skip was born in Ridley Park, PA to Maryanna (nee Hipple) and Mike

Matey Sr. He is survived by his loving wife of 50 years, Marlene; children, Michael III (Leslie), Nicole Matey-Reynolds, and Carrie Matey; grandchildren, Rebecca Reynolds, Daniel Reynolds, Matthew Reynolds, Christopher Fallis, Willow Matey, Holly Pattison, Michael Paul Matey, IV; siblings, Brad Matey (Charis), Janet Barsky, and John Moyer (Joan); sister-in-laws, Colleen Schantz (Joe), Christine Cubano, and Helene Ryan. Skip is preceded in death by his sister, Mary Beth Green and his brother in law, Michael Ryan.

Skip grew up in Abington, PA where he attended Abington High School. After graduating, Skip enlisted in the United States Marine Corp. Skip served as a radio operator in Vietnam for the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division from 1966-1970. He was awarded many medals and badges during his service including the Combat Action Ribbon for his combat service and his units were awarded 5 Presidential Unit Citations. He married Marlene at Camp Lejeune in NC in 1970. After Skip was honorably discharged, he and Marlene moved to Willow Grove, PA where he worked for Bell Telephone and later Verizon until his retirement. Skip loved the mountains and found solitude there. He frequented the Poconos, Renovo, and Colton Point.

OBIT



JAMES T. CONNACHER, USMC, KHE SANH VETERAN

June 8th, 1940 - June 21st, 2020 James Trafford Connacher, a long time resident of Corona, CA, passed away at Kindred Hospital, Rancho Cucamonga, CA after a lengthy illness. James was born in Indiana, PA to Lisle and Mary Connacher, and grew up in Clymer, PA. He was their only son; he had three sisters. During his senior high school year, James met the love of his life, Sondra Sunday, while she was working as a cashier at a grocery store. James often joked that Sondra's father begged him to marry her, or she would "throw herself from the town bridge in grief". They were married shortly after he joined the Marines. James joined the United States Marine Corps shortly after graduating high school in what would become his first career. James was a patriot who spent 20 years in the Marines. He found himself in aviation as a helicopter mechanic, which led him to being a crew chief on various helicopters. He served four tours in Vietnam, being shot down on one occasion. But luckily after evading the enemy for one night, he was rescued the following day.

During the course of his service he traveled the world, and was stationed in many countries, and for a while was assigned to the USS Boxer as a Fleet Marine with his aviation unit. While in the Marines James was recognized for his exceptional service and devotion to duty, and was selected as one of the first recipients of the Marine Corps Air Crewman Award (now an annual award recognizing exceptional Marine Corps Air Crewmen). James participated in numerous rescue operations (both military and civilian), and he received several life-saving awards, which were personally presented to him by Igor Sikorsky (the developer of the Sikorsky Helicopter). One of James' proudest moments was when General Krulak pinned his Combat Air Crew "Wings" on him after the siege at Khe Sanh. James' last duty station was Marine Corps Air Station Tustin (known as LTA for the Lighter Than Air ships that were once stationed there).

While flying over Southern California, he noticed the then small town of Corona, CA, and thought it would be a nice place for his family to settle down at the end of his final enlistment.

He retired in 1978 as a Second Lieutenant having risen through the ranks from Private. After retiring from the Marines, James began his second career working for Alcoa Aluminum at the Corona Foundry. He started on the Foundry floor, and ultimately

worked his way up to the position of Foundry supervisor, where he was responsible for supervising the molding casts for various military projects including the cruise missile. After retiring from Alcoa, James, who was a licensed pilot, returned to his love of aviation keeping his hand in by working as an air frame and power mechanic for several local flight schools. He often said he did this so he could continue to fly on the cheap.

James was a long time member of the American Legion Post #0742, Corona CA. His hobbies included shooting and reloading his own ammunition (he was a lifetime member of the NRA), wood working and wood carving (he was a member of the Norco Chip Chuckers), fishing, and traveling with Sondra in their travel trailer. James had an appetite for knowledge, and loved to learn "what made things tick". For example, when he got into the sport of shooting, he wanted to know how firearms worked, so he took a gunsmith course, which led to his building several of his own firearms. He took up SCUBA diving. Not content to just learn to dive, he fashioned his own air tanks, built his own air regulator, melted and molded his own lead weight belt, and constructed his own wetsuit.

James is survived by his wife of 59 years, Sondra; his son Timothy (Pam); his daughter Tammi Meeks (Bruce); grandchildren Nikole Sanchez (Daniel), Rebecca Meeks (Jake), Christina Sesepasara (Lepe), Patrick Meeks all of Riverside, CA, and Stephanie Rust (Joseph) of Omaha, NE; and eight great grandchildren. Of all the titles James held, the ones that meant most to him were "Papa" to his grandchildren and "G-Paw" to his great grandchildren.

James was loved by his family, and will be truly missed. Graveside Services were held Wednesday, July 1st, 2020, 11:30 am Riverside National Cemetery 22495 Van Buren Blvd. Riverside, CA 92518

OBIT

CAPTAIN ALPHONSO NOSAL, USMC KHE SANH VETERAN, BRAVO CO 3RD RECON

Mystic - Alphonso "Alphy" William Nosal, formerly of Somers and Mystic and most recently Scituate, Mass. died Oct. 17, 2020, after spending his last days with his family. Alphy succumbed to pneumonia after years fighting back from cancer that stole many physical things but not his love for his family and desire to live. Hard work, a great sense of humor and integrity were the hallmarks of his remark-

able life. Alphy was born Dec. 13, 1943, in Enfield to Mary Maniscalci and John S. Nosal. He was the second of four boys, graduating from Enfield High School, where he was a standout athlete and later American International College in Springfield, Mass. In 1966, Alphy enlisted in the United States Marines Corps and attended Officer Candidate School at Quantico where he was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant and deployed to Vietnam in 1967. Just before shipping out to Vietnam, Alphy married his wife of almost 50 years, Ann Marie Olschafskie "Babe" also of Enfield. In Vietnam, Lt. Nosal served in combat as a platoon leader and, after being promoted to First Lieutenant, a company commander where he led his units in the battle of Khe Sanh. Alphy was honorably discharged from the Marine Corps at the rank of Captain.

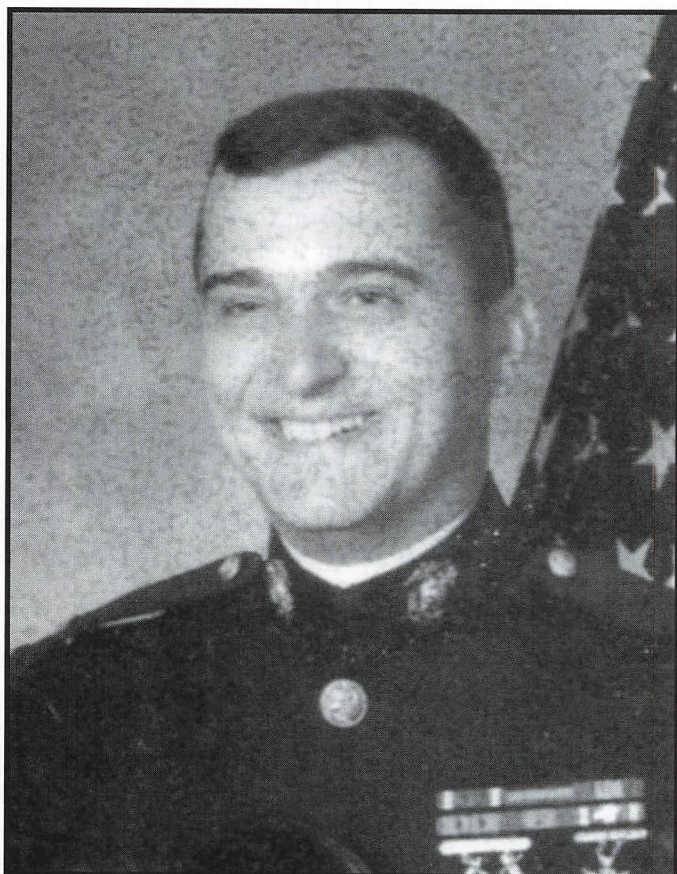
Alphy had a 40-year career as a financial advisor working for the same company, known today as Morgan Stanley, in the Springfield and Harford Offices and as vice president and branch manager in Mystic. Throughout his career, Alphy was known literally as an "honest broker" and helped countless clients achieve their dreams through his financial advice and guidance. Before his battle with cancer, Alphy was an avid golfer and he remained a skilled fly fisherman and avid boater throughout his life. He and Babe traveled the world and enjoyed the company of some great friends and their extended family. Alphy was also known to be quite a "shooter" at the "Sun".

In addition to being a hero and enjoying success in life, Alphy was first and foremost a great dad instilling his sense of hard work, humor and integrity in his son and daughter. His humor, love and candid advice on all things life will be missed greatly by all those who were fortunate enough to have experienced it, especially Jed and Sarah. Nothing however compared to his love of his grandchildren who meant everything to him and kept him fighting after the toll cancer took on his body to be around to watch them grow, laugh with them and be an influence in their lives (mostly appropriate) – they are lucky to have had such a great "Pop". Finally, Alphy was also devoted to his dog, Happy, a larger than life golden doodle and faithful companion that never left his side.

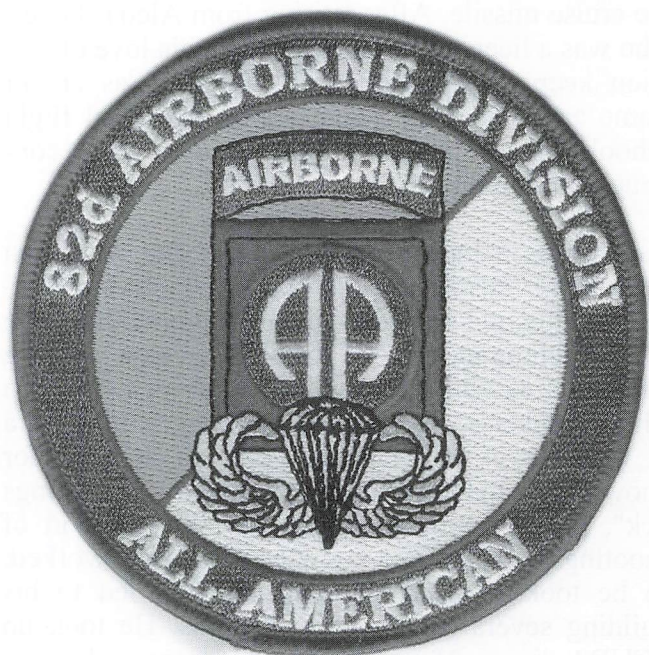
Alphy is predeceased by his wife, Babe and survived by his children and their spouses, Jed M. Nosal and his wife Elaine of Milton, Mass. and Sarah E. Smith and her husband Jason of Scituate, Mass.; grandchildren, Andrew and Hannah Smith and Kiera and Oliver Nosal; three brothers, Michael

Nosal and his wife Barbara of Enfield, John Stanley and Joseph Nosal, both of Briny Breezes, Fla.; his beloved in-laws, Elinor McGilvery of New London, Jeanne Young and her husband, Richard, of Longmeadow, Mass., Marylee Telford and her husband, Peter Anastas of Waterford, Francis Olschafskie and his wife, Anna Poor of Jamaica Plain, Mass.; and numerous nieces and nephews.

