

**Douglas Young**

**From:** Tony Vic [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Sunday, November 07, 2004 12:26 AM  
**To:** webmaster@tallcomanche.org  
**Subject:** Re: more pics

Hi Doug,

You did a great job on the pics and Mr. Travino's pic came out great. He was a very funny guy. I am a semi-pro comic and I can tell you, he was funny.

I remember when I first got assigned to C 2/5, I was flown out by chopper to the company and the first guy I met was Sgt. Miesel. He was a rough looking guy with a scruffy voice and I remember him telling me and the other couple of replacements, "Listen, I made through W.W.II and Korea and if you guys listen to me, we'll make it out of here"

The first thing he did was hook us up with veteran guys to show us the ropes on setting up a hooch, cooking food and surviving field life in general. My buddy was Richard Rowell.

I remember when we went in that day, March 11th, I had to leap from the chopper as we approached atop the hill. We were under fire and I was scared and excited all at the same time. When I hit the ground I was asking for Richard. Someone told me that he got hit coming out of the bird and that was it. When I saw his name on the site it all came back.

This is the first time I have spoke about this since March, '67. I wish I knew him better.

Hey now, as far as the name spelling You have the last name as VICANANZA the actual spelling is VICINANZA. The A after the C is not correct. Like I said, a minor detail.

By reading the site I sure learned alot about our operations when I was there.

I know more now than I did then. No one told us much and I wish I was more intuitive. I have stored, someplace in the house, all the letters I wrote home at that time. I have never read them and perhaps I should. Probably some good info in there.

Thanks again and I'll talk to you soon.

Regards and God Bless  
Anthony J. Vicinanza

11/16/2004

Info removed by VNCA

Douglas Young wrote:

1967 page. In your last email, you mentioned that I misspelled your name. I looked over the pages, and can't find the mistake. Could you tell me where the error is? Thanx - I'll get the rest as I have time. Doug

-----Original Message-----

From: Tony Vic [REDACTED]  
Sent: Wednesday, November 03, 2004 9:20 PM  
To: Douglas Young  
Subject: more pics

Here is another group

1. Tony Vic after an early morning air assault surrounding of village 1967
2. Machine gunner Norman Ford followed by Leonard Dixon. 1967
3. Rodolfo Trevino (standing) and Tony Vic 1967

Let me know if they are o.k.

I'll send ,more in a few days.

Thanks  
Anthony

**Douglas Young**

**From:** Tony Vic [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Monday, November 15, 2004 9:26 PM  
**To:** Douglas Young  
**Subject:** Journal of February 1967

Hello Doug:

Here are the letters from Feb. '67.  
Take a look and let me know if they are any good.  
If they are worth the effort I will go ahead and do March.

By the way, what were you told, if anything, of the March 18th patrol.. What I know may not be suitable for people to read.  
It can be embarrassing to some one. Please let me know.

I just had a thought that was not mentioned in the letters.  
Of course it is not something you want to tell the gang at home:  
"I remember the first morning after I arrived, I had to go to the latrine for a dump. I was shown the building and when I entered there were 15 guys ,more or less seated on this long line of wooden thrones, on the left and right of the room all chatting away and reading. I thought, how crude. No privacy partitions. I was NEVER exposed to this, can I say, embarrassment. Well, I said, "You're really in the army now". Without hesitation.....I joined the group.

Just an army story that I have never told anyone. I wonder if anyone thinks of this stuff.

Anyway, let me know if the letters are o.k. and if you have any suggestions for for te future writings.

Regards and  
God Bless  
Anthony

## Douglas Young

**From:** Tony Vic [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Tuesday, November 16, 2004 3:04 AM  
**To:** Douglas Young  
**Subject:** Journalistic!

Hello Doug,

Hey, I am happy you liked the letters from February.  
I will do March next and I will work date by date.

To get at some of your questions:

I was indeed a "*drafted*".

My service number starts with a U.S. not an R.A. How about you.  
I lived in the Bronx in New York City and when I got my envelope  
in the mail I felt it to see if there were two subway tokens in it.  
Two tokens meant that I had one for the return trip home.  
This time I felt only the one and I knew.....  
I opened the envelope with fear in my heart and there it was.  
"GREETINGS " and it was not Christmas.

### Religious affiliation:

I was brought up a Catholic and went to a Catholic school for 5 years and had the sacraments: Baptism, 1st Holy Communion, and Confirmation. I'm not a bible beater and I do have issues with the politics of the Catholic Church in general but I do think there is a Creator and that things happen for a reason. He's a God with a wry sense of humor.

