

John's story has reminded me of something - well several things -

Here's a question:

Who cut their leg with a machete while clearing jungle?

From Jerome Peterson:

I did. I got stitches from a medic (no identification of rank) and returned in a week and he said,

"Well, I guess we'd better have a doctor look at this."

The stories you've been publishing reminds me of my favorite experience out on a walking operation sitting in the evening with my R744. I heard an ambush patrol calling up his control:

AP: (Whispering) Have sited VC.

Con: (Loud) Did you engage?

AP: (Whispering) No.

Con: (Loudly) Ah...How many were there?

AP: (Whispering) 250

Con: (Whispering) Ah...Which direction were they going?

Another honest-to-goodness memory:

The Brigade was assigned two ARVN police to help identify VC and tell the Brigade whom they could kill—at this point the brigade had a kill count of about one monkey. (The instruction for the operation in War Zone D was to kill anything that moved, and when confronted by an officer as to why the soldier had killed the monkey, he said, "He moved, sir.") The two police were handed over to our RRU, since the ARVNs spoke no English and we had us.

I was pleased that our non-linguist personnel befriended the ARVN police so we were not the only ones who could communicate with them. Tuong was the more outgoing of the two and was given a lot of English instruction by the other guys.

Some time after our mess hall was constructed, when Capt. Bunker was scheduled to arrive, I came in the mess hall one day and saw the guys holding a repetition drill with Tuong. He was repeating after them, "Captain Bunker hang it out your ass" accompanied by an admirable salute.