



This was Roy when the 1/83<sup>rd</sup> was with us and very active with SP 8" guns. They were there when I got there in Nov. '69. I don't remember how long they stayed or when they left, but it seemed like we were up there forever without them. The barbed wire layout was a joke as you know. There was little to eat but C-rats (or whatever we could buy or steal in Phu Bai) when they left. We heard a loud explosion at breakfast one day. We thought their kitchen stove blew up, but someone said a rocket hit the kitchen... never found out if that was the case.

After the 1/83<sup>rd</sup> left, the ARVNs moved in. The bunker directly across from ours was filled with about 20 ARVN AWOL/deserters, guarded by ARVNs who ran a small 105mm artillery battery. Perry and I caught one in the inflation shelter at night trying to steal the inflator... we scared the piss out of him. They were penned in by three strands of barbed wire (you could duck under). When it was cold, they would go through our trash pile and burn the shit in their bunker. One day we heard a loud "bang" and they came running out like fleas. I think they tried to burn the tar in a prick battery and it exploded ???

We were pretty sure someone from the group was rifling the c-rats out of the storage van, but nobody gave a damn



After the 1/83<sup>rd</sup> left, mail usually came by chopper weather permitting. Visitors were always welcomed “except” for the 101<sup>st</sup> troops out of Eagle. We were comfortable on the hill without the need for backup. We had a white calcium hydride streak 400 feet long and as wide as a fucking river down the side of the hill. If anyone was going to get us, they had a beautiful aiming point... but I don’t think any of us gave a damn. The villagers to our right were friendly... the pinko village to our south thought we were wacko’s.

The 101<sup>st</sup> troops landed on the hill and began setting up in the old 1/83<sup>rd</sup> bunkers and began taking over the guard pits (including ours outside the leader hooch). CW2 Myrle LaPointe sent me and someone else (Mertz I think) to their TOC for a nightly briefing (as per their request). They fed us some bullshit about 2,000 NVA traveling on the other side of the ridge, and they (101<sup>st</sup>) were here to cover the pass and protect the hill (...fuck met). They gave us “challenge and passwords” when we roamed the hill at night. I told the officer that this was our area and that the password shit was not going to work... he told me to “get out” and “shave”. They had a Japanese kid in there staring at a big semi-circular black screen (???) with range markings on it. They also had a fuzzy green starlight scope... neat at the time.

We left and told LaPointe what went on. The idiots in the pit in front of our hooch tried to pull the password thing and we told the kids to go fuck themselves. Needless to say I think they (101<sup>st</sup>) were not well-liked by some of us.

**FSB Roy Approach 1969**



At the foot of our hill (north side) right on the shoreline lived a lone Pathfinder with a 2,000 gallon blivet bag of JP-4 chopper fuel just in case one of them ran low or got lost. We were always mindful of that bag. I had markings on the grenade box to let me know where it was at night so I didn't come near it during one of our late night "mad minutes". The guy was clearly "nuts" and had "ears" hanging up in his hooch. He'd been doing this for several tours I think. He didn't like to talk much. One night a bunch of us got drunk. The ARVN were drunk as well. It was some kind of holiday... I don't remember. They were shooting star clusters horizontally into their hooches. We were laughing our asses off watching the hooch interiors light up. Then "we" got some clusters and set a few off before common sense kicked in. One went so damn close to the bag (I think it bounced off it) that sobered me up pretty quick.

Your turn it to get the frisbee! I remember crawling down the hill on all fours dodging trip wires, tin cans, and other shit that the 1/83<sup>rd</sup> left behind to get the frisbee, pie plate, or whatever it was back then when it flew off with the wind... I moved slowly but briskly.







My sister sent this micro chess set. As I recall, you and LaPointe used to beat my ass on a regular basis. Bill Kellogg drew this prophetic cartoon for me with the 1/83rd flag & guns in the desert... how freaky is that !