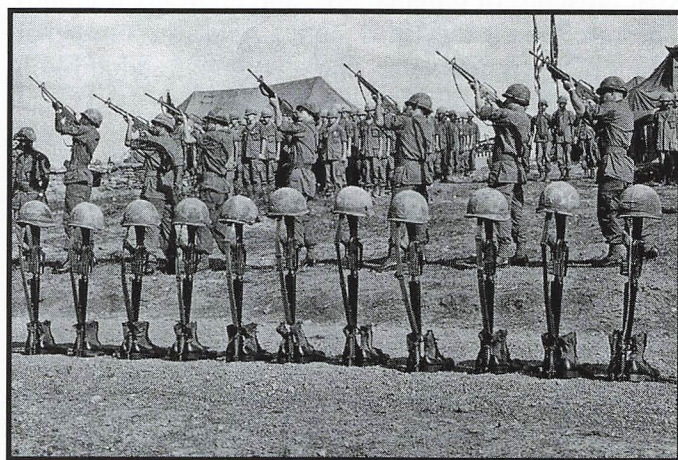
A graveside service with military honors was held at 1:30 p.m. Friday, Oct. 23, at the Elm Grove Cemetery on Route 27 in Mystic. There are no calling hours. Arrangements are handled through the Mystic Funeral Home in Mystic.



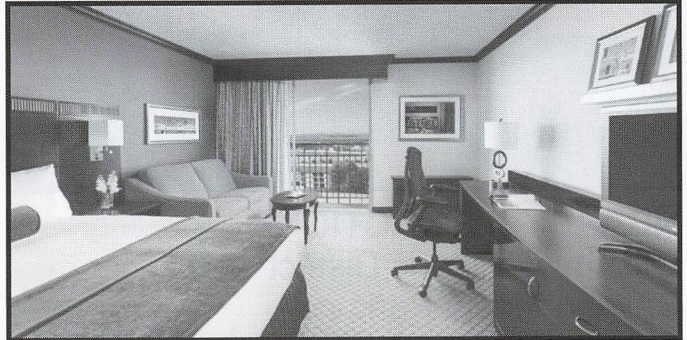
MEMORIES: THE GOLDEN BRIGADE 82ND AIRBORNE IN VIETNAM & BEYOND



1968 The 3rd Brigade 82nd Airborne deployed to Vietnam from Ft. Bragg N.C. 282 Paratroopers gave the ultimate sacrifice for their fellow troopers and the Country they fought for 1200 plus were wounded in a very short time. 22 Months in combat. Not to mention the 1000's of sociological scars. Photo below is 82nd ABN troopers honoring those who fell on the battle field . Forever young..



2021 Reunion: Crown Plaza Albuquerque, NM 1901 University Boulevard NE, NM 87102 Phone: 1-505-884-2500. Please try to call on days, not at night when 800 operators work. Code Khe Sanh Veterans. Room Rate \$84.00 Single occupancy, \$ 89.00 Double occupancy Free Parking, Free Breakfast (Full Not Continental) Pet Friendly, Free WI-FI (Sunday) 11 April thru (Sunday) 18 April 2021. Rate good for 3 Days Before & After Regular Scheduled Dates. These are the new dates if you made registrations thru the KSV Block, the Hotel cancelled your old reservations. If you made them other than with the block you have to cancel yourself. Every one has to re register with the Hotel. If you registered with the KSV you are okay and do not have to register with Us. New Hotel Registrations Start after 01 Nov 2020





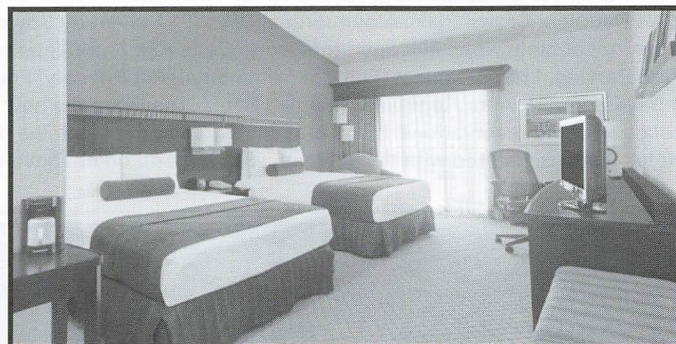
NEARBY ATTRACTIONS

Old Town Historic District
 Balloon Fiesta Park
 Sandia Peak Aerial Tramway
 Albuquerque Museum
 National Museum of Nuclear History
 Hispanic Cultural Center
 Indian Pueblo Cultural Center
 ABQ Uptown Outdoor Mall
 Coronado Shopping Mall
 Nearby Convention Center

North Golf Course - UNM : 2 MI/ 3.22 KM South East
Championship Golf Course : 7 MI/ 11.27 KM South
Arroyo Del Oso Golf Course : 4.3 MI/ 6.92 KM North
 East

Paa-Ko Ridge Golf Course : 28 MI/ 45.06 KM North
 East

Outdoor Tennis: 5 MI/ 8.05 KM



INDOOR ICE SKATING RECREATION NEARBY

- Indoor Roller Skating
- Indoor Tennis Courts
- Jogging Track
- Miniature Golf
- Mountain or Rock Wall Climbing
- Snow Skiing
- Swimming
- Bicycling
- Billiards
- Bowling
- Hiking

RESTAURANTS

STONESTREET

- Breakfast, Lunch, Dessert
- Hours: 6:00 AM-2:00 PM
- Phone: 1-505-884-2500(3611)

RANCHERS CLUB OF NEW MEXICO

- Dinner, Dessert
- Hours: 5:30 PM-9:30 PM
- Phone: 1-505-889-8071
- CANTINA LOUNGE
- Lunch, Dinner, Dessert
- Hours: 2:00 PM-11:00 PM
- Phone: 1-505-884-2500(3614)

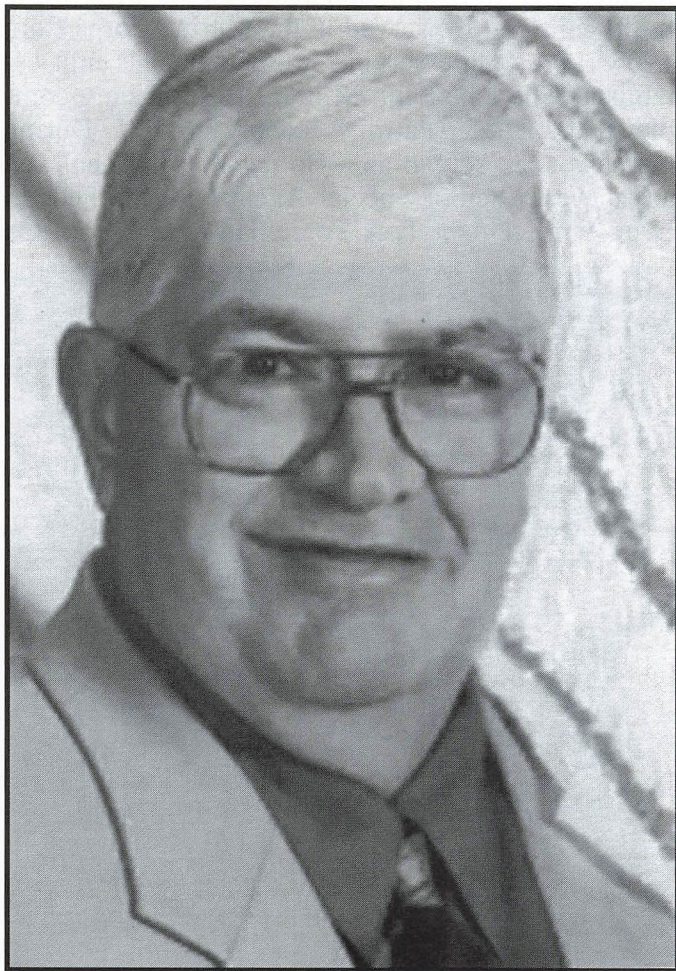
OBIT

**DONALD S. BROWN USMC, KHE SANH
VETERAN, 81 MORTARS 1/26**

BERLIN CENTER, Ohio (MyValleyTributes) – Donald S. Brown, 74, of Berlin Center, passed away unexpectedly Thursday, May 28, 2020 at his residence.

Born March 26, 1946 in Wadsworth, he was the late son of Donald I. and Elizabeth (Beres) Brown. Don grew up in Sharon Center and was a 1964 graduate of Highland High School.

He proudly served in the United States Marine



Corps during Vietnam. Prior to retirement, Don was a self-employed carpenter.

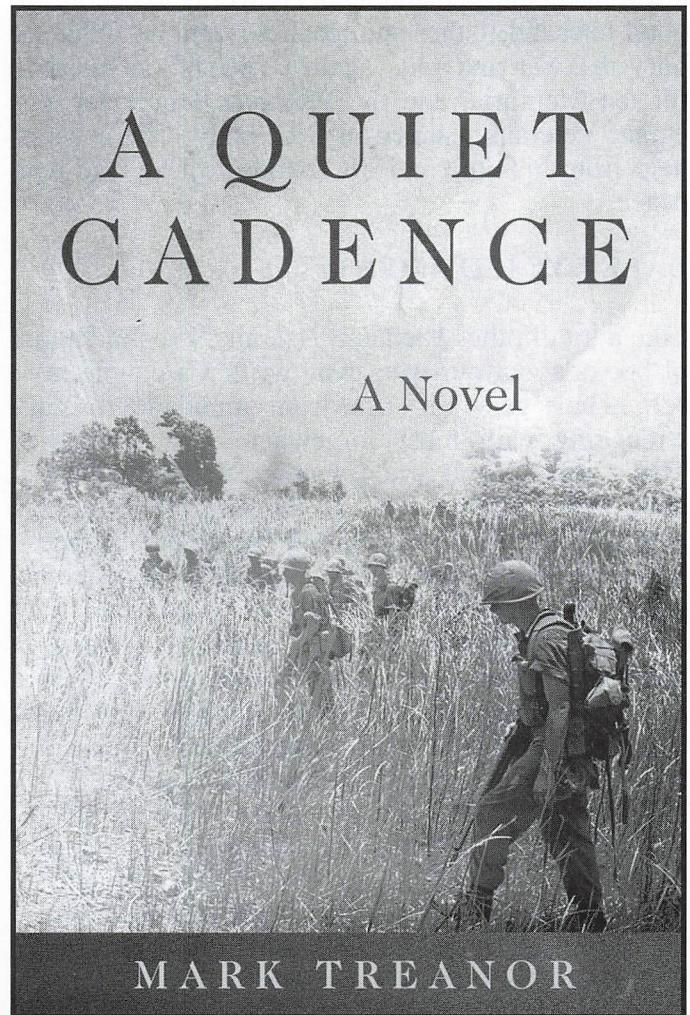
Don was a member of St. James Church. He also was a long-time member of the Berlin Township Fire Department, VFW Post 9571, the Men's Garden Club of Youngstown and a charter member of Berlin Center Historical Society. And a member of the Khe Sanh Veterans.

Don is survived by his wife of 51 years, the former Shirley Balogh; his sisters, Jolan (Henry) Silberhorn and Patricia (Robert) Witschey; many nieces and nephews and great-nieces and nephews.

Services were held and interment with military honors took place at Western Reserve National Cemetery.

BOOK REVIEW

Sometimes it takes years for a combat vet to understand what his war did to him when he was nineteen. And even longer to explain the cadence he has marched to since then to the people he loves.



Family and friends know Marty McClure as a kind, peaceful man. They aren't aware that when he was young, he plumbed the depths of terror, hatred and despair with no assurance he'd ever surface again. Now he needs to reveal what happened in Vietnam and how, with the help of Patti, his wife, Corrie Corrigan, a disabled vet, and Doc Matheson, a corpsman turned trauma surgeon, he made peace with the ghosts that have visited his dreams all these

years.

