“You may remember—as I do—thinking, when I was in Vietnam the first time, what a beautiful country Vietnam was, and how quickly we came to look back someday when there was no war. For me that day had now come—I hope you get the chance and take it.” —VFW member Pete Zastrow, Fall 1987 issue of The Veteran.

Fifty years ago, a good chunk of us were still in Vietnam. Wherever we were at in country and whatever we were doing, it was not for the benefit of the Vietnamese people. When we came back, whether it was right away or after some time, joining VVAW was how we coped with what we did in Vietnam and how we fought to stop the war and the impact it was having on our Vietnamese brothers and sisters.

Even when the US was still required to make efforts to reconcile with the Vietnamese people. In 1972, VVAW member Barry Placitis, New Mexico in April 1972, organized the national WSI in Detroit, the Labor Movement. The Vietnam War/Winter Soldier Organization. After our first year of working against the war, VVAW decided to join in the Chicago protest at the Democratic National Convention in August 1968. We functioned as medics and joined in various other aspects of the demonstrations during that week. The police that occurred there blew our minds, and not much else was done by VVAW until 1969. In 1969, the My Lai killings became public, and VVAW again moved into action. The veterans of VVW thought it was important to educate America about the true nature of the war in Indochina and to expose the lie that My Lai was a one-of-a-kind incident. We wanted to expose the war by giving testimony about crimes we witnessed and policies of the war that were standard operating procedure, such as fire free zones, H&I fire, strategic hamlets, and search-and-destroy missions. Not many GIs were crazy enough to say, ‘I was at the scene of the crime when Lai was killed’, but we knew we wanted to stand up to the war and bring our brothers and sisters home. As warriors ourselves we could speak out with the truth about our war.


The cost of this project, whatever overwhelming, is not insignificant. Thanks to a generous bequest from a long-time VVAW supporter, we have a significant start on our fundraising goal. But we still need your help. We hope to break ground in 2021 and raise enough money through the rest of the year to complete the project by 2020. We hope you are as excited as we are about this project and donate what you can.

While we look forward to making a lasting impact where we caused the most harm, we still have to acknowledge the constant attacks on us and our country by the current administration. If it wasn’t crystal clear before, there can be no doubt that those who shun VVW’s goals of fighting for peace, justice and veteran’s rights have not made a daunting change in Vietnam. Your contributions to VVAW help us keep distributing our newspaper, The Veteran, to our members, friends, and supporters. Please pass out copies to your family and friends, your local library, or your local VA. Your donations also help us keep our website going, where we have every issue of VVAW’s newspaper online as well as archives of many other articles, photos, and videos. Your donations allow us to make VVAW’s legacy not only accessible to all through our website but also to archive them for generations to come. Your donation will also help us to build the library in Vietnam. Go here to support the Library Project www.gofundme.com/vvaw-library-in-vietnam-project.

We thank you for all of your continued support.

Bill Branson is a member of the VFW Board.

This article first ran in the Spring 1997, Vol 27, Number 1 issue of The Veteran. 22 years later it is still relevant.

If you have been in VVAW for any length of time, you have heard the question before. At various times in our history the question has come up: Why don’t we change our name to Vietnam Veterans Against War? Some people have even suggested we change it to Vietnam Vegetables Against the War. What a great way to move away from the carnage we created (and whose after-effects still ravage the people and the land). Now, we have an opportunity to leave a permanent mark to VVAW’s role in reconciliation. We plan to build a library in Vietnam. Not only create a library, but support it, or a pal, to construct a dedicated library for the children of Vietnam. Plans are to build it in the Bến Tre Province.

The Gainesville Eight trial of

The children loved it. We loved it. We were at in country and whatever we were doing it was not for the benefit of the Vietnamese people. When we came back, whether it was right away or after some time, joining VVAW was how we coped with what we did in Vietnam and how we fought to stop the war and the impact it was having on our Vietnamese brothers and sisters.

Even when the US was still required to make efforts to reconcile with the Vietnamese people. In 1972, VVAW member Barry Placitis, New Mexico in April 1972, organized the national WSI in Detroit, the Labor Movement. The Vietnam War/Winter Soldier Organization. After our first year of working against the war, VVAW decided to join in the Chicago protest at the Democratic National Convention in August


They beat us down to three hundred members, but VVAW survived. Our struggle for survival galvanized us into a fighting force waging a battle for peace and justice. During this time we had our first brush with changing our name.

Building up the National Steering Committee (NSCM) in Placitas, New Mexico in April 1972, some members from Chicago and Florida talked about the idea, in a nutshell, to our members, friends, archives and fighting for decent benefits

No publisher, organization, the final decision about the name change had to be voted on again in one year’s time.

By October 1973, VVAW had declared war on the VA. Across the country we were occupying VA offices and fighting for decent benefits

In one idea, a nutshell, was to get out of the “veterans business” and really get into the role of being "anti-imperialist." Fortunately for the organization, the final decision about the "name change" had to be voted on again in one year’s time.

Available Now: VVAW 50 Years of Struggle

VVAW: 50 Years of Struggle
The Legacy of Vietnam Veterans Against the War

The book describes the moving history of VVAW over five decades and provides a timeline of VVAW’s positions, protests, and takeovers. It also sets those powerful actions in the context of each era, starting with topics ranging from the impact of the civil rights movement, to the draft, to flawed operations in Vietnam. The book will delight members of VVAW, but it is also written so that they may be understood—so that others can glimpse inside the world of these anti-war veterans and understand why they stood together and defied the wars, the racism, and the injustices of their times.

Published by and for VVAW, research for the book relied on VVAW archives. In addition to telling the overall history of the organization itself, it also thanks over 450 members who helped drive and inspire the organization. Fully indexed for use in libraries and classrooms. Available for $19.95 through VVAW’s website www.vvaw.org/store/.

Truth, it is said, is war’s first casualty. Memory is its second.—Tom Hayden, anti-war activist

Thanks to those who have put VVAW in their wills. These gifts have helped VVAW keep on keeping on and have contributed to the building of the library in Vietnam we are sponsoring. If you would like to put VVAW in your will and don’t know how, contact the National Office at vvaw@vvaw.org. VVAW is a tax exempt 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization.