### Mass in the weeds:

As always, it is a patch on the soul depending on the emotional situation of the person at any given time. Desperate times call for deep commitment and more passive times are approached differently. Religion is a very emotional subject to many.

It can *guide* the lives of many and It can *control* the lives of many.

Religion, through the ages is full of great intentions. But history has shown that the road to hell is paved with great intentions.

Scares the heck out of Me.

I'll still take a "Hail Mary" or "Our Father" any time.

When my Mom passed a few years back, I sat by Her bed saying the Rosary for two hours.

Did it help? I don't know, but deep down I'm sure it was heard.

I'm glad the Chaplain was available to the men when he was needed.

The faith HAS to be there when death is always so close.

### The March 18th patrol was a mess.

The thing that bothers me about that is that we had no enemy fire.

When I get to it in next months journal I will set it up and tell you how it came about then drop any after comments. Some guys may be upset at the no contact part of my story.

I will explain it to you, personally, when I get to the topic.

O.K. Mr. Young, I am out of material and I will get going on the next installment, March 1967, in a few days. PLEASE STAY TUNED.

11/16/2004

Info removed by VNCA

**Douglas Young**

**From:** Tony Vic [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Thursday, November 18, 2004 7:50 PM  
**To:** Douglas Young  
**Subject:** Journal

Hello Doug:

Thanks for the response on the e-mail. I am sending three more installments on the story. All early March.

Well, what to do with this material? That is interesting. If we wait till it all done, then we can see if it is good enough for a book. Can you imagine. ;-o

Now, if it is marginal reading material you can put it in the stories section of the site as, "Tony Vic's Journal, 1967. ;—]

After all is said and done and it is not that interesting, and you are nodding off, then slip into the daily report log. ;—(

You are the boss and I trust your judgment.

I know you were the CO. in '69 and you guys surely did a great job. You being a enlisted man makes no difference. Don't say one of those. You were one of us.

Hey, after all, somebody had to be in-charge and get us through that. Thank God we had good men like you.

I found the Captains to have it more together than the lieutenants.

No wonder so many "lieus" go shot by their own guys. ;—o

We are all brothers.

I draw the line at the fellows who split to Canada and places beyond.

Conscientious objectors?, perhaps . I was to young and stupid to have that kind of thinking. I did the job. Just like those guys now in Iraq now.

They are doing a great job. I do not support the Bush war but it's those men and women that have all the support I can muster.

Great thinking on the draft notice. What a collectable. I think they took them from us when we went down for induction.

You did tell me earlier that you had met your wife in Nam and that you are going to return to do a teaching gig. Very Very Cool!

The fact that you both grew so well together and were on the same wave length with Jesus and are so in tune with each other is very Powerful.

For two people to have what you have is a blessing. Run with it as far as you can. It is a beautiful thing.

11/20/2004

Info removed by VNCA

I am interested to know where you guys are living now. Going away for a year and a half is a strong commitment. How does the communist rule control your teaching or way of life when you get there?

Let me touch on something you asked about.  
One was clothing.

Well I do not remember any fashion statements but... as a direct result of the Viet Nam war, I cannot, to this day, wear underwear. Very strange. Those damn shorts would ride up, bind up and generally get in my way of comfort. Must have been the heat. ;--)

R&R. Yes, I will touch on that. I did write home about it , somewhat and have some mention of it. I don't think that comes till the october issue. So if you re-up for the fall issues I will send you a P-38 and Leach removal tool...FREE. Hurry and miss this one time offer. (it's the heat)

Religion in the field was a scarce memory.  
I remember writing about losing the cross I wore and my Saint Anthony medal. I was heartbroken. I thought it may have weakened my faith somehow. How silly the thought.  
When the Chaplain gave mass in the field for some reason the turn out never impressed me. I think there was more interest in the rear camps. I think the fear of the war dwindled when you were at the 2/3 point. Getting hit at times was thought of as a possible blessing. Then as you got short, you were more concerned of saving your ass and getting back to the world.

Hey, that is enough of my silliness. Here are the next three pages. What do ya think? Put them on a disc and save them for our "Retirement Book".

God bless and I'll talk to you soon.  
Tony

Viet Nam Journal 1967

Anthony J. Vicinanza

C 2/5 Cavalry

*All material is drawn from letters sent home during the 1967 tour and from accounts remembered as the letters are read in November 2004.*

**February 16, 1967-**

The sun getting up and it's 7:00 a.m. This is my first day here in Viet Nam and I'm at a processing station awaiting orders to be shipped to a regular unit. I should be here about 3 days.

We flew in last night and it was a long trip. From the airstrip we rode through the town of "Bien Hoa". From what I could see, the people live in huts and in the dirt. The conditions are very poor.

The bus got us to the camp and we filled out some forms, were given sheets and a place to sleep.

The sanitary conditions seem pretty bad here. Lots of water to drink but not much for washing up. The night was cool but I do not know how the day feels yet. We had chow and it was good and now I have chance to write. I sent home all the money that I had . The money we need here is changed to something called "Piasters" or something like that. There is no American green money used here. It seems like there is ration on how much you can spend but I have to learn all the ropes.

You can send over that special knife I have and I'll let you know about the pistol.

It's now 10:15 a.m. the sun is up and it's 95 degrees. I was put on a

detail with about 30 other guys to put up tents. Turns out it was only one big tent and we are off for while with nothing to do.

The air is very busy, it has been for the last two hours. Helicopters and airplanes are always present, flying from one place to another.

I was walking around the area and found a Ronson lighter and a papermate ball-point pen in the road. What a deal.

It's almost 11:00 a.m. and I don't have a clue on what is coming up for the rest of the day. I'm in a tent, enjoying the breeze. It sure is warm

I guess I'll write some more people on my list.

Love

Anthony

**February 17, 1967 -**

Well it's 3:30 P.M. and I'm getting ready to take a shower.

Tonight I will be shipped out to the 1st Air Cav. Division.

My address is going to change so don't send any mail until I find out what it is.

Any letters that get sent to the processing station will probably find me down the road.

I have heard that the First Cav unit I am going to join up with has seen

a lot of action. They are a great unit and I was kind of hoping that I would be sent with them. I hope getting assigned to them is a good sign.

We just finished having a concert from the army band and it

sure was nice.

A few of us went to the beer hall and there was a band there just like the Beatles. Most of the guys are taking it easy.

I guess if you can get a small box together and you can add some cracker jacks and small items to eat in there along with my knife. Lots of guys get packages from home and that is fun. No chocolate or anything that will melt in the heat. Ill see what I can use as time goes by.

Talk to you soon.

**February 18,1967-**

Hello:

It's 1:15 in the afternoon and I am sitting up in the central highlands of Viet Nam. Check your Map. We flew up last night in a cargo plane from Bien Hoa. The weather here is cloudy and cool. I am at the 1st Cavalry replacement station.

I have made arrangements to keep \$20.00 a month and sent the rest home.

I have been promoted to P.F.C. and now I am "really" making the big bucks.

Sometime this afternoon we will be shipped out to our regular field unit.

By this time tomorrow I should be out hunting for the Viet Cong.

I hear that this 1st Cav unit is pretty tough bunch and loves to look for trouble.

I will probably have a permanent mailing address by tomorrow when I get settled in. Ill let you know.

Last night as we lay in our tents, we could hear the sound of the war

being fought outside in the distance. Explosions and large artillery gun fire.

I guess we are a lot closer to the enemy than before.

The position of the camp is about 325 miles north of the city of "Saigon".

Check your map at home. No chance to call home for some time to come.

I am just one of those guys who make up the numbers in a war. I am sure

you can read about the First Cavalry in the newspapers at home.

I understand that after 6 months of this stuff I get an actual 2 week vacation. We cannot go to the U.S. but do have some choices. This is called

"Rest & Recuperation" Or R&R. We can go to Hawaii, Japan, Singapore,

Australia and a couple of more that I forgot.

Hawaii sounds good right about now.

We have a pet monkey here that is the cutest thing going.

He is tied to a ladder with a long piece of twine. Today he was fighting with a dog who tried to get up the ladder and the monkey kept fooling with him and the dog got mad and walked away. All the guys had good laugh.

As I sit on my cot I am being visited by a little puppy dog. Don't worry I won't

send him home. Back to that monkey. If you hold out your arm, he will walk

up and sit on your shoulder. Then he says something to you and moves on to someone else.

Not much else to say. I'll be happy to get your mail once I get my address to you. The food is real good up here, better than ever. I am attempting to

grow a mustache but I haven't shaved under my nose for 3 days and I still

see nothing. What a joke.

There are alot of guys here from Ft. Jackson with me and that is great.

These are some of the best guys. If I can stay with this team we will all come back home safe.

I sure miss New York. Wish I was back in Brooklyn playing with the band and sleeping till 4:00. We all are in this together all the guys feel the same.

Hey, just about 355 days to go in this rat hole.

The sun is out strong now and it is really warm. There does not seem to any humidity at all which is nice.

One big problem is the mosquitoes. They are really bad at night. We have nets to sleep under but they get at you anyway.

Out the door is tall grass and trees then a road, more trees dotted throughout the fields. Nice countryside.

Well, away I go for now.

Get a box ready and I'll write again tomorrow if I can.

love

Anthony

**February 21, 1967-**

Hi Mom, How is the mail service? I have sent letters so be on the lookout. I have my address and I'll write it in. I have returned from a three day training course which was hell. Tomorrow I go out by helicopter to join the company. They are working in an area called "Bong Son", check your maps.

It's about 60 miles north of our base camp, "**An Khe**". That is my location now.

An Khe is the main base for the 1St. Cav in this territory.

In the morning we move out and I am told I will be out in the field for 6 months. I do not know how often I will be able to write but I will when I can.

I don't know what to expect and the time factor is unpredictable.

The weather is very very hot. I guess summer is coming and the days will get warmer. You can forget the pistol and when you send goody boxes please make them small. There is a

lot of stuff that I have to carry. It seems that I

have to watch the weight that I have to load on my body when we move around.

Feeling fine but a bit tired. Darkness is falling and I'm sitting here in the grass writing. In my shuffling around I lost my address list of all the friends back home so give them my address if they call in.

I am going over to the E.M. club to have few beers with the gang. I have

a few bucks which I inherited from a card game and I am set for a while. In the field I won't be spending it so I'll save.

Going to go for now and I'll write when time allows.

Take care and pray. I received communion and I am on track.

Don't worry, time is flying. Hey, here is my latest address:

P.F.C. Anthony J Vicinanza US //////////////

Co. C, 2nd Bn 5th Cav 1st Cav Div. (air)

APO San Francisco Calif. 96490 WRITE.....

**February 25, 1967-**

Hi Folks:

You can't picture the situation. Yesterday (Feb.24th) I joined up with the company 9:00 a.m.. I was flown out by helicopter to their position.

We are set up on the beach along the South China Sea. I was sent with

four other men. My platoon now has 31 men and the word is "we need more".

We met a bunch of the guys and they all seem to be a great.

We had a day off and just had to keep an eye out for the V.C.

At 4:30 a group of guys came back from a patrol with a leader who

looks like Pinky Lee. I don't know who he is but he says, "O.K. everybody,

Let's Go" and 5 minutes later I found myself swimming in the South China Sea.

Seems that the whole gang goes swimming every afternoon. We have air

mattresses to float on and the waves are big. We are all bareass and having

a great time. After about 2 hours in the water the choppers came with food and supplies. Hot chow was Turkey, potatoes, peas and kool aid.

They also brought cigarettes, candy gum, pipe tobacco and more.

The night was very quiet and we all took turns doing guard.

This morning we got up at 6:00 a.m., packed up and walked about 2 miles

to our artillery position. There, we ate again and got another helicopter and flew a few more miles to a huge picnic. This is where I am now.

The entire Company is "Standing Down", (resting)

We are by a fresh water lake and there is ball playing, records, swimming,

food, beer, soda. What a party. I won \$34.00 in a card game and Ill send it home. The money is "piasters" but Ill convert through a money order.

Tomorrow we will make our first air assault. I guess that is why the party.

I don't know what to expect but I am asking questions. These seasoned guys have done this before and I just have to follow the lead.

So far don't load up the boxes. They seem to provide most of what we need. Pray for us.

Love

Anthony

March 2

March 2, 1967-

Hello Gang:

It's really a nice day today. Time is 2:55 in the afternoon. We are still in the Central highlands at this time near a deserted village. We got in here yesterday afternoon to set up a road block / ambush situation.

There is small market area and the citizens go past us, over a small bridge and do their shopping and go back. I have a fox hole dug and I guess we will spend a night or two. A small patrol went out to look the area over at dusk. I have not been on one of these patrols yet. I guess I'm to green and have to get more experience. I have to agree with that.

After darkness fell we could hear small arms fire in the direction of the patrol.

I was a little nervous. The radio said that they had contact with a V.C.

The firing continued for while then there was a small explosion.

About 1 hour all of the guys made it back O.K. and said that they got a "Gook" and would check it out at first light.

Last night at about 1:00 a.m. one of the perimeter trip flares went off and 2 enemy were spotted coming down the path towards our position.

I was sleeping and was shocked to being awake by Norman's Fords machine gun. He had them in sight.

I was on my air mattress and and I bet I spun around three or four times before I had weapon in hand and was facing in the direction of the flare and the action. More riflemen were shooting but I had no clue on what, where or

who..... The incident was over in just a few seconds. The bodies that were coming down the trail cut out fast and went back into the darkness.

A lieutenant and one of the Sergeants checked the trail out and found blood stains and said that we will follow them in the morning.

This morning we went out with 25 man patrol and followed the blood stains from the camp. The person or persons were bleeding real bad.

The blood trail was very heavy. I was sure that they were up ahead, dead.

We got into a area of huts and there the blood trail just vanished.

We found no one. We came across the black pants all shot up and bloody.

They must have stopped to patch him up or were taken away on a cart or something. There was no trace of any of them.

When we got back to camp another patrol was bringing back the guy killed from last night. He blew himself up with a hand grenade and what a mess he was. We buried him here and got ready to leave this place.

About that air assault the other day, It went beautifully and it was very exciting. We got 5 V.C. and secured the area. That night we set up on a mountain for 2 days. We checked out small villages on search and destroy missions. We took 10 suspected V.C. and sent them to the rear for interrogation. Things here in Viet am are O.K. so far. I asked someone the date today and was shaken to hear that it was March 2d. Time is flying by.

We have all we need here. I have 10 pack of cigarettes. Nobody smokes

Camels or Luckies and they give them to me for the filters. The food is great.

We eat 2 meals a day out of cans and 2 meals are sent out with the helicopters.

Hot and good.

March 2

After the searching of a village last week, we made another air assault to this area . We had no enemy contact at all. If I make 23 more air assaults I will earn a US Air Medal. That would be nice.

Coming up, I don't know. Things change here from day to day. We move around quite a bit.

Time for me to go and when time allows I'll chop a few more lines. So long for now and keep well.

Tony

March 9

March 9, 1967

Hi Mom & Dad.

Received all your mail yesterday. It sure was a happy day for me.

We are working in the Bong Son plains area doing nothing but observing.

It's been raining for the past 2 days and it's bad traveling. We have been doing a lot of flying in the choppers and that is fun.

New request on the box contents. How about: cookies, cracker jacks,

pepperoni and canned fruit. We have plenty of smokes. It's 7:10 p.m. and getting dark fast. We are dug in and I have my little tent set up.

Did you guys ever get that film developed? Yes. I try to keep a look out for the booby traps.

I'm going to stop now and I'll pick up tomorrow when it is light.

March 10, 1967

It's 7:00 a.m. and I have been up for about a 1/2 hour. we just had a test fire of all the weapons. We all line up at the edge of the hill and everybody shoots their weapons for one minute. I have my M-16 but don't like it.

I would think that all that arms noise would scare off the enemy. It sure sounded impressive.

I hear that we will be getting chow soon and that we will be moving out of here. The weather has cleared up and I hope Mr. Sun pops out for a while.

Seems like a fairly easy day ahead. We are 20 miles north of L.Z. Uplift.

An L.Z. is a "landing zone" for helicopters and is a sort of field base camp.

Much smaller than An Khe, our main base.

Troops can stop over here and get supplies and occasionally a brief rest. The security is pretty good.

Our job today is to move to the base of a mountain and set up a check point in the road. Things are quiet for now. A few scary moments have been

experienced. Why tell you guys of all the bad things one sees in a war.

We have seen bad stuff but they will fade away in my mind.

Time is still flying by. Day by Day goes and the time gets shorter.

Don't worry about a thing. I'll worry for all of us.

I'll let you know when we go to different areas so that you can see them

on your map. I usually don't know where we are going or the names of these places. No one tells you. "Oh, we will be going to such and such near this place"

It's always "SADDLE UP", and off you go to the blind. What a Army.

So long for now and keep that scrabble game hot. Write when you can and send along some sheets of writing paper. This way I will always have something to write on.

O.K. away I go to chow and gone for the day.

Love

Anthony

Journal March 13, 1997

Hi.

Well, I got your package and the stuff was great. Keep those Oreos and pepperoni coming and a few more cans of that fruit.

We have spent the last couple of days in contact here in the Bong Son plains and in the hills. We eliminated the enemy but had many casualties

Two of my pals got wounded and one was K.I.A.

On the 11th I had my first big encounter. We were out in the low lands early in the day and it was beautiful. We were just lounging around.

We were getting word that a unit was getting hit heavy and that they were in need of more men.

The word finally came down to "saddle up" and that we were going to help these guys out.

I had no idea of where or what. We generally never know much. Maybe that's a good thing.

The choppers came and in we went. I had no clue (as usual) to what was happening. As we rose up into the air I wondered, how long before we get there.

what do I do when I get there, what is the scene. Is it Chaos or snipers.

I asked my friend Richard Rowell what do we do.

He told me to get out of the chopper as soon as it hit the ground.

Get out as soon as I could..

The whole company seemed to be up in the air.

All around me were choppers full of G.I.'s. maybe 15 or 20 choppers.

It was very impressive and exciting.

The word was that the Huey gun ships were going in first to blast the area

and give us cover as we got off the choppers. Again I was told to

"get the fuck out as fast as you could". I remember I was a bit dry mouthed.

Far out in the distance I saw the hills ahead with a large plume of smoke

rising up. The birds were right there, just like that. The lead Hueys were letting go with

rockets and machine gun fire. There was one section of the hill being blasted to hell.

Then the sensation came of the helicopter dropping quick like a yo yo on a string.

GO! GO! GO! I heard...as I hit the door I saw immediately that I had to jump

down several feet and that the chopper could not possibly have landed on the rocks.

I saw a man waving me down frantically and just like that, I was flying out of the

bird. I hit the ground And rolled toward a rock and the ground man said.

"Down the hill, move down the hill". I rose up and saw in front of me the incline

down. Off the left and right I saw huge rocks with GIs already in position

behind them. From the scene I could tell that all the action was to my left.

I hit the hill and I could hear actually feel the bullets around me.

They were so close. I looked ahead for a place to go to. "I need one of

those rocks" my mind screamed. but not rock was close enough and I

went down behind a large bush fearing that I would not make the

distance to the other guys. I lay there looking down the hill and all these guys

we sitting down and shooting now and then from around the boulders that protected them. The Gun

ships were

blasting away and I was curled up by the bush

As the time went by I was getting cramped up and stretched out to regain the

feeling in my legs. The Top of the bush was blown away and I said. "Shit, this guy has me in his

sights but is

just at the wrong angle for him to see me. I was froze more than ever.

I kept looking down at the guys on that hill who were relaxed because they were out of the line of fire. What a bad break for me. I don't know how long I was there.

The hueys were back with another salvo of fireworks for the hill as they hit someone came running by and said lets go, down. I got up, pointed my m-16 to the left and sprayed a magazine, assuming I

was giving myself cover along with the chopper support, and took off running like hell. As I neared the

bottom of the hill my boot gets caught in between the rocks and I fall like a broken twig. I'm O.K. I say to

myself,

keep down. My knee is ripped open but not bad.

Just like that, guys are walking around. There is sniper fire from the rocks but we hear that there are guys up there cleaning out the "Gooks". I think Sgt. Edmands gives me a smoke and asks if I was all right. Then a war magazine guy takes my picture and I got up.

We made our way down into the trench and saw where the enemy had attacked from. I did not see any bodies

but I remember seeing a helmet of a G.I. all bloody and

the name of De Marco or Di Mico, Dafranco some thing similar and that the guy was from Queens. Later on we patrolled the hills throwing grenades into spaces in the rocks where someone may have hid.

Late that afternoon we were standing high atop a hill calming down when one of the R.T.O's gets hit from a

sniper. I was 10 feet away. He fell and we

opened his shirt and saw one a tiny hole where the bullet went in. No exit wound.

No Blood He was hit in the stomach. Probably a carbine round. All I remembered was heans of bug spray and put them in a circle, filled them with insect repellent and lit them up so that the chopper could

see us and pick the kid up. It worked and I heard that he survived. What a day. I learned that Richard had

got shot coming out of the bird.

The sun is out and it hot and very bright. Everyone is waiting for new clothes.

The choppers will bring them soon.

I am sending a map that I came across. You can find more places and see where I have been. The boxes

are great. Fruit in the can, cookies, and writing paper. We get candy and cigarets so no need for that stuff.

Thanks for everything and I'll be seeing you soon.

Love

Anthony