With the perception and reflection of a man on the cusp of retirement from a career teaching high school kids, Marty recalls the relentless intensity of prolonged combat as a teenage Marine machine gunner facing booby traps and battles in a war with few boundaries. Arriving in Vietnam, he is appalled by the savagery of his fellow Marines as they hunt an enemy indistinguishable from the villagers he believes they are there to protect. But as friends are crippled or killed over the ensuing months, Marty has to fight not only the enemy but the vicious darkness growing in him. Wounded and sent back to the U.S., he struggles to make sense of all he has lost in a war his country abandoned. He works to become a good husband, father and teacher while he fights to bury the war and rails against friends' enthusiasm for the Memorial and the Welcome Home for Vietnam Veterans planned in D.C. Only if he accepts help from his wife and his friends will he find real peace.

DALE DYE (COMMENT)

Like a lot of other Vietnam Veterans, I've read a ton of books about our war, even written a couple myself. They generally run from mundane to gut-wrenching with most somewhere in the middle. That's why I exult when another Veteran writes a book that is such a credit to the genre like the one penned by Mark Treanor titled "A Quiet Cadence." Beyond the title, there's nothing quiet in Mark's epic work which follows one young Marine machinegunner from his first day in the Nam, through harrowing action in the mine-riddled Arizona Territory of I Corps and through his difficult adjustment at home. That's too bland a description for this wonderful book. If you're a Vietnam combat vet, you NEED to read this one. If you're a veteran of our other military operations since then, you also NEED to read this book. Treanor gets it all right and so very familiar, including the action, the characters, the conversation and the emotional toll. This author is the real deal, a platoon leader with 5th Marines circa 1969. And his book goes on top of a short stack of war novels that I will read again, and again, and again. S/F - D

BILL JAYNE (COMMENT)

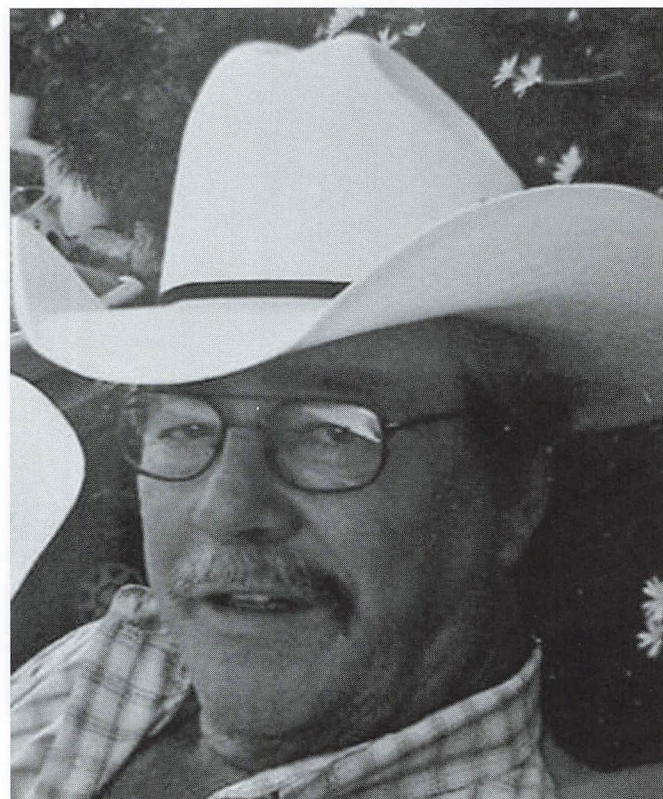
I urge you to share this message on your groups and pages as appropriate and to get a copy of the book and read it when you get the chance. Thanks. As Dale Dye notes, Mark Treanor is a Naval Academy graduate who served as a Marine platoon command-

er in Vietnam. I've known Mark for nearly 40 years. We worked together on a nationwide volunteer program called the Vietnam Veterans Leadership Program in the early '80s. He was one of our most outstanding leaders in that program. Semper Fidelis.

OBIT

**DANNY R. COKER, USMC KHE SANH
VETERAN BRAVO BTRY 1/13
May 22, 1947 - July 19, 2020**

Danny R. Coker passed away July 19th, 202 at 73 years of age in his home in Roby Texas. He was born on May 22, 1947 in Rotan Texas to Denziel L Coker and Lucille Myrle Parsons. Danny attended Monterey High School and achieved his GED while in the military. He served in the Marine Corps from 1965-1969. While serving in Vietnam, his unit established the Khe Sanh Military Base. Danny completed the Border Patrol Academy in 1971. During his career, he served as a Border Patrol Agent and advanced to Senior Special Agent with the Federal Drug Enforcement Task Force. He retired from the



Department of Justice in March 1999.

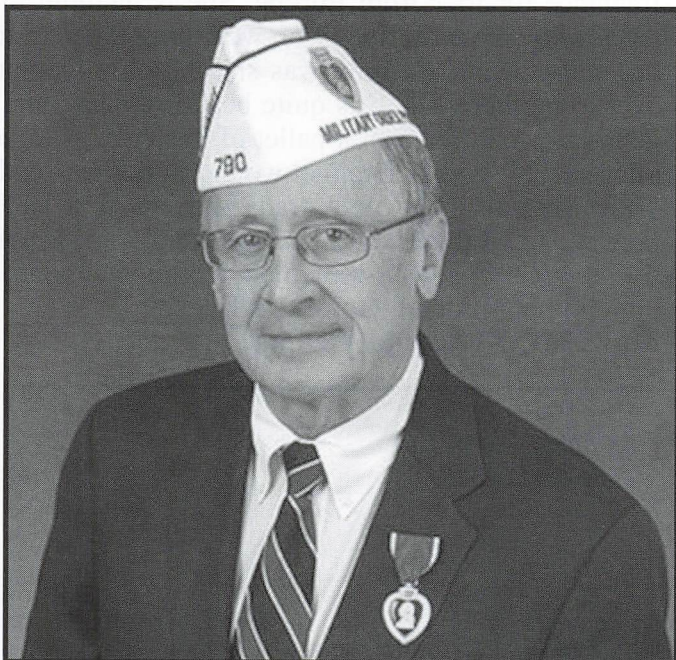
Danny was very athletic and was active in organized softball, the Law Enforcement Rodeo Association, and loved to play golf. He was a member and officer of the American Legion Post 227 in Roscoe

Texas and a lifetime member of the VFW. He was predeceased by both of his parents. Survivors include his children Wendi Fler, Ryan Coker, and Scott Coker, his grandsons Blake and Tyler Fler, and Cash James Coker, his brothers and sisters Donald Coker, Darlene Moore, Debbie Trotter, Davey Coker, and Della Jane Tolbert son in law Rob Fler and daughter in law Jacqueline Coker. He is also survived by multiple nieces and nephews, Great nieces and nephews, and many friends who loved him all dearly. The family would like to thank all who helped in his care, especially Todd Coker, Amy Trotter Wilson, Crystal Coker, and Dave Coker. A memorial service will be held at a later date. McCoy Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements. Online condolences may be expressed at www.mccoyfh.com"

OBIT

ROBERT J. PUSKAR "BOB" C/O MACTU-62 USMC, KHE SANH VETERAN

Paradise Valley - Bob Puskar, 77, of Paradise Valley, AZ passed away peacefully on August 25, 2020, with his loving wife of 48 years, Dottie, at his side as they held hands for hours. He was born in Palmerton, PA on December 17, 1942, as one of three children. Bob is survived by his sister, Diane Tackas (Bernie); mother-in-law, Velma Peskuric; brother-in-law, Michael Peskuric (Timmie); and sister-in-law, Diane Brewer (Ned). He has five nieces/nephews and several grandnieces/nephews.



Bob graduated from Lansford High School as Valedictorian. He earned a Bachelor of Science Degree in Electrical Engineering from Penn State University where he also participated in ROTC (Reserved Officers Training Course). Years later, before they met, Dottie earned a Bachelor of Science Degree in Mechanical Engineering at the University of Pittsburgh. After graduating from Penn State in June 1964, Patriot Puskar was commissioned as an Officer in the United States Marine Corps. He served in Viet Nam in 1967-68 as Captain, commanding MATCU-62, First Marine Air Wing, 3rd Marine Division. He fought gallantry during the Siege of Khe Sanh and Dong Ha. He is the recipient of the Silver Star, Presidential Unit Citation, Vietnam Gallantry Cross Unit Citation, Vietnam Campaign Medal, and the National Defense Service Medal. Bob was wounded on March 25, 1968 during a Rocket Attack at Dong Ha. Patriot Puskar was awarded the Purple Heart Medal by the Commandant of the Marine Corps.

Following his military service, Bob joined the IBM Corporation, where he held many sales, marketing, and general management positions over the course of a very successful 30-year career. His Leadership positions include: Marketing Manager; Branch Manager; Western Region Manager; North America Sales & Mktg. Vice-President for IBM Printing Systems Company; and Vice-President of New Markets, IBM Global Technology Group, an \$8 Billion business unit. While at IBM, he participated in extensive IBM general management, finance, sales, and product education conducted by the Harvard Business School.

After retiring from IBM, Patriot Puskar became CEO of two startup software companies: Rule Base in Scottsdale, AZ; and Beta Sphere in Palo Alto, CA. Bob is currently the founder, owner, and CEO of R&D Ventures, Inc, focused on asset management, equities, options, and commodities trading activities.

His involvement in the MOPH, Dept. of Arizona was extraordinary as an Officer: Adjutant 2004-8; AZ State Cmdr. 2008-11; Patriot Puskar was elected to four National Officer positions: Region VI Cmdr. 2011-13; National Jr. Vice Cmdr. 2013-14; Sr. Vice Cmdr. 2014-15. Bob was unanimously elected as MOPH National Commander 2015-16. Since then he has been serving as Past National Cmdr. The organization known as the "Military Order of the Purple Heart of the USA" was formed in 1932 for the protection and mutual interest of all combat wounded veterans and active duty men and women who

have received the decoration. The MOPH is unique among Veteran Service Organizations in that all its members - from all branches of the Military - were wounded in combat, fighting in all Wars from the present going back to 1932. For this sacrifice, they were awarded the Purple Heart Medal. This Organization promotes Patriotism, Fraternalism, and Preservation of America's Military history. Most importantly, they provide comfort and assistance to all Veterans and their families, those who are homeless, disabled, and those requiring employment assistance. Other programs include: JROTC Leadership Award, Scholarships, Welfare, and numerous community service programs.

Memorial Visitation Was held at Messenger Indian School Mortuary on Wednesday, 9/9 from 2-6 PM. On Thursday, 9/10, at 10 AM, a Funeral Mass will be held by Blessed Sacrament Catholic Church, 11300 N. 64th Street, Scottsdale. Interment at National Memorial Cemetery followed..

OBIT

VINCENT BEGAY, USMC, KHE SANH VETERAN A CO 1/26

Vincent W. Begay passing. A 1/26. "My friend and comrade Vincent W. Begay has passed on to meet his maker. Vince was in my squad on the North side of the east end of the runway during the siege of

Khe Sanh. After the siege, we were in 2nd platoon "A" company 1stBn. 26th Marines together.

It was an honor to be able to talk to Vince two weeks ago. He showed great courage and told me he was thankful for his family and wonderful life. He said he did not fear dying and meeting his God. As chaplain of the Khe Sanh Veterans, I offer the following prayer and scripture for US Marine Vincent W. Begay and those who love him;

O Loving God, please be with us as we honor the life of one who served our nation, for Vince has been taken from our midst and is now in your care. We are pained by the gap in our lives. Yet love is stronger than death; (Song of Songs 8:6) the bonds love creates are eternal. And ours is the blessing of memory, through which the lives of our departed continue to be with us.