Thanks to Jeff Danziger and Billy Curmano for their cartoons. Thanks to Marc Levy, Brian Matarrese, Kevin Baul, Renee Dubose, Muriel Hogan, Herb Mintz, Dave Stieber, John Zutz, Al Meece, and others for contributing photos.

VVAW Merchandise

• VVAW T-Shirt
  White (M, L, XL, XXL) - $18.00
  Sand (M, L, XL, XXL) - $18.00
  Black (white logo) (M, L, XL, XXL) - $18.00

• Shipping for above items
  $6.00 for first item, $2.00 for each item after

• VVAW Embroidered Patch - $6.00
• VVAW Button - $1.00
• VVAW Enamel Pin - $3.00
• VVAW Bumper Sticker - $2.00

• Shipping for above items
  $2.00 for first item

Total Enclosed

Mail order and check to:
VVAW Merchandise
3550 E. Lunham Avenue
Saint Francis, WI 53235

Ship to:
Name _______________________________
Address _____________________________
City, State, Zip _______________________

The 3 Annes (Logeshill, Hirschman, and Bailey) with Billy Curmano at VVAW 30th Anniversary, May 18, 1997 in Chicago.
New crises, new dangers, new possibilities.

Since our last issue, it seems we have entered a new era, with ever-compounding crises in politics and environment. At the same time, there are new possibilities in politics and citizen activity with fresh new faces and voices in Washington and around the world.

President Trump is in deep trouble with the release of the Mueller documents and a House of Representatives that is finally doing its job. This does not even include the external investigations that put Chump and family in dire straits.

How does President Orange respond? He manufactures a crisis on the border, raises the spectre of "socialism" in the coming election, and threatens to send troops to Venezuela to "save" the Venezuelan people from themselves, à la Henry Kissinger to "save" the Venezuelan people from Chump.

Our experience as veterans, warriors, and good organizers also heavily relies on our veterans' roots.

Our public speaking events in schools and universities about the history of VVAW has been small but active. We worked with the history of VVAW.

We held national meetings in St. Louis and Washington, DC more than once. We first created an information packet to educate veterans and their families, the "Agent Orange Dossier." With this we began to build a movement, organize with other veterans, and demonstrate.

We held national meetings in St. Louis and Washington, DC. We occupied the Capitol lawn in Madison, Wisconsin, and marched in Washington, DC. We held Dewey Canyon IV in DC in 1984, and once again in Chicago, and we carried it to the battle at the Spring NSCM meeting in Chicago, and we carried it to Washington, DC more than once.

We worked with the help of Victor Yannacone we helped organize and sign up veterans in the Agent Orange lawsuit against the chemical companies. We did not win a total victory, but this epic battle will forever be a major part of the history of VVAW.

Between 1984 and 1997 VVAW has been small but active. We worked to stop the war in El Salvador and Nicaragua. We worked to organize some of the largest demonstrations against the Persian Gulf War, and we still work for decent benefits for all veterans and normalization of relations with Vietnam. That battle was finally won in 1995 when the US finally recognized Vietnam. Our public speaking in schools and universities about the war in Vietnam also continues.

Vietnam Veterans Against the War, Inc.
National Office
PO. Box 355
Champaign, IL 61824-0355
(773) 569-3520
vvaw@vvaw.org

Below is a list of VVAW coordinators and national staff. If you need a speaker for an event, class visit, or interview, please contact the National Office at (773) 569-3520 or email vvaw@vvaw.org and we will put you in touch with the nearest VVAW member.

VVAW National Coordinators:
Bill Branson
Joe Miller
Ann Bloomer
Steve Miner
Brian Maturana
Marty Webster

From the National Office
JOE MILLER

Why Are We Still VVAW?
continued from page 1

for all veterans. In the midst of all this activity, the idea of changing our name became as popular as a fart in a submarine.

As the 1970s marched on, the fight for universal unconditional amnesty, discharge upgrading, post-Vietnam syndrome, and freedom for Gary Lanton and Ashley Leach drew heavily on our veterans' roots.

Our experience as veterans, warriors, and good organizers also prepared us for one of our longest struggles, the push for testing, treatment, and compensation for Agent Orange (1976-1984).

It started in Chicago in March 1978, when news broke the story of Maude DeVictor, the mother of the Agent Orange struggle. We began the battle at the Spring NSCM meet- ing in Chicago, and we carried it to Washington, DC more than once. We first created an information packet to educate veterans and their families, the "Agent Orange Dossier." With this we began to build a movement, organize with other veterans, and demonstrate.

We held national meetings in St. Louis and Washington, DC. We occupied the Capitol lawn in Madison, Wisconsin, and marched in Washington, DC. We held Dewey Canyon IV in DC in 1984, and once again slept on the mall. We marched and demonstrated all over the country on this issue.

