

# Vietnam: Service, Sacrifice and Courage



**“It’s not the action that matters; it’s the reason for the action.”**

*“ I received the Medal of Honor for my actions in Viet Nam on 28 March 1966. My actions were seen and written up by numerous people. I have received appropriate recognition for my actions, with the Purple Heart, the Silver Star, and the Medal of Honor. There were many, many cases that were not seen, not noted or written up for citation, or as in many cases, the witnesses to the actions themselves died in or near the same battle. These are the stories, actions, and experiences that are now to be heard. In my case, it was the team that deserves the recognition. I was just a small part.”*

*Semper Fi, Robert R. Ingram “Doc”  
Jacksonville, Florida*



**“Doc” In Action: Viet Nam 1965**  
*Paul Schutzer/Time & Life Pictures/Getty Images*

**FLORIDA VETERAN’S PROGRAMS AND PROJECTS , INC.**



“It has been my great honor to walk among our Vietnam veterans for more than forty years. They surround us every day as great citizens, community leaders and some who continued in uniform. For their service I will be eternally grateful. I am honored to extend my hand and say, “Welcome Home, Job Well Done”.

RAY A. QUINN  
Sgt Maj. FLARNG (Retired)  
St. Johns County Commissioner

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### Mission Statement for Vietnam: Service, Sacrifice, and Courage

The Florida Veteran's Programs and Projects, Inc. (FVPPI) is sponsoring the creation of a documentary describing the Viet Nam War aimed at middle and high school students. Simultaneously, it will honor those who fought. The central means for accomplishing these ends is to show through interviews how a number of Vietnam veterans went to war. It is essential that these vets are seen as ordinary. They could be the students' parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles or their next door neighbor. Only vets from the enlisted ranks or from an enlisted background will be selected for the film. Sponsoring this type of documentary will result in a feeling of familiarity and intimacy taking the Viet Nam War out of the mists of history and bringing it home to the students' hearts and minds.



**PFC Leo Chase**

**In Dedication to Leo C. Chase, Jr.  
And Rick Rescorla**



**Lt. Rick Rescorla**

Leo Chase was 21 years old when he died in Viet Nam; he had 5 days left in his tour. Leo was the first resident of St. Johns County killed in the Viet Nam War. He died courageously at the famous Ia Drang Valley

Battle on November 15, 1965 fighting off repeated attacks of the North Vietnamese Army who outnumbered his unit 10 to 1. The 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion of the 7<sup>th</sup> Cavalry suffered 305 KIA's while the enemy lost 3,561 soldiers and the battle was documented by a book and a movie called "We were Soldiers Once... and Young".

His courageous actions, his dedication to service and his sacrifice epitomizes Leo's entire life that from a young age showed a maturity beyond his years. Leo may have learned that while helping at his family's business in St. Augustine. The Leo C. Chase and Son Funeral Home , a second generation family business , still operates today in St. Augustine. It was because of his sacrifice to join the Army that allowed his brother to stay home when their father became sick.



Leo's courage was demonstrated not only during the battle but the fact that he could have opted out of even going on the mission, since his tour would be up in five days and he would go home. He chose to go into battle with his unit. He sacrificed by leaving his 4 children and his family to go off to war. He was a peaceful man who would never have wanted to leave home or go fight, but this was his decision when faced with whether he or his brother would go.

Leo was honored by Sheriff David Shoar while as the Chief of Police for the City of St. Augustine. He named the new City pursuit boat "The Chase" and through efforts of American Legion Post 194, Septimus Connor and Greg White keeping Leo's memory alive with dedication of a City Park to his memory.

After 9/11 Dan Hill, a St. Augustine resident, made a presentation to the local Rotary Club about a hero of the attack on the World Trade Center, his best friend Rick Rescorla, who served as a Lieutenant in the Viet Nam conflict.

Rescorla was the Vice President of security for Morgan-Stanley/Dean Witter, who was a major tenant of the tower. He saved 3,000 people from the South Tower by evacuating them despite the Port Authority encouraging everyone to stay telling them they were safe. Rick perished when he went back up the Tower to save stragglers. Rick also was a hero at Ia Drang when he arrived with reinforcements on the second day and helped rout the NVA attacks and saving the rest of the unit. The events of that day and the effects of seeing the aftermath of the battle affected Rick deeply and his going back in the Tower despite the fear of collapse was based on his concern that no man be left behind.



Rick was married at the Fort in St. Augustine and had ties to the community that he loved. As a result Michael Pullium (a Viet Nam veteran who heard Dan Hills presentation) met with the Sheriff to see what could be done to honor Rick Rescorla. That began the efforts of several Viet Nam veterans to honor both of these heroes and forming the Chase-Rescorla Scholarship Fund. In memory of Leo and Rick, 12 - \$1,000 scholarships have been given in the past three years to financially challenged students to help to further their education in memory of Leo and Rick. Leo and Rick demonstrated Service, Sacrifice and Courage throughout their lives and will be remembered forever by their family, friends and strangers they never met through the Scholarship, the "Chase" boat and the National Infantry Museum at Ft. Benning. Efforts are being made to never forget these heroes who gave their lives for others so that we might live free.



**Contributed by Michael D. Pullium**

VIETNAM: SERVICE, SACRIFICE AND COURAGE



**Terry Allan**  
**St. Augustine, Florida**

My experiences were like a goodly number of folks in that they were in a mix of REMF activities and moments where I wished the buttons on the jungle fatigues were much thinner so I could press a little closer to Mother Earth. No big battles, no marks in history books, just a young kid doing the best he could. My claim to fame is to have seen the evolution of not only the war but the Army itself over a four year period. Interesting is a good way to describe that experience! I was hit three times by shrapnel from our own activities. No Purple Heart for that.

I was treated reasonably well in the early returns, but by 1969 when I came back it wasn't very pretty. The worst experience I ever had on return was in November of 1966 when I arrived at Fort Dix New Jersey for processing before going on leave, courtesy of the United States Army!

There were and continues to be many falsehoods written about Vietnam without any attempt to verify the realities. I am very much a fan of Burkett's book, *Stolen Valor*.

Medals and a Meritorious Unit Citation United States Army, Served his Country 1964 to 1987. 169th Engineer Battalion CONST, March to November 1966, 86th Engineer Detachment June 1967 to February 1968, 34th S & S Bn. February 1968 to June 1968, 26th Engineer Battalion CBT., October 1968 to June 1970  
Honors: 12 Campaign Stars, Four Army Commendation Medals and a Meritorious Unit Citation



**John (Jay) H. Morris Jr.**  
**Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida**

As a FAC pilot we were in battles every day. One of the biggest battles was operation Attleboro where I was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. I was stationed at Phu Loi as a combat pilot. As a Forward Air Pilot we called in all artillery and airstrikes in support of ground troops.

When we returned from the war we were flown into Ft. Dix at 3:00 AM to avoid demonstrations.