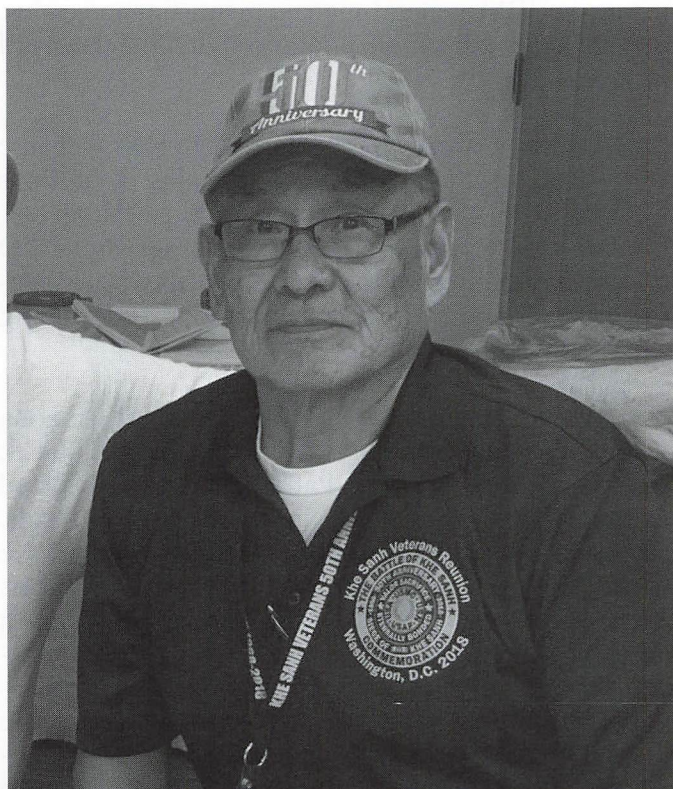
Please accept our prayers on behalf of Vince. May he rest in peace, and may light perpetual shine upon him. Please look with mercy upon those among us, family, friends, and comrades, who are bereaved by this passing. Please comfort and console us all with your presence and tenderness. In Christ Jesus' name we pray Amen" Ron Ronald Howard Rayner

I GET PICTURES

From Thomas O'Grady

This brave woman came to Khe Sanh. She was a freelance reporter from Europe. She is pictured interviewing some Marines who were only too glad to be interviewed. Not only was she the only woman ever to be there, she was quite beautiful and courageous as well. She sent a pallet of Easter eggs to us after she left with a shrapnel wound in her rear end. They were all dyed olive drab. She saw first hand how we lived there, and had love and compassion for us. We will always remember her and her contribution to our morale! God Bless Her.

May 1967, Khe Sanh, Vietnam



MEMORIES.



A wounded United States Marine is held in the arms of fellow Marines while awaiting medical attention during fighting of the Vietnam War on Hill 881 on May 11, 1967.

WRITINGS FROM THE KSV BOARD FROM A NEW MEMBER

Board: Thomas O'Grady

The Khe Sanh Message Board and now this Facebook site that Mike Fishbaugh has developed has brought many of us together. It gives us the opportunity to connect with others, meet people with similar experiences, bitch, argue, vent and most of all realize that we are not alone in this journey. You won't be judged about your writing ability, errors, mistakes or misstatements. Write and share your thoughts and feelings, welcome to the brotherhood, we are all "Eternally Bounded"

I just want to thank all of you who have kicked in on my posts. I appreciate all of you and your input. It means a lot to me. I have not really spoken at any length about my time with you at Khe Sanh or the times after out in the field on our seemingly endless search and destroy missions. I'm finding memories that I had stashed away in the depths of my mind. I spent a lot of time putting them there. Now I'm finding that I need to relate those things somehow and get some kind of release from some of the depression that comes with the kind of experiences that we shared over there. I've not been on the net very long so I'm still muddling around. If I make any errors that are questionable to any of you I apologize in advance if I have done so already I apologize here and now. I value my status among you and would not intentionally jeopardize it. Thanks Marines. Very much.

I just would like to say that this site is a great asset to me personally. I assume it it's the same for a great number of us. I've been a member of the Association for awhile now and have never until now had any real Contact with others from the Battle. It is a pleasure and a privilege to be able to do so. I have all the same demons hounding me as the rest of us who endured and survived. I'm trying to put them in their place and tame them.

I have many memories that are as clear as crystal and some that are dim and hard to put a time and place on. This is an issue with me and causes much frustration and anxiety. I'm retired and disabled and find myself with an inordinate amount of time on my hands and I'm trying to stay ahead of the game surviving 'Retirement'. This site has given me a way to reach out and actually touch bases with guys that actually shared that space of time and real estate with me. I find it very helpful in many ways. So if I sound Gung Ho about stuff its because I am. Those words have meaning, both literally and figuratively. I'm interested in all and any input that you guys have to offer. I offer mine spontaneously and candidly. If any of you have recommendations for sources or books I might be interested in I would like to hear about them. I have read a lot of books but not nearly all that are available. I do not use a stockpile of Info as I'm not good at that kind of thing. So having specifics in front of me is not in play. I'm just trying to put it together in my head. I throw out a question about something that has come into my mind and hope that it has value. Not just to me but to my Brothers as well. SF

REPLY:

From: LINDA LESOWSKI MARTIN

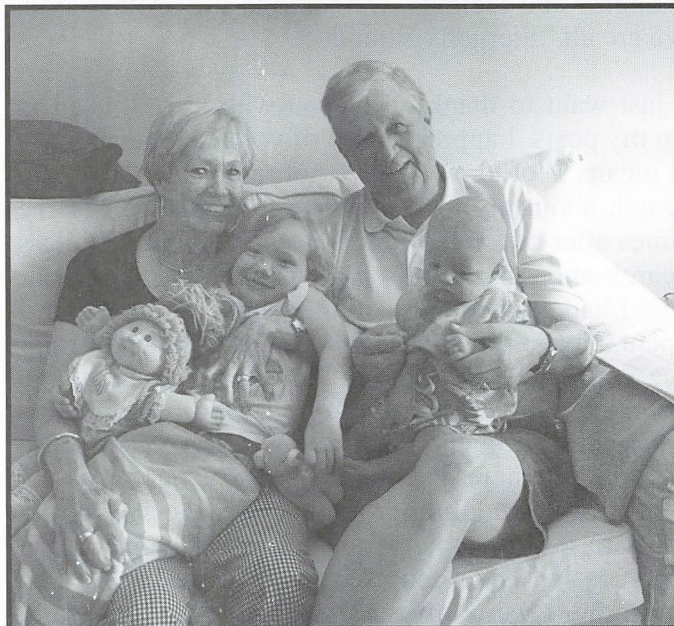
My late husband Ken found being a member of the KSV group was extremely helpful, comforting, and one of the best things for him to help deal with his memories of life during the time he spent being a Marine during Vietnam. I hope you find some of the same things for yourself. God bless you all.



**FROM CRAIG TOURTE
HQ BTRY 1/13****ANOTHER GATHERING OF KHE SANH MARINES AT TOM HORCHLERS FARM
ON SUNDAY AUGUST 09, 2020 IN CHEROKEE, CALIFORNIA**

Tom is just one of those fine Marines to which others are drawn. When visiting I never know who is going to be present or will just show up. Tom looks forward to sharing 17 years of his food and beverage experience by always hosting and cooking gourmet meals for everyone. Besides being overserved, we sit around and watch sports on television, talk about our experiences from long years past, remember those who are no longer with us and work on solving the world's problems, if only others would listen to us and take our advice. Who would have thought 50 some years ago after serving at the Khe Sanh Combat Base, we would still be around this day to share stories about our adventures and mishaps, along with a very few mistakes in judgment?

L to R: Kenneth Soerensen (A/1/13, FO 1/26), David Tonick (A/1/26 Guns), Larry Brooks (I/3/3), Craig Tourte (HQ. 1/13), Tom Horchler (HQ. 1/13), Borlaug (I/3/3).



BARBARA GREGG FOSTER & BILL FOSTER BABYSITTING GRANDKIDS

BRUCE "T BONE" JONES WITH HIS GRANDSONS



Mission is complete. Jim's Soldiers Cross has finally made it to his family's home with his brother Bob Delaplane.



I had a wonderful day with these two Grandsons and their parents. Both of these guys have done two Spartan races to date and they love the challenge! I love them both very much.



A South Vietnamese Ranger, wounded during a North Vietnamese rocket barrage on the Marine base at Khe Sanh, is carried through a sandbagged trench to an underground aid station. In recent weeks, the base has been subject to increasingly heavy enemy shelling.



01 Mar 68, Khe Sanh Combat Base A young Marine radio Operator listens to his radio during a lull in the shelling

LEARNED LESSON # 1**SHIT HAPPENS ... AND RELIGION DOESN'T HELP.**

My mother tried to raise me "right." She made me go to church. I served as local and district president of my high school youth group. When I went to Vietnam, I was Protestant lay-leader for my company. At Khe Sanh, it was a target rich environment; I killed many of them and held some of ours as they died. Then came the day that I lost two friends. I have heard it said, "a thousand deaths can be a statistic. One death can be a tragedy". It all depends on the degree of relationship. Having a person die in your arms feels like a part of you goes with them. That night through tears, I made a vow to NEVER again have friends - or feelings.

LEARNED LESSON #2**IT'S EASY TO GIVE UP ON GOD.**

After all, if God is supposed to be real, if God is supposed to be totally in control, if God is supposed to be love then:

*Why did He let good men die?

*why didn't He let me die with my friends?

*Why weren't we allowed to fight to win?

*Why weren't we respected by our own families, our own friends, our own country?

*Why were we called "baby killers" (when our own nation sanctioned abortion the same year the war ended)?

*Why was it so hard to forgive and to forget?

* Why have I often done the very things I hated?

WHY ?**LEARNED LESSON # 3****THERE ARE MANY TIME WE COULD HAVE, SHOULD HAVE BEEN WIPE OUT.**

You have your stories. I have mine.

Guys right next to me, killed, and I didn't have a scratch. Blown down three separate times from blasts - and never a scratch. Car wrecks, never a scratch. Financial wrecks, and I survive. Marriage wrecks, and still together.

Waaaaay beyond statistical probability.

Waaaaay beyond my control.

What about you?

How often should you have been wiped out? Why are you still alive?

Bet it's beyond your smarts and beyond your strength. But you know, despite all the wrecks and close calls, somebody has been covering you.

And WHO is that somebody?

LEARNED LESSON # 4**AT 18 YEARS OLD, YOU'RE FULL OF PISS & VINEGAR AND DESIGNED FOR ADVENTURE.**

I was born into a rodeo and ranching family. With that background went lots of responsibility and independent experiences early in life. But I wanted more. I probably watched too many John Wayne movies and combat looked like the ultimate passage into manhood. So, at 18, I enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, the ultimate fighting machine.

LEARNED LESSON # 5**IF SOMETHING BLOCKS OUR WAY,
WE FIND A WAY AROUND IT.**

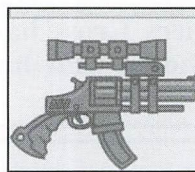
It was 1966 and the war in Vietnam was heating up. I got 'stuck' in an intense training role for over a year. I kept trying to get to combat - - but no luck. Finally, I called a United States Senator, he "encouraged" the Corps to let me deploy. I extended my enlistment because I was a short-timer.