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When we go about our work, we proudly use our name Vietnam Veteran Againsts the War. On our trips back to Vietnam, our button and name are recognized and respected. Till the last one of us dies, or we dry up and blow away, our name will not change. See you May 16-17, 1997 in Chicago for the 30th Anniversary.
Suppose... What if Donald Trump did jail time? How would you like to be on that ex-president Secret Service detail? Not everyone gets to be in the president’s detail. Probably be one of those country club prisons. Maybe you could improve your tennis game. Maybe he could build and donate a golf course for the prison. It wouldn’t cost too much because the land would be free and he doesn’t always pay his workers, and then he could bring in Mexican workers who don’t have papers. As he found out from personal experience, they come cheap. Maybe that attitude explains why he would actually push for things the government. He’s used to getting work out of people he doesn’t pay. But I digress. Suffice it is adding that a golf course to the prison complex would please many future politicians. Maybe we could send him and his entourage to Guantanamo Bay. The government doesn’t seem to be sure they know what to do with Girmo, so they develop it. Returning it to the land its rightful owner doesn’t seem to be on their radar. The whole change of US policy in Latin American redevelopment is not likely an option. He has two Republican senators in the Senate that he can use as a jump off for an invasion of Cuba or somewhere to the south of Miami. It would be a perfect place to build a perfect prison on the coast. He would probably be comfortable you would have to move the current inhabitants. He probably could have the prison ready to go. Then he could relax and spend his free time channeling Richard Nixon. “I... am... not... a... crook...” no doubt he would get special treatment. I wonder what kind of prison job he would get. It is alleged by one of his former aids that he could get a job of any kind if he wanted to. Supposedly Jared Kushner was a force behind the passage of this bill. You think he did this as a favor for his father-in-law, or whatever nonsense comes out of his mouth or twitter finger. I’m not a historian, but I would guess that never before has there been any who so dominated the agenda of public political discourse. On a slow news day, he will create some controversy just to keep us all reacting. And make no mistake, some of his lies and innuendos and fake news do generate interesting discussions. We all get our interest up and get involved in this game. He got us, or He, what came out of my mouth, is the center of our attention. He has a need to be talked about. He has fine-tuned this act practiced at putting himself there. He uses outrageous statements that will stir somebody’s pot or declare something is true when it is not: also known as fake news. This stuff is so ubiquitous that every day there are things that Trump has said or done which we are talking about. All of our reacts, whether we are interested in politics or not, whether we're interested in social justice or not. The result is that the conversation revolves around his daily opinions and is diverted from things that need to be talked about. Why isn’t there more serious discussion of the effects of climate change? Or affordable housing and homelessness? Ongoing wars that have lasted too long? Who knows?... I occasionally have a hard time coming up with something about which to write to Fox News. It’s too obvious. For illustration purposes only.

Bill Shunas is a Vietnam veteran, activist and author. He resides in Chicago, Illinois. He was in the armed forces as a seaman’s mate in Vietnam as a member of the US Navy 23rd Division in 1968.

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**Notes from the Boonies**

**Bill Shunas**

**Why isn’t there more serious discussion of the effects of climate change? Or affordable housing and homelessness? Ongoing wars that have lasted too long?**

**And so on.**

**What if Donald Trump did jail time? How would you like to be on that ex-president Secret Service detail? Not everyone gets to be in the president’s detail. Probably be one of those country club prisons. Maybe you could improve your tennis game. Maybe he could build and donate a golf course for the prison. It wouldn’t cost too much because the land would be free and he doesn’t always pay his workers, and then he could bring in Mexican workers who don’t have papers. As he found out from personal experience, they come cheap. Maybe that attitude explains why he would actually push for things the government. He’s used to getting work out of people he doesn’t pay. But I digress. Suffice it is adding that a golf course to the prison complex would please many future politicians. Maybe we could send him and his entourage to Guantanamo Bay. The government doesn’t seem to be sure they know what to do with Girmo, so they develop it. Returning it to the land its rightful owner doesn’t seem to be on their radar. The whole change of US policy in Latin American redevelopment is not likely an option. He has two Republican senators in the Senate that he can use as a jump off for an invasion of Cuba or somewhere to the south of Miami. It would be a perfect place to build a perfect prison on the coast. He would probably be comfortable you would have to move the current inhabitants. He probably could have the prison ready to go. Then he could relax and spend his free time channeling Richard Nixon. “I... am... not... a... crook...” no doubt he would get special treatment. I wonder what kind of prison job he would get. It is alleged by one of his former aids that he could get a job of any kind if he wanted to. Supposedly Jared Kushner was a force behind the passage of this bill. You think he did this as a favor for his father-in-law, or whatever nonsense comes out of his mouth or twitter finger. I’m not a historian, but I would guess that never before has there been any who so dominated the agenda of public political discourse. On a slow news day, he will create some controversy just to keep us all reacting. And make no mistake, some of his lies and innuendos and fake news do generate interesting discussions. We all get our interest up and get involved in this game. He got us, or He, what came out of my mouth, is the center of our attention. He has a need to be talked about. He has fine-tuned this act practiced at putting himself there. He uses outrageous statements that will stir somebody’s pot or declare something is true when it is not: also known as fake news. This stuff is so ubiquitous that every day there are things that Trump has said or done which we are talking about. All of our reacts, whether we are interested in politics or not, whether we're interested in social justice or not. The result is that the conversation revolves around his daily opinions and is diverted from things that need to be talked about. Why isn’t there more serious discussion of the effects of climate change? Or affordable housing and homelessness? Ongoing wars that have lasted too long? Who knows?... I occasionally have a hard time coming up with something about which to write to Fox News. It’s too obvious. For illustration purposes only.

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I'm a Vietnam vet. I've gotten my health care through Vets and VA Medical Centers for the last ten years. I am a Vet, I joined VA care, and became a VA patient. I've also gotten nearly 2,500 hours in as a volunteer at one medical center where I staff the information desk and transport wheelchair patients to their appointments.

I've seen VA health care from these perspectives. As an academic, I've also looked into the quality of VA healthcare through readily available secondary sources like Phil Longman's Your Care Uncovered and Suzanne Gordon's Wounds of War. Discursions among vets about VA health care often devolve into individual stories, frequently complaints, about specific cases and or theft. "The VA doesn't give a shit," or "The VA's just waiting until you're dead." This, of course, feeds the privatization frenzy. I've tried to provide them with alternative info in the form of the statistics that show VA care in many ways to be better than "civilian" care in many areas—see the books referenced above. But many vets are non-academics, so when The Veteran asked me to contribute my experiences with VA care, I decided to stick with my personal story.

As an "uncompensated employee" at the VA Medical Center, I have the chance to observe interactions between patients and staff (about a third of whom are vets) and short the time it takes to get an appointment for a feel for the culture of VA health care. Watching those interactions, I see the same divide that academics and professionals. Vet's really like, or love, their VA health care because they feel respected, cared for, and treated professionally. The first time I walked into my Vet Center, I saw an employee dealing with a WWII vet in a wheelchair with obviously sincere concern and compassion. I tried to far beyond the practical requirements of the situation. I had the feeling that if I lived and I'd be treated by someone who cared for me. Who do you think you are? What if I were part of the PTSD group, some of the vets had been working with Carol for three years. I'm not saying that I don't think that's important, but I do think that's a feel for the culture of VA health care. The challenge is that of the...
On Listening to Veterans

Veterans and active duty military can't be simplistically categorized as heroes or villains, truth-tellers or liars, more or less than teenagers or any other group of Americans. What we have in common is our commitment, at some point in our lives and with varying degrees of free will, to serve society, to the point of putting our lives at risk. We are family, friends, strangers. We don't want to be idealized, or condemned, judged and jambomed into some box that fits an easy stereotype. Many of us simply, deeply, jammed into some box that fits an easy stereotype. Many of us just, simply, deeply, wanted to be understood by those whose life experiences into your own limited understanding comes in the telling. And our society will benefit from having a more realistic framework within which to make decisions about the future. Veterans—when they send us into war, sometimes send us to war.

