



Sherwood Forest

Keith Askin

San Dimas, CA

January 27, 2001

Dick Detra

Brisbane, CA

Dear Dick;

Thank you for the prints of LZ Sally. Enclosed is a check to cover some of the expense of sending them to me.

I really appreciate your work in providing this information to me.

I arrived in Vietnam 3/1/68 at 90th Replacement in Long Binh, and was assigned to the 101st. Closest I can figure, I arrived at LZ Sally 3/6 or 7/68, and was assigned to C co 1/502, 1st Platoon, 2nd Squad. Area 13 on your photo. The first evening, we left the perimeter, about area 14, and went on ambush. My 1st night, we had 1 KIA & 1 WIA, and I remember walking back into the perimeter with two less guys than we left last evening and wondering if this is how my next 358 days would be going. That day, we were lifted to a village off the top of the picture, across the Song Bo river, toward Quang Dien, and while sweeping a booby trapped village, my squad leader and asst squad leader stepped on a mine after being snipped at. Another KIA & WIA. The next day, we assaulted a village from a wide open paddy, with no cover, and my whole platoon, except for Carter & I were either KIA or WIA. The only ones left were us two FNG's. I have come to understand this is why there was so little I could remember from Vietnam for so long. Big time emotional shut down & emotional detachment and escaping through drugs & alcohol.

Well, 9 years into my recovery, I am clean & sober, doing better at discovering and processing what went on back then, starting a new career in counseling, with a new kind and loving wife, and we will be going back to Vietnam in June 2001, and it looks like we will actually get to the village where my whole platoon was wiped out on 3/9/68. I met Curt Knapp on the net, and he had a picture of some boonie rats he snapped about June 68 that he sent me for now reason. I practically snapped a drive shaft when the picture

finished down loading and squatting in the picture was me & Carter was standing in the middle. The squad leader that tried to kill me because I refused to follow his order to shoot some women and children was squatting in the picture too. I held that resentment for about 32 years before I realized that was part of what was keeping me sick. After letting go of that, I think I found out what happened to him. You see God must have intervened because I was pulled out on TDY on 10/15/68 and never saw him again. I think I found him on the Wall. He was KIA about 12/4/68. He had paid his price 32 years ago but I am the one that remained sick for 32 more years. Wow, what a revelation.

Bless you for the role you have played in helping me put together some of the pieces in my trauma. I would like to return the favor some how. For now, thanking you for your help and letting you know you are helping another Vet heal seems to be the best I can do for now. I also want you to know us guys down on the ground sure appreciated you guys up in the clouds. I never was so scared when we would be chopping into a hot LZ and you could see the red green & white lines coming to get us with nothing to hide behind. On the ground we could usually find something to crawl into or behind for some protection.

I have been asking the Vets I meet if there is anything I can take back to Vietnam or bring back from Vietnam for them. I would like to ask you the same thing.

Sincerely,



Keith Askin