

The Ligonier Valley Library 21st Annual Historic Photo Show

July 25, 2023

Veterans of Vietnam and the Cold War Presentation

A SOLDIER'S STORY

By

Monty R. Murty

**About the Speaker**

Ligonier Valley resident Monty Murty is a 1966 graduate of the Indiana University of Pennsylvania where he received a Bachelor's Degree and a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant's commission in the United States Army.

He served in the Vietnam War as an Infantry Officer from the autumn of 1967 until Christmas 1968. Tonight, he will share his experiences advising an Infantry Battalion of the 9<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 5<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division of the South Vietnamese Army before, during and after the 1968 Tet Offensive.

He has also been a Platoon Leader in the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division, and a Company Commander in the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne Division, and served overseas in Korea, and Egypt, and as an officer on exchange to the British Army in England. After graduate business study he enjoyed a second career as a Fortune 500 business executive.

Now, Monty and his wife Marlene are retired to a cottage beside a trout stream in the Ligonier Valley. When not fly fishing, he teaches 7th graders to raise Brook trout from eggs and then release them into the wild in the Trout Unlimited Trout in the Classroom program.

# The Ligonier Valley Library 21st Annual Historic Photo Show

## Appreciation to the Committee

For their outstanding accomplishment documenting for history's sake the ***Faces of the Ligonier Valley; Veterans of Vietnam and the Cold War***, please join me in showing our appreciation to the 21<sup>st</sup> Annual Historic Photo Show committee, who are:

Our historian/leader, Shirley Iscrupe, and her team

Frankie Graham

Becky Bell

Kristine Kopay

Sylvia Ross

And our military veterans on the committee,

Bill Iscrupe and

Marlene Reckling Murty.

**Opening Slide**

**The Ligonier Valley Library  
21st Annual Historic Photo Show**

**Veterans of Vietnam  
and the Cold War**

**I want to thank the committee for putting together this outstanding 21<sup>st</sup> Annual Historic Photo Show Veterans of Vietnam and the Cold War.**

**And of course I want to big shout-out to our intrepid leader Shirley Iscrupe.**

## **1 - A Soldier's Story**

Tonight, is the first time I've spoken publicly about my experiences in the Vietnam War.

I was an Army Officer, an Infantry 1st Lieutenant and then Captain, in the Vietnam War. I served in Vietnam from the Autumn of 1967 until December 1968.

Most of my Vietnam photos were lost during an attack on my position in May 1968. I have found a few that I had mailed to my family, and will make do as best I can.

There is a wise ancient parable about a group of blind men who have never come across an elephant before and who learn and imagine what the elephant is like by touching it. Each blind man feels a different part of the elephant's body, but only one part. Then they describe the elephant based on their limited experience. Their descriptions of the elephant are different from each other.

So, this presentation isn't meant to be a history lesson, it's just one old soldier's story.

## 2 – “Grunts”

“Grunt” is slang for an infantryman or foot soldier. The term arose during the Vietnam War. Grunts were fewer than 1/3rd of the troops that served in Vietnam, but they suffered 87 percent of the casualties.

Grunts leaped out of helicopters into landing zones that were sometimes under enemy fire. Suffered the heat, humidity, rain and insects while straining under the burden of overloaded backpacks, ammo and weapons. Endured endless humping up mountains, through jungles and into villages, looking for an enemy who was hard to find and tough to fight. All the while being on the lookout for booby traps and ambushes. For the officer and sergeant grunts, add life and death responsibility for other grunts, and the 7 by 24 stress that goes with it.

There was a military conscription, the draft, during the Vietnam War. The enlisted grunts were mostly young working-class White boys with a large percentage of Black and Brown boys. But they came with real life skills, and that’s what grunts need. It was an honor to serve with them, and a valuable life-lesson for a college boy from Western Pennsylvania like me. I was a “Grunt” and I’m proud of it.

**The Combat Infantryman Badge is awarded for performing duties while personally present and under fire while assigned to an infantry unit engaged in active ground combat. The Combat Infantryman Badge is worn above all other awards & decorations.**

### **3 – Combat Casualties**

Americans have been trying to understand the Vietnam War for 55 years now. In the end the combat casualty numbers are the cold, hard facts they are always left with.

47,434 service members were killed in action in the Vietnam War.