That fucking nightmare that my son is in that fucking war I've dragged him to for how long. I see how any president makes the quality medical service I get at the VA has some 40,000 vacant positions which is some 50 years ago, and to relinquish Dr. Stewart and Wake Forest. Many of us simply, deeply, wanted to be understood by those whose life experiences into your own limited understanding comes in the telling. And our society will benefit from having a more realistic framework within which to make decisions about the future.

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Cardiac arrhythmia means the heart can’t keep “the beat.” The left atrium, an intake chamber at the top of the heart, starts to quiver instead of moving smoothly. It’s a heart attack nor is it immediately lethal but it is unsettling and eventually wears out the heart. At the Bruce W. Carter VA Medical Center in Miami, I’ve had two operations over seven years for this condition, and I feel fine.

Like that hospital. As I step into the lobby, I see other veterans wearing hats with their unit’s name or branch of service. I was on a destroyer in the lesser-known Third Tonkin Gulf Incident in 1964, and I wear a ball cap that says U.S. Navy Edwards, DD 950. The receptionist gives directions to my appointment and says, “Thank you for your service.”

Like that appreciation for what I did fifty-five years ago. The Edwards had thedishonorable duty of starting the Vietnam War by threateningly steaming inside North Vietnam’s 12-mile offshore limit. The Navy told us we were protecting democracy and preventing the “monolithic communist bloc” from invading the US. We didn’t understand imperialism, but our intentions were good. Fifty-eight thousand comrades’ deaths later, I know why they started a war. Imperialists hate socialism. But I like that appreciation for what I did. It feels like they’re trying to pay us for peanuts, were exposed to danger...
Barry Romo of VVAW and Army Veteran of the Vietnam War Dave Stieber visited Dave Stieber's Global Issues class at Kemmard Academy High School in March 2019. Below are reflections and thank you from some of the students.

"Thank you for meeting with us on Tuesday both Barry and Arny. I would like to thank you both for your time in service and your willingness to stand up and protest after you have seen the wrong that the country has done to both you and other countries. You have both shown strong bravery for your actions something that most of us will never understand. Thank you for your actions something that most of us will never understand. Thank you for your actions!

"Thank you for coming to our class today and sharing your story. I'm grateful that we were able to be a part of where you are today. I hope you find peace in yourselves at all points in life."

I appreciate how you shared some shameful information about the Vietnam War. I liked that you two were opposite from each other. But you guys agreed about peace. Thanks for standing up against the injustice that occurred and for joining the peace movement so that we can do and how it can change people.

"Thank you for taking time out of your day yesterday to come in and talk to our class. It's nice that you both are survivors of the Vietnam War. I liked that you two were both opposite from each other. But you guys agreed about peace. Thanks for taking time out of your day."

"Thank you for standing up against the injustice that occurred and for joining the peace movement so that we can learn more about those experiences even though it's really hard and has affected your life in more ways than one. I really enjoyed listening and appreciate it so much."

"Thank you Barry and Arny for sharing your stories with us. I think it's extremely courageous to talk about those experiences even though it's really hard and has affected your life in more ways than one. I really enjoyed listening and appreciate it so much."

"Thank you Barry and Arny for coming to our Global Issues class to talk to us about your war experience. Hearing what happened in the war from your experience, helps me better understand how the war went and how some of the soldiers were impacted by the war. After hearing both of you talk, the war wasn't easy and after it was over, it still continued in your mind. Thank you for taking time out of your day."

"Thank you for coming to our class today and sharing your story. I'm grateful that we were able to be a therapy to you. I'm sorry for the things you had to endure but I hope that you know it was only for the purpose of where you are today. I hope you find peace in yourselves at all points in life."

I appreciate how you shared some shameful information about the Vietnam War. I liked that you two were opposite from each other. But you guys agreed about peace. Thanks for standing up against the injustice that occurred and for joining the peace movement so that we can do and how it can change people.

"Thank you for being brave enough to share your experience to inform the youth of the devastating things that occurred during the war. Thank you for standing up against the injustice that occurred and for joining the peace movement so that we can benefit from what you have learned."

"Thank you so much Barry and Arny for sharing your stories with us. I think it's extremely courageous to talk about those experiences even though it's really hard and has affected your life in more ways than one. I really enjoyed listening and appreciate it so much."

"Thank you for being brave enough to share your experience to inform the youth of the devastating things that occurred during the war. Thank you for standing up against the injustice that occurred and for joining the peace movement so that we can benefit from what you have learned."

"Thank you so much Barry and Arny for sharing your stories with us. I think it's extremely courageous to talk about those experiences even though it's really hard and has affected your life in more ways than one. I really enjoyed listening and appreciate it so much."

"Thank you for standing up against the injustice that occurred and for joining the peace movement so that we can do and how it can change people."

"Thank you Barry and Arny for coming to our Global Issues class to talk to us about your war experience. Hearing what happened in the war from your experience, helps me better understand how the war went and how some of the soldiers were impacted by the war. After hearing both of you talk, the war wasn't easy and after it was over, it still continued in your mind. Thank you for taking time out of your day."
The Vietnam War was an ugly operation, beginning to end, and the foolishness of stepping into the shoes of colonial masters just evicted is his memory of Terry:

Among those students who befriended Terry was Steve Russell. He had served in the Air Force as an enlisted man from 1964 to 1968 and took up the anti-war cause immediately upon being honorably discharged. Steve, who was in law school, was part of the vibrant circle of support Terry found in Austin. Here is his memory of Terry:

"The Vietnam War was an ugly operation, beginning to end, and the foolishness of stepping into the shoes of colonial masters just evicted the war."
On February 22, 2018, my beloved partner Alfred Loren Wallace walked on. He had been sleeping for several days and peacefully slipped away. But while he was awake, he recognized me and other friends. He smiled when I played his favorite music: Django Reinhardt, Doc Watson, Whistlin’ Alex Moore, the Band, and the Grateful Dead. The last thing Fred said to me was “I love you.”

