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OK, here are numbers 71 through 80. They are going to be recollections of the move north. No real excitement here.

71. Sometime around the 12th of March 1968 we were informed by our commander (Jack O.) at that time, that we were moving. They did not tell us why we were leaving, only that it would be a PCS move to somewhere near Phu Bai. Where ever that was. It was a busy 2 1/2 days preparing for the move. I imagine I still had it much better than the Commander or say maintenance. We were told that our precious wall lockers would be sent by ship (they never made it). Motarville (Dau Tieng) had been good to us and I didn't realize how good we had it.

On, I believe March 14th we left, say after lunch. We flew over Ben Hoa and stopped for gas in Phan Thiet. From there it was up the coast to Nha trang, where we spent the night. The flight was prettier than a picture. I recall the many shades of Blue Ocean lapping against the cliffs or the beaches. Just gorgeous. The only time I think we left the shore was when we went inland to by-pass Cameron Bay.

My flight was the first out. Some folks went by fixed wing, some I am not sure how they got there.

In Nihau Tran we slept in the bunks of the 281st ASLT (Blue Stars or North Stars, I don't remember at the moment). They had lost a lot of folks in places like Centum. We enjoyed some camaraderie with the Stars and their nice club as well.

The next morning we left that almost stateside environment of Nha Trang and headed north. More beautiful views. The crew of course shot at sharks in the water.

We refueled in Quin Non and then on to Marble Mountain. We ate lunch at the mess facility there at Marble Mountain and I was hoping that our leader new where we were going. The weather was great and the views, man I could do this for a living, I thought.

We would be returning occasionally to Marble Mountain and sometimes stay with the 282nd (Black Cats).

The trip continued to be picturesque. The bay at DaNang was something to hold and all the pretty islands. Then it was over Hi Van pass, glad I wasn't in that convoy. Next it was north to Hue. Hey it looked like an old fort. That was where the Marines were over run during TET, but I understand our side was in current possession of the fort or citadel as it was referred to. It covered a lot of ground. More like a walled city than a fort, I thought.

We then arrived at our new home Landing Zone Sally. Now there was something about having a home called a "landing zone" that just doesn't sound too loaded with comfort creatures. This lived up to its name. There was a small village near by which we were told was off limits. There was a runway. I understand the Japanese had built the runway during their tour in Viet Nam in the forties.

I have been very fortunate in my life. I have traveled through most of our wonderful country and probably another 15 countries in four continents and I do not recall a more beautiful, a more totally majestic flight than from Phan Thiet to Hue.

72. When we arrive at Sally there was one company of engineers, one company of 101st infantry and us. In other words PK 17 (what ever that meant) (same same Sally) had just doubled its population.

73. When we landed some of the unit was already there. It looked somewhat like an ant farm with people going in all directions and there probably was a plan. I recall putting up tents, digging holes and who can forget filling sand bags. It was a period of adjustment.

74. One of the first things I saw that I had never seen before was a vehicle with a flat bed. It looked like a VW with the body removed. It was the neatest piece of equipment and eventually got to drive and almost turn one over. I think they were called Gamma Goats.

75. To our south was a large field, which looked like a cemetery. As I recall the dead were buried in jars.

76. We set up camp in what would be the southeast portion of the base. Operations was our northeastern point and the runway was the western boarder. Maint of course set up along the runway.

77. I had not been on an R & R and because if the move all R & Rs were cancelled (postponed).

78. Much of what we brought with us was brought on heavy square aluminum (/) pallets. The pallets were loaded vertically, items strapped down and then the pallet was put into the C-123 or C-130 for movement. The air force then came and got the pallets after they were unloaded to be reused. I know we saved one pallet and it is possible that Doc Parker got one for his

medical facility. The one I recall was for Dan Kingman. Dan had the engineers dig a big hole in the ground and then he put this pallet or maybe two on top. This was his fortress and it sat right near operations.

79. Down south there was a young local boy that I think one of the men tried to adopt. I am not sure how he got north with us but he did. I think his name was something like Ho John.

80. He had the special privilege of building our own revetments for our aircraft. We also had the option of parallel or "L" shaped. I chose the "L". We were putting those sandbags we filed to good use.

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