303,644 service members were wounded in action in the Vietnam War.

153,303 wounded service members required hospitalization, including me.

The Purple Heart Medal is awarded in the name of the President to U. S. Military service members wounded or killed in action.

\*58,220 total U. S. service members died during the Vietnam war according to the National Archives 2008

#### **4 – An Accidental Soldier**

Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) classes were mandatory for all freshmen men when I entered Indiana University of Pennsylvania. The Cuban Missile Crisis occurred in the fall of my freshman year. For 13 days the Soviet Union and the United States came the closest they've ever come to nuclear war. So, I stayed in the ROTC program because it seemed the right thing to do given the Cold War situation, and because being an Army Officer seemed more interesting than teaching High School Biology, and because the ROTC financial stipends for Juniors and Seniors paid tuition, with some money left over for fraternity dues and a better social life. The Vietnam War was not much in the news.

I graduated from Indiana University of Pennsylvania on Friday, May 27, 1966 with a Bachelor's Degree and a commission as a Second Lieutenant of Infantry, United States Army. I was assigned to the 101st Airborne Division at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, and departed home for active duty immediately after graduation.

## **5 – Infantry Officer Training**

During the summer of 1966 I attended jump school, and Infantry officer training at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, known as “the Benning School for Boys”.

Jump School was a physically demanding 3-week course that required passing a tougher than usual physical fitness test, and completing daily long-distance runs, (5 miles) in combat boots, and safely completing 5 training jumps from an airplane. There was a high drop-out rate, but the reward was silver parachutist wings.

I became good friends with another 2nd Lieutenant from the 101st, Art Timboe. We served together in the 101st, and later in Vietnam.

The Infantry officer’s training course for newly commissioned 2nd Lieutenants was completely changed in 1966. It no longer focused on fighting the Soviet Union in Europe with tanks and armored personnel carriers. Now called the Combat Platoon Leaders Course, it focused on fighting Vietnam-style, and it took place mostly in the swamps and kudzu along the Chattahoochee River that flowed through Fort Benning. We began to hear “If you don’t pay attention to this, you’re gonna die in Vietnam” from our instructors,

**Tell poncho and brush raft story.**



## **6 - Geronimo**

When Art and I returned from Fort Benning to the 101st Airborne Division, we were assigned to the 2nd Battalion, 501st Parachute Infantry. "Geronimo's" was our motto. The 501<sup>st</sup> Parachute Infantry was famous for jumping into Normandy and Holland shouting "Geronimo". When we saluted a superior officers we said "Geronimo Sir!", ad nauseum. We had a tall carved totem pole in front of our battalion headquarters, and our mascot was a handsome cigar store Indian named Geronimo. He had jump wings and a military personnel record, and we saluted him.

Airborne Infantry officers, in addition to all regular infantry officer responsibilities, were responsible for planning, training for and leading their unit's parachute jumps.

To qualify for these additional parachutist responsibilities, we attended Jump Master School, a requirement to become a Senior Parachutist, which I became.

## **7 - "Studying" the Vietnamese Language**

After a year as 2nd Lieutenant rifle platoon leaders, Art and I were promoted to 1st Lieutenant, a war time necessity and pleasant surprise and pay raise. We were reassigned to more senior platoon leader duties. Art led the 2/501 battalion reconnaissance platoon, and I led the 2nd Brigade long range reconnaissance patrol (LRRP) platoon.

Then Art and I were ordered to the Special Forces School at Fort Bragg, North Carolina to train to be advisors to the Vietnamese Army. The Special Warfare Course focused on counter guerilla tactics, communist military weapons, explosives and demolitions, secure radio communications, advanced first aid and the Vietnamese language.

Then, the Army in its infinite wisdom, sent us both to advanced Vietnamese language training at the Defense Language Institute in El Paso, Texas. Many nights we "studied" in the tequila bars in Juarez, Mexico.

**Tell "there is fog on" story.**

## **8 - Fall 1967 into Vietnam**

Art and I, and several 101st lieutenant buddies departed together for Vietnam from Travis Air Force Base near Sacramento California in the fall on 1967. We flew on civilian airliners, complete with stewardesses. We stopped for fuel in Alaska and Guam as best I can recall. We arrived in Vietnam at Tan Son Nhut Air Base near Saigon.