LEARNED LESSON # 6**GAMES AND MOVIES CAN'T CONVEY VIDEO WHAT
WAR REALLY IS.**

Only when you've actually experienced the real thing can you know. And then, you can't find the words to convey to others that haven't been there what war really is like, so you isolate. It's also funny that ten guys in the same firefight can have 15 different perspectives on what happened. The noise, the smells, the blood, the adrenaline overwhelm the boundaries of normal experience

LEARNED LESSON # 7**WHEN YOU KILL PEOPLE AND WHEN
CLOSE FRIENDS ARE KILLED,
IT DESTROYS A PART OF YOUR SOUL.**

In combat I started killing people and it was like hunting deer back on the ranch in South Dakota.



As our guys were killed, I'd go over to "Graves Registration" and "borrow" their now-surplus weapons for my men. But, when a number of men that reported directly to me were killed, killing the enemy became very personal and I started to kill with HATE and PASSION and JOY. And I became something I never before could have imagined

LEARNED LESSON # 8**WE FEEL GOD CAN'T FORGIVE US FOR WHAT
WE HAVE DONE.**

I did not FEEL guilty about killing the enemy. I de-humanized them. They were killing our guys. They were trying to kill me. I'd been raised on the ranch where hunting and killing was a normal part of life. In my mind, the enemy soldiers were just animals that needed to be killed. But, when I started losing friends and losing guys under my command, it became personal, and I transitioned from cold to cruel and started joyfully and systematically killing people we weren't supposed to kill.

LEARNED LESSON # 9**WE FEEL RESPONSIBLE WHEN OTHERS DIE.**

I didn't know it was called, "SURVIVORS' GUILT". Guys better than me. They're dead. I'm alive.

LEARNED LESSON # 10 **IT'S EASY TO BECOME ADDICTED TO RISK.**

I Began taking crazy risks. And didn't care if I was killed

Because I was ashamed to still be alive, I started to do stupid and risky things. I passed up a chance to leave for R & R. When I was finally shot and told I was being sent back to the states, I begged the doctor to let me stay.

- * The fight was MY fight.
- * Those men were my men.
- * And the enemy was MINE yet to be killed.

LEARNED LESSON # 11 **LIFE AFTER COMBAT IS FRUSTRATING,** **CONFUSING & VERY DIFFICULT.**

One-minute you're in a life-threatening, life-changing, adrenaline-rush action leading a high-performance team in a well-defined mission with the highest stakes ... and the next minute you're selling "crap" and mowing the grass in your spare time.

LEARNED LESSON # 12 **YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW.**

I was engaged to Liz prior to deployment. And we were married while I was still in the hospital- but neither she nor I had a clue how much I had changed. It was years after combat before I finally began putting a name to life after combat, Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. I controlled things reasonably well. Yet on rare occasions I'd have a blowout - - and only by God's grace did I not kill anyone, including myself. (Though He knows I tried like hell several times.)

LEARNED LESSON # 13 **YOU HAVE TO MOVE ON.**

You aren't the king.

You're not in control of everything as much as you'd like to be. Especially when your time is up or you have a medical discharge, you have to move on.

LEARNED LESSON # 14 **YOU WANT CONTROL. COMPLETE CONTROL OVER EVERYTHING.**

Totally 'greased' by three incoming rounds. Immobile. Held together by wires.

Using a bed pan.

Unable to walk or use my hands.

Life looked HOPELESS. Especially when a doctor told me to accept the fact that I'd never be able to use my hands or walk again.

I was no longer in control.

Previously, I watched officers and politicians make stupid decisions that got good men killed.

And though I kept trying to have complete control over everything, I had to finally accept that control is merely an illusion.

LEARNED LESSON # 15 **YOU STILL LOOK FOR RISK.**

Is it the chemical fix of the adrenaline rush? Whatever it is, you're hyper-alert, living with a hair trigger, out there looking

for meaningless sex, the fastest car, the biggest business deals, the stupidest fights.

LEARNED LESSON # 16 **PEOPLE DON'T RUN TO PLEASURE.** **THEY RUN FROM PAIN.**

No, the primary reason we overdose on booze, gambling, business, drugs, adultery isn't because those things are so great (especially when they each have a negative consequence). The main motivator is some pain in our past that we seem incapable of relieving, so we grab a cheap and fast pleasure to medicate to try and cover over the hurt.

LEARNED LESSON # 17 **MY PLEASURE COMES AT OTHER'S EXPENSE**

If anyone had caused my wife a tenth of the pain that I caused her, I would have killed them.
Hurt people, hurt people

LEARNED LESSON # 18 **SOME BECAME "DOWN-AND-OUT".**

After the military - some isolated.

Some became wild.

Some became reclusive.

Some became drunks.

Some had multiple divorces.

Some couldn't hold a job.

Some looked for bar fights.

Some did drugs.

LEARNED LESSON # 19 **SOME BECAME "UP-AND-OUT".**

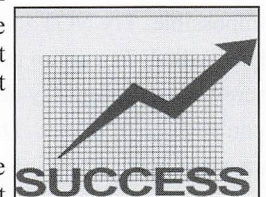
And the world called them, "down and outers".

After the military - some apply their intensity to becoming socially successful. Business leaders, always on the go. Trying hard to be successful in certain areas because other areas of life are a total wreck. Whether "down-and-out" or "up-and-out" ... out is still out. A mess is still a mess! A gold-plated turd is still a turd!

LEARNED LESSON # 20 **NOTHING COULD FILL THE 'EMPTY' INSIDE**

So, moving up and out, this veteran got a master's degree in business and became a millionaire. Youngest president of different organizations by decades! Hoorah! Do I drive the Corvette or the Lincoln today? The governor just named a day for me as our highest decorated Vietnam Vet.

Whoever says sin isn't fun hasn't done some of the things I've done; hasn't had the toys and experiences I've had. But nothing gave any



lasting peace or contentment. Nothing filled up the hole inside.

LEARNED LESSON # 21
SO, YOU TRY HARDER AND TRY MORE

I lied to myself.
Yes, all the 'stuff' and experiences did make me happy. For two hours. Or two days. But then I was like an addict - and would need another 'hit' so I'd try something bigger, faster, riskier.

LEARNED LESSON # 22
COMBAT VETS DON'T TRUST OTHERS.

I could play the 'game' to get what I wanted -- but on the inside, I was critical, suspicious, a loner -- who, under pressure would attack.

LEARNED LESSON # 23
**WHEN OTHERS LAUGH -I DON'T,
AND WHEN THEY DON'T -I DO.**

Combat changes your perspective.
Gotta be MACHO.
No tears.
Stuff your feelings.
Did that work? No.
Frankly, you gotta feel it to heal it!

LEARNED LESSON # 24
**IF THEY HAVEN'T BEEN THERE-
THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND.**

So, it's easy to isolate. And not feel.
Except when you are alone. And remember

LEARNED LESSON # 25
DEPRESSION IS REAL.
THOUGHTS OF SUICIDE ARE REAL.

I felt,
"Nobody cares". "Nobody understands".
"I've been abandoned". "Nothing is going to change".
For a lie to work, it has to have an element of truth. Yes, my physical pain was real.
Two guys pulled me off the battlefield. Pumped full of drugs, I'm flown to a surgical facility and then it's months of pain, operations, therapy, neglect ... and none of my family ever visited once.

LEARNED LESSON # 26
MY PLEASURE COMES AT OTHER'S EXPENSE

It's easy to consider suicide, murder, adultery, stealing, lying. Try NOT to think of the word 'elephant' for five seconds. -It's impossible. Try NOT to ever think about the friends that have been killed. Try not to ever think about the people that have screwed you over. Try not to think about all the hurtful crap you've done to others. Depression can be a chemical imbalance but generally it is anger turned inward.

LEARNED LESSON # 27
THE SOUL IS SEPARATE FROM THE BODY

Navy surgeons began piecing my body back together. But nobody addressed the wounds to my mind, will, emotions..

LEARNED LESSON # 28
**WE JUDGE PEOPLE BY WHAT THEY DO, NOT WHAT
THEY SAY.**

To medicate my pain and prove to the world I was "somebody", I decided to build a BIG house. One day I saw some excellent brick work on another house, so I hunted up the contractor.

LEARNED LESSON # 29
WE GET SURPRISES ALONG THE WAY

After we'd gone through the house plans, the brick man says, "Hey, I made a trip to the Holy Land and have some pictures. You want to see them"? He didn't know of my religious background, or that I'd gone to church, and learned Bible verses in Sunday School. I had actually read the Bible cover-to-cover at least twice.

LEARNED LESSON # 30
**RELIGION ISN'T THREATENING-BUT A PERSONAL
RELATIONSHIP WITH GOD IS.**

As we looked at his pictures, he asked me some easy questions:
"Do you believe in God"? To have a creation means you must have a Creator, so I said, "I do believe there is a God".
Next, he asked, "Do you believe in Jesus, born of a virgin, died on a cross, rose from the dead"?
I don't believe in the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus, but I told him I did believe those things about Jesus.
Then he asked, "Ken, if you were to die tonight, what would happen? Heaven? Or hell"? I told him I thought I'd probably go to heaven. After all, I wasn't killing people anymore and gave lots of money to various community projects. I figured if your good outweighed your bad, then you were "in".

LEARNED LESSON # 31
CONFRONTING TRUTH IS A SHOW-STOPPER

Then he asked, "Do you know that you can know whether it's heaven or hell"? And, when I had that deer-in-the-headlights look, the brick man pulled out a Bible and showed me 1 John 5:11-13 ..

"And this is what God has testified: He has given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. Whoever has the Son has life; whoever does not have God's Son does not have life. I have written this to you who believe in the name of the Son of God, so that you may KNOW you have eternal life".

WOW! "... that you may know?"

I didn't know. And, if I didn't know for sure, then this said I was going to hell!

LEARNED LESSON # 32

I'D BEEN TAUGHT BY MY DAD'S ACTIONS AND MARINE CORPS TRAINING TO RUN TO TROUBLE

If there was a problem, get there fast to get control quick. And, the bigger the risk, the bigger the reward. But now, here's a guy with mere words, and I want to get out of there!

THANK YOU &
GOODBYE

LEARNED LESSON # 33

NONE OF US WANTS TO BE PUSHED OR MANIPULATED

The brick man didn't try to push me. Instead, he asked, "Do you have a Bible at home?" I said, "yes". "If I write some verses down, will you look them up?" I said I would. I went home, pulled out a Bible and read those verses.

LEARNED LESSON # 34

YOU DON'T NEED SPARE TIRE, UNTIL YOU HAVE A BLOW OUT

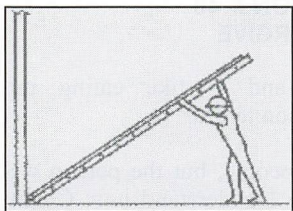
- * Romans 3:10 ... No one is righteous-not even one.
- * Romans 3:23 Everyone has sinned; we all fall short of God's glorious standard.
- * Romans 5:8 ... God showed His great love for us by sending Christ to die for us while we were still sinners.
- * Romans 5:12 When one man, Adam sinned, sin entered the world. Adam's sin brought death, so death spread to everyone, for everyone sinned.
- * Romans 6:23 For the wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life through Christ Jesus our lord.

*Romans 10:9-11 If you openly declare that Jesus is lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved. For it is by believing in your heart that you are made right with God, and it is by openly declaring your faith that you are saved anyone who trusts in him will never be disappointed.

*Romans 10:13 Anyone who calls on the name of the lord will be saved. I'd seen them all before. But before I'd always felt "in Control," working my own agenda. Now I had to acknowledge my agenda wasn't working.

LEARNED LESSON# 35

ALL THE "STUFF" WE HAVE, CAN'T MAKE US HAPPY



For the first time in my life, I stopped to realize I'd climbed my little "ladder of success" but the sucker was leaning against the wrong building! Others would have given their right gonad to have what I had but

NOTHING I had was giving me lasting satisfaction ... No peace. No contentment.

