

**Robert S. L. Anderson
Veteran**

**Lt. Col. Robert von Hasseln
Interviewer**

**Interviewed on 21 April 2001
at Culver Road Amory, Rochester, NY**

Q: I'm with Mr. Robert S.L. Anderson at the Rochester Culver Road Amory, 24 April, 2001. The interviewer is Lt. Col. Robert Von Hasseln. The videographer is Mr. Wayne Clarke.

Mr. Anderson when and where were you born?

A: I was born in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, 19 November '44. My father was a pilot officer and flight instructor with the Royal Canadian Air Force – an American serving with the British at that time.

Q: Did you grow up in Windsor or come back to the States?

A: I came back to the states after the Second World War closed.

Q: OK. Where did you grow up?

A: I grew up in Newark, New York a small community about 30 miles from Rochester.

Q: What was your family life like in Newark growing up as a boy?

A: Well, Newark is a pretty idyllic town for those of us who grew up there. We had lots of good business there more notably Sarah Coventry jewelry later on. CH Stuart & Company, (unclear), Jackson Perkins Roses, Comstock Pie Fillings. So, we had lots of full employment there. Anytime something was needed for the park, it happened. No money was spared.

We had a wonderful park system – great hunting, hiking, outdoor opportunities for young guys. Half of my friends, all of my friends were outdoorsmen. We were hunters – varmint shooters – long range varmint shooters if given the opportunity.

Good high school relatively speaking although I didn't finish high school. I graduated from college with everything but honors but I didn't finish high school. A good spot to grow up in.

Q: Why didn't you finish high school?

A: I was bored, terribly bored. As an indication of that, when I went through the Chimes building in Syracuse on my induction physical, I was hauled out of line and made to retake the GT test. I had no idea what was going on. I was all alone. I took this three hour test again and when it was done this AV Chief came back and he said that we want everything to stop. We want you to go back to Newark to finish high school. Newark, New York is that near New York City? I said, “No no, no, it’s near Rochester.” He said, “We want you to go...” I said, “Sir, I’m here to go to the service.” He said, “Son, let me tell you what you’ve done. First of all, we only find one or two of you every few years. One a year with luck.” He said, “In order to become a senior non- commissioned officer like myself, you must possess a score of 100 or larger. In order to become an officer, you must possess a score of 119 or higher. You’re first test was 146. You’re second test was 148.”

He said, “If you had come with a high school diploma, everything would stop and you’d be interviewed for Annapolis or West Point.”

So, my dad – the officer in him – knew that I was bored to death with high school. I almost won a couple of awards in high school. That’s another long story but that as a failing student. So, I felt that the Army was at least something I could get my mind on to. I liked the outdoors. I liked shooting. I was ready for it.

Q: So, did you volunteer?

A: I volunteered. I was an RA, three years.

Q: What year was that?

A: ‘64. February of ‘64.

Q: Tell me about your early experiences in the military.

A: Excellent. Training company. 3rd Training Regiment at Fort Dix. Sierra Company. I had a Sergeant Pete Pedragossa – a little – and I say this with great respect – a sawed off short Pilipino who was probably one of the finest non-coms that I ever knew in my total six years of working with the service or being in it. Fabulous company. I never heard the man swear once. I think that’s quite a measure. My father was very proud of the fact that as an instructor pilot during World War II he never swore at another student and Pete Pedragossa was the same way – a fabulous non-commissioned officer.

I got sick during training. I was recycled. I had a very bad infection in my left leg. Almost lost it but did finish up in another training company right next door then went home for a couple of weeks then down to Fort Gordon, Georgia where I trained as a 951 Bravo a military policeman.

While I was down there, myself and 12 others from our training from our AIT group – I'm now quoting my commanding officer – we were secretly interviewed by a man purporting to be a major. We were accidentally placed in an area and he apologized for it. "We can't get you a jeep for twenty five or thirty minutes but would you like a cup of coffee?" "Well, certainly sir". Then he wanted to know all about me. "As long as we're sitting here, why don't you tell me about what you used to do before you came into the service?"

So, we ended up at Fort Ritchie, Maryland. It's a very secure spot, very secret mission just down the road from the presidential retreat. We had the largest MP Company in the military. We had 90 man platoons, 360 men in the company. It was a wonderful outfit. Every guy in the place...I saw more direct commissions walk out the front door of that place than any unit that I was ever in. Great bunch of guys. Great bunch of fellas. From there, I went to Vietnam. I volunteered for Vietnam.

Q: What were you doing at Fort Ritchie?

A: Basically, pulling security duty. Even to this day and I'm not trying to be an ass about this, it was so secret and so unusual that I don't really talk much about it. That was quite stunning.

Let me put it this way, you know the new thumb print identification they have. They are not new. In 1965 when I left, they were installing those for identification in that place. That's almost 40 years ago.

It was quite an assignment. I made PFC nine months ahead of schedule for finding a guy. I busted a guy badly. I could have killed him and didn't. He was my head. I got an "atta boy" from the site commander, a brigadier general, and I made PFC almost 10-11 months ahead of schedule. So, I was very proud of that.

Then, we were all called out – half the unit – two platoons at a clip to stand before the Provost Marshall. He was an old, a very old full Colonel. We were read a request for volunteer order that had come down to the base desperately needing 951 Bravos in the Saigon area. Those of you who wish to volunteer take one step forward. I took one step forward went down and cut down and my CO, my platoon, all the platoon sergeants were there and the colonel. As I cut in front of the line that way, my best friend John Morgan – John is now retired as a – last check – John was a Commander in the Navy. John and I had the two highest GT scores, enlisted scores at least, at Fort Ritchie. I couldn't believe it. He was my best friend. Neither of us could see the other volunteer until we both got o out of the formation.

As we came toward each other, we proudly smiled, stopped. I did a hard right. He did a hard left. We walked up to the colonel, saluted, I'll never forget. The colonel reached up,

he didn't return our salute. He just reached up, grabbed our hands and pulled them down and held both our...hands and thanked us.

So, John and I went home. We had a good at least three, four week leave. I met John in New Jersey or New York— one of the airports. While I was waiting for John, I watched Gary Moore of "I've got a Secret" fame drive up in a T-Bird right there five feet from me. There's no one else around. He get out of the car, very friendly. "Hi soldier, how are you?" I said, "Hi, Mr. Moore, how are you?" He said, "God, we're late, we're late!" and here come six red caps.

They come up. It's his mother in the back seat. Older lady. Blue hair. Lovely lady. They're helping her out. They get all her bags. They go running in. I'm standing out front waiting for John to come and there is still nobody there. Two minutes later, he comes Gary Moore, mom, his wife all his bag comes out. Harry Moore comes up to me and says "Wrong airport!" So, at least I had a little bit of something to laugh at on my way over.

I got with John. We flew to San Francisco. I went to Fort...help me out. Sorry, I can't remember it.