Art and I spent our first night in the Military Assistance Command Vietnam (MACV) Headquarters in Saigon. The next morning, we learned we were both being assigned to the Vietnamese 5th Infantry Division in the third corps tactical zone.

MACV Headquarters in Saigon was a brief stop on our way to combat, but memorable because an Army chaplain held services for Art and me. He played hymns for us on a foot-powered pipe organ, lead us in the Lord's Prayer, and give us communion. We were going to need it.

## 9 – “Marlboro Country”

There was a cigarette ad on TV that ran “Welcome to Marlboro Country”. It showed a tough looking cowboy smoking a Marlboro in the mountains of the American west. GIs picked up the saying for areas of Vietnam that were known for heavy fighting; “Marlboro Country”.

Saigon, the capitol of South Vietnam, and was located in the III Corps tactical zone where Art and I served. Saigon was of course the strategic target of the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong. They captured Saigon in April 1975, two years after American troops left Vietnam.

The capture of Saigon was made possible by first capturing Phuoc Long Province and its capitol Song Be, where I served. Phuoc Long Province bordered Cambodia to the north, and the II Corps tactical zone to the east, in the Central Highlands. Neither the Vietnamese nor Americans had sufficient ground troops to control this vast area.

Defense of Phuoc Long Province depended on Civilian Irregular Defense Groups (CIDG), similar to our National Guard soldiers, advised by Special Forces A Teams, with an air mobile quick reaction force, my 3rd Battalion 9th Regiment, under command of the Special Forces Detachment B34 in Song Be.

## **10 - Into Combat - Dak San**

3rd of the 9th had been in two major actions just before I arrived. One was a brutal fight defending the Loc Ninh Special Forces Camp on the Cambodian border. And one was relieving a sister battalion of the 7th Regiment, 5th Division that had nearly been overrun just outside Song Be.

Then, Dak San, a Montagnard village on the outskirts of Song Be, the capitol of the key Phuoc Long Province, was brutally attacked with by the Viet Cong with flamethrowers. And, the North Vietnamese Army (NVA) was making a strong attack on Song Be itself. I didn't know the big picture until, preparing for this talk, I read about the Dak Son atrocity and battle in the archives of Time Magazine, "The worst atrocity committed by the Viet Cong in the war".

A battalion advisory team was made up of a Captain, a 1st Lieutenant, and a number of sergeants with specialties in heavy and light Infantry weapons, radios, engineering and demolitions, and medics.

Captain William "Bill" Haley was our team commander. During the night of that Song Be attack the team's Lieutenant was killed in action. I was flown in to replace him

**Tell "going into action" story.**

## **11 - Home Sweet Home**

3rd of the 9th occupied a forward operating base (FOB) 5 miles east of the Special Forces B Team. We were in an old French triangular fort, the one where the battalion of 7th Regiment had been nearly overrun. Every day we were not out on patrol or in action we tried to make our triangle into a circle. We constantly improved our barbed wire defensive perimeter, our mine field, the sandbag height of our perimeter berm, and our "hootches", our sandbagged bunkers.

Inside our base lived 500 Vietnamese soldiers, plus several generations of their families, a labor gang of Vietnamese army prisoners, a platoon of former French Foreign Legion paratroopers, Montagnards hanging out for various reason, and the assorted dogs, cats and lots of rats. Sanitation, as you can imagine, was a major problem. Our "Yards", we were warned, carried endemic leprosy, bubonic plague, tuberculosis, and were known to practice cannibalism on their enemies. They reminded me of an anthropology course I took in college. We got lots of vaccinations and took lots of pills. They seemed to work.

We were the last outpost before the Cambodian border, and we joked about being "the Lost Patrol" a cartoon strip. It was very lonely for us Americans. We were lucky to get mail twice a month. But we looked out on Nui Ba Ra, White Virgin Mountain, one of the highest in Vietnam. When it was quiet, which it sometimes was, we all thought it was very beautiful.

## **12 - Battalion Commander and "Advisor"**

It's absurd to think a 23-year-old American 1st Lieutenant could advise a Vietnamese Army battalion commander who had been in combat for most of his adult life. However, we had the radios that called in American fire power, and medivac helicopters. And we had access to American Army units that were always glad to share supplies the Vietnamese Army was supposed to supply its units, but seldom did.