LEARNED LESSON # 36

YOU SURRENDER WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER OPTIONS.

And I finally gave up.

Got down on my knees and said, "God, I've really screwed up. I'm sorry for what I've done. Please forgive me and come in and take over my life".

LEARNED LESSON # 37

FEELINGS ARE LIARS

That was the sincerest prayer man can pray, but I felt nothing.

And, I thought, God forgives sin, but I'm such a bad sinner, He won't forgive me. That night, I cried. I hadn't cried for over 10 years. I hadn't cried since those first two close friends were killed and I'd made that vow to never have close friends or feelings again.

Only later did a guy that I respected share with me, "Ken, you can't put your faith in your feelings. You have to put your trust into God's Word".

LEARNED LESSON # 38

GOD CAN'T FORGIVE ME.

If people knew what I've done - - if they knew what I'm thinking -- they'd lock me up.

But God knows. Always has. And He had His Son, Jesus, pay the penalty for my sin on the cross, that I might have forgiveness of my sin and be right with God.

So, when I say, "God can't forgive my sin", that is really quite prideful on my part. The creator of the universe, He hung the stars in the sky, raised the dead. He suffered on the cross and rose from the dead for you and me. Yet we say, "He can't forgive my sin"? That's exactly WHY He came" He knew ahead of time what our sins would be. Jesus still paid our penalty on the cross for our sins that we would have forgiveness and be made right with God.

The New Testament book of Romans, chapter 8 verses 1-2 say, *"Those who belong to Christ Jesus are no longer under God's judgment. Because of what Christ Jesus has done, you are free. You are now controlled by the law of the Holy Spirit who gives you life. The law of the Spirit frees you from the law of sin that brings death."*

Wow, stop and reread those verses again!

LEARNED LESSON # 39

I AM WHAT I PUT INTO MY MIND

This guy, the brick layer / mentor, that I respected began to show me things out of the Bible that I'd never thought of before.

I was a successful business guy, with a master's degree in business, but I had no clue the Bible talks more about money and business than it talks about heaven and hell!

Slowly, I began to learn and apply Biblical principles to my business, my marriage, to raising our kids, to working with other people.

LEARNED LESSON # 40 **WE ALL WANT TO LIVE A LIFE OF** **PURPOSE AND IMPACT**

The three classic questions of life are:

Where did I come from?

Why am I here?

Where am I going?

As I learned Biblical principles, through reading the Bible, I began to find those answers.

And, my life started to change BIG TIME.

LEARNED LESSON # 41 **GOD DOESN'T WASTE PAIN.**

I often don't understand or like what God is doing, but I need the faith of the little boy that walks into the room full of horse manure and starts to giggle cuz he knows there's a pony in there somewhere.

Bottom line: I've learned God is totally IN CONTROL & has my best long-term interests at heart. So, the issue never is what has happened or is happening or will happen. Instead the primary issue always is,

"How will I respond"?

And when I know the character of God and His love for me - - even when it's painful or doesn't make human sense - - I can STI LL give Him THAN KS and keep walking forward in faith.

LEARNED LESSON #42 **MARINATE**

Life is like two dogs fighting. There's a good dog and a bad dog - and they are really going at it.

Which dog wins?

It's the one you feed.

We are in the middle of a war between God's Holy Spirit and the Satan's unholy spirit. I MUST CONTINUE TO DAILY MARINATE - soak, in God's word, the Bible, to have the scriptural and responsive "flavor" of Christ. Every day I read my Bible plus I also use several other daily devotionals. This constant war, called life, feels like dying. And, it is. To the old "self".

LEARNED LESSON # 43 **TO HAVE SOMETHING 'NEW'** **I NEED TO GIVE UP THE 'OLD.'**

You can drive trucks over a concrete highway and the road surface isn't hurt but if that same concrete is freshly poured and someone walks across it, those footprints are there forever.

Many of us were damaged before we went into the military. Then, when we were young and in combat, all those experiences were deeply impressed into our souls and some of those memories and consequences continue to be "speed bumps" many years later.

To avoid the pain, we try to deaden the feelings and fill our lives with experiences, relationships, things that make us forget. But nothing heals the deep scars. In fact - - like a pothole in a highway - - over time the damage just goes deeper and gets bigger and we (and those around us) continue to be impacted.

So, we try harder to forget. We try harder to medicate. But that

only causes us to move further from our true self.

True Self? What's that?

Our true self is what we were designed to be but those pot-holes, ruts, pains have scarred and fractured that image.

And as we reflect, we realize some of that damage actually began before we ever joined the military. Back when we were really "fresh cement" and very impressionable.

We know a mark of insanity is to continue doing what hasn't worked yet hoping for different results. So, what to do? How can we find and regain our "true self"?

Everybody has to make their own decisions and live with their own consequences but if you are not satisfied with how life is working, I'm glad you are taking time to consider my failures and how Christ is helping me heal and grow.

LEARNED LESSON # 44 **IT'S OKAY TO BE MAD AT GOD**

My dad was a hard ass. He made drill instructors look like high school cheerleaders. He's the first that I heard get mad at God when he said, "Look, if there was a God, He wouldn't have let us be so poor I'd have to watch my two brothers die because we couldn't afford medical help".

It took me a long time to realize my dad believed in God. After all, you must believe He exists if you're going to be pissed at Him. And I became exactly like my dad when I didn't feel God lived up to my expectations.

So, I walked away from God and religion for ten years.

LEARNED LESSON # 45 **WE ARE GREATLY INFLUENCED BY OUR PARENTS AND** **OUR ANCESTORS.**

For over 70 years my family has been in the professional rodeo business. We breed horses to buck because we know those traits are passed on to the following generations. We humans know the same thing is true, so we say things like, "you're just like your old man," or "the apple doesn't fall far from the tree".

As a kid, I said to myself, "I will not be like my dad".

And I became exactly like him

You didn't choose your skin color or where you were born or your body type. Those physical details were chosen for you. Yes, you picked up some positive mental, emotional, relational, habitual propensities from your ancestors. And you picked up some negative ones too.

Did you know the Bible says the sins of the fathers are passed onto the third and fourth generations?

So how are you and I going to process and improve upon what we have inherited?

And, what kind of legacy are you and I leaving for our kids and the generations to come?

LEARNED LESSON # 46 **YOU GOTTA FORGIVE**

Unforgiveness causes bitterness and is like eating rat poison and waiting for the other person to die.

Hate is a cancer in the soul.

We can be very critical of certain people, but the person we are toughest on is ourselves. When I understand how Christ forgave all my sins at the cross, then I need to also forgive myself. And I can begin to give others that same grace that I've received.

LEARNED LESSON # 47
BEING 'BORN AGAIN' GETS YOU INTO
HEAVEN-BUT YOU CAN STILL LIVE IN 'HELL'.
ON PLANET EARTH.

You don't have an "up" without a "down."
 You don't have an "in" without an "out."
 You don't have a "right" without a "left."
 You don't have a "Holy" without an "unholy."
 Yes, there really is an "unholy spirit", and he HATES those that God loves. The unholy is powerful and loves to deceive, divide and destroy.

LEARNED LESSON # 48
THE REAL ENEMY IS SATAN.

And when you know his strategies and limitations,
 you can KICK HIS BUTT.
 Our battle is not against the deceived.
 Our battle is against the deceiver.

LEARNED LESSON # 49
THE TEMPTATION TO SIN
NEVER GOES AWAY.

Satan has an I.Q. of 20,000+ and he knows where we are vulnerable and when to attack.
 Please consider the acronym HALT.
 Because that is when we are most susceptible to 'cave to our temptation.

HUNGRY, ANGRY
LONELY. TIRED.

Forewarned is forearmed. So, I must constantly watch my physical needs while marinating in Christ.

LEARNED LESSON # 50
IN COMBAT YOU HAVE TO WEAR YOUR ARMOR

My body was shredded. My VA disabilities total 260% but I'm alive and function because of my protective gear. My helmet was blown off and I still have shrapnel in my head. My arms were ripped, but my flak jacket protected my torso. My leg had a huge hole in it, but my gonads were protected because I had flak panties on. A boot was blown off. I was a mess. And I'm incredibly stupid because when I finally surrendered to Christ it was years before I finally understood that I need to daily put on my spiritual armor to prepare for the spiritual battle, led by Satan facing me each day. Now, daily AND audibly, I put on the belt of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the preparation of the gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of His Holy Spirit. I don't leave home without getting dressed in my spiritual armor found in Ephesians chapter 6 in the Bible's New Testament. If you want more information on how to daily protect yourself against this war, email kkorkow@ptgi.us.com to request the Spiritual Warfare card.

LEARNED LESSON # 51
THE VA AND MANY OTHER
WELL-MEANING ORGANIZATIONS
ARE OFTEN INEFFECTIVE.

They offer recreation. They offer job training. They offer group counseling. They offer medication. But these are the equivalent of putting a sugar pill on the tongue of a patient. Our military will try just about anything to deal with suicides,

divorces, drug and alcohol abuse, etc. - - anything EXCEPT GOD.

If you're a "wounded warrior" you can take yoga, go on hunting and fishing trips, be in group counseling, get drugs - - all free. Recent articles indicate the military has spent money testing a nose spray using the illegal drug ecstasy and now the most recent article talks about using marijuana to help wounded warriors overcome combat stress.

Problem is - - IT'S NOT WORKING!

Only by surrendering to Christ can a person actually experience healing and growth beyond the challenges of military service. God has a monopoly on what truly heals and gives growth.

LEARNED LESSON # 52
THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF GUILT

False guilt.
 And valid guilt.
 False guilt comes from the unholy spirit.
 Valid guilt comes from the Holy Spirit.

Problem is—they both feel the same

So, we have to back up, consider the facts, see where the guilt-feeling would take us and then over-ride our 'feelings' with God's Truth. I didn't feel guilty about those I killed in combat. But I did kill some we weren't supposed to kill. And I'm forever thankful my sin was covered at the cross.

LEARNED LESSON # 53
YOU GOTTA KNOW THE ENEMY'S STRATEGY

Satan's strategy is very simple:

deceive, divide, destroy.

So, the unholy spirit (Satan) desires that false guilt us to a sense of discouragement and isolation - - which is easily done when we feel we are alone without a bunch of "godly buddies" for mutual counsel and encouragement.

When it's valid guilt the Holy Spirit desires we stop, confess and clean up the mess to get back on track with Him.

Reality is that life can feel lonely and God can seem distant, but we are NEVER ALONE because the Lord will NEVER FORSAKE US. And the antidote is to audibly rebuke Satan and his followers in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, telling them to go where Christ tells them to go, and to stay there with their deceptions.

When I face problems and challenges, I need to commit the outcome to the Lord with the recognition that He sees around corners, over hills and into the future. He will divinely guide me to the Best Outcome. 50, I make the best "faith decisions" I know and then go forward trusting the results to Him.

LESSON LEARNED # 54
REALITY IS THE WAR CONTINUES.

We expended effort going down the wrong path. Now it will take effort to reverse course and gain ground going in the right direction.

1. Daily submit to God - simply talk to Him every day.
- 2 Daily read the Bible. A good place to start is in the book of John and then Acts, both found in the New Testament using a Bible version translated in today's modern language.

Online Apps: BibleGateway.org or ReadScripture.org
 Once downloaded, search "Book of John."
 Hardcopy Bible: please let me know, I'll send you one- free.