Captain, US Army, served 1964 to 1967, 184th Aviation Co., Phu Loi Vietnam Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star, ARCOM, Army Aviator Badge, NDSM, VSM, Air Medal w/15 Oak Leaf Clusters

**Conley R. Tipton**  
**Jacksonville, Florida**

Five tours to Vietnam on cargo ships carrying supplies to Vietnam (including Agent Orange), One tour TSF 116- River Division 593, Brown Water Navy operation "Game Wardens". River Patrol Boats looking for Vietcong along the canals in the Delta, ferrying Navy Seals to their destinations, extractions of Army soldiers caught in crossfire, etc. Upon return to the states I was treated very badly. I was spit upon, and called all kinds of names. I was not afforded any dignity or respect, so different than veterans are treated now.

US Navy, served from 1964 to 1976, E-5, Jacksonville, 2 Bronze Stars with Combat V, 2 Presidential Citations for the Unit. I was in battles: operation "Giant Slingshot", operation "Tet Offensive", I was an Engineman/Gunner on PBR's- Mark II's





Blair Craig St. Augustine, Florida

### Delta Troop's "Army Scout Dogs"



Sometimes things just "happen". Later you can't really remember the "how" or "why". You just remember the "what". For me, that pertains to the two Delta Troop Dogs. They joined us over at the Troop area in late 1969, and moved with us to our new and nicer home perhaps around April of 1970. Where they came from is a bit more clouded. My recollection is that two or more puppies were found one day around the main road that passed the Troop area. I've seen pictures of two puppies; they vaguely resembled a shaggy German Shepherd, medium size, black and brown, but with floppy ears. Whatever happened to puppy #2 will have to be told by someone who reads this story.

I was the 3rd Platoon Leader when I first learned of the one we later called Matt/Matthew. Someone said a puppy had been rescued from a puddle of "Penepime", a dense petroleum product that the Army Engineers sprayed on roads and helipads to control the dust and aid in water runoff. The men in the Motor Pool said they had used kerosene and soapy water to clean the puppy of the dense and odiferous oil compound. Somehow the dog survived. I think Sp5 Kenneth Rosenberry was his "savior" and first parent. Be that as it may, that was a happy and friendly dog. *Matthew Penepime* was his name.

Not long after Matthew became everyone's Top Dog... along came another dog. This one was smaller; light brown to fawn in color, pointed ears, and smart. This peppy and very intelligent dog somehow initially got the name "Sue". I on the other hand saw a great resemblance to a mountain lion in her head, stance and commanding presence, so I called her "Puma". Funny, those dogs never did seem to mind what you called them, as long as they could be where the Troops were. Everyone seemed to think the dogs belonged exclusively to their hooch! Damndest thing I've ever seen! The entire Cav Troop bamboozled by those non-pedigreed, lovable mutts!

Now we did make them work for a living. In addition to bringing lots of "home" to men who for the first time in their lives were away from family and friends, they often went on sweeps of Bravo Sector. Didn't matter which platoon went out, the dogs were "equal opportunity workers".

In Vietnam, the military used dogs for a great many skilled jobs. There were dogs that could smell the explosive in mines, others were booby trap detectors in the bush and could hear and alert to the sound of the wind passing over trip-wire, tracker dogs to locate wounded soldiers after enemy contact, dogs to accompany the "Tunnel Rats" in exploring the enemy's vast underground complexes, drug sniffing dogs, and the K-9 dogs patrolling with the Military Police.

I think it was about the time I had taken command of the Troop and we were moving into our new Troop area. First Sergeant Larry D. Buchanan said that some medical person came by the Troop and said there was a disease spreading around Camp Eagle which affected dogs (probably also those king sized rats on the bunker line as well!). Everyone had to get rid of their "mascots". Bad news, those two dogs had already adopted the entire Troop. What to do?

"Top" decided to send someone to the Veterinarian at Phu Bai. There really was one there. Veterinarians inspect all meats brought to be fed to the soldiers, along with preventing diseases spread by animal vectors which could make the soldiers sick. So "Top" dispatched someone to ask the Vet's office if our two dogs could be given a vaccination and let them stay with the Troop. The Vet never knew they were there because the enlisted clinic assistant said, "Nope". It seems only Army working dogs were allowed to be vaccinated, and they all had medical records, just like a soldier.

When word came back with a definite "No", someone (probably the Supply Sergeant, SGT Grady Wilson, a skilled Black Marketeer!) suggested that we "barter" and see what it would take to give our dogs "medical records". Good idea! Another "emissary" went back to Phu Bai, skilled in negotiations, trained in bribery. Wonderful qualifications! And he worked a deal. For a case of prime steaks, and I think some beer, "Matthew Penepime" and "Sue" raised their paws and were signed up as genuine United States Army Scout Dogs! Another great example of GI ingenuity and resourcefulness. Kind of makes you feel that some of those stories on the old "MASH" series weren't that far off!

US Army, Years of Service 1968 to 1988, Infantry Vietnam, Delta Troop, 2nd Squadron, 17th Cavalry, 101st Airborne

Medals: Silver Star, Bronze Star (2), DMSM, MSM, Air Medal (3), ARCOM (2), NSM, Vietnam Service Medal w/ 1 Silver and 1 Bronze Star, Vietnam Cross of Gallantry w Palm (unit), Airborne/ Ranger/ CIB



**Robert S. Wadman St. Augustine, Florida**



I was a career Air Force officer. I received my ROTC commission in June 1957 and served for twenty two years. I retired as a Lieutenant Colonel in June 1979. Most of my career was in The Office of Special Investigations (AFOSI). While AFOSI conducts criminal as well as counterintelligence investigation and I performed some criminal investigation work, my main focus was in counterintelligence. It was in that role that I served in Viet Nam. AFOSI Special Agents early in their career perform essentially the same as enlisted Special Agents and, as they increase in rank they naturally transition to supervisory positions. Also, since AFOSI is not a combat unit, my experiences lack the perspective of the combat soldier. They mainly convey my observations about attitude and politics of the era. I therefore totally understand if my stories are not used in the project. I feel the men and women who were boots on the ground more deserve to have their stories told as well as deserve our respect for the job they did under those miserable conditions.

In 1962 I was a First Lieutenant and was sent on a Temporary Duty (TDY) assignment to Vietnam to assist in setting up a new OSI office. On Friday 9 March 1962, while at the routine breakfast meeting in the Caravelle Hotel coffee shop, Saigon was rocked by explosions followed by automatic gunfire. My Commander sent me to the Presidential Palace to observe and report. (It sounded like the firing was in that area.) I ran the few blocks to the Palace and arrived, out of breath, in time to see two Vietnamese single engine aircraft strafing and bombing the Palace. Part of the second and third floors was already missing. The Palace was surrounded by tanks and some were firing at the aircraft. However, others, though not firing, were pointed at the Palace. It appeared to me that they were trying to decide which side to help.