We conducted joint Vietnamese/American search and destroy operations with every US unit that passed through; the 1st Infantry Division, the 11th Armored Cavalry, the 82nd 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne, the 25th Infantry Division and others. The 1st Division "Big Red One" impressed us as the most competent.

Major Twa saw to it that we had soldier helpers, albeit from the prison gang, to bring us our meals, get our dirty clothes washed, and clean our living quarters. We became very fond of these guys, and called them our bodyguards. My bodyguard was named Dang, and he was in prison for being a soldier in a Vietnamese Airborne unit that participated in a coup against the government. He carried my radio, and much against the rules, I gave him a Thompson sub-machine gun to carry. He was a tough and loyal soldier, and always had my back when the shooting started.

### **13 - Women Also Served**

Women also served, like in all wars. The Vietnamese provided no homes for soldier's wives and families. So, they lived wherever we went. And, they performed essential work.

I wrote this recollection a few years ago for St. Vincent College professor Dr. Holly Myer: Before dawn the women arise, stoke the cooking fires, prepare the morning meal and pack the food their children's fathers will carry into perhaps their last battle:

Sunrise allows the soldiers to remove the minefield from the camp gate and secure a route down to the water point. Women and girls collect water, do laundry, wash their long black hair and barter with indigenous Montagnards for all manner of animal protein. Boys shirk work to skip stones and play in the Song Be River. Mothers indulge them knowing soon they will be apprentices in the family business.

As the sun is setting the day's combat patrols return to camp tired and tense. Children run to the gate to meet their fathers and have the privilege of marching alongside, shouldering dad's rifle. Quality time with sons takes the form of teaching them to clean weapons. Carefully removing each bullet from the magazines, they clean off dirt and sand and reload, with love and concern only an "Army brat" can appreciate.

And, when their enemy brings a battle to the 3rd Battalion, of the 9th Infantry Regiment of the South Vietnamese 5th Division, it brings it to the family abode, humble as it is. And there is Hell on Earth.



#### **14 - My Team – Staff Sergeant Huffman**

Our advisory team was never above half strength. We were officially authorized 8 members, two officers and 6 sergeants. The theory was that we could divide into two teams, one on offence, away from our FOB, and one on defense, and to continue training. But 1968 was the most casualty intense year, and replacements were scarce.

The official organization didn't take into account the never-ending job of scrounging supplies of food, fuel, ammunition, replacement weapons and the many kinds of things necessary to keep our home running, like the things we get from Home Depot. So, our Staff Sergeant Huffman, the old man of our team, was constantly begging helicopter rides from passing American units to search American supply depots for the necessities of life.

However, we did have a wealth of trading material. In Vietnam you could trade American units for almost anything in exchange for a captured Chinese Communist automatic pistol, an AK-47 assault rifle, a Montagnard cross bow, or a Viet Cong flag, which we always had plenty of.

## **15 – My Team Staff Sergeant Johnson**

Staff Sergeant Johnson was a genius keeping the Korean War era Vietnamese Army weapons repaired. He was a crack shot with every weapon, and tactically very proficient with a compass and map, an essential skill.

He was in superb physical shape and very strong. The little Vietnamese kids, yes, the soldier's kids were with us in our compound, the kids loved to ride around on Sergeant Johnson's shoulders. He loved kids, dogs, cats and he kept a pet parrot.

He could communicate better in Vietnamese than I could and was the best representative of America to the Vietnamese he came in contact with. He was the best of us at training Vietnamese soldiers.

He was the only member of our advisory team that wasn't killed or wounded.

## **16 My Team - Staff Sergeant Bessling**

Staff Sergeant (E6) Leonard Bessling, Len, was our senior sergeant. That made him our Team Sergeant, 3rd in command, even though the position called for a Master Sergeant (E8). Len was a serious, no nonsense Infantryman and we had great confidence in his judgement under fire. After I was wounded and medevacked, Len was the last remaining advisory team member until he was wounded a few days later. He showed great leadership and should have gone to Officer Candidate School. He saw how the Vietnam War was going, and got out of the Army as soon as he got home to the States.