LEARNED LESSON # 55

**OTHERS HAVE HELPED ME, SO, I'M AVAILABLE TO
 HELP YOU.**

I'm no guru. I still make mistakes. But Christ doesn't. And while I'm available to answer questions, your best source while continuing to marinate in His words - the Bible, is to ask the Lord to help you to find someone that is willing to come along side you to help you understand God's words and to guide you in this new life with Christ.

VOLUNTEER VETERANS INSTALL HONOR BELL AT THE VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL IN ANGEL FIRE



the August 14-17 weekend, members of the Marines Motorcycle Club of Northern New Mexico volunteered their time to install a *Freedom Bell* at the DVS-managed Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Angel Fire.

The group raised more than \$5,000 to design the bell-with approval by DVS. The group then purchased the bell, prepared the ground, poured cement, laid surrounding bricks, installed the bell and commemorative plaque, and applied a "finish" coat. The group donated the bell for use at ceremonies at the Memorial.

The plaque, which is surrounded by emblems rep-

resenting our nation's five military service branches, reads *"This Honor Bell is presented to the New Mexico Department of Veterans Services Vietnam Veterans Memorial, with respect for the David Westphall Veterans Foundation, on behalf of the Marines Motorcycle Club, 2020. Our comrades may be gone, but they shall never be forgotten, Semper Fidelis!"*



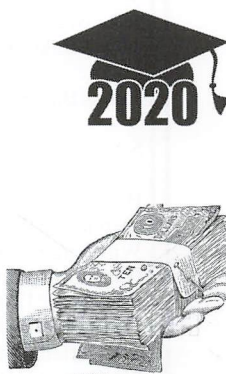
**A TYPICAL ENDING TO A FRIENDLY
 MEETING AT KHE SANH**



SWEET DREAMS OF OUR LOVELY HOME

KHE SANH VETERANS, INC. SCHOLARSHIP FUND - 2020-2021 AWARD RECIPIENTS

APPLICANT	SCHOOL YEAR	SCHOOL	SPONSOR
1. SHAKIRA G. CANNON	1	GEORGE MASON UNIVERSITY	CARLTON CANNON E CO 2/26
2. LUKE D. CHIARELLA	1	HAMLIN UNIVERSITY	DANIEL FISHER D CO 1/26
3. NICHOLAS T. COPE	2	UNIVERSITY OF TOLEDO	WILLIAM LEFEVRE SUB UNIT 5 RADIO
4. AVA K. DUNN	2	LOYOLA UNIVERSITY	NEIL KENNY L CO 3/26
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10. EVAN J. PALS	1	MURRAY STATE UNIVERSITY	FRED SWETS A CO 3RD ANTI TANKS
11. GIOVANNI P. STAGNARO	1	UN OF CA SAN DIEGO	KENNETH DUNCAN F CO 2/26
12. HAYDEN L. TEMPLE	1	MICHIGAN STATE	PATRICK MCFALDA H&S CO 1/26 -81MM



THANK YOU



KHE SANH VETERANS, INC. SCHOLARSHIP FOUNDATION - 2020-21

The Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc. Scholarship Foundation is now in its twelfth successful year of providing financial support for children and grandchildren of paid up members of Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc.

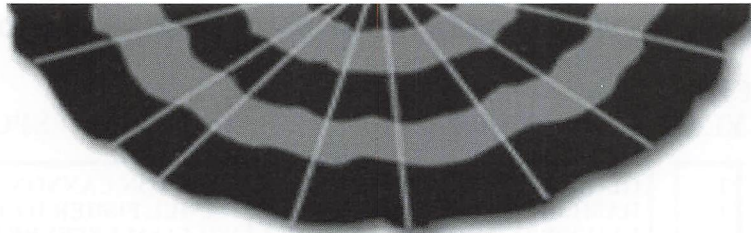
In 2009 the KSV Scholarship Foundation started with 6 applicants and has risen to an average of 25 applicants each of the last three years. Many of the student scholars have finished 4 years of post secondary education to successfully achieve their selected bachelors degrees due in part to the support from Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc ..

In this, the 2020-21 school year, we have received 12 applicants for a grand tally of 184 young scholars in 11 years who have benefitted from the KSV Scholarship Fund. Over \$110,000 in generous donations

from the Khe Sanh Veterans Brotherhood and proceeds from the reunion silent auctions have kept the Foundation healthy. However, the individual awards have trended lower due to the increased volume of applicants vs. reduced donation levels.

The Khe Sanh Veterans, Inc. Scholarship Foundation is committed to keeping the program healthy and going forward for all students who meet the eligibility guidelines printed in the **RED CLAY** newsletter. We ask for your continued financial support.

Dan Fisher, Scholarship Chairman



THOSE REMEMBERED

1st Lt John Ellis USMC KIA 28 Feb 68 OIC Crash Crew
 GY/Sgt Joe H. Kahee USMC Crash Crew Passed Away October 2019
 S/Sgt Albert R. Taylor USMC I CO 3/26 Hill 881S KIA 18 Jun 68
 All those KIA on The C-130 Crash Khe Sanh 06 Mar 1968
 Cpl Fergus J. Carroll USMC K CO 3/4 KIA 18 Jun 68
 All Those Who Died During Operation Buffalo 7-2-67
 L/Cpl Wilbur Stovall USMC A HQ 1/13 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
 Capt Daniel Coonan USMC VMF-AW-115 KIA 10/08/68
 1Lt Thomas Reich USMC VMF-AW-115 KIA 11/17 68
 Doug Ipson USMC H CO 2/26 KIA 9/15/68 LZ Margo
 Steve Rienhart USMC H CO 2/26 KIA 09/16/68 LZ Margo
 Nate White USMC H CO 2/26 KIA 05/06/68 Cam Lo
 All Members of Detachment A-101 Lang Vei & All who served at
 FOB-3
 All who served at Khe Sanh
 All the men of HQ Btry 1/13 Who Gave Their Lives So We can Enjoy
 The freedom we have today
 Chief Gilbert Wall USMC B CO 1/26
 Lt Co Ken Pipes USMC C/O Bravo CO 1/26
 Hans Runye USMC Delta CO 1/26
 CPL Vic Pizarro USMC A 1/13 KIA 06 Mar 68 Khe Sanh
 PFC George Elliot USMC A 1/13 KIA 06 Mar 68 Khe Sanh
 CPL Larry S. Kennedy USMC A 1/13 KIA 06 Mar 68 Khe Sanh
 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 3013, DR Ed Feldman d. 03 Oct 2017 &
 DR James Finnegan . 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
 1LT John Ellis USMC Crash-Rescue Crew OIC KIA
 PFC David A. Cramer, USMC KIA 22 Feb 68
 PFC Leslie G. Aputen USMC KIA 15 May 68
 PFC Francis W. Lamon USMC G CO 2/1 KIA 17 Apr 68
 PFC William W. Lawrence USMC G CO 2/1 KIA 4/17 68
 PFC Charles T. Johnson USMC G CO 2/1 KIA 05/04/68
 L/Cpl Darrel W. Cottrell USMC G CO 2/1 KIA 05/04/68
 Thomas Jack Pennington KIA 27 Jan 68 at "Mikes" Hill Mike CO 3/4
 Steve Caughron Passed Away COV-19
 PFC Gale Gotti USMC A 1/13 KIA 07 June 67
 CPL Philip Van Deusen USMC A 1/13 KIA 07 Jun 67
 1st Lt Hank Norman USMC A 1/13 KIA 30 Mar 68
 1st Lt John Bobo USMC KIA

REMEMBERED BY

Richard Takacs Matcu-62 Crash Crew Mag-16,36,39
 Richard Takacs Matcu-62 Crash Crew Mag-16,26,39
 Will E. Griggs INDIA CO 3/26 Hill 881S
 Dennis Wimbish A Btry 1/13
 William Hotz Mike CO 3/4
 Frank Gimpel B CO 1/9 2ND Platoon
 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
 Charles H. Fetter H&MS-11, MAG -11 1ST M AW
 Charles H. Fetter H&MS-11, MAG -11 1ST M AW
 Joe Derian Hotel CO 2/26
 Joe Derian Hotel CO 2/26
 Joe Derian Hotel CO 2/26
 Lawrence Cooper CO C 5TH Special Forces

Michael Barber C CO 3rd Engineers 1St Platoon
 James Baker HQ Btry 1/13 26Th Marines

Peter Mudrinich Bravo CO 1/26 They Are In My Prayers
 Peter Mudrinich Bravo CO 1/26
 Peter Mudrinich Bravo CO 1/26
 Dennis Wimbish A Btry 1/13
 Dennis Wimbish A Btry 1/13
 Dennis Wimbish A Btry 1/13
 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
 Richard Takacs MABS-36-MAG-36 Crash-Rescue Unit
 Fred Gholson G BTRY 3/12
 Fred Gholson G BTRY 3/12
 Thomas C. Manson Golf Co 2/1 REST IN PEACE
 Thomas C. Manson Golf Co 2/1
 Thomas C. Manson Golf Co 2/1
 Thomas C. Manson Golf Co 2/1
 Hugh Liverman Mike CO 3/4
 Jeffrey T. Loeb HQ BTRY 1/11
 Thomas Soerensen A 1/3 F/O B CO 1/26, India CO 3/26
 Thomas Soerensen A 1/3 F/O B CO 1/26, India CO 3/26
 Thomas Soerensen A 1/3 F/O B CO 1/26, India CO 3/26
 Thomas Soerensen A 1/3 F/O B CO 1/26, India CO 3/26

**CONTRIBUTIONS FROM ARE GENEROUS MEMBERS OF THE KHE SANH VETERANS
FOR THE CALENDER YEARS 2019 &2020**

ADAMS, Harry J.	23 Jan 20	50.00	Check# 4003
ARCHER, Michael J.	01 Aug19	40.00	Check# 2040
BARBER, Michael F.	01 Dec19	500.00	Check# 1165
BARNETT, Daniel E.	10 Jun 20	50.00	Check# 6955
BATES, Roger G..	01 Nov19	50.00	Check# 5656
BAUSMAN, Edward B.	28 Jan 20	100.00	Check# 9352
BECK, Ralph A.	20 Oct 19	60.00	Check# 4659
BIOLSI, William P.	24 Jan 20	40.00	Check# 4198
BISSELL, Anthony	25 Jan 20	100.00	Check# 1659
BOAN, William S.	27 Jan 20	50.00	Check# 1426
BOWMAN, David J.	29 Jan 20	100.00	Check# 5832
BEATHEA, Lelia	03 May 20	50.00	Check3 229
BRAUSS, Kathleen	15 May 20	100.00	Check# 6151
BRONSTON, Martin D	16 Dec19	100.00	Check# 2456
BRONSTON, Martin D.	21 Aug 20	100.00	Check# 2519
CAMPBELL, Donald D.	31 May 20	100.00	Check# 1015
CASEY, Maurice	16 Aug19	10.00	Check# 3311
CAUGHRON, Virgil S.	29 Dec 19	420.00	Check# 1350,1351
CAVANAUGH, Carmelita	19 Sep19	50.00	Check# 2273
CAUGHRON, Edna J	25 May 20	25.00	Check# 1324
CAUGHRON, Edna J.	25 May 20	100.00	Check# 1323
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CHICOINE, Roger D.	17 Feb 20	1,000.00	Check# 3891
CHIM, Alan	19 Sep19	50.00	Check# 2273
COLVIS, John P.	04Jun 20	100.00	Check# 2707
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FOSMO, Harold D. Jr.	22 Sep19	200.00	Check# 2667
FOURNIER, Terry R.	06 Sep19	60.00	Check# 7663
FROVARP, Raymond M.	06 Sep 20	100.00	Check# 3131
FRICK, Tena M.	19 May 20	50.00	Check# 1067
GERNDT, Gerald L.	05 Jun 20	50.00	Check# 13271
GILLESPIE, Donald J.	01 Aug19	60.00	Check# 4062
GOODIN, Douglas L.	02 Jun 20	200.00	Check# 1521
GRAHAM, Floyd Jr.	01 Aug19	500.00	Check# 1575
GRIFFIN, Glenn T.	27 Jan 20	100.00	Check# 3166
HARLAND, Thomas R.	08 May 20	50.00	Check # 5334
HESTER, Larry	27 Jan 20	100.00	Check# 2071
HALL, Robert A.	06 Sep19	25.00	Check# 6034
HANSEN, Edwin	30 Apr 20	25.00	Check# 3972
HARBISON, James W	06 Sep 19	50.00	Check# 2481
HARRINGTON, David S.	15 Jun 20	250.00	Check# 1513
HESTER, Larry	15 Jun 20	100.00	Check# 1014
HOLLIDAY, DAVID G.	06 May 20	75.00	Check# 0689
HOLSCHER, Robert J.	26 Jan 20	50.00	Check# 17915
HOPWOOD, Harry E. III	10 Jan 20	100.00	Check# 2593
HUELSENBECK, John F.	04Jun 20	25.00	Check# 3429
HUNTER, Dwight C.	12 Sep19	60.00	Check# 1173
HUNTER, Dwight C	25 Jan 20	100.00	Check# 1187
HUNTER, Dwight C.	04 Jun 20	100.00	Check# 1197
HUNTER, Dwight C.	02 Jun 20	100.00	Check# 1194
JACHIMIAK, Daniel L.	04 May 20	250.00	Check# 5248
JACKSON, Dianne	24 Feb 20	100.00	Check# 2103
JACKSON, Judith A	22 May 20	100.00	Check# 6536
JONES, Bruce	17 Feb 20	126.00	Check# 11178
KAZIMIR, Linda S.	18 Jul 20	300.00	Check# 7859
KEATING, Michael	01 Aug19	40.00	Check# 2441
KENNY, Neil J.	07 Feb 20	100.00	Check# 4831
KOLLMAN, Albert L.	01 Oct 19	40.00	Check# 4861