Fred grew up in Fresno in the San Joaquin Valley of California, the first child of Marvin and Edith Wallace. He and his siblings Marva, David, and Mary Sue enjoyed living on their family farm, where they grew raisins, and later pecans.

Fred went to Stanford University as a National Merit Scholar and earned a master’s degree in German Language and Literature. While working on his PhD, he taught at the University of Illinois Circle Campus in Chicago. But like many of our generation, our lives were disrupted by the war in Vietnam. Fred became a draft resister, writing to his draft board:

“Gentlemen: I will not report for induction today nor at any other time.
Sincerely, Alfred L. Wallace.”

He and other draft resisters started Omega Graphics, a print shop that produced anti-war and anti-draft materials for organizations including the Chicago Area Military Project and Chicago Area Draft Resisters. Fred’s own federal case went through appeals and was rejected by the US Supreme Court, which decided it was “non cert.” Fred won his case because his draft board wanted to punish him for his anti-war activities. Justice William O. Douglas said that this action impugned the good reputation of the Selective Service.

Fred moved from Chicago to Milwaukee in 1972, when he and I fell in love. From that first day right up to a few years ago, Fred and I had one long conversation. It would start as soon as we woke up, making jokes, talking politics, looking up birds, and arguing about anything we read in The New York Times. I will miss that conversation.

In the late 1970s, we got interested in computers through the Whole Earth Catalog and bought our first computer in 1983. We would sit at the keyboard side by side and take turns driving it. We performed for some years with Redwing, singing songs of labor unions and anti-war movements. We enjoyed being members of Vietnam Veterans Against the War even though Fred had been a draft resister and I was an ex-Air Force brat. We helped VVAW research the health effects of Agent Orange. Later, we spent several years volunteering as patient escorts as part of the Milwaukee Clinic Defense Coalition, facing down vicious anti-abortion protesters.

Fred was never entirely healthy after his battle with viral encephalitis in 2006, but we had several good years before his dementia set in. Our last big trip was to Santa Fe, visiting wonderful museums, eating Mexican-style food, and driving through the mountains. We had good adventures closer to home, going to the Sheboygan art museum, walking around the Madison farmers market, and cooking large amounts of enchiladas and pinto beans. We visited my sister Priscilla and her family often and became honorary grandparents to Payton, Dan, Sam, Tamer, and Tyler. Fred got so much joy from being “Papa Fred.”

We made so many good friends over the years that Fred even enjoyed Milwaukee’s snow and ice, although he’d grown up in the desert. In our lives together, we made our own sunshine. I will greatly miss Fred, but we shared 47 beautiful years, and I’ll always love him madly.

Muriel Hogan is a long-time VVAW member and part of the Milwaukee Chapter.
Dan "Oakbear" Moeller, a lifetime member of the Milwaukee Chapter of VVAW, died July 9, 2018, in Tomah, Wisconsin after a long illness. Born Daniel William Moeller in Milwaukee, Wisconsin on September 23, 1951, he was drafted into the Army. He told the Army he was a Conscientious Objector and served as a combat medic in Vietnam. After completing his military service, he went into nursing as a career, getting an LPN and later an RN.

Dan participated in many actions of the Milwaukee Chapter. He helped take over the VA Regional Office, he was a member of the flying squad that trashed recruiting billboards, and he traveled to Kent State to help protest the draft. Later, he provided the "Blessing of the Bock" to open the Milwaukee Beer Festival.

He embraced Paganism, taking the name "Oakbear," and married Sandy, also known as Morgan, in Milwaukee. As he became more active, he was affiliated with a variety of Pagan organizations. He became a Pagan teacher, Wiccan priest, and Druid.

His gravestone is one of the first issued by the US Department of Veterans Affairs to be inscribed with an Awen, a Druid symbol.

Dan "Oakbear" Moeller (1951-2018)  
John Zutz

Trauma
Suspended before time, before primal, in a realm before life, I rise out of a dark deeper than the absence of light, colder than outer space. Vaguely coming to consciousness, scarcely understanding substance, light and heat, I slowly remember body, recollection reigniting comprehension: I AM ALIVE. I open my eyes. The void illuminates. My skin feels heat. I am cold and dark within, a residue of my encounter with death but, alive.  
—Gregory Buss

1967
The dudes ran all the way from Harlem, chanting "Hell no. We won't go!" In Central Park the white girls in white blouses, no makeup, no earrings, as instructed, stood politely. From a distant stage the voice of protest filled the sweet Spring air: Immoral war imperialist aggression must be stopped. The crowd, restless, raised clenched fists. In the end, the black boys from Harlem were drafted: the white girls, married, live in fine houses.  
—Christine Hague

Celebrating the Life of Terry J. DuBose

Terry also spent time with soldiers at Under the Hood, a GI coffeehouse in the tradition of the Vietnam-era Oleo Strut. Steve Russell, the veteran turned judge and then law professor summed up Terry’s character this way: “Terry conducted himself with a quiet dignity I always envied. He was the antithesis of Trumpian politics, in both substance and style. He demonstrated that courage need not announce itself. He was the only man I ever knew who I could describe with the worn phrase ‘an officer and a gentleman’ without irony.”

Terry was an extraordinary husband, father, grandfather, brother, son, and human. His passion encompassed many things, but he was most proud of his involvement in VVAW.

Terry is survived by his sister, Betty, his wife, Lucy, his daughter, Renee, and his two grandchildren. A celebration of his life was held in Austin on December 1, 2018. The Terry J. DuBose Scholarship Fund was established in his honor at the University of Arkansas for Medical Science.

For Those Not With Us
Time passes, Friends fade. Whatever the case is, Love doesn't degrade. Wearing dark glasses, Standing in the shade. Feelings surpasses. Yet, here I stayed. Know that I miss you, Every single one. Eyes wet not with dew, Pain not undone. Matters not what I do, There's no place to run. I can't change the view, Love can't be undone.  
—David Sandgrund
Another Agent Orange Victim:
In Memory of Norman (Bill) F. Williams Jr.