One of the tanks started coming my way so several civilians and I took cover behind a very large tree. Then a lady on a bicycle came from a side street and, when she saw the tank, she panicked and fell over. We called to her and she started to come to shelter but lost one of her flip flops and went back to get it. The very young machine gunner on the tank swung his weapon around towards her.

What happened next was one of the stupid moves of my life. I ran out, holding my hand up in a stop- gesture, grabbed the lady by the arm and escorted her to our tree. The gunner didn't fire. Behind the tree, I was in near melt-down when another bomb went off and something hit me in the thigh. I looked down and it was a hot bomb fragment, but it had only bounced off. Probably ricocheted several time before reaching me.

The aircraft continued strafing, but contrary to established "clover leaf" technique, approached the Palace from the same direction in each pass, flying right down the open mall. This probably contributed to one being damaged by ground fire and crash landing. That pilot was captured. The second took refuge in Cambodia.

I have heard, but cannot confirm, that both returned to duty after Diem's later assassination and were promoted.

While that might be an interesting episode, it does not convey the essence of what I observed and that is that almost no one in Saigon seemed to know what was going on or what our mission was. Also, most of the people I met were "not really there." Like me, they were on classified orders so that they would not be counted in the limited total troop strength in country. The standard story was that we were only training the Vietnamese. Still, our people were getting killed and wounded in the air and on the ground.



## VIETNAM: SERVICE, SACRIFICE AND COURAGE

### Robert S. Wadman St. Augustine, Florida

In 1968, after the infamous Tet offensive, I was sent from AFOSI Headquarters in Washington DC to Viet Nam as a member of a team to train the Vietnamese AFOSI. The contrast to 1962 Viet Nam was as if I were in a different country. This was now a nation at war: fresh from the significant defeat of the Viet Cong's monumental failed effort to topple the government. The troops were proud of our victory and could not understand the portrayal of the offensive in the US press as an enormous success by the Viet Cong. It was the beginning of the end; the loss of public support of our troops.

In 1972 I was the chief of the Counterintelligence Division of OSI in Vietnam. After hanging around the office after work drinking beer, one of my officers and I decided to walk the few blocks to the Officers Club. About half way there we were surrounded by a series of explosions. Tan Son Nhut was under rocket attack! We decided it might be wise to sit down on the curb to finish our beers. Running will only expose you more. We barely sat down when the explosions stopped or maybe they had stopped before we sat. We decided to continue to the O Club. When we arrived, we were surprised to find that no one in the club was even aware that an attack had occurred. There was a loud Philippine band playing.

One interesting side note: You may recall Eddy Adams the Pulitzer Prize photo of Saigon Police Chief, General Loan, on 1 February 1968, executing Viet Cong Captain Nguyen. It made the cover of Time and had a great impact on the public attitude about the war. The weapon Loan used was a chrome plated .38 Cal. Bodyguard Special given to Loan by OSI.

While OSI continued to perform its counterintelligence mission, it had gained another roll which consumed enormous manpower. As a result of the October 1964 surprise attack on Bien Hoa Air Base, which wiped out an entire squadron of B-57 aircraft in about five minutes, it was discovered that no organization had the mission of surrounding our bases with informant nets to detect sappers and rocket/mortar attackers. Though this would normally be a positive intelligence collection effort i.e., collection of information on enemy forces, the Commander of OSI, a counterintelligence organization, volunteered to take on the job and from then until our eventual withdrawal it was the OSI major effort.

I should not omit the OSI criminal investigation role. On occasion, criminal investigative manpower was stretched thin and counterintelligence people were asked to lend a hand. I once posed as a departing Major who needed to replace a jeep in his inventory before leaving the country. The sting operation resulted in the arrest of a "theft to order" criminal. On other occasions counterintelligence personnel assisted in surveillance and photography in black-market investigations.

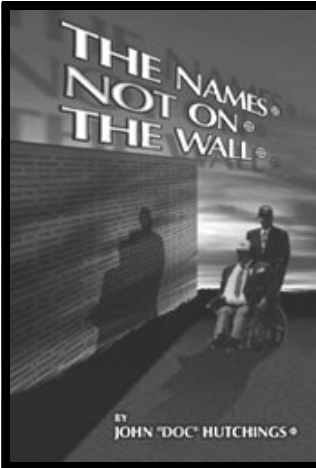
It is totally redundant because almost everyone knows of the attitude in the US towards our troops, but I must say it anyway. I was not welcomed home from Viet Nam; not by the American public, not by many of my coworkers and, significantly, not by my then wife

Years of Service 1957 to 1979, US Air Force, Lt. Col. Office of Special Investigations (OSI) District 50, Bronze Star Medal w one Oak Leaf Cluster, awarded twice, 1969, 1972; Republic of Vietnam Honor Medal 1st Class (1972) awarded for training & assisting Vietnamese Air Force; Khymer Republic (Cambodia) National Defense Medal 1st Class 1972, awarded for training Prime Minister Lon Nol's personal protection force; Air Force Commendation Medal, 1967, awarded for counter intelligence operation, not Vietnam connected, Meritorious Service Medal, 1979, awarded on my retirement for my 20 years of service.



## VIETNAM: SERVICE, SACRIFICE AND COURAGE

### John "Doc" Hutchings, Lake Como, Florida



What happens to a young man who goes from the High School football field to find himself suddenly in a strange land, with the life and death responsibilities of keeping a wounded Marine alive? He is trying to stop the bleeding of fallen comrades, trying somehow to keep them alive amid tracer rounds, mortars and rockets flying at him. How can a young man come home from this and then resume a normal life? How do you deal with nightmares? How do you forget?

The Names Not On The Wall, (based on John "Doc" Hutchings' tour with the Fighting Fifth Marines October 1968-1969) is a story of those Marines who lived because their "Doc" (a young Navy Corpsman) was there with them in the fight. Based on actual experiences as a combat Corpsman, it describes Doc Bear's metamorphosis from an unwilling Navy "squid" opposed to the war to becoming a "Doc", face to face with war at its worst. He finds he deeply loves his Marines and would lay down his life for them as they would for him. He finds surprising courage as he runs to the wounded under fire or across mine fields trying to reach these 18-19 year old men in time to save their lives. Then, as quickly as he is submerged in war, he must learn to defuse when his tour is over.

After I returned home I was treated as an outcast. For 12 years, I never spoke of my war experiences. It was a taboo subject even to family. I wasn't spat upon but was treated like the enemy at airports. Heard "baby killer" more than once.

I wrote memoirs of my time as a "Bush Doc" with the 5th Marines. My first patrol we lost 10 out of 15 men. I saved the life of our skipper on Nov. 9th 1968 (USMC birthday). I ran through a mine field and ambush to get to him. His heart was nicked but he made it.

I treated many Marines under fire from 1968-1969 in the "Arizona Territory", Go Noi Island, Charlie Ridge, & Anlemae Valley. I had contact with the enemy almost every day. 70% of my wounded were from booby traps. My job was to keep my wounded alive for 2 hours so that he could be choppered to the 1st Medical Battalion.