In these past two photos the NCOs are carrying modern US M79 grenade launchers while I'm carrying my Korean War era M2 carbine. Sergeant Huffman scrounged cases of M79s from American units to arm each Vietnamese squad with one, and lots of ammo. He also scrounged cases of M72 Light Anti-Tank one-shot rocket launchers that our soldiers carried on patrols. These significantly increased our fire power. My .30 caliber carbine had a 30-round banana magazine, had a lever to switch to fully automatic, and the rounds were more powerful than a .357 magnum handgun, and much more powerful than the army issue M1911 .45 pistol officers usually carried.

**Expand on weapons.**

## **17 - Suddenly In Command**

Len Bessling and I worked as an independent team several times in the spring of 1968 when the fighting was intense, and 3/9 was deployed as a rapid reaction force. We air assaulted a reinforced rifle company into the Song Be socker field, Deja Vu all over again for me, to take back a Vietnamese Ranger compound that had been overrun. It was my first time calling in napalm and I could hear the jet pilot talking to the Air Force forward air controller, and it didn't give me confidence they knew precisely where the target was.

While Len and I were deployed to Song Be, one of the sergeants on our team was killed defending our base camp. Captain Haley really took that one hard, zipping up a body bag is a traumatic experience I can testify to. He requested to be relieved, and nobody blamed him.

Suddenly, I was in command.

## **18 - Second Tet Heavy Combat in May 1968**

In case you've noticed I'm not in uniform in these daytime photos, the Lieutenant's job was to run the night shift and maintain radio contact with frequent radio checks throughout the night. When the sun set, I was in combat dress, I had fresh batteries in the radios, and had radioed prepositioned artillery targets to our fire support center, and I had my M2 carbine in my hand all the time.

The North Vietnamese began closing in on Song Be through the District town of Phuoc Binh in April 1968. As a result, our battalion was ordered to reinforce Phuoc Binh, located about one mile from the Special Forces B34 camp.

A large North Vietnamese force attacked Phuoc Binh one night and they overran a company of our battalion that was in the town reinforcing the town militia.

Our battalion commander major Twa had no choice but to counter attack from our compound. We took heavy casualties, and had a lot of dead and wounded. It was touch-and-go until B34 declared Phuoc Binh a free fire zone, and leveled it with helicopter gunships and artillery. A very brave medivac pilot, a "Dustoff" landed under fire to lift out our worst wounded, including Captain Hoai. When a second Dustoff was landing I was wounded while carrying a wounded Vietnamese soldier to the chopper.

## 19 - "Dusted Off"

Fortunately, as the sun was coming up, the shooting stopped. Special Forces medics are highly trained, like physician's assistants today, and I was able to get to B34 for bandaging and a shot of morphine.

The next chopper out of the Special Forces camp took me south to the 1st US Infantry Division's forward operating base. It wasn't a medivac chopper so it let me out at the helipad. I was amazed to see a chow line, it was about 7 a.m. in the morning, so, using my rifle as a cane, and feeling no pain on drugs, I hobbled over to grab a bite. I was a bloody sight to behold, so the chow line parted to let me in. Nothing looked good but coffee, and more amazing to me, in a GI version of a Yeti cooler, called a marmite can, was dry ice and ice cream bars!

Then a military surgeon, a captain, and two medical corpsmen caught up to me and the captain ordered me to surrender my rifle and they put me on a stretcher. He asked if I'd had morphine, and I said no. He gave me another shot and called for a medivac to fly me to a surgical hospital. I don't remember the flight. I was flown to the 3rd Surgical Hospital, as best I recall, and because my field bandage was so well done, I waited a long time in the operating for my turn to be operated on. The operating room was full.

This video is as close as it gets. May was one of the worst months for American casualties in 1968.

[Edie Meeks, Vietnam Nurse - YouTube](#)

[Experiences of a Nurse During the Vietnam War - YouTube](#)

[clip from 'vietnam nurses with dana delany' 02 640x364 - YouTube](#)

## **20 - Back In Action In June 1968**

The 3rd Surg stopped the bleeding, trimmed off the dead flesh and cleaned my wound and left my wound open to prevent infections. I stayed in the 3rd for about a week, and when my fever broke, they transferred me to the 36th Evacuation Hospital in Vung Tau, on the South China Sea!