Beverly Williams

Norman F. Williams Jr., known to family, friends and anyone who met him as Bill, was born on July 17th, 1944 in Jackson, MS. When he was six weeks old, his family moved to Norman, OK and then at six years old, moved to Little Rock, AR. He grew up there and lived there until he joined the Marine Corps.

He was greatly influenced by both his parents. His mother was Cherokee and Indian, and Bill spent a lot of time with her family growing up. Many of his beliefs were formed by those early years. His spirituality, sense of honor and obligation, and love of nature and all things natural were bred and ingrained in him from birth. His father was Welsh and a geologist. He served as State Geologist of Arkansas for almost 50 years. But more than that, he was a Lt. Colonel in the Army Reserve after a stint in the Army during WWII. His love of this country as well as his sense of duty and service were passed on to his son. While as most veterans he never spoke of the horrors, fears, and nightmares of wartime service, he carried them in his heart and nightmares.

As he was finishing high school, Vietnam was just heating up, and he decided to join the Marine Corps. He would probably end up in the war, Vietnam was just heating up, and he signed his death warrant, he lived to tell his tales. However, the toll of his friends and fellow soldiers who didn’t make it home and the many who’ve died since then from the effects of exposure to Agent Orange weighed heavy on him. He carried them in his heart and nightmares.

After his tour, he came home and left the Corps. He married and had 3 sons. He went back to newspaper photography and from there into TV. However, reporting on crime and bad situations didn’t satisfy his need to do so. His Marine Corps boots from Vietnam traveled with the Friends “Eye vs Wide Open” exhibit. He joined and was active with VVAW and many other groups who opposed war. He was unapologetic for his stance against "corporate" war and all the loss of young lives for no good reason. But Vietnam was always with him. In 2010, it caught up with him, and he was unable to function normally. Flashbacks, nightmares, paranoia, and guilt flooded him. With a lot of effort, he finally went to the VA, and they began helping him. With the diagnosis of PTSD, the VA provided him counseling, medication, and health care. Then they found prostate cancer which is known as an Agent Orange disease, and he received disability for it and PTSD. A year later they found IPF (Interstitial Pulmonary Fibrosis), but it wasn’t on the approved Agent Orange list at that time. He went to work to prove it was because other Vietnam vets were turning up with it and it is now being considered an Agent Orange killer on a case by case basis. All the time, the Fayetteville VA was doing all they could to take care of him including getting the latest and best medications for him. Then in 2018, they discovered he had Stage 4 lung cancer, which is on the list of Agent Orange effects. Two months later, Bill died on June 26th, 2018, of lung cancer. Agent Orange claimed another victim and my husband that day.

If you weren’t there, you can’t understand it. The fear. The loneliness. The sadness. If you weren’t there, you can’t understand it. The pain. The lives. Wasted. Gone. Old wounds close but never heal. They bleed again and again with thoughts of young men going.

These wounds—
They never go away.


John Gattis

In Memory of Norman (Bill) F. Williams Jr.
Corporal, US Marine Corps

VA - Fayetteville 2012
Here is what your dollars bought, Here is what your New World Order caught In its snare of grandiose dreams, The only tangible result it seems.

Come look, we have it all for you, Come see the men with metal arms, See the man with just one shoe The other leg gone for glory’s chorus.

Watch them shuffle wearing their caps From World War Two, Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, Afghanistan, the broken points of your conquering spears.

These are your brave young men and women, Spent in the name of your greedy wars. Not yet dead enough to bury, Whose hearts die with their youthful dreams.

Come look, I dare you, if you can See what you’ve bought with your dollars. Feel the pain of your deeds. This is America, love it or leave it Or maybe fix it.

—Norman (Bill) F. Williams Jr Corporal, US Marine Corps

34 years and 27 Printings Later, John Ketwig is at it Again! From the acclaimed author of… and a hard rain fall, announcing:

Vietnam Reconsidered: The War, the Times, and Why They Matter

"A thoughtful, timely, and beautifully written book that every American should read if we are to ever learn from the disaster of Vietnam.” Ron Kovic, author of Born on the Fourth of July

"Reading this book, I got angry all over again. The only thing we learn from history is that we don’t learn from history. Even those who fought in Vietnam will learn much.” Bobby Muller, founder of Vietnam Veterans of America and cofounder of the International Campaign to Ban Landmines, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1997.

Available about April 1st from Amazon, Barnes & Noble, or your favorite bookstore.
Autumn’s Story

When I was a little girl I would stay a couple weeks out of the summer with my grandparents. I always enjoyed this because my grandparents had a nice plot of land, a garden, and a little stream that ran through their backyard. I couldn’t be a wild child, nunaround the yard naked and no one would care. I also enjoyed going through my grandparents photo albums and my grandfather’s sentimental items. I grew up and came across my grandfathers Vietnam yearbooks, as I like to call them. It was a book of photos from every in his unit just like a high school yearbook. He would sit me on his lap and tell me stories about every in those books. His stories were full of heroism and bravery. All of the men in my family served in the military, most were all combat veterans. I had no idea what war truly was at this time.

I told my grandfather, one day I was going to be a pilot in the Air Force. He said no you’re not! He said you needed to do something else with your life, enough of our family has served this country. I always assumed my grandfather would tried to deter from joining the military because I was a female. As I grew older my grandmother would take me on post with her to shop at the commissary and on the way I’d stop by the military Exchange and Volunteer for the die part of the official Presbyterian church, I was a huge supporter of the military because I was a female. As my grandfather tried to deter from joining the military. I always assumed my grandparents had a different view on life to date. We made a lot of plans and I had hoped if I left that I could get away from this and be in a different life. It was so very sad. I told almost no one what had been going on for the past few months but I had to raise my kids in that environment so I could keep them safe and happy. I had to worry about him being redepolyed and I thought that he could focus on his mental and physical health. I had told him I would need after the experience he had just been through. The first couple of months

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The Positive Power of Dissent

PAUL NICHOLS

The front cover feature article of the May/June 2006 Disabled American Veteran (DAV) magazine began with the following quote: "In October 1929 the stock market crashed. 40 percent of the paper values of common stock crashed with it, and the nation was soon plunged into its greatest economic depression. "Bank failures, businesses shuttered, farmers’ crop prices fell, homes were foreclosed on, unemployment spread, and suicides mounted. The American people grew destitute as the economy plummeted.