I wrote the book, "The Names Not on the Wall" and it features 3 men, myself, Platoon Sgt Vince Rios ( a triple amputee), and our Point Man Lauren Alvin Stuckenschmidt. I still have a tight bond with my Marines. My book has helped thousands.

U.S. Navy/Marines, HM3, Years of Service: 1965 to 1969. Alpha Co., 1st Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division  
Medals: 5th Marine Augulet, National Defense, Combat Action Ribbon, Vietnam Service Medal w Bronze Star, FMF Combat Action Operations Insignia 4 Stars, Purple Heart wounded Feb. 25, 1969 during Tet, Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry with Palm & 2 Stars, Vietnam Campaign Medal w 4 Stars. You can email Doc at: Doc Hutch@theNamesNOTontheWall.com or DocBear68@aol.com.







## VIETNAM: SERVICE , SACRIFICE AND COURAGE



**James A. Evrard**  
**St. Augustine, Florida**

On the 6th of March 1966 I was flying in our H23G command and control helicopter when it was hit in the transmission and crashed. We were flying at about 60 feet over the jungle at about 60 knots when I heard the bullets hit the transmission and suddenly we had lost any chance of flying. I started to tell the pilot that we had better land and figure out why the transmission was making noise like a washing machine full of marbles, I didn't realize that he was already transmitting a "Mayday" message to tell his aviation unit that we were in the process of crashing. Suddenly a small clearing appeared in the jungle in front of us and we crashed into the center of the clearing. The main rotor of the helicopter flexed down so hard that it hit the tail boom and cut it in half, thereby stopping the rotor. The Plexiglas bubble in front was destroyed and an AN/PRC 25 radio, which had been on the floor between my feet, went smashing through the bubble and landed about 50 feet in front of us. As soon as everything came to rest, it was suddenly quiet, I could smell electrical smoke and I yelled at the pilot "Let's get out of here before it burns." We unsnapped our seat and shoulder belts and I grabbed my M-16 and ran like hell about 100 feet to the left of the wreckage. The pilot was right behind me. We turned to look at the helicopter and I couldn't believe my eyes. The helicopter was nothing but a stack of junk. Gil Procter was on the ground nearby and saw us crash into the jungle about one quarter of a mile away. He ordered a squad from B Company to "go bring back the bodies." Meanwhile the pilot and I jumped into a nearby ditch and prepared to "fight to the death" if any NVA followed up and tried to locate us. We heard a group of soldiers crashing through the woods and prepared for the worst when the squad came roaring up to the crash site and were amazed, after seeing us in the stack of junk that had been a helicopter, to find us alive and full of fight.

US Army, served 1951 to 1978, Colonel, Vietnam: 1st Battalion, 14th Infantry, 3rd Brigade, 25th Infantry Div. I was a Major then for 6 months I was the Operations Officer and then the Battalion Executive Officer.

Legion of Merit (w/OLC), Bronze Star Medal (w/V device) (W/OLC), Air Medal (2 OLC), Meritorious Service Medal (w/OLC), Army Commendation Medal, Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry, Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, Service Medal (w/OLC)



**Arthur N. Moxon,**  
**St. Augustine, Florida**



I was stationed in Chu Lai and Danang. I flew a radar surveillance plane with a crew of 20 to 30 men along the coast of North Vietnam. We directed air strikes from the carrier to their targets and helicopters to try to rescue downed pilots. We could see when missile sites were active (their radar was on) and we would guide our planes around them. Downed pilots had a hand held radio we could receive and track.

The most memorable and bizarre incident occurred when I was assigned to look for Russian ships entering the Gulf of Tonkin. I was to fly alongside any that I might find at 25 feet off the ground and photograph the ship and cargo. I found one just south of Hainan Island which was Chinese territory. I flew down, shot some pictures and left. Within a minute or two the radar operators on board picked up a Chinese Interceptor closing on us at over 500 miles per hour. I had no fighter escort which I normally did so in order to elude Chinese radar and the Interceptor I again descended to 25 feet and headed straight for China, which was less than 100 miles away. When I got to the Chinese beach I continued along the beach for about 30 minutes at 25 ft. I could see people running off the beach at the sight of us coming down it. Our radar could see the Interceptor flying in circles looking for us about where we left it. After 30 minutes I went back out to sea staying low for a long time and headed to Taiwan which was friendly to us. When I landed I was taken to a U.S. Air Force office to explain what had happened as I had sent a Mayday call when it looked like we were going to get hit. I got criticized for "invading" China and was told later the Admiral in charge of the 6th Fleet had been notified and that the White House and of course my commanding officer had been informed as well. When I got back to my squadron my commanding officer said he thought I'd been pretty clever and was glad we made it back.

When I returned from the war I was treated alright by most people and insulted by some including some in-laws. That you never forget.

US Navy 1966 to 1971, Lieutenant, Airborne Early Warning Squadron One, Two Air Medals, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Meritorious Unit Commendation Medal

## VIETNAM: SERVICE: SACRIFICE AND COURAGE



**Fred DuPont**  
**St. Augustine, Florida**



I was a Marine assigned to "D" Company, 9th Engineering Battalion, 1<sup>st</sup> Marine Division, III Marine Amphibious Force as a heavy equipment operator. Our area of operations was I Corps, the five most northern providences of the Republic of Vietnam.

In the summer of 1968, I was sent with a 12 ton, rubber tire, mobile crane to assist 3<sup>rd</sup> Platoon in building a bridge across the Ba Ren River. 9<sup>th</sup> Engineers was led by Lt. Col. H. E. Perea, stationed in the southern part of Quang Tin Providence at Chu Lai. "D" Company was led by Capt Reno Rizzo, stationed in the northern part of Quang Tin Providence at Hill 63. 3<sup>rd</sup> Platoon of "D" Co. was led by 1<sup>st</sup> Lt Jack Hawkins, stationed in the southern part of Quang Nam Providence, north of Hill 63, just below Hoi An, at a South Korean Marine Corps compound. We were strung-out between Chu Lai to the south and Hoi An to the north to build and maintain 47 miles of Route 1.

The dilapidated bridge we were to replace was made of reinforced concrete repeatedly made weaker by small, enemy explosives. They used small explosives on bridges and culverts and large mines on the edge of the road to stop our heavy vehicles, not their bicycles and three wheel buses.

Our bridge would be constructed of creosote pilings, cross timbers, steel I-beam stringers, and topped with heavy lumber decking. These materials were brought by convoy from Da Nang in the northern part of Quang Nam Providence. Battalion HQ in Chu Lai sent additional Marines driving low-bed tractor-trailers to assist "D" Co. with these supply convoys. They also sent a home made, heavily armored six-by truck sporting a fifty caliber and two M-60 machine guns to blast through any ambush, which happened once. In that ambush, Captain Rizzo and 6 other Marines were seriously wounded.