We were assigned a "bandage buddy" and we changed each other's bandages, and then we went to the beach on crutches. Red Cross recreation services volunteers, young college girls we called "Doughnut Dolly's", a term of affection from World War II, found us swim trunks and sunglasses, Rayban knockoffs. I looked like a young Joe Biden.

When I got off the bus to the beach a young Vietnamese boy attached himself to me, got me a beach chair and sun umbrella, and at lunchtime brought me burgers and fries from the Army PX food stand. In the middle of the hot Vietnamese afternoons he went into town and brought me an ice-cold Ba Moui Ba, 333, a premium export pilsner beer.

After several weeks the surgeons stitched up my leg and then I was released. Casualties were so high in May 1968 that there was a shortage of replacement uniforms. I was discharged from the hospital with a bandaged right leg, a pair of crutches, one flip-flop, jungle fatigues way too big, and no hat.

## **21 – Combat Operations Officer**

Back at the 5th Division Headquarters I went to work as a combat operations officer in the tactical operations center until my leg healed.

Then, because of my combat experience and my familiarity with air mobile and airborne operations, I became an Air Combat Operations Officer (G3 Air). Part of my job was to fly over units in contact with the enemy and take over adjusting artillery, and coordinating gunships, and other air support to free the commander on the ground to manage the battle.

I flew in an Army O1 Birdog single engine observation aircraft, with a young 1st Lieutenant pilot, Rusty O'Conner. We were supposed to fly to where the action was and mark targets with smoke rockets, 2.75 inch folding fin rockets. Rusty's Aviation unit commander was not one for Army regulations, so we loaded our rocket launchers with high explosive white phosphorous rockets instead of smoke rockets, and we carried magnesium illumination flares to turn night into day for units in contact at night.

It was the most satisfying job I ever had. Saving grunts lives with firepower.



## **22 – “Hold On I’m Coming”**

Music came on 8-track cassettes in those days, and Rusty had a Sony 8-track player that ran on batteries and fit into the cockpit. When we took off we gained a lot of altitude so if and when a unit called us for help, Rusty could point the nose in the direction of the unit’s location, drop the nose to speed up our arrival, and he flipped on the song “Hold On, I’m Coming” by Sam and Dave so the unit on contact could hear it over our radio. It had a tremendous effect on their morale.

**Comment on high level of fire support.**

## **23 – Ten Year Fatal Casualty Statistics**

This graph tells the story of our ten-year experience in Vietnam. It's a perfect bell curve, misguided intentions until the Tet offensive in 1968, and a bloody disengagement because the Vietnam War had become an American war, and we couldn't just quit.

1968 was the deadliest year of the Vietnam War.

16,899 combat deaths occurred in 1968, 30 percent of the total 10-year deaths.

16,899 dead GIs comes to 47 combat deaths each day, 325 each week, 1408 per month during 1968. That's a lot of body bags to zip up, and a lot of flag-covered coffins arriving back in the States for Americans to see on TV each night.

## **24 - Consequences**

My friend Art Timboe was killed in action February 1, 1968 during the Tet offensive. I didn't learn about it for months. Our headquarters didn't know we were close friends.

ARTHUR R TIMBOE is on the VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL Wall in Washington, D. C. on Panel 36E, Line 62.

Art's son Brian sent me this photo of Art's grandson at his grave in the military cemetery Presidio of San Fransisco.

It makes the Vietnam War very personal to me.

## 25 - Consequences for the Ligonier Valley

Seven Ligonier Valley Vietnam Veterans were killed in action.

Most were 19 years old. Most died in 1967, the year American ground troops were learning the hard way how tough it was to fight in Vietnam.

Most were Privates First Class.

Four were U.S. Army, three were U.S. Marines.

Name	Service	Rank	Age	Date of Death
Terry L. Weller	U. S. Army	Private First Class	19	January 31, 1966
Robert E. Nadolski	U. S. Army	Private First Class	21	January 1, 1967
David S. Hackett	U. S. Marine Corps	First Lieutenant	24	April 30, 1967
Westley E. Dodson	U. S. Army	Private First Class	20	October 17, 1967
Glenn L. McMaster	U. S. Marine Corps	Private First Class	19	December 21, 1967
Lawrence G. Donaldson	U. S. Marine Corps	Private First Class	19	February 25, 1969
Roy W. Marlatt	U. S. Army	Sergeant	21	July 29, 1970

## 26 - Questions?