Q: In San Francisco?

A: San Francisco.

Q: It could have been Cronkite or Davis, Ord.

A:Ord, probably. It was the big – I call it – the Repple Depple, in Viet Nam we call it a replacement center.

Q: Fort Ord.

A: Ord. It was all...they had stakes out back. They must have had fifty stakes all alphabetized. The stakes were phone poles and there was only one stake that had Vietnam. There was two thousand, three thousand guys were going to Japan, Korea, Thailand, wherever. In the back of the Vietnam stake there were only about a dozen of us fellas if that – maybe six, eight something like that.

The NCO when he was all done says, "You boys now have an entire week off. Why don't you come on over here and talk to me." So, we went over and talked. We went down. We got advanced pay. We didn't have to stand formation except once every other day. We had no duties, no KP, no nothing. He turned us loose on San Francisco and had a wonderful time there. We had a great time.

I remember when we left. I think the total flight was about twenty three or four hours. I remember it was really probably one of the proudest days of my life. We were coming into...we were getting close -close to the coast of Vietnam. It was a Continental Airlines

flight and our stewardesses not, repeat, not good looking. They were all in the range of 5'10" or taller, broad shouldered and lovely gals and they said that they were here to manhandle you guys. If somebody gets hurt, at least we can move you. That's why they were there. They were wonderful girls.

So, we hit maybe 100 miles off the coast. We have officers and NCOs in there. They said, "Gentlemen, if you look out the right and left port windows, we're being joined by the 414th" – I don't remember the name- "of the Combat Fighter Wing from Ton Son Nhut Air Force Base escorting us in." I'm sitting by the window. I look right out. Coming right on the wing tip is a fully "camoed" Phantom. The guys got his mask down. He looks over and goes like this (give thumbs up" and we all "YEAH". On top, below, up front, on either side and two out back. Then she said "Take everything out of the overhead bin and put it under your seat now. We're trying to protect you from being shot. We have taken fire. We have one casualty coming into Ton Son Nhut and we will be making a combat landing."

We didn't know what a "combat landing" was but (she said), "Get everything you can, clothing, everything and brace your legs and back. So, we did all that and braced our legs and she says, "Now the 414th is leaving us and we are going to be on our own." (unclear), pulls away. Everybody goes.

So we land. I'll never forget it. When they open the door of the aircraft and there was a (depressurization noise) and you could just feel the humidity and the smell of South East Asia just rolling through the door, just coming through the door. Then we started to sweat.

Then here comes an Air Force E7 with a clip board. He grabs a (unclear). He's done this before. "Gentlemen, welcome to the Republic of South Vietnam Ton Son Nhut Air Force Base, I'm Master Sergeant blah, blah, blah." He said "Concurrent with orders number da, da, da, you are here as voluntary, repeat, voluntary one year tour in Vietnam. When I say stand, those of you who do stand will signify their willingness, final willingness and acceptance of that one year tour in Vietnam. Those of you who remain seated will be returned to CONUS (continental United States) without prejudice and reassignment." One, two, three, "Stand"Not one man remained seated. I was extremely proud of that. Very very proud.

So, we went in. We had our, we started talking about this earlier, in country briefing. It was the early days of the war. Again, we were all volunteers. We didn't have hardly anything in the way of food or ammunition, guns. We just didn't have it. The Sergeant Major, who was at least, colonel, he was at least 6'5", at least that tall and huge, broad big man.

The E-7 comes out and says, “Now I am going to present Sergeant Major da, da, da” He said, “At ease.” We all went to parade rest or at ease. He said, “Take your seats.” We all sat down. He gave us quite a tour – quite a verbal understanding of what Vietnam was. He’d also been in World War II, Korea and this is his second year in Vietnam. He said that there was quite a difference between the French and the way that handled the indigenous personnel versus the way we do it so forth and so on. He said that I want to leave you with a couple of thoughts. He said, “There are two types of men that leave a combat zone.” He said, “There’s something else”. He said, “You can’t be worried about the bullet that’s got your name on it. You can do nothing about it.” He said, “The one you want to be aware of it the one that says to ‘to whom it may concern’ on the side.” That’s the one you’ve got to watch out for.” He said, “Lastly”, there are only two types of men that leave a combat zone, the quick and the dead. I suggest you move quickly.” Then turns around and walks right off the stage. The other E-7 stood there and just let that sink right in. You could’ve heard a feather hit the floor. I’ll never forget it as long as I live.

During the first four to six months, we had no ammunition. Our food was good but it was on again, off again. We had no weapons. There was a notice on the company headquarters bulletin board. I was part of USASCV – United States Army Corp Command Vietnam at Ton Son Nhut. I was a 951 Bravo that had been (unclear) assigned to an infantry security unit. This created some real problems and some NCOs got reduced in rank one year later. There were five MPs that were grabbed and one of us made a bitch. The problem was his godfather was downtown and he was (unclear) in charge of all of Texaco Oil for South East Asia.

When Mike got through with Uncle Jack and when Uncle Jack got through with “Westie” (General Westmorland) at private dinner, heads flew. We were there on voluntary duty. We volunteered to do our job.

I’ll never forget a notice that was on our bulletin board USA to CV headquarters, due to a lack of personal weapons, bayonets, etc., etc. enlisted personnel are advised to see the cooks as they may have additional kitchen cutlery which may be sharpened and used as personal weapons. True story. I almost took a picture of it for my father.

We had three rounds of ammo per man. We had eight rifles. It got very bad. It got pretty bad. We were getting hit regularly- night mortars, machine gun fire. We would get raked but we didn’t have anything to shoot back with.

Q: Why no ammo?

A: We finally stole ours. We finally stole our ammo, Colonel. We went up to an ammo dump and a very brave young buck sergeant hopped out and stuck a 45 right under an E-6’s chin. I know. I was on the back of the truck. He pushed this E-6 right to the wall and said. “You’re going to give us ammo. You’re going to die and I could give a fat fuck

less.” This E-6 goes, “Wait a minute. Hold it. Stop. What are you talking about – ammo? You want ammo, I’ll give you ammo. Put your fuckin’ gun away.” He said, “Where are you from? What do you need?”

The sergeant told him we only had three rounds of ammo a piece. He said, “That’s bullshit. Let me help you load it up. C’mon with me.” We backed the truck up right to a pile of 308, Remington. It was all Remington ammo. Boy, we started loading that stuff onto the back of the truck. It was the first time we had ammo. Then, awhile later, within a few weeks we finally all got guns. We all got M14’s. Everybody now had a rifle. They came in the back of a truck. They were all H&R, Harrington Richardson. M14’s on the box. Of course, being an MP, I didn’t know to put a full auto selector switch on an M14. So, the infantry kids showed us MP’s how to put this stuff on. How to put it together. I loved the rifle. A great rifle.