The bridge was built from south to north. A crawler crane was mounted on a barge to drive the pilings. A surveyor would site the level to cut the pilings. A crew, working from scaffolding on another barge would cut the pilings and bolt the cross timbers to the pilings. The I-beams would then span from one row of pilings to the next, fastened to the cross timbers. I go through these machinations because it was my job to lift this heavy material in place without killing or injuring my fellow Marines.

A mine sweep is a very exciting way to start your day. Every morning two sweep teams would leave from each outpost, one north and one south, to clear the roads of mines before any work on the road could commence. Our teams usually consisted of two Marines with metal detectors, two with K-Bar knives to probe any suspected spots in the road, two with grappling hooks out ahead in the rice paddies to snag any wires running to explosives planted in the road, as many Marines with as much fire power as we could muster that day, and one very brave Marine driving a truck behind us. I was one of the Marines providing fire power should anything happen. One mine was found by the truck. The incident happened in September while I was home on leave, I was informed of it upon my return in October. Our Corpsman, HM2 Kurt Duncan, was killed instantly. Seven Marines were wounded. The driver of the truck, Cpl. Paul Kozak, was so severely wounded and burnt it took 27 separate operations to put him back together. He now runs Vet Works, a nationwide service to help homeless veterans get their lives back together.

On another mine sweep the Korean Marines thought that the best way to provide security from repeated sniper fire was to walk artillery down the road ahead of us. When the first shell exploded behind me to the east about one hundred yards away, I found the mud in the west rice paddy comforting until the second exploded on that side. Luckily, the only injury sustained was Sgt. Lee who caught a piece of shrapnel in his right forearm. Before Lt Hawkins could get them to cease fire, the village to the south was destroyed. The Corpsman did the best he could but, I'll never forget what White Phosphorus did to that little girl who was standing nearby.

**Continued on next page**

## VIETNAM: SERVICE, SACRIFICE AND COURAGE

Sniper fire became a way of life for us. Most of it was H&I, Harassment and Irritation, a few shots fired from a tree line five hundred yards away with a worn-out rifle from the French Colonial days. It regularly happened at one place on the road, at the end of the day, heading back to the KMC compound. One day, Lt Hawkins stopped there, put us all on line, and led a sweep through the rice paddy to the west, into the tree line. This was not new to me, I grew up hunting like this in Florida. The trick is to keep abreast of the man on your right and the man on your left so you don't shoot each other. Only this time the game could shoot back. We progressed like this until we were so deep in the woods, I lost site of my fellow Marines. I'll never forget that feeling of loneliness when I got to a clearing, alone. After a few minutes, I decided to leave this sort thing to the infantry and retreated back to the road to find everyone else way ahead of me.

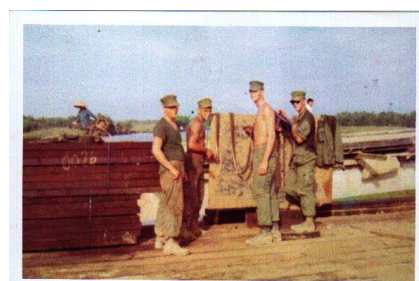
As we progressed on the bridge, however, the NVA moved in with more sophisticated weapons and the sniper fire became more intense. It always came from the west about five hundred yards away where the river bent towards the north.

Defensively we did several things. As the materials were delivered, we stacked them on the western edge of the bridge. This provided us cover when we dropped our tools to return fire. Another thing we did was mount machine guns behind armor plating. A fifty cal in the middle and a M-60 on each end. As the bridge got longer, so did the distance between the machine guns. Offensively, two things stand out in my memory. One day we were pinned down behind the stacks of timbers. Lt Hawkins called in an air strike. I got impatient and climbed the boom of my crane with the surveyor's transit, hoping to direct fire from that position. While concentrating through that scope, 30ft above the bridge, 50ft above the river, I heard a noise behind me. I turned to see two Forward Air Controllers in a spotter plane grinning at me from ear to ear. Soon I had an amazing vantage point to watch two A-4 Skyhawks do their thing to the enemy. The second occasion involved the South Vietnamese Army. The ARVNs, as we called them guarded the two bridges and all the equipment when we returned to the Korean Marine compound that we had built and stayed in at night. At the end of the day, Lt Hawkins would give us permission to do a little "redneck fishing" with a grenade or two. The ARVNs would then paddle out in a small boat to collect their evening meal. One day they mounted an aggressive operation to go after the bad guys, only they forgot to tell us. When the shooting started, we thought it was the typical barrage of sniper fire that occurred almost every day about that time. Drop your tools, man your guns, blow the hell out of the tree line across the river, go back to work. Wrong! I was at the south end of the bridge when the fire fight broke out. The ARVN Lieutenant came running out of his bunker shouting "ARVN! ARVN!", pointing in the direction of the tree line. To yell cease fire was fruitless over the roar of 20 or 30 fully automatic weapons. Running down the bridge, slapping helmets, and yelling at the top of my lungs worked. Later, they brought the wounded to the bridge. We administered first aid as best we could and got them on a Medevac Chopper. Another not so proud day for the good guys.

Another incident involving the snipers must be mentioned. Lt Hawkins was by himself on the old bridge inspecting our work on the new bridge. He was just opposite my crane, when all hell broke loose. I think they were trying to kill him and two rounds came through the cab of my crane. He jumped for cover, missed the ledge, plunged into the river, and was injured. In the excitement, as I was standing under cover, I sprayed a few rounds into the old bridge. As I was reloading, my attention was drawn to the Lieutenant, 20ft below. He was already being helped, so we moved our base of fire to the old bridge to cover his rescue. He was awarded his second Purple Heart and, in my opinion it was well deserved.

I recently confessed to him my premature trigger finger. He gave me back a sarcastic "Thanks!". He still doesn't tolerate ineptness and he was the finest officer I ever served with in my 22 years of military service. He is currently the chancellor of Troy University and has made several trips back to Vietnam to visit the campuses of Troy in Hanoi and Saigon.

USMC 3 Years; 1.5 Years with "D" Co., Viet Nam; US Navy 20 Years, Meritorious Service Medal, Navy Achievement Medal w/ 2 Stars, Combat Action Ribbon.



## VIETNAM: SERVICE, SACRIFICE AND COURAGE

**Michael D. Pullium**  
**St. Augustine, Florida**

I had been in the Army 18 months serving in Germany with the 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division when I was informed that there had been a “levy” of personnel and I had been selected to go to Viet Nam as a replacement, the only person from the Company so honored. I wasn’t thrilled with the honor but I did get 30 day leave which was nice after being away from home for a year and a half.