The Great Depression wasn’t just the main focus of the DAV piece. However, it provided the impetus for bringing to light The March of the Bonus Army, a moving 30-min UBS documentary chronicling thousands of World War I veterans who demonstrated in Washington, DC.

The film, partially funded by the DAV, first aired on TV around Memo- rial Day 2006. It contains archival photographs and newswire footage, music of the period, and powerful interviews. The documentary is available, and large interested in this relatively unrevealed saga in our country’s history to check it out.

Like so many US citizens, veterans and their families were impoverished. Desperate times acted as the catalyst for World War I veterans, including thousands who had been drafted, to actively seek the compensation Congress had authorized in 1924 for economic losses incurred while they were in the military. The bill Congress approved stipulated that such bonuses would not be redeemed until 1945. "Bonus" was the derogatory term used by opponents of the legislation. This ridiculous redemption limitation meant that many veterans would be dead by that time. It was referred to by vets as the "Tombstone Bonus."

In the spring of 1932, a few hundred veterans marched to Washington hoping to initiate the timely issuance of the promised bonuses. This group was known as the Bonus Expeditionary Force (BEF) and took off from the formation of troops sent to fight in France designated as "American Expeditionary Forces.

By that summer nearly 45,000 men and women who had descendend on Washington, setting up camps near the US Capitol Building. Some politicians viewed the growing mass as an unruly mob, an invasion that would incite social disorder — maybe even a revolutionary threat.

President Republican Herbert Hoover argued that a communist takeover was in play. He ordered Army Chief of Staff General Douglas MacArthur to raze the massive encampment (known as Hooverville) and dispense the vets and their families.

To avoid major Dwight Eisenhower advised MacArthur not to attack the vets. In late July 1932, Major General Patton led the effort, sending hundreds of infantrymen, some on horseback, armed with bayoneted rifles, machine guns, and gas grenades. Those soldiers shattered the bonus marchers and then burned theBonus "Tombstone Bonus.

Public sentiment was highly supportive toward the tent city demonstrators. The Veterans of Foreign Wars organization urged early federal payment of the promised bonuses. This group was known as the "Hoover Bu- nus."

During 1936, four million people marched to Washington, setting up camps near the US Capitol Building. Some politicians viewed the growing mass as an unruly mob, an invasion that would incite social disorder — maybe even a revolutionary threat.

The veterans who were there were often poor, homeless, and hungry. They lived in crowded shacks, to which they would return to after work. Some slept on the sidewalks, and others in the streets. They were self-sufficient in their demand for a bonus, and they were not representing any political party.

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A young man who has lived through his childhood in the US and has memory of life in any other country, is approached by a Marine recruiter. He is in need of a job and signs up for military service, he will become a real American. Wishing to hear Gramp’s stories, he decided to ask his uncle undocumented, he signs on the dotted line, takes an oath to protect the Constitution, and after a few months of training, is deployed to Afghanistan.

He takes some shrapnel when a bomb exploded near his encampment. His wound is superficial and he returns the same.

In 1972, so I figured I’d check up on Collins Blvd. back in August of 1980, I went to a local American Legion post. Turns out Gramps was assigned to the Army tank battalion that suffered horrific losses one murderous day on Okinawa in 1945. The problem as far as his stories go is that Gramps got assigned to the battalion a month after that terrible day. Gramps heard stories and adopted the story’s reality as his own.

Many years ago in the spring of 1986, I went to a local American Legion Post that was hosting a DAV presentation about the problems and possible solutions to the just emerging Agent Orange problems. I met a vet there that claimed to be old VV AW and also a pancreatic cancer, same as myself. I told him about the forming meetings that were happening for a new Vietnam Veterans organization—Vietnam Veterans of America. He mentioned Bobby Mueller as the founder of VVA. I had pushed Bobby up. Collins Blvd. back in August of 1972, so I figured I’d check out this

We have to speak the truth. It’s painful as it may be. The truth is the path to peace. Without the truth, we risk war. We can’t be winners in a war we don’t understand. We can’t have a meaningful discussion, we can’t understand the other side. We can’t make a real connection. We can’t build a bridge.

We have to speak the truth. We have to speak the truth. We have to speak the truth.
Jeff Sharlet (1942–1969), a Vietnam veteran, was a leader of the GI resistance movement during the Vietnam War and the founding editor of Vietnam GI, considered the most influential early anti-war paper, distributed to tens of thousands of GIs, many in Vietnam.

In 1961, Sharlet enlisted in the Army and requested training at the Army Language School, he was bumped into the Vietnamese language course, and in 1963 Sharlet was sent to the Philippines as a Vietnamese translator/interpreter monitoring Vietnam People’s Army radio traffic. Through an FOIA request, I obtained two pages from Sharlet’s Official Military Personnel File. One page is partially redacted. It’s likely that much in his record is classified.

In Vietnam, Sharlet was part of a secret team which monitored sensitive intel were analyzed by the Dinh Diem. These intercepts and other Vietnamese Army coup against Ngo of a secret team which monitored that much in his record is classified.

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The poems themselves range widely, touching on issues of war and peace, the debilitating impact of combat on the human spirit, aging parents, the devastating loss of his wife of decades, trying to date again, his own advancing age, and the rejuvenating power of nature.

Think about this description of our current hyper-militarized culture the next time you're watching an NFL game, and they cover the whole field with an American flag while the End Zone Airborne Division chorus sings the national anthem:

Our flag flapping, sword saluting
Sworn to secrecy
Still upper lip, suck it up
He-man, iron man military mindset

("Singing Out")

Or these last few stanzas from "Dummies Guide to Chemical Warfare."

Sweeping arsenals of chemical weapons—
Chlorine, mustard gas, phosgene,
A-bombs, H-bombs, depleted uranium
Ill too run out of cutesy mots
And slam into 5 for suicide—
And that's all she wrote.