KHE SANH VETERANS

RED CLAY

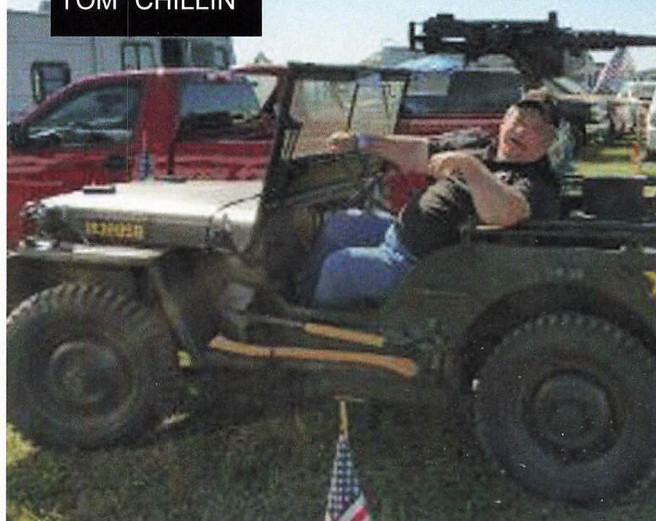
WINTER 2020

KORKOW, ken	31 Aug 20	1,090.00	Check# 10807
KORKOW, Ken	15 Jun 20	150.00	Check# 10911
KORN, William J.	09 Sep19	200.00	Check# 7479
LEITH, Benjamin L.	09 Sep19	50.00	Check# 2888
LEWIS, Jerrold M.	30 Mar 20	50.00	Check# 4864
LINDSAY, John R.	03 Sep19	400.00	Check# 1610
LOEB, Jeffrey T.	30 Apr 20	100.00	Check# 188
LUTHER, Lawrence A.	04 Sep19	100.00	Check# 1262
MAEDER, Marshall	01 Mar 20	30.00	Check# 3097
MAEDER, Marshall	27 Apr 20	200.00	Check# 4010
MAPEL, Randall D.	08 Jan 20	35.00	Check# 6533
MARCELLA, Ronald F.	05 Jun 20	300.00	Check# 863
MCCANN, Timothy	21 Mar 20	100.00	Check# 1949
MCCORMACK, John F	05 Sep19	200.00	Check# 1092
MCCROSSEN, john P	14 Feb 20	100.00	Check # 2360
MCDANIEL, Terry L.	04 Sep19	100.00	Check# 1315
MCELROY, John W.	06 Sep19	200.00	Check# 3564
MCKEE, John	09 Jul 20	100.00	Check# 3314
MERCADO, Saturno	01 Aug19	85.00	Check# 8462
MEYER, Dave & Carol	23 Mar 20	1,250.00	Check# 9346113
MIDYETT, Lovetta	08 May 20	20.00	CASH
MILLER, William S.	05 Feb 19	200.00	Check# 6696
MILLOCK, Carl P.	01 Nov 19	10.00	Check# 4767
MOONEY, James	08 Feb 20	100.00	Check# 1150
MORRISON, Sammy	12 Sep19	25.00	Check# 3407
MORRISON, Sammy	25 Jan 20	50.00	Check# 3465
NACE, Reuben F.	21 Mar 20	150.00	Check# 334
NAZZARIO, Anthony	02 Sep19	50.00	Check\$ 3362
NELSON, George J.	30 Nov19	250.00	Check# 6305
NEWSHAM, Robert G.	31 Aug 19	50.00	Check# 1994
NUNN, John B.	01 Nov 19	35.00	Check# 284
PEARSON, Scott G.	01 Aug19	55.00	Check# 6258
PETERSON, Roger M/GEN	28 Jan 20	100.00	Check# 2053
PLISCO, Irwin S MD	01 May 20	100.00	Check# 295
PROVENCIO, Ramon Jr.	06 Sep19	200.00	Check# 262
PURO, Edward	23 Jun 20	25.00	Check# 9495
RAIT, Donald M	04 Sep19	1,000.00	Check# 1276
RAIT, Donald M.	28 Jan 19	1,000.00	Check# 1286
RAIT, Donald M.	09 Jun 20	1,000.00	Check# 1298
RAYNER, Ronald	01 Oct 19	500.00	Check# 337
RIORDAN, Robert W.	06 Sep19	250.00	Check# 5266
ROBERTSON, William A.	10 Sep19	50.00	Check# 2099
ROBINSON, John	11 Apr 20	50.00	Check# 1125
ROSSON, Harold	19 Sep19	250.00	Check# 8657
ROSSON, Harold	04 Feb 20	1,000.00	Check# 40118
ROSSON, Harold	02 Jun 20	100.00	Check# 9024
ROWE, John F. JR	03 Sep19	1,000.00	Check# 0984
ROWE, John F. JR.	04 Jun 20	1,000.00	Check# 15579
RUSHFORTH, Toby	03 Sep19	1,000.00	Check# 1417
RUSHFORTH, Toby	07 Jun 20	1,000.00	Check# 1480
SADOWSKI, Alexander	24 Apr 20	50.00	Check# 6566
SARGENT, Ralph F.	01 Aug19	50.00	Check#
SHUFF, Ronald	06 Sep19	1,000.00	Check# 6658
SHUFF, Ronald	25 Sep19	1,000.00	Check# 6695
SHUFF, Ronald	09 Mar 20	1,000.00	Check # 7184
L J SEAVY-CIOFFI	14 Oct 20	100.00	Check# 2043
SIEJUTT, Thomas	04 Jun 20	25.00	Check# 5326
SOERENSEN, Thomas K.	15 Feb 20	100.00	Check# 1792
SOERENSEN, Thomas K.	28 Apr 20	50.00	Check# 1816
SOERENSEN, Thomas K.	08 Oct 20	100.00	Check# 1864
STEINHARDT, Tom	15 Feb 20	200.00	Check# 1594
STUBBE, Ray W.	25 Jun 20	1,000.00	Check# 13392
B. LARKIN SPIVEY	16 Sep19	200.00	Check# 7840
B. LARKIN SPIVEY	02 Jun 20	500.00	Check# 1968
SWETS, Fred	01 Aug19	60.00	Check# 1173
THOMAS James E.	04 Jun 20	25.00	Check# 4466
TORRES, Andres	27 Jan 20	100.00	Check# 8388
TOURTE, Craig W.	04 Jan 20	500.00	Check# 974
TROUP, Ed	01 Nov19	100.00	Check# 6245
TURNER, Russell D.	17 Sep19	250.00	Check# 5919
ULINSKI, James E.	05 Jun 20	50.00	Check# 1758
VANWINKLE, H.E.	06 Jun 20	50.00	Check# 4159
WELLS, Marshall R.	01 Oct 19	35.00	Check# 1076
WELLS, Marshall R.	20 Mar 20	50.00	Check# 4487
WILLIAMS, Francis W.	29 Jan 20	200.00	Check# 9010
WILLIAMS, Thomas J.	03 Sep19	290.00	Check# 7279
WITTLER, Dale E.	12 Sep19	25.00	Check# 5487
YANG, Wei-Ping	01 May 20	200.00	Check# 153
YOUAMAN, Elwood W.	07 Sep19	1,000.00	Check# 1584
YUEN, Sun John	05 May 20	50.00	Check# 9621
ZEBAL, Kenneth W.	06 Sep19	250.00	Check# 5003
ZEBAL, Kenneth W.	05 Jun 20	250.00	Check# 5094

A WHOLE PLATOON ON PATROL



TOM "CHILLIN"



On 13 SEPTEMBER 2020, EVERYONE IN CHICAGO DUE TO COIV-19, HAD BEEN FORCED TO HUNKER DOWN IN THEIR HOMES, AS WE HAD AT KHE SANH, THIS DROVE ME CRAZY. LUCKY FOR ME AND OTHERS, THE PROMOTERS OF THE LARGEST MILITARY VETERANS GET TOGETHER IN KOKOMO INDIANA VOTED TO GO AHEAD WITH THE EVENT THAT HAS BEEN PROMOTED FOR THE LAST 38 YEARS. KSV HENRY KARKOSZKA, CBMU-301 DET B SEABEES AND I, ATTENDED THE EVENT BRINGING MY 1942 RESTORED JEEP. WHILE THERE WE MET ANOTHER KSV GARY COX ,B CO 75TH SPT BN 1ST BDE 5TH DIV AND HIS GOOD BUDDY FROM CHU-LAI FRANK BALDWIN. HERE ARE A FEW PHOTOS FROM THE EVENT. I ALSO INCLUDED SEVERAL PHOTOS OF MY JEEP IN MANY PARADES IN CHICAGO, BACKING POLICE OFFICERS.

"BACK THE BLUE", "BLUE LIVES MATTER",



GARY COX & FRANK BALDWIN



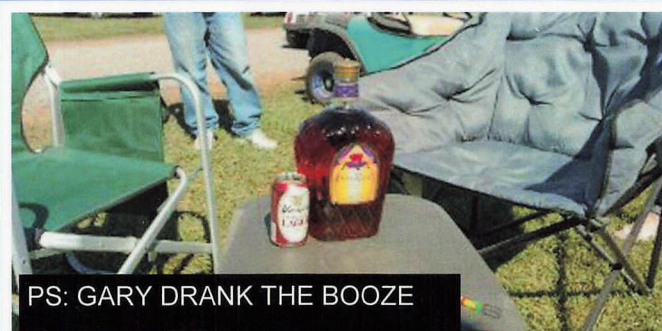
HELICOPTER RIDES



ANOTHER NICE JEEP



PS: GARY DRANK THE BOOZE



CHICAGO: BACK THE BLUE PARADE