After my leave I reported to Ft. Dix, New Jersey in January 1969 for preparation to go to the Republic of Viet Nam. I did wonder how they picked New Jersey in the winter time for jungle training and the snow pretty much ruined the attempt to think about how to operate in a humid environment. I was struck by one specific training session in stealth infiltration. Imagine sitting in the stands at a football field in the end zone and at the opposite end zone a man waves at you then lies down and blends into the grass. In between the goal posts the football field is filled with concertina “razor” wire with cans tied to it so you can hear if anyone touches the wire.

You are informed to find the man before he “kills” you. 60 trainees staring at the field and nobody can spot him, 15 minutes later he stands up directly in front of the stands undetected until then. Bang you are dead. That stayed with me for a while and I was glad that my MOS usually meant I was exempt from duty (ED).

MOS stands for Military Occupation Specialties and it is your main job, not necessarily your only job. As an Avionics Technician I was responsible for repairing, replacing and maintaining helicopter radios and navigation equipment. I was sent to Nam to replace another technical specialist who I hoped had completed his tour and rotated back to “The World” as opposed to failed to complete his tour.

So I was not combat rated, had received one week in the snow as preparation, and was being shipped over as a lone replacement with no connections, friends or buddies who I had trained with and on landing in the Republic of Viet Nam felt very much like a “Stranger in a Strange Land”.

We touched down at Tan Son Nhut airbase and disembarked into what felt like a blast furnace, it had to be 110 degrees. We were bussed to the 90<sup>th</sup> Replacement Detachment for processing. They processed us and had a 1 day of in-country training where I had the opportunity to qualify on the M-60 machine gun and re-learned the stealth training with an added bonus to learn that Charlie was so good at infiltration techniques that they had been known to sneak under the wire turn the Claymore mines around facing the guard post then go back and jingle the wire. When the guards detonated the claymore the guard post was blown away with 100’s of steel ball bearings packed into those mines, pity the fool that had his head above the sand bags watching the mine go off. Another learned lesson.



I was assigned to the 11<sup>th</sup> Armored Cavalry Regiment (11<sup>th</sup> Cav.-The Blackhorse) Air Cav Troop which had the helicopters for the Regiment and coincidentally the base for the Long Range Recon Patrols (LRRPs), the Aero Rifle Platoon (ARP’s) and the pink teams which is a Loach scout ship with Huey gunships to bring the firepower. This is a group of highly decorated warriors who, when not involved with a fight, went out to find one. Col. George Patton gave us our motto “Find the Bums and Pile on”. This was one tough outfit and they really beat up the 48 helicopters in the unit which kept the Crew Chief and Door Gunner busy with repairs and usually a radio knocked out which is how I initially got involved with the crews and pilots.

Air Cav Troop was immediately reassigned to Blackhorse base camp at Xuan Loc which was a definite downgrade in accommodations and I was soon to discover that my MOS didn’t mean squat when the Army needs you to do something entirely different than what you have been trained for. For example since I was the new guy (abbreviated to FNG) I pulled guard duty on the berm, which didn’t really fall into any areas of my proficiency other than the 2 demonstrations in Stealth and Infiltration which made me aware of the possibilities but not necessarily prepared.

On my 3<sup>rd</sup> night of guard duty we were informed that “enemy activity was picking up in the area” so to pay more attention than normal tonight. Unnecessary instruction to an FNG, it was impossible to be any more attentive than I already was and since I wasn’t sleeping anyway.

We had the earliest version of night vision scopes called Starlight scopes apparently based on the theory that they picked up the light from the stars and somehow enhanced the light so that you could see various shades of grey that may or may not be something. These were not what the troops have these days by any stretch of the imagination but our field testing helped get to what we have now, much like the advanced medical capabilities that came out of the war.

## VIETNAM: SERVICE, SACRIFICE AND COURAGE

**MICHAEL D. PULLIUM**  
**ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA**

So bringing all my jungle training skills to use and searching the jungle 50 meters away with my Starlight I could see movement of something and I definitely was hearing noises, not just the sounds in my head from dealing with this surreal experience but real noises. Following protocol I phoned for the Officer of the Day and requested permission to fire and got a fairly calm response but it was definitely NO. Still I was contemplating whether I would rather be dead here at Xuan Loc or alive at LBJ (Long Bien Jail)?

Apparently I wasn't the only one hearing or seeing things because within 10 minutes of my call someone opened up which of course prompted several of us doing the same until the in country veterans got control. Seems there was a lot of firepower going out but nothing actually coming in. The next morning a body count sweep was made and the VC must have carried off their wounded and dead because we couldn't find a single one. The reports did not mention the unusually high number of monkey bodies that were found. Now I see why they added the F in FNG.

I guess I learned enough in those first few weeks of OJT to ultimately survive more serious situations which included a night time flight in a storm to Quan Loi FOB (Forward Operating Base) which was not too far from Cambodia and freshly rested and newly armed VC. I was only at the FOB for a couple of weeks but it was "interesting: to say the least and included being rocketed and overrun more than once. The week after I left the camp was overrun and an enlisted GI was taken POW, one of the few enlisted prisoners taken by the VC.

But I prefer my FNG story more because it shows that we were just kids doing our job mostly draftees who had no idea what they were getting into and learning that real war isn't John Wayne's Hollywood war. I learned a lot, experienced things I'll never forget and grew up during that service. Unfortunately I learned many things that I didn't want to learn and experienced things that were not good for my psyche. But it wasn't the war that hurt me the most it was the people back home that did the most damage.

My return to "The World" in late December 1969 was less than what I hoped for. The joy at flying away from Nam disappeared during the 20 hour flight to San Francisco for processing. We spent about 10 hours in a warehouse being processed which was extremely efficient and bureaucratic. Minimal physical, no psychological testing, quick speech, list of medals awarded and an offer of \$10,000 cash to re-up. Then sign here door on the left and then you are standing on a dark street in the City less than 24 hours after leaving a war zone.

The airport was worse than Nam, feeling of everyone looking at you and not in a good way, once again I became a "Stranger in a Strange New Land" it did not feel like home. Nobody spit on me but no one had anything good to say either. Just felt alone and isolated again just like when first arriving in Nam. At that point I would rather have been in Nam; at least there I knew where I was.

Arriving back to my hometown in Tampa once again nobody there, I guess everyone was busy being normal and ignoring anything unpleasant on the other side of the world. Funny thing though is nobody ever showed up, never a mention of anything related to the fact that I had been to war, unless it was negative. I couldn't even get a welcome home, although my ex-wife did mention she thought I had changed. So I learned to blend in like I learned to do in Nam and just dealt with it until a few years ago when I got together with some other veterans and we talked, turns out that helps. I now wear my colors with pride and do not hesitate to state "I am a Viet Nam vet and damn proud of it". We served our Country and did our job, we don't need to be heroes but we do deserve respect and a welcome home.



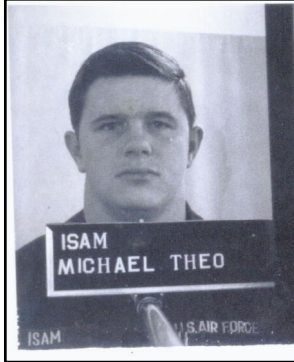
Years of service 1967-1969 U.S. Army Specialist Five (E-5) Viet Nam 1969 11<sup>th</sup> Armored Cavalry Regiment-Bien Hoa, Xuan Loc, An Loc and Quon Loi. Decorations: Republic of Viet Nam Cross of Gallantry with Palm (Presidential Unit), Army Commendation Medal, National Defense Medal, Good Conduct Medal, Viet Nam Campaign Medal and the Viet Nam Service Medal.





VIETNAM: SERVICE, SACRIFICE AND COURAGE

**Michael Isam  
St Augustine, Florida**



**“My arrival In-Country”**

I landed at Tan Son Nhut AB, RVN about 3pm on 30 November 1969. I was dressed in my blues as it was not the time of the year in the states for my 1505's. As I stood in the line to change currency, the heat became unbearable in my wool uniform. I made my way to the nearest latrine to change into my fatigues. They were made of stateside cotton, but they were like an iceberg compared to the wool. I changed currency into MPC and headed towards the Visiting Airman Quarters (VAQ), got a bunk, stowed my gear, lay my head on the pillow and didn't turn over until about 4am. Wide awake, I decided to shower and see if the chow hall was open. I was hesitant to enter the shower when I met a very old looking Mama-San keeping the place clean. There was another GI in the shower who asked her to scrub his back. I figured it safe to proceed. Showered, shaved, and dressed, I made my way to the nearest base bus stop to catch a ride to the chow hall. A bus pulled up in a few minutes and I started to enter in the rear of the bus. Just as I was about to put my foot on the bottom step, I saw that all the windows were covered in heavy gauge steel mesh. “I could get killed here. I'm definitely not in Texas anymore,” was my thought. I scampered on board and parked my tail on a seat for the ride.

**“Pleiku AB, RVN.”**

I handed a copy of my orders directing me to report to personnel at Pleiku, to the E-4 behind the desk. He stamped them and directed me to the appropriate gate to catch the morning “Milk Run”. I got on board the C-123, gave my duffel to the loadmaster, found a seat, and strapped myself in. If you have never hopped a ride on a C-123, they have the loudest engines in the fleet and there is not an ounce of noise abating material to be found. By the time my flight was over, I couldn't hear squat. The load master had to get right next to me and yell for me to understand that this stop was Pleiku and I was to deplane. I grabbed my duffel bag, made my way to personnel, and showed my orders. I was informed, in a very monotone and “Bored with it all” voice, not to unpack as I was heading for Phu Cat. The E-5 quickly typed me a new set of orders, ran me a few copies, and bid me on my way. I headed to the VAC, got a bunk for the night, and proceeded to check out the local scenery, such as it was. I managed to find the NCO club as the chow hall was closed until lunch and I was starved. I grabbed some chow and headed for a table. In the middle of all this upheaval in my life were three guys with whom I graduated Electronics School at Kessler AFB, Mississippi. It was old home week as we caught up on the past couple of years. Before they left for work, we made plans for the night.

**Continued on next page**

**Michael Isam  
St. Augustine, Florida**

We met at the appointed hour and proceeded to do some heavy “one-upmanship” drinking. About 10:30pm, the world was looking almost level and we departed the club, headed for the barracks. We said our goodbyes at the VAQ and, as the evening had caught up with me, I proceeded to the latrine. I found an empty stall, and went in. It was then I was introduced to what I knew had to be incoming. I started running for the nearest bunker. I just got outside the door, looking wildly for the bunker, when I spotted this lone GI, sitting on top of a bunker, swigging away at a beer. “What is going on?” I asked him. “Just watching the war,” he said. “Climb up. The view is really good from here.” I climbed up next to him and watched the war. Tracers coming down, tracers going up, flares floating on the breeze made for quite a sight to this newbie.

#### **“Christmas at Phu Cat”**

All the guys in our “Q” came together and bought Christmas presents for our housekeeping crew and their families. The lady who cleaned my room had a 12-year-old son and he made out like a bandit. As I watched the gift giving, I could not help but think that this young man had grown up with nothing but war around him his entire life. It made me very thankful to be living in the U.S. and even though I was missing a lot of my children’s life, they were growing up in peace.

#### **“The Booze-Truck Run”**

I had been at Phu Cat for a couple of months and had never set tootsie one outside the gate. Everything outside was “Off Limits”, so it was a moot point to attempt going into the country side. A buddy informed me there was a legitimate way to see the countryside. “Volunteer to ride shotgun on the NCO club drink run,” he said. “It’s a quiet time and you will enjoy the countryside.” He did it every few weeks on his day off. My first encounter with the driver was a little unsettling. “I’ve had my windshield shot out 7 times and I’m not looking for number 8. There is 15 bandoliers of ammo with 10 double banana clips taped together in each one. Pull several into the front floorboard, put in a clip. The moment we pass the front gate, I want to hear two sounds. A round jacked into the chamber and the switch set on full automatic.” “Keep the muzzle pointed out the window. If anyone starts running towards the truck, point it at them. If they don’t stop, fire. You got that?” I told him I did and off we went. It was a very uneventful trip and in the level parts, I managed to get in quite a few good shots with my camera. I still hold those pictures near and dear.



Septimus Connor II  
St. Augustine, Florida



Flying at tree top level being exposed to enemy small arms fire; sniper attacks during convoys from Dian to Quan Lai; conducting defoliation operations; conducting burning missions at Thunder 1 and Dait Tieng; furnishing personnel to the 2<sup>nd</sup> brigade to fly “Sniffer” missions; dispatching personnel to Lai Lai and Chon Thanh to transport CS for drops; and being assigned to the motor pool, spray rig and ammo point. These could be the topics Vietnam veteran, Septimus C. Connor II would use to tell of this experience during his tour of duty in Vietnam.

Connor was drafted into the US military April 1968 and served until 1970. His basic training was done at Fort Benning, Georgia and from there he was sent to Fort McClellan, Alabama where he completed training and become a specialist in chemical decontamination. While serving in Vietnam, Connor was a member of the 266<sup>th</sup> Chemical Platoon/1<sup>st</sup> Infantry Division.

After being discharged in 1970, Connor joined the American Legion Post 194, where he has dedicated the past 25 years working faithfully toward living their motto, “For God and Country” – striving diligently, with God’s help, to fulfill their mission to serve the needs of all veterans and their families, and to fulfill their commitment to community, state and nation. He has served in various positions at Post 194 and since 2005, has served as the Post Commander.

In 1985, Connor was employed by Grumman Corporation, now known as Northrop Grumman where he worked for 17 years. He retired in 2002 as a senior mechanic.

Connor and his wife, Wyverne have been married for 38 years; parents of three children and grandparents of six.