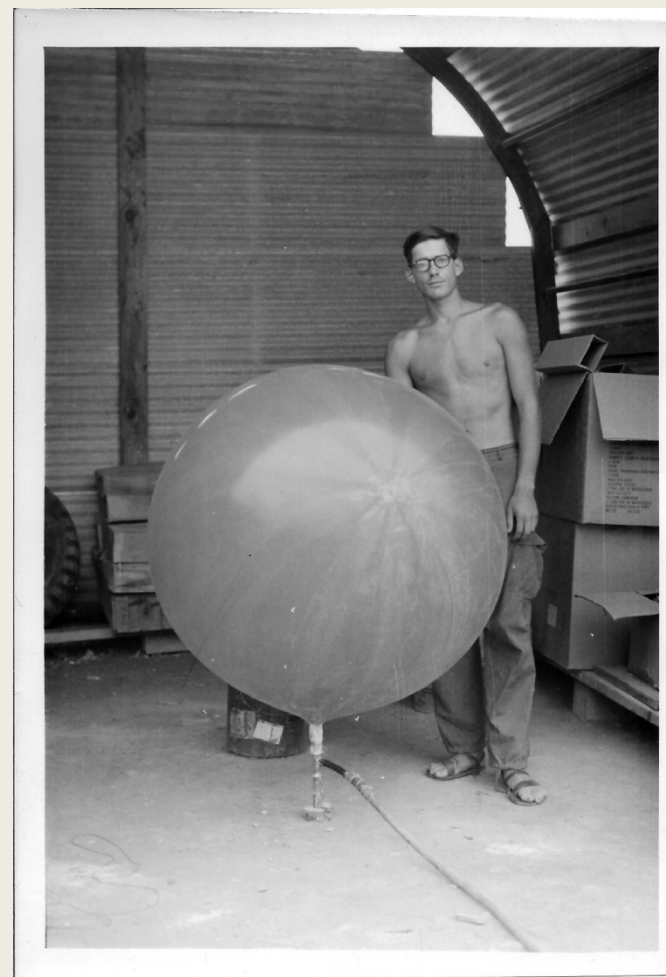
Jessie was a "super" dog. I still hope she met with a good fate. We kept her pups in our hooch. I asked LaPointe if we could keep them as well. He was pissed and adamant that they had to go or they would be ... He told someone to take them down and give them to the kids in the village. A couple weeks later when I asked how they were doing, someone said the villagers ate them... the bastards. (if true)



Keith Mertz and Perry. I think Keith got to the met unit just ahead of me and Gilmore. Perry might have been an OJT draftee... not sure; but he was a terrific guy. 500g lift I think.

I ran surface met for about a year at Yuma... very little rawin (one flight when someone got sick or went on leave ???) I wasn't a citizen, so they wouldn't let me on the range for some fucked up security reason. I had to sneak by the sleeping old YPG guard in the Scout to work that night. Anyway, I ended up plotting winds and pulling RTO duty at flight's end. LaPointe had me slotted as a "section chief" in name only.

I'm not sure if these shots were pre or post 1/83<sup>rd</sup> occupation.







## Views from/on FSB Tomahawk

Some time in 1970 (?), "Tarheel" (real name "Sprinkle" ?) and I were sent to FSB Tomahawk across from FSB Roy to run pieball flights. 3 days after we got there the 101<sup>st</sup> chinooked in a 105mm and 155mm gun and began high angle over the coastal ridgeline. We slept in the bunker above/right. The 15 min. firefight I spoke of, took place to the right of the village below this hill... we were on Roy months before when that took place. Later I learned these guys were here because of some higher echelon bet to see how fast they could mobilize and set up... what a waste if it was true.

We ran 4 flights a day as we did on Roy (used bottled helium). At night we soaked a rag in diesel and ran a super long train and tracked the rag with the theodolite until the train burned... it worked pretty good. The night the 101<sup>st</sup> settled in we ran a flight at midnight as usual and started a fucking panic. Guys ran to the big guns and began firing. Tarheel and I were stunned... "oh shit" did we cause that, or is something really happening? We ducked into the bunker and began laughing our asses off. I guess that hill nearly got overrun back in '68 and four gunners in a national guard artillery unit got killed. These guys might have been just a bit jumpy... didn't dare ask why they opened up when they did.



Every once in awhile we'd straggle off the hill and go to the CB dump or into the village. The place (Vietnam) was very scenic. The people were friendly (except the village to our south). A few of us went there out of curiosity... but only once. They had a bicycle shop and an electric Coke machine... none of us bought the Coke. One of the villagers made a crack in broken English like "you buy from us now and we come at night and fuck you up!" ... we half-chuckled and in unison replied "we fuck you up good!" etc.. I'm pretty sure he believed our crazy asses. None of us to my knowledge went there again.

← Just a little south of the hill next to QL-1, before the village



← Phu Bai airport

We went to Phu Bai to get water, haircuts, film, trinkets, and food. I was lucky to get "any" film that wasn't B&W or Kodachrome slide shit. Most of our cigarettes came in SP packs provided by the 1/83<sup>rd</sup> out of Eagle... We didn't need to buy them. Someone always rat-fucked the best brands in the pack and sent us Pall Malls, Lucky's, and Chesterfields.