

----- The following addresses had permanent fatal errors -----  
< [REDACTED]

----- Transcript of session follows -----  
... while talking to a.mx.mydomain.com.:  
>>> RCPT [REDACTED]  
<<< 554 < [REDACTED] t>: Recipient address rejected: Relay access  
denied  
554 [REDACTED] ... Service unavailable

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Final-Recipient: RFC822; [REDACTED]  
Action: failed  
Status: 5.5.0  
Remote-MTA: DNS; a.mx.mydomain.com  
Diagnostic-Code: SMTP; 554 [REDACTED] : Recipient address  
rejected:  
Relay access denied  
Last-Attempt-Date: Tue, 2 Jan 2001 17:47:40 -0500 (EST)

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**Attachment: Forwarded Message**

**From:** [REDACTED]  
**Date:** Tue, 2 Jan 2001 17:47:04 EST  
**Subject:** war stories  
**To:** [REDACTED]

Hope you had a great Holiday season!!!  
Here are some more war stories, as I recall them.

1. One day while I was out flying there was a fire in the village near Sally. LTC or Maj then Jack O. Johnson and the awards and decoration clerk got in a jeep, hooked a fire extinguisher on wheels to the jeep and went off to the Vil and put out the fire, I was told. I undersatnd that they then put themselves in for the Soldiers medal for this non-combat action.
2. There was the rare occasion when one of the officer's had to pull guard duty. Although the enlisted routinely would have to fly, pull guard duty and then fly the next day, the pilots didn't. Anyway, one of the times I was the duty officer was at Sally. We had been there a few months and had a nice perimeter with fortified positions. This night I chose to sit up atop of a bunker doing my duty until the morning. One of the fellows with me had an M-79 and I did not have a lot of experience with an M-79 so I had fun until ammo was getting depleted. Eventually like every good soldier on guard duty, I fell asleep. So here I was in the middle of the night on top of a sandbag bunker at the Sally perimeter in my jungle fatigues. I was laying on my back and all of a sudden I realized that something wasn't right. I felt movement where my legs come together and it was not me doing it. This was the only year of my life I didn't sleep !! like a log. I opened my eyes without moving and there on my crotch was a rat perched atop my vitals sniffing away. All I could think over and over was please don't bite me. please don't bite me there. Over the years the rat has grown in size from five inches to the size of a house cat. Well, what was I to do? As luck would have it my right arm was across my chest and I was able to back hand the rat into oblivion with my first swing. Considering my normal baseball skills, I was fortunate to hit

him squarely. I don't remember going back to sleep that night although my racing heart did slow down later.

3. Remember every now and again we would get a movie. A real moviehouse movie in the box and we would set up a sheet or something at Sally near the mess hall and watch?

4. Remember how most of the officers carried 38 revolvers and had cowboy type holsters for them?

5. We had a process when we were supporting friendlies in the field to ask for smoke. The process was for us to ask for smoke. In response they would pop smoke but withhold the color. Then we would say that we tallied green or yellow or what ever. Every now and then there would be an eventful moment. Sometimes they would tell us the color and before we knew it there was the same color popped in a second location. That would cause a dilemma, which was the good guy. Thankfully I got all those correct. One time in the spring of '68, lets say May I was somewhere out in the mountains, maybe near LX Veagle. In any case I asked for smoke and within seconds there were a dozen or more different colored smokes in different parts of the valley. It looked almost like a Christmas tree.

There were a few rules of thumb that you had to explain to new crew members, at least twice if they were a Lt. Red smoke is used to mark bad guy positions. White smoke is never used to mark friendly positions either. Sure enough I had a door gunner mark a friendly position with white smoke. I am sure that they were impressed as white smoke was CS gas.

6. I had a grandmother that lived in Key West, Fl. She had sent me a gift for Christmas. When I opened it there were two Jiffy Pop popcorn containers taped together, label to label. If you recall Jiffy pop popcorn came in an aluminum pan and was sealed. You removed the paper cover and as it was heated the aluminum foil top expanded to accommodate the expansion of the corn popping. Well, in my tent we had been successful scrounges. There were five or six in my Dau Tieng tent at that time ands we had a TV, a couch, several stereos, a full size refrigerator and a hot plate. Well, I took one of the Jiffy Pop tins, removed the paper and put it over the hot plate. Nothing happened so I turned the heat up. Still nothing. I let it sit until this strong burnt smell began to fill the tent. I pulled the popcorn container off the heating unit and opened it. There were my grandmothers homemade brownies.

7. Up north again. There was a pilot named McCall, I think, second platoon. As the story goes, he was flying along at altitude (we often flew at 1,500 feet) down near Phu Bai and all of a sudden his windshield exploded. The next thing was a strange feeling in his crouch. There was the round in the fold of his pants. It had used its last bit of energy breaking the windshied and just fell into his lap.

8. The month that we worked for the special forces was one of the most interesting. I have several stories from that month. As you recall we would rotate back and forth to Tay Ninh East or was it west and worked out of there. Well it was around this time I was on a mission in that area supporting some other unit and it took us well north of tay ninh. One of my crew members spotted an airstrip inside Cambodia which I thought was pretty neat, but I thought it was really neat when he spotted an unidentified airplane, a jet he thought taking off from that strip.

9. Speaking of unidentified aircraft; there was a time that our rearm and refueling was moved from the airstrip at Dau Tieng to the perimeter with 10

SMOKE  
GRENADE

RAPID FIRE

spots. Well, one day while were out on a mission an unidentified gray helicopter dropped in and helped themselves to fuel and linked m-60 ammo. Nobody knew who they were, but they were oriental.

10. Remember Ross Scott used to carry a golf club. I think it was a pitching wedge. I remember him trying to give Demearest some lessons.

~~Dick, I will give these to you 10 at a time, the day you come to see me. and if one gets lost all is not lost.~~

~~G~~

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