Medals: National Defense Service Medal, two Overseas Service Bars, Expert Badge (M16), Marksman Badge (M-14), 2d Class-Grenade, Vietnam Service Medal w/Four Bronze Stars, Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal w/Device (1960), Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross w/Palm Unit Citation Badge, Republic of Vietnam Civil Action Honor Medal, Army commendation Medal for Meritorious Service, First Class Unit Citation Badge, Testimonial Certificate of Appreciation from General Westmoreland.

**If you would like to visit a site that offers a complete glossary of terms used in the Viet Nam War, go to: <http://www.1stcavmedic.com/glossary.html>**



**John Michael Reid**  
**St. Augustine, Florida**



Every landing strip and Airbase in I and II Corps were subject to hostile fire, our aircraft were slow and took numerous hits. I flew aircraft from Florida across the US then across the Pacific, it was a long trip. Our top speed was about 130 knots. The day we reached Saigon the Viet Cong attacked an American Base (Bien Hoa), first time the VC had done this. While trying to re-supply a Special Forces Camp, we encountered bad weather and had to fly closer to the ground. The VC shot up our aircraft, one Viet crew member was killed, one wounded. I did not encounter any hostility when I returned home to the mid-west area.

US Air Force, served 1958 to 1978, Lt. Col., 311th Air Commando Squadron (Danang 1964-1965), Flew C-123 Assault Transports- our mission was to supply Special Forces camps along the Ho Chi Minh Trail and remote mountain camps.

Awards: I received Airmen's Medal, Commendation Medals, Numerous Air Medals. I was credited with 800 combat hours.



**Larry L. Hawkins**  
**Jacksonville, Florida**



I was stationed in the I Corps area of Vietnam from Phu Bai to the DMZ. I was a Navy Hospital Corpsman who served with Hotel Co.- 2/26 Marines during the Vietnam War. Our nickname was the "Nomads" since we moved from place to place as was needed.

In June of 1967 we were on a Company size patrol and found a complete SAM Missile in the jungle. We were asked to set a security perimeter and stand guard over this missile so that intelligence agents with the help of a helicopter could remove the missile. It was flown to Danang where it was loaded aboard a Navy Sub and carried back to the U.S. for inspection. This incident appears in the book "Blind Man's Bluff", a history of the U.S. Submarine Service.

I was not treated well when I returned stateside. I was spit on at the airport and called a murderer and baby killer. I did not tell anyone in my college I was a "Nam" vet, I stayed away from everyone.

US Navy/US Marine Corp., served 1966 to 1969, HM2, Jacksonville, FL, 1st Squad, 1st Platoon, Hotel Co., 2nd Battalion, 26th Marines, 3rd MARDIV and A Company, 3rd Medical Battalion, Phu Bai, RVN

Purple Heart, National Defense Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Combat Action Ribbon, Presidential Unit Citation, Vietnam Campaign Medal w/Device, USMC Commendation Award

Operations: Hickory, Prairie IV, Cimarron, Liberty I & II

**VIETNAM:  
SERVICE,  
SACRIFICE  
&  
COURAGE**

**Director: Josh Wallace**

**Producer- Michael Rothfeld**

**Asst. Producer- Tom Washkovich**

**Asst. Producer- Jim Murray**

**Military Advisor- Tom Washkovich**

**Technical Advisor- Mark Heulsbeck**

**Interviewers: Bill Napper, Earl Kidwell, Terry Allan**

**A project of Florida Veterans Program and Projects, Inc.**

**FEATURED VETERANS FOR  
VIETNAM: SERVICE, SACRIFICE & COURAGE**



**Tom Washkovich**

**Branch: US Army**

**Date of Service: Feb 1967-Dec. 1969**

**Rank: First Lieutenant**

**Unit: CCC, MACV SOG, 5th Special Forces Group**

**Awards: Vietnam Campaign Medal; Vietnam Service Medal w/2 Bronze Stars, Vietnam Gallantry Cross w/Palm (unit); Vietnam Gallantry Cross w/Bronze Star (individual) National Defense Service Medal; Air Medal; Army Commendation Medal w/V device; Bronze Star; Meritorious Unit Citation; Presidential Unit Citation; Jump Wings; Combat Infantryman's Badge**



**Paul Heagy**

**Branch: US Navy**

**Date of Service: 1954-1984**

**Rank: Hospitalman Master Chief (E-9)**

**Unit: MAG 12, MAG 36, First MAW, FMF PAC**

**Awards: Vietnam Service Medal w/Marine Corps Device; Republic of Vietnam Civic Action w/palm; Presidential Unit Citation; Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Combat Action Ribbon, Special Duty Air Crewman.**







**Harry Manford**  
**Branch: U\$ Marine Corps**  
**Dates of Service: 1963-1967**  
**Rank: Sergeant (E-5)**



**Units: 3rd Battalion, 1st MARDIV, 1st Battalion, 9th Marines, 2nd MAW**  
**Awards: Combat Action Ribbon; Good Conduct Award; National Defense Service Medal; Vietnam Service Medal w/2 Stars; Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal**  
**Rifle Expert; Pistol Expert**



**Coy McDonald**  
**Branch: U\$ Army**  
**Dates of Service: 1955-1983**  
**Rank: Chief Warrant Officer (W-4)**



**Units: 11th Airborne Div.; 101st Airborne Div.; The Army Golden Knights; 334th Armed Helicopter Co. RVN; 146th-156th AVN Co. RR RVN; 82nd AVN Co.; 114th-352nd AVN Co. CZ; AA&E McDill AFB, FL.**  
**Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross; Meritorious Service Medal; Defense Meritorious Service Medal; Bronze Star Medal; Air Medal (56 Awards) Humanitarian Service Medal; Army Commendation Medal w/2 Oak Leaf Clusters; Meritorious Unit Commendation w/Oak Leaf Cluster; Republic of Vietnam Commendation Medal with 60 devices; Vietnam Gallantry Cross w/Palm Unit Citation Badge; Vietnam Service Medal w/1 Silver Service Star and 2 Bronze Service Stars; Army Service Ribbon; Good Conduct Medal (2nd Award); National Defense Service Medal; Master Parachute Badge; Master Aviator Badge; British Special Air Service Wings; Parachute Rigger Badge.**



**Tom Crawford**  
**Branch: U\$ Marine Corps**  
**Dates of Service: 2 Years**  
**Rank: Corporal (E-4)**  
**Units: A Co. 1st Battalion, 5th MARDIV; Co. F Co. 2nd Battalion, 26th Regiment, 3rd MARDIV, CAC, Hotel 6, 3rd CAG, 3rd MARDIV.**



**Awards: National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal; Purple Heart (2nd Award); Presidential Unit Citation; Rifle Expert; Pistol Expert**



## **VIETNAM: SERVICE, SACRIFICE & COURAGE**

**This project was a collaboration between the Florida Veteran's Programs and Projects, the St. John's County Veteran's Council, and the Flagler College Communications Department , a part of Flagler College in St. Augustine, Florida, as well as the Vietnam Veterans featured in the film.**

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