Some of the most heartbreaking poems deal with the loss of his wife, Paula. Just when you think he's going to be okay, the poem "Bad Day Blues" ending:

Having a bad day—
Then a cat meows,
Wanting a companion—
Clusters of chicory.

Some of the most poignant poems are about his parents, who lived long lives, were married seventy years, and died within a year of each other. Other poems explore an uncle killed in a dive bomber in the World War II Pacific ("the tail gunner jumping / from the rear seat engulfed in fire"), the encroachment of "civilization" on the natural world ("the silence / Of this forty mile lake is shattered / By shore to shore boats, / Door to door cottages, / Year round houses.") and the refusal of nature to give in to that encroachment:

Summer Wildflowers
Flowering fields of purple loose strife
Flicker along country highways
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The very next poem, "Death Is Never Done" concludes:

The cat disappeared
One night alone—
Like your embrace,
Your face, your light.

Still, that refusal to give in or give up is captured in "Alone":

Learning to be alone,
Sleep alone, eat alone,
Dream alone.
On my own.

You're surely gone,
Can't help me carry on.
Have to find
Some other sign.

So I went off to war,
And when I came home
Transformed silences
That replaced the missing
Into poetry
And sought to tell
Stories of fallen sons
Whose voices were stilled.

The quiet strength of Barry's voice and the simple decency of his vision are blessings to anyone who cares about the world we live in and the future we will leave to coming generations. Here is "Memorial Highways" in its entirety:

Here is "Memorial Highways" in its entirety:

There's a memorial highway—
For veterans of every major war—
Can you imagine
A memorial highway
For peace treaties—
Peace served
And died, too.

You can order Earth Songs II at www.janbarry.net.

Bill Ehrhart is a Marine Veteran of the American War in Vietnam and a Life Member of VFW.
Imprisoned at Alcatraz – for Opposing War

ELAINE ELISON

When Robert Simmons, an African American man from Savannah, Georgia, refused to fight in World War I, he was placed in "iron cages," cells where, if they refused to comply, their sentences were lengthened.

His crime? "I have no reason to fight for the capital of France, as I am opposed to the war." Robert Simmons' mind when he was conscripted and sent to fight at Froidmont. When he refused, declaring himself a Conscientious Objector, he was subjected to a military court-martial and sentenced to prison.

At Alcatraz, then a military prison, Simmons was one of 30 COs – Conscientious Objectors who opposed war and war-making in the United States as to whether the US should enter the war. President Woodrow Wilson finally decided to declare war on April 6, 1917 – when the fighting ended. Robert Simmons was gambling his life, starving himself to protest against America's involvement in the conflict. His crime? For opposing the war. His penalty? A term in the "hole," a pitch-dark dungeon – below the ground. He was held there for 14 days.

Robert Simmons' lawyer, Aaron Hughes at Chicago Veterans Day event, November 11, 2018.

"WhereVer there's a fight," and a crowd of morning gamblers. Someone came forward and offered them a kilo of marijuana. He said he didn't want to see it get wasted and asked for a good price. They paid and proceeded to a long train of carts pulled by a lawn tractor, full of empty boxes of business suits and military machine guns. As he passed the rows of sleeping, armed guards, he felt he was on a moon base, surrounded by returning marines that had been conditioned to keep an eye on the crowds of morning gamblers. Someone offered him a 15 cent ice cream sandwich and a dollar for the first cigarette he'd smoked in two years. Simmons was one of 30 COs – Conscientious Objectors who opposed war and war-making in the United States as to whether the US should enter the war. President Woodrow Wilson finally decided to declare war on April 6, 1917 – when the fighting ended.

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**Caverns of the Soul**

**Donald McNamara (reviewer)**

In "The Vietnam Memorial," Harrienger borrows the form of a "Ballad of the Bastard:" "the last poem in the book, is especially devastating. In dealing with his own anguish, Charles F. Harrienger has written a potently powerful book that has the potential to enlighten, disturb, enrich, sadden, gladden, infuriate anyone who reads it. It should be read slowly, digested gradually rather than gobbled all in one sitting. It is worth the effort.

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**Middle Blue**

**Daniel C. Lawery (reviewer)**

felt as the reader is carefully led into each scene. Numerous body bags contain many dead combatants due to a large Viet Cong attack killed them the day after he played volleyball. Eventually, a fragment of an anonymous officer reveals the hatred of some men and women who early exposed them to unnecessary lethal harm. Learning Petrini was dealing in excruciating, harrowing details, the reader is made to feel as the reader is carefully led into each scene. Numerous body bags contain many dead combatants due to a large Viet Cong attack killed them the day after he played volleyball. Eventually, a fragment of an anonymous officer reveals the hatred of some men and women who early exposed them to unnecessary lethal harm. Learning Petrini was dealing in excruciating, harrowing details, the reader is made to feel as the reader is carefully led into each scene. Numerous body bags contain many dead combatants due to a large Viet Cong attack killed them the day after he played volleyball. 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In this short volume, Bruce Dunn lays brief histories of many of them, all Vietnam veterans and service related injuries. He devotes a Sunday afternoon beer with the author. He only mentions in passing that "The Ballad of the Green Berets" was America's number one song in 1968, and then transfers to Thailand. He is not a Vietnam veteran, but he does mention in passing that Ken Prichard (Chairman of the Newseum), Christian Appy, and Bernard Edelman, the reality that "Mad Dog" had left the Trump administration abruptly, and very active in various veterans assistance organizations. He is not a Vietnam veteran, but he does mention in passing that Ken Prichard (Chairman of the Newseum), Christian Appy, and Bernard Edelman, the psychological residue that so many veterans have lived with every day for years after their hospital discharge.

In Dunn's case he was caught up in a desperate effort to avoid the strict discipline and pointless harassment of the military. They had no intention of letting me out of his hospital while they waited on my medical board review. The Neurosurgeon at Oakland Naval Hospital pulled some strings to get me out of my hospital while they waited on my medical board review. The Neurosurgeon at Oakland Naval Hospital. This V A center is one of the key moments in the author's telling of the life that I needed. Like Dunn, most spinal cord injury veterans and service related injuries. The VA is never mentioned! Clearly, