

The Orange Heart Medal

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While serving in the Armed Forces of The United States of America in the War in The Republic of Viet NAM, this veteran George Puglia Jr. came in contact with the defoliant chemical Agent Orange.

Unknowingly carrying this wound of Dioxin inside him, years later finding it was just as devastating as a bullet or piece of shrapnel received in combat and is meritorious of this medal.

In those days long ago, he did not ask what his country could do for him...but what he could do for his country...

Now today he asks...what his country will do for him, his children and his children's children.

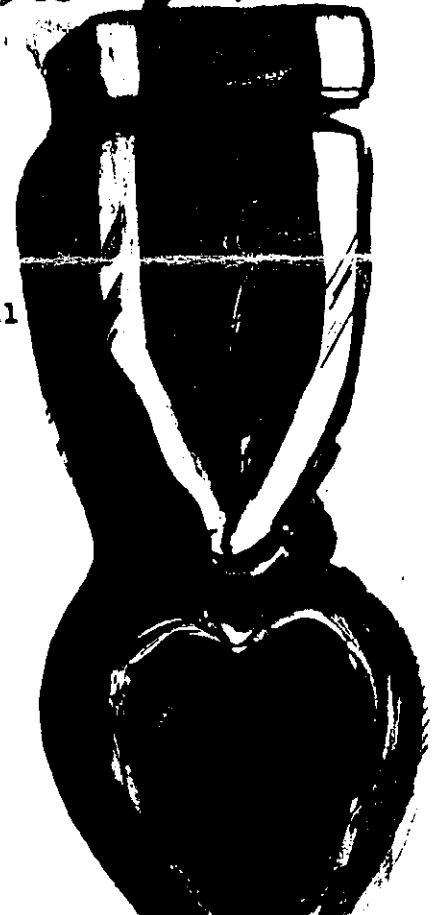
Orange Heart © 1987

from a loving brother

Viet Nam Veteran

This medal is symbolic and in presenting it to one veteran it is also, in spirit being presented to all Viet NAM Veterans that suffer the effects of Agent Orange.

Designed by Viet Nam Veteran Edward J. Conklin
served with The United States Marine Corps
Kilo Co. 3rd. Bat. 9 Mar. 3rd Mar. Div.



June 16th

VIETNAM VETERANS



"YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.?"

PADDY MUDD
POINT
A
N

VIETNAM
VETERANS
ARE DYING
TO TELL YOU
ABOUT
AGENT
ORANGE

1+1=2



VIETNAM VETERANS FOR AMERICA
CHAPTER 32 (PATERSON) - BOX 5928 PAT. NJ 07509

BERGEN COUNTY - 480 Bldg. Norwood NJ 07648

NJ AGENT ORANGE Commission ^{Wayne Wilson} or ^{Sharon Malow}
BROAD ST Bldg 10th Floor - 143 E STATE TRENTON NJ 08608

VETERAN OUTREACH - 75 HALSEY ST NEWARK 07102

NJ BUREAU OF VET SERVICE - 20 WASH PL - NEWARK - 07102

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VIETNAM VETERANS
FOR AMERICA CHAPTER 32

July 14, 1986

Once upon a time there was a dragon, who flew around the countryside looking for prey. The nostrils of the dragon flared when it saw its victims nestled in niches and tunnels. It belched a steady stream of smoke and fire.

The dragon called for some help because at times it was hard to see the prey, called Chas. And the help was a couple of cowboys called Ranch Hands, and they were told to scorch the earth with their own brew of dragon's breath. But the better the dragon could see the prey, the deeper they dug and all the more the Ranch Hands were to scorch the earth.

Boonierats were close cousins to the Ranch Hands and the tunnel rats, and they were all comrades of the Dragon.

Well it seems the tunnel rats fought like God's own forces and the Ranch Hands, to help their cousins, spread more dragon's breath on the land. They all fought for what they thought was right and it worked for a while but something happened, not right away, but years later. The boonierats and their close cousins and the Ranch Hands started to get sick and the Dragon disappeared across a body of water past the land of tinsel and glitter and nestled between the golden bridge and the welcoming lady.

It disgorged itself of its own living beings who were themselves distant cousins to the tunnel rats and close cousins to the boonierats. And the rats joined their even more distant cousins called the desert rats from the land called Mojave.

And the sick got sicker and they couldn't understand what happened to the Dragon, for in a puff of smoke it was gone. But the rats would be heard of again and would protest, "We are sick and dying". And they searched for their old comrade they now called Puff.

Puff was abandoned with his blood turning to rust and his multi-green skin scaling. And they begged him, "mighty warrior, we are dying and our children are afflicted. If our lives you can't save, fight to save our children". And within the dimensions of the minds of his former comrades, Puff spread his wings and belched the flames of one thousand suns and rallied them, the new PHOENIX.

And the comrades followed the Dragon and the Dragon told them to "hang on brothers" "have faith" and "believe in their Maker" "the war would be won" "no more would they be dinky dow, number 10, crazy people." And with great difficulty they believed and swelled their ranks.

And they were tested and judged, as more died three and fourfold joined. They believed with all their hearts and souls in their cause. In private moments behind closed doors, away from their cousins and close cousins and distant cousins, they prayed alone with folded hands, on bent knee, with lowered head, "If I cannot be spared, please spare my children."

The word was heard, on the streets and in the homes, at the workplace and on the playground, and throughout the world from Moscow to Saigon and Washington to Cairo and they were heard by the Veterans of Afghanistan, very distant cousins.

For the P that reigned supreme in the markets at mama-sans' register, bought not one drink, not one girl, not one favor to compensate for the horror of the pee that rained from the sky.

The rats were heard and they had faith and they were not abandoned.

With rats like that, who needs any more friends?

George Puglia
George Puglia
Secretary

VIETNAM VETERANS FOR AMERICA
PATERSON AND PASSAIC COUNTY CHAPTER 32

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