We were responsible for Ton Son Nhut as well as all the senior field grade officers BOQs in the area for their security. We basically worked twelve hours a day. Twelve on. Twelve off. Seven days a week. We got one day off a month if possible.

As time went on after the first four or five months, myself and Lee Manor. Lee is now a retired FOBLE (not sure about this). A straight leg infantry. Lee Manor is his name M-A-N-O-R. Lee and I and six other guys were chosen for an honor guard and we were going to have the first flag raising ceremony in Vietnam. We could not fly the flag in Vietnam prior to that time nor could we play the national anthem by agreement with the South Vietnamese government. When the war widened, we changed. We said, if we’re going to do this, we’re going to show the flag.

So, we had the first flag raising and I’ll never forget it. We were over at USASCV headquarters which was an old French fort with white washed walls, orange tile roofs, palm trees, dirt, sand, what not. I think it was the 5th or 6th Army band was there. They were down below at the front gate. The front gate was a very stylish French sort of thing.

We’re down here with Lieutenant Ball, Dean Ball. He and I has become like that (clasps hands) and it lasts many years. Dean is standing tall. We’re all there. Down below you hear “Ten-hut!” and you hear a succession of “ten-hut’s” being called. Here comes Westie down in front of us. He’s got all his gear on and what not. He comes down and stands in front of Dean. He turns in front of Dean and says “Present..!” So, we come to. As the salute is delivered by Dean as we present arms, music plays. We hadn’t seen the flag and you guys know what its like as you hear the national anthem every night at retreat. (unclear) never had a retreat (unclear) my friend Henry from General Westmorland. He and I looked into each other’s eyes. We were both crying. I watched General Westmorland cry. That was also a very proud day in my life. Very proud of everyone there. So many things happened.

Then they came and took all of our guys one day. I was out. I was now supply sergeant. I came back and all of our guys were in deuce and half trucks. "Where's everybody going?" They were going up to Charlie Company. 2nd of the 16th Infantry. 1st Infantry Division. "Why? How come I'm not going?" He says, "You've got to go see Top."

There stands Dick Seasalt, an E-6. Don't ask me how me how a Spec4 and an E-6 became close friends but we were very very close. We were great buddies. Dick has a bottle of Jim Beam in his hand. He says, "C'mon and get drunk with me." He's got his full gear on. He says, "C'mon, I gotta go and see the old man." I said, "I'm not going up?" He said, "Go see Top" So, I went to see the CO while I saw the old man. I was one of the first ten men in the unit to form that unit which meant I was one of the ten oldest men in the unit. A person could not be permanently reassigned in Vietnam if he had less than 90 days left in country. I had 81 days left in country. I was also not a straight leg. I was a 951 Bravo not a straight (unclear).

So, the guys went up and it couldn't have been more than two months later my squad leader Robbie Robinson – I became squad leader after Robbie left – that's what got a lot of people into trouble. I knew nothing of squad tactics. I let it be known on my way out the door that you should have sent me back for leg training and I would have taken it. I would have done it.

They all go up to the 1st. This has such a connection I just remembered. Even the Crossman Arms here public relations director there Pat Squire was commanding officer of Bravo Company, sister company to Charlie and he knew the story that I am about to tell you. Pat broke down in tears when I told him about Charlie. He knew it. He knew the story.

They went out. They were very aggressive and Captain Steinberg was the CO. Captain Steinberg had been our Commanding Officer but he swapped positions with Lieutenant Ball as it was very common with officers in Vietnam – six month up, six months. So Lieutenant Steinberg took it over. They were out for two weeks and they were moving in on some bad guys and taking some fire. Out of nowhere came running about fifteen Americans in black pajamas just screaming and yelling, running and going like hell and gooks behind them. A couple of guys got shot. We cleaned out the gooks. Captain Steinberg just busted a prisoner of war camp. Boy, they handed out the ribbons on that one. Steinberg got a Silver Star. We were all (claps), that a way to go, look what our guys did!

It wasn't long after that they were out he and Ball. My Lieutenant who had been my commanding officer was so mad at Steinberg after the fact. They were making a sweep. They had a point man out front. They had nothing on the wings, nothing on the sides. They're going into a bit of a valley – a funny valley. Down at the end this way and down

the side this way (sketches with his hand) they've got 50 calibers about a dozen of them all lined up. When they got all the way in, they slammed the door on them.

This is the way I was told it by more than one person including the guy who was responsible for pulling the bodies off the field. In thirty seconds over fifty per cent were dead or down. At forty five seconds, ninety percent were dead or down. At one minute, everybody was dead or down. At that time, during that thirty seconds my squad leader Robbie – Robbie Robinson, it's in the book, you'll find it in there but I am going to add what's not in the book.

Robbie grabbed – Robbie was big like you sir about your size– grabbed an M60 and somehow got a belt on it and he went down and over to the side and went (hit hand on table multiple times) right down the machine gun pits, the “50” pits walking inside to the next one. By the time he got to the last one, the fourth of fifth, third or fourth pit roughly, Robbie had no lower jaw. That was blown away. His tongue was hanging on his chest. His hand was shot off. He was using bones on the arm with blood spurting out to hold up what's left of the belt .He's got multiple hits in the body. He's on fire from the ass up from Willie Peter flames coming up and he's standing in the last pit. It's unfortunate that Sylvester Stallone pulled this one off in one of the movies he did but they guys said it was unbelievable. The guys said Robbie just stood on the edge of the pit just killing gooks and let out a scream that stopped all the fighting on the field. Everybody stopped. All the gooks. All the first injury guys. Whoever was left stopped and he was screaming. A gook officer came up behind him because he was so tall had to stand on his tip toes and stood up to put a (unclear) to Robbie's head and pulled the trigger.

It was the kindest thing they could have done. Robbie was dead anyway. They took Rob and this is the part that the book doesn't have. There's another part to it too. They, the Viet Cong, it was a Viet Cong battalion. The Viet Cong took Robbie and they put him aside from where the battle had taken place and it had gotten down to hand to hand too. They took Robbie and laid him out and crossed his hands on his chest. They put his M60 down along side of him. There's a piece of paper stuck in his jacket. They didn't call in. They didn't call in. They sent choppers out. They found it. They took Dick Seasalts my best friend and twelve other guys who were wounded. They strung them upside down and the woman and children skinned him alive cut their penis' off and put them in their mouths.

When they got out there. This was my friend who was an E-7 who was responsible for picking up the bodies, recovery of the bodies. He put his arm around me along with the Lieutenant Colonel who was responsible at a reunion in Chicago. I was shaken “Bob”, he says, “You gotta know you're guys died real hard. They died very very hard.” He said. “I walked over to one. There was an American on top of a gook and the gook had taken

(unclear) to the head and the American was on top of him like this. He couldn't see his arm." He said, "When I pulled him over to pull them apart, the American had taken a bayonet and started down low inside the fuckin' pelvic girdle and had ripped up all the half way through the sternum." That's the way they found him and found bodies like that all over the place.

Robbie was over there and he said when he got to Robbie we knew there was something different because he was set off by himself on the side. He had this paper and on the paper it read in Vietnamese. We have a Kit Carson scholar who translated in Vietnamese on the spot. It said here lies one very, very brave man and it was signed. Lt. Col. or Colonel Whomever that was from that particular NVA unit.

About five men who were badly wounded managed to get into the jungles and lived – one of whom did everything he could but die in my arms at the Griffiss Air Force Base hospital in Rome, New York about a year or so later – he knew about how many of my friends got killed personally. Our youngest kid Acton took a 50 in the face and it blew off everything off the back of his head. He had no brains. He had no eyes, no nothing. He just turned around and looked and then went right straight over.

This guy – a handsome Robert Redford handsome fella – was assigned to Seneca Army Depot like I was. I looked down and saw what I call the Black Pussy Cat badge. Blue and white checkerboard with a Black Panther (unclear) that's 2nd of the 16th infantry. I saw it and I couldn't fuckin' believe it. I ran down – pardon my language, I'm being barracks oriented here – but I went down and looked at him and said, "Charlie, 2nd (unclear)" and I caught him and the two of us were holding on to each other and he starts crying. I said, "Oh no, I'm sorry. I don't mean to hurt you." He said, "No, it's ok." He said, "Were you there too? Were you there too?" I said, "No but Robbie Robinson and all my guys were there." He starts crying.

All the sudden the NCOs start coming up. They don't like the idea of two GI's hugging in line. They said, what's going on and we told them. They said oh, it's ok. They put us at the head of the line to get chow and we came back and we talked. He had a whole side, from this side he was the handsomest guy you'd want to see. He'd turn around like this, a 50 (caliber) had caught him down the right side of the head. He was just wasted.

I'm up at Griffiss Air Force Base with a heart problem which I know have. I'm going to turn that one into the VA and get some help with that one. It's new and I've got it on paper. I'm walking by a room and there he is in there. I went, "Oh my god – I can't remember his name -what's wrong with you?" He said, I can't feel anything in my legs." Then I said, "Let me help. Let me come in." He says, "Man, will you help me. I've gotta go to the bathroom." I said, "Anything you need. Whatever you need." He said, "Help me up." I had to grab his penis and hold the pan. He said, "I got to go poo too." I said, "Fine, you got go poo." So, I wipe and clean him up.

Apparently, some nurse had been walking back and forth. I could care less. He hadn't shaved in two or three days. He said, "Man, would you mind shaving me Andy?" I said, "No, no man, not at all." I shaved him and got him all cleaned up. I walked outside, went down the hallway. There was a Lieutenant Colonel Nurse, a Captain and a couple of Lieutenants and they were not happy. They said "What were you doing in that room?" I told them the story about that man and where he had come from. This is the truth, I watched the Lieutenant Colonel pass out in front of me and hit the ground. I went oh my god. The story hurts.

I went. About an hour later back in my room, here comes the Lieutenant Colonel. As you know sir you don't sit on somebody's bed. This Lieutenant Colonel sat right on the bed and hold my hand and says, "I was in Korea and saw stuff like this." She said, "I thought we were through with this. It hurt me horribly." She said, "You now have permission to go into that room twenty four hours a day and do anything you need to do."

I went in there two days later and he was gone. They said he couldn't feel anything and it was getting up near his diaphragm and they sent him down to Walter Reed. He may have been the last casualty of Charlie, 2nd of the 16th.

Pat Squires, the commanding officer of the sister company Bravo said that that was the very first time that Charlie was wiped out but they wiped it out many times more. They made it a political example. We chased the guys that chewed up Charlie originally for four days and got them into what was called (unclear) canyon women, children, goats, pigs, cats. Don't ask me what came out the other end of it not after you see your people skinned alive swinging from trees. Nothing walked out of there. I'm trying to think of....that's enough.

As far as I know, that was never reported as a company loss. It was attributed to... the attrition was done two here, five here, six here, one there, four there, two there. If CBS or ABC or NBC, had ever showed up on that one with the film rolling and put that on the 6:30 news, I often times wonder if Vietnam (unclear) nothing worse than seeing your kids hanging from trees with their skin off their ass. Everything I have said here is the god's honest truth. While I did not see it personally, it's been related the story has been related to me by both survivors and the recovery NCO IC and other officers who were familiar with Charlie. That was a terrible, terrible thing. They have a name for it. It's the "Something, Something Massacre"

I called Charlie Company about ten years ago out at Fort Riley, Kansas. They were well aware of the massacre and they do have a special name for it but there's nobody around to talk about it and I wanted very desperately to have at least have somebody know what happened to those guys. The best tribute would come from the senior, the Retired Sergeant Major now, the Senior Recovery Non-Com who was quick to advise that they died very, very, very hard. They did not go quietly into the night.

Q: Tell you what, let's take ago ahead.

A: I have a couple of things I wanted to tell you from my Red Cross experience too.

Q: Sure. Why don't we take a break? We've only got four minutes left on this tape. Take a break. Stretch. We'll come back and we'll about the Red Cross.

A: OK.

Q: I'm interviewing Robert S. L. Anderson. 24 April, 2001. Rochester Armory. You went back to Viet Nam as a Red Cross worker.

A: Yes. I did. When I got out of the service in '67, Colonel, I went to school at Dean Junior College in Franklin, Massachusetts. It used to known as Dean Academy. At that time college campuses were pretty well upside down. We had our demonstrations that floated out of Boston, BC, BU and whatnot that came down there to Dean and I guess I, as far as I was concerned, I'd had it. I felt it was time to go back to Vietnam and I wanted very much to do something of value.

In one week – I left school that May – I was offered two jobs in one week. One with the CIA and a direct return to Viet Nam and the job description unspecified and the other one was with the American National Red Cross. I took the Red Cross job because of what I had seen them do over there – good work. I felt that I wanted to do something for the guys. (unclear) all of my men. Anything I could have done of positive, warm, human value, I wanted to do.

I was – in order to get a job in what was then called their service to military installations – required preferably a Masters in Social Case Work four years, four year degree in Social Case working or Sociology would be acceptable. I had none of that. I'd had about a year and a half of college and marginal grades but I went through one interview, two interviews and I wasn't being rejected. They wanted me to be interviewed by – go down to Washington where I was interviewed by Ms. Elsie Cabel who was famous in the Red Cross. She went back to World War II.

Elsie Cabel was a very tall – almost a six foot tall woman, not at all handsome. She looked very much like Eleanor Roosevelt and dressed very much like that. Her office was a time capsule – beautiful office at the National Red Cross headquarters. It had walnut furniture and credenzas. It was very old and very 30'svery beautiful. It was like stepping into a time capsule. I walked in. I introduced myself to her. She said, "Mr. Anderson, Bob, why don't you sit down." We started talking about what went on (unclear) and why I was there. I explained to her that my company had been wiped out and that I was driven to return to Vietnam to do something of value for the troops. It's an overriding feeling that I have. It's something that I've got to do. She said "That's kind of interesting." She said. "I notice your academic background is lacking." I said, "Yes, Ms. Cabel." But I

said, "I honestly believe that I can do this job. I would be willing to do it without pay. I feel that strongly about it." She kind of looked down. She said, "Why don't you come with me."

I immediately stood up. She walked over to her board meeting table. There were a pile of 8 1/2 - now I had been a publisher and editor for the past twenty five years. Believe me, I've written thousands of captions and I know what cut lines are. I know what photographs are but at that time I didn't. There were a stack of 8 1/2 x 11 photos approximately this high (motions with his hand) that had a huge crystal ash tray on top of it weighing it down. She said, "Bob, I'm doing something here and I want to get some information from you." She said, "Why don't you look at these photos here and see if it helps you understand some of the things we do in Vietnam even though you had personal contact with it. You might find it of interest."

I took the ash tray off and - I'm jumping ahead - there was a cut line on the back. I didn't know what a cut line was. I turned it over. I'm looking at this photo. I said, "Ms. Cabel" She said, "Yes, Bob." I said, "You obviously put this here for me." She said, "What do you mean Bob?" I said, "This is Donald P. French on the left. That's our Red Cross guy at Ton Son Nhut. Don's wife was about to give birth and she would probably not live through the experience and Don had to go home immediately to be with her."

She looked at me and said, "May I see the photograph Bob?" I said, "See the SG on his helmet? That's the security unit for Ton Son Nhut SG Unit" I passed it over to her. She turns it over. She handed it back to me and said, "Read this on the back." "Specialist Donald P. French Ton Son Nhut air force base, security guard unit, infantry, en route home to his wife who was having a very difficult delivery expected possibly not to live being helped by Field Director Bill Jones, da, da, da."

I'm getting goose bumps. See them coming up on my arms (points to his arms). I went like this. I didn't say anything. I turned it over and looked at it and put it down. Ms. Cabel just stood right up and said. "Mr. Anderson, welcome to the American National Red Cross." I was hired on the spot. (unclear). I don't know if he came back but there was something in the wind there, there was something in the wind and I got my opportunity to go back to Vietnam as a Red Cross guy.

My first assignment when I reported in - of course, being I was also the youngest AFD in Vietnam and we had a retired general officer who was in charge of all of Red Cross for Viet Nam. He had his own helicopter, his own warrant. He was a neat guy. I had to report to him personally. He said, "Bob, sit down." I said, "Yes, General. You bet." He said. "What brings you to Southeast Asia son?" I said, "Sir, on this building where you're standing, I was on top of it taking pictures of the Air Force about 200 yards from here where all the jet fuel tanks are. I was on the top of this building when they were building it. The next day, we got hit that night. Everything ran tracers through our barracks, I

had mortars over my head I could have damn near touched.” I said, “They hit those tanks and they went up and they burned for five days, six days, seven days straight.” He looked at me and I said, “All my company was killed. That’s why I came back sir.” “Good boy. That a way... well, I noticed that you’re young. I also noticed that you don’t have your college degree. You know what, you’re going to be a goddamn good Red Cross worker. I can feel it. You’ll do ok.” He said, “But I am going to give you to the toughest Red Cross man in all of Southeast Asia. His name is Jesse Smith. Retired straight leg infantry. He’s a great old friend – a major – a retired major. He’s up in the 4th division. Up in II Corps. Up in the Central Highlands.” I said, ‘Great. Sounds fine with me sir. He said, ‘He’s tough. Remember that. Don’t screw up” I said, “I won’t sir.”

I went up and one of the guys I need through Red Cross training with was already assigned there and he became my roommate. His name was Ben Johnson. He was a great guy. We had a big office there. Interestingly, the Commanding Officer for the 4th Division had been Jesse Smith’s – our Field Director’s – bunkmate in OCS in 1942. We had a fabulous office there. We had six or eight assistant field directors plus Jess plus two or three (unclear) Army drivers and what not. I made a lot of friends there. I saw a lot of GI’s. I think the one I remember most I was – like any other day there, we worked, we started at 5:30 in the morning and stopped when we were done and sometimes being done was at 10:00 at night and sometimes if we were lucky 7:00 at night.

They’d sent a young lad back to me who had asked for me by name – a young Buck Sergeant – a big tall guy. He comes in and sits down. He’s kind of (unclear) and I said, “No, No, I kind of made E-5 for about a day. You can call me Bob.” I never worked behind the desk. I always came around. I got to the front and said. “Tell me what’s going on.” He said, “I just came back in. We were out on a thirty day sweep or whatever. I just killed my best friend.” I said, “Oh, my god. What happened Bill?” He said. “We were moving forward and taking fire.” He said, “My friend caught a mortar right in the groin and everything from here down was 25 yards out in front of him. He was a half a man. All of his guts were hanging out and was screaming ‘please kill me. Kill me. Kill me, Bill. Kill me.’” He said. “I put my M16 on his forehead and pulled the trigger. I looked and saw that the CO saw it, the 1st Sergeant saw it. The CO went (nods his head) ‘move it out’.” Then they went out. When it was done, he went to the CO and the CO said you did the right thing. He was a dead man. He said, “I just can’t believe I did it.”

I said, “Where are you from?” Here I sit a young twenty three or four year old Red Cross worker with no great experience trying to be human and help this guy through his problems. I said, “Bill, where are you from?” He said, “I’m from Pennsylvania.” I said, “Oh, that’s beautiful country. I happen to live in Upstate New York just above the Finger Lakes.” He said, “That’s gorgeous. I know that area well. By any chance are you a hunter?” He said, “I love to hunt.” I said, “Do you do any deer hunting?” He said, “As much deer hunting as possibly can”. I said, “Bill” – I’m right on top of him with both

hands on his – “Bill, did you ever drop a deer and have it go ‘baaaaaa’ at ya.” At which point he knew that what he had done was the right thing. He pitched forward and collapsed in my arms crying and held on to him for five minutes. He just cried his eyes out. He was much better off for it. I suggested that he absolutely see a psychologist, psychiatrist. “Please tell the old man that I suggested you do this for your own salvation down the line”. I said, “But you did do the right thing and I think now you understand.” “(unclear) of the hunting, I never thought about it.” If anything in my life I ever I did anything right once in my life, it was that. If I happened to believe in God, if God ever wants to let me into his little kingdom, that one thing will be the thing that did it.

I saw some other things take place there. I had a colonel one time collapse in front of me and grab me around the legs like a five year would hold on to his father. He’d been out on an APC. He had just watched his classmate, his roommate from West Point get blown off the top of an APC. There weren’t any pieces hardly any bigger than that (makes motions with his hands) left of the guy. This colonel was down on the ground trying to pick and shoving pieces up and down the side of his t-shirt trying to pick up all of Fred that he could find. He was crying so loudly and so badly. Jesse heard him and came down the hallway. Jesse came in and said, “Colonel, stand up. C’mon Colonel. Stand up.” I’m down on the floor. Then the Colonel got up. The Colonel was with the Sergeant Major probably the CSM and Jesse took him into the office. I don’t know what happened but I’ll never forget that.

There was another one. You know, its one thing to have the enemy be cruel to the troops. That’s very black and white, very understandable. This next situation is one I’ll never forget and Jesse handled it. This beautiful, handsome 6’2” or three blond haired, blue eyed Captain come through the door again with the Sergeant Major.

The Captain is again holding his hands on his face crying inconsolably. Jesse heard all of it and came out of his office immediately and took him in and then brought all of us in about an hour later. He wanted all of us to hear the story. The Captain had just extended in Vietnam for six more months. Of course, in those days if you did extend for six more months, you got thirty days off and Uncle Sam paid the trip (unclear). It was a hellava deal.

He opted to go to Hawaii. He met his wife in Hawaii and two children. They spent thirty days in Hawaii at a major hotel with all the bills paid up by Uncle Sam having a riot. It comes time for the last day. The wife and two or three kids go out first – his plane’s leaving an hour and a half later.

He’s down at the gate. Tears. Crying. Kids going, “Daddy. Daddy, Daddy.” The wife is crying, kissing what not. They board the plane. He’s watching the plane take off. There’s a tap on his shoulder. He turns around and says “Yes.” He says, “Are you Captain William J. Smith III?” He says, “Yes, I am” Wham, he laid divorce papers on him.

The Soldier and Sailors act of, help me here, 1934 or '36 prevents a GI from being divorced while he is in a combat zone. This woman knew that and she had conspired and waited until she got her husband in Hawaii which was the continental United States not a combat zone where the Soldiers and Sailors Act did not protect him. (unclear) that I ever seen done to a GI in my life. In my life.

All of this – there are some funny things that happened too – and I've got a couple of funny stories. We were talking outside Colonel. Did I miss something? Henry's heard this too many times. It's really a good story.

I'm up at the 4th Division. It's about five o'clock in the morning. I get up. It's time to go out to the poop house and sit down and what not. On my way, I go by the head shed and I pick up a Stars and Stripes. I got my tin canteen cup and pour some coffee in it. I go stumbling back to the poop house. They got about thirty holes on this side and thirty holes on that side. You all poop into fifty gallon drums cut in half. They got flaps on the outside where what we call the shit burners, the Vietnamese pull them out every day and put a quart of kerosene in it, touch a match, burn off the poop.

This was all night long. These things were full so it was pretty stinky. Flies all over the place (unclear). Insects everywhere. I'm sitting drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes, reading the Stars and Stripes. Here comes Ed, CO of (unclear) Company. He says, "Hey Andy, what's going on?" I said. "Hey Eddie, how are you this morning?"

He's got his Stars and Stripes, he's got his can of coffee. He's got his cigarettes. He sits down and says, "How the hell are you doing?" I say, "Alright, What's going on?" All of the sudden this, "Morning gents." There's grizzled 1st Sergeant about thirty years in. Here comes Top. He's got his can of coffee, his Stars and Stripes, his pack of cigarettes. He sits down next to me. "How you boys doing this morning?" We say, "Fine there Top. What's going on?"

We're the only three guys in there. All of the sudden, through the door comes a brand new green GI troop. Brand new Vietnam haircut. Brand new Viet Nam jungle shirt. Brand new GI pants. Brand new jungle boots. He sees all of us sitting there and he's never had much experience in a bathroom before but "Morning sirs, how are you?" (Makes a salute).

First, you don't have to salute in the john. He didn't know that. "Morning sirs" I remember I was the first one to respond, "How 'ya doing?" He says, "Fine, fine, fine". He decides he can't sit where the officers do this and senior non-coms. He better go down towards (unclear). So, he goes all the way down there. All the sudden, Ed hits me in the arm with the elbow and says. "Look, look" I look down there and there's this kid contemplating the seat on which he is about to sit. It's obvious he's never been in an outhouse before.

He grabs a roll of this cheesy Vietnamese toilet paper which is one step above (unclear), tears off a strip and puts it across the back another strip on the side and another strip on side and a couple more on the front just like mom taught him how to do it. He gets all of his buttons undone. Ed and I nudge Top. Top says, "That dumb sonofabitch." We were trying to be cool about it.

He drops his trousers down and nestles into this thing very tentatively. He'd not done this before. When he sits down (makes noise) If you've been to Vietnam, that's the sound of a 122 rocket. Boy they were coming, about eight or ten of them. Before the siren went off. Ed screams out. We're all jumping up. We're all going for our trousers. Ed jumps up. Ed screams out. "Incoming!" (Makes siren noise). We go right out the door. The siren starts up.

Everything up there is all bunkered in and we're running down a bunkered aisle. All of the sudden, (makes noise like rockets hitting), they're starting to hit. Ed goes, "Oh shit, the kid!" The first shirt, he's gone that way. I turn around with Ed and I follow Ed back. As we get from here to the wall (points to the wall), closer than the wall away, it opens up and there's the poop house sitting on a rise all by itself.

Here comes this 122 rocket. Well the outhouse is peaked like this (makes peak with his hands) and the rocket comes down just like this (with hand and a pen shows trajectory of the rocket). I don't think there was more than four feet of clearance between the rocket and the top of the poop house. That's the bad news. The good news is that the rocket goes down way down into what we affectionately call the swamp. This thing goes (makes explosion noise). I'm on top of Ed. I fell right on top of Ed when we saw the rocket. There's nothing we could do.

I kind of look up and some of Newton's laws start to come into action. For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. The poop house had been hit with all of the concussion this way (motions with hands) and it had driven it up on an angle up about like that. It came right straight down and you have thirty holes full of poop, urine, fecal matter and toilet tissue and all the rest of it.

We open up the door of the outhouse and there stands this kid about from here to the wall back there. I'll never forget it. He has toilet paper - used - on his head, on his shoulders. He's covered with fecal matter and urine. There's about five pounds of it down inside his shorts down below. He's looking at the john (makes noise like he's about to vomit). Ed and I rolled over and the two of us started laughing.

There's not much you can do. Its laughter. It is hilarious. Much to Ed's credit, we never told the story. We never told it on the kid. (unclear) ever saw happen in Vietnam.

I have another one. Lee Manor. Wherever Lee is, I hope you hear this someday Lee. He's now retired. Full colonel. Leg infantry. Lee and I were pretty close. We went on R&R together. We're Spec.4's together. We were working this Field grade officer Company grade officer. BOQ right next to the USO three floors up. We're on the roof walking guard. Rainy season. Rains coming down. We had over there what we called "white mice" of the "Con Sot". "Con Sot" were the civilian policemen. (unclear) were the military policemen. Con Sot all dressed in white hat, white gloves, white shirt white bucks, white trousers. We called them "white mice" and they were about as useless as you could ask for.

Right next to the gate there's this little pagoda type shack made in oriental style. There's a big hammock on the inside. It's raining like.....and this guy is sleeping like so. I guess Lee, for whatever reason, finally decides that he did not want to see that guy sleep any more. He walks over and Lee later said I don't know what....I could have killed the guy. I never should have done it.

He grabs a cinder block and goes (makes the sounds of dropping the block). The cinder block absolutely hits the top center of this peak of this thing and collapses it completely. This white mouse comes out screaming from the rubble, screaming epithets in Vietnamese. Lee waves, "Hi, how are you, yeah, everything's good".

The CO Dean Ball came out. When Dean heard it, he tried to keep a straight face. He said, "I'll discipline this man. I'll take care of it myself." We got back to Dean's office. We'd all had it with the white mice. I had guard with once on a rainy night once. He had his chair up against a wall like this (rocks his chair back to the wall) sleeping. I'm walking back and forth in the rain getting soaked. I'd had it.

I walked over. I carried a Smith & Wesson M&P 38 on lanyard. I unclipped the lanyard, opened up the flap holster, took out the pistol, quietly walked back fifteen feet away, turned around, opened it up, took out all the ammo, put it in my shirt, quietly closed it back up. I walked back over, "Don't move" I pointed it right at the end of his nose (makes motion like he has a gun in his hand pointing it directly at somebody). I went like that, touched it two or three times. I cocked it when his eyes started to open up. He starts to look and I pulled the trigger. Click! You should have seen the look. The guy just went (makes a scarred, shaking motion). Then he realized he'd been had and then he was mad (laughs) and I wouldn't give him his pistol back until the end of the shift. I thought that was the smartest thing to do. We didn't get much help from our Vietnamese allies in security. They were basically useless.

We all put in our tours. Jungle rot. They didn't have any medicine for any of that at the time. A lot of things they didn't have medicine for but basically I was very lucky. I never should have made it out and I did. I guess that's my story.

Q: What years were you with the Red Cross over there?

A: '70,'71, '72.

Q: That was about the time the ground combat forces were starting to wind down.

A: Yep. The 4th Infantry bugged out while I was there. We were standing down and moving out of the area.

Q: Did you notice any more problems with the troops because they knew that the whole war effort was winding down?

A: I think everybody at that point – a lot of platoon leaders – (unclear), when they went out, they tried to avoid contact if at all possible unless they really had to do it. They viewed at this point, we're getting out, let's try and keep as many guys alive as we can.

Q: Did you notice more disciplinary problems than when you had been there before?

A: Yes.

Q: How so?

A: Disciplinary problems in terms of racial aggravation. We had none of that in the volunteer years of '64, three, four, five. None of it. A black guy. If you need ammo, through the dark comes a hand with a stick of ammo on it, you don't care what the color of the hand is. We got along very very well.

As a matter of fact, the night we got hit at Ton Son Nhut, I had this black guy that if I had pulled this in 1970, I'd probably would have been killed, but, I was the first guy up out of roughly a hundred men. The first shirt was the second guy up and mortars were coming right at us. Tracers were ripping right through the roof at the top. He says, "Andy, get your men right up now and get them out front. Get them moving, loaded, ready to go."

I said, "Got it" and went inside and screamed, you know, "it's a raid, everybody up, everybody up." Somebody turned on the lights from the inside. "Turn off those goddam lights." They turned off the lights. Everybody's out, out, out. I'm getting dressed and this one long string bean black guy sleeping on top (makes snoring sound). I went over and grabbed his bed and shook his bed. He said, "Get away from me you mother..." He's ready to pound...he's really sleeping. I said, "Get your ass out of bed, it's a raid, get going Willie, come on, come on!" He said, "Goddamn you, get away from me!" I grabbed him by the t-shirt. I pulled him right in my face and said, "You motherfucker. If you don't get your ass out of bed, every white man in this outfit is going to call you a

lazy fucking nigger and the rest of your...” and he came out of bed on top of me and I’m grabbing him. I said, “Willie, look, look!”

At this point a tracer comes right through the roof and mortars are exploding in back. Now the JP4 tanks were fueled and the light from that it coming through the back. He saw. I got him awake. When we stood down about four hours later, he was standing with all the black guys talking. I knew what was going on and I walked right over there. I walked right into the group with my hand out and said, “Willie, I have to apologize to you for what I said. The only reason I said it was to get you out of bed. You are one of my squad. I did not want you killed in that rack.” I said, “I apologize. It worked. I’m glad I got you up.” He said, “Bob.” I said, “Yes, Will.” He hold my hand and says “Do me a favor.” I said, “You got it Will”. He said, “Never do that again.” I said, “As long as you get out of bed, I’ll never do it again.” I never got grief from black guys. If I had pulled that in 1970, ’71, I’d probably had my head handed to me on a platter.

There was a lot of racial strife at that point. I had one very good friend, Ron Black. I’ll give you an example. It wasn’t just confined to Vietnam but also Europe. Ron reported as O-3 to an ordinance outfit as CO. The day before he arrived, they fire bombed his entire office. He didn’t even have an office to go into. Fragging took place the day before I arrived at the 4th. They went after the company commander. Somebody went after the CO. White or black, I don’t know. But there was racial strife on the second time around that was not there in the early part of the war.

Q: What about drug use?

A: Drug use was phenomenal on the second time. On the first time, it basically non-existent. It was non-existent.

I had a dignitary with a video tape team come out to the 90th replacement center where I was running a Red Cross office out there. They asked me about the drug problem and I said well I can show you better than I can tell you.

I walked to the side and walked from here to that back door (points in the room) down a little sidewalk bending over picking up this, picking up that. I came back in had something like fifteen empty vials of heroin. One vial was still half full of heroin.

The cameras are rolling, you know. I said, “That’s our problem.” “Cut, cut, cut. Stop the cameras. Cut, cut, cut right now.” The guy, said, “I can’t believe it.” I said, “We can’t either. The MPs and CID are going crazy trying to get it.”

You know who was selling the drugs? An E-5 in the dispensary right next door to my shed. He was selling. As far as I know the poor boy’s still in Leavenworth and I hope that enjoys every day of it. He killed a lot of guys at 90th Replacement and a lot of them black because they were coming off the streets of New York, Chicago, etc. where they

were buying heroin at peak strength was (unclear) per cent. They were paying a dollar (unclear) quantity of heroin in Vietnam, the only trick was it was 90, 95, 97% pure. They would end up dead from an overdose the first time they ever tried it. It was not an uncommon problem at the replacement centers and elsewhere.

Q: What did you think of the Vietnamese?

A: Hmm. In 1965 and '66, in terms of my contact with (unclear), they were terrible. The Quan Canh, the military police. They were very tough. They didn't mess around. I've talked to too many NCO's, senior NCO's, who were officers and advisors. If you got a good unit, they were fabulous – they were very brave, very brave troops and that could go downhill from there. I know a Captain Tuck – “Tucky” we called him. Tucky was given their highest military award. A lightning bolt hit one of their ammo dumps and Tucky stood on top of a mountain of ammo directing men, hitting them back, c'mon get back here. Get all this stuff away. Get it out of here. (unclear) guy, very brave guy.

Q: What about the civilians?

A: On my first run, I made contact with the son and daughter of a senator – of a Vietnamese senator. I went over to their house on a couple of occasions. A fine family. Absolutely wonderful family. Very smart children. Very smart mom and dad. They welcomed me to their home very warmly but when you have only one day off a month, you don't have much of a chance to familiarize yourself with the culture at a personal level. That's about the best I can say.

Any time when we went into town, in the early days, we went armed. (unclear). You had to go in civilian clothes. We carried 45s under our belts. Also, mom and dad sent over pistols. We had a couple of Walther P38s in the company and a Baretta 32. We had a couple of 38 snubbies. So, when the guys were going to town it was “Here. Take the snubby with you” You'd stick it under your shirt.

They had what they called cowboys in the early days. They had gangs that would try to get a drunken GI, roll him, get his wallet, you know, steal his camera. That was it. Very constant. It was a constant thing. My friend Dick Seasalts, an E6, Dick had Thompson sub machine gun made up, threw away the butt stock, cut off the screw, had the barrel cut down to about that long (gestures with his hands) had magazines about (unclear) had a holster made for it. Dick was big enough. He could carry it and you wouldn't know he had it under his arm. He went into a bar downtown where some of our guys were. He went just outside the back door and wizzed into a trough that went down the side of an alley. It was very common in Viet Nam. Women would stop and urinate on the curb. Very common.

Boy, there's this ruckus going on out there. GI's screaming and yelling. Vietnamese screaming and yelling. Dick ran outside, pulls out his Thompson. He gets outside looking around like this. Boy, the Vietnamese are wailing on a couple two three GIs. A couple, three GIs are trying to get in and pull them off. Dick just stands out (makes sound of machine gun) (unclear) the muzzle flash of that short barrel, the Vietnamese are running everywhere all of the sudden. There was nothing but GI's standing around.

We also had some trouble with the French with some of the expatriate French (unclear) Jean was an E5. Jean had been in the French (unclear) when Algeria was up for grabs. He was given – when they write your discharge papers in France, they write them two ways in blue ink or red ink. You don't want to have red ink because you'll never get a job for the rest of your life anywhere. In as much as he was part of the Algerian group that had stuck away from France, the rebels, his was written in red. At the same time, he was given three countries that he could go to America, Canada and I don't remember the third one. He took America and came. The guys were sitting down in a bar. There were half a dozen French men up there (speaks broken French). Jean says, "You know what they are saying? They're referring to us as a bunch of goddamn assholes". This and that and worse than that. Jean says, "You'll excuse me." He get up and walks over and taps this one guy on the shoulder. They guy turns around and Jean lets him have it in absolutely perfect French. He insults his heritage, parentage and everything else then wham lays him out. Then, boy, the whole bar is upside down.

Everybody goes to jail. Dean Ball is called – our CO. Dean gets down there. He chews our asses out. He's got a truck. He talked the Quan Canh.....the uh.....Cahn Sot captain, major whatever it was in turning all of us GI's over to him for punishment and he did. So. All the guys get out in the truck and Dean's just chewing on them like crazy, 'Goddam it, I told you this and don't you ever leave town. When I get through with you, you won't have any stripes, da, da, da..."

He gets them on the back of the truck and he hops on the back of the truck with them. He didn't get in the front of the truck but in the back with him and says "OK, Jackson take off." They take off. Dean says, "You guys really did a job on those frogs didn't you (laughs)." "Yeah, we did." "What did they say?" Jean told him. "That's what I thought happened. By the way, look under the seats" We look under the seats. We look under the seats, there's four cases of beer. He says, "Let's have a beer." That was the extent of it.

Q: Now, you were in Vietnam for two more years as a Red Cross worker.

A: A Red Cross worker. A year and a half.

Q: Bring us up to date. What happened to you after you came home? You came back..

A: From Red Cross?

Q: Yes. The rest of your life.

A: Red Cross. When I came back from the Red Cross, I was a little dusty around the edges. I had spent the last six months in Thailand. I wanted to finish college. I'd saved all of the money I could possibly save about fourteen thousand dollars. I didn't owe a person in the world a dime and I had available to me \$320 tax free dollars a month which is a lot better than what I got from the VA in 1967 which was only \$120 a month.

So, I went to Southern Utah State College also Southern Utah University in Cedar City. The Mormon culture – I happened to an old Episcopal kid from Upstate New York but I must say that the Mormon culture is very family oriented, very warm, very pleasant, very friendly. I was taken in like a son by everyone in that community. I finished three years of college in two year's time. I then left the school and briefly worked for the Red Cross in Los Angeles County and hated it. It was in the blood end of it. It wasn't my thing to do.

I was offered a job with Peterson Publishing (unclear) Guns and Ammo Magazine. I took it immediately because shooting and hunting was and still is a great part of my life. For the next twenty five years (unclear) at Guns and Ammo for a couple of years then for twenty three or four years for DBI books which is the publisher of Gun Digest – a big thick annual publication among other things – which is now owned by Krouse Publishing out of Wisconsin. I've just been medically retired as of late.

I did have my troubles after the fact with South East Asia. I woke up one night covered in a bucket of water. My wife and hundred pound Golden Retriever hiding in the corner going "What's wrong?" She said, "You were screaming like crazy about Dick Seasalts, Dick Seasalts." I reached up and said "Oh yeah" I was just covered in water and I got rid of the problem. I went and checked into a local VA and they were wonderful. They were absolutely super guys. I'll always have this. I'm sure. But, as the finding stated, PTSD – Post Traumatic Stress Disorder – Combat Fatigue – percentage of disability (unclear). I saw a lot of guys at the VA who were....one guy, he killed about seventy Catholic School children all dressed in uniform. He did it with a mini-gun. Mike. Iron Mike. The things that those infantry men were forced into doing and did was just terrible, absolutely terrible. A horrible, horrible, horrible war. I don't think they've thrown a good one yet.

Q: I think it's a good point to end at that point. Right to the end of the tape.

A: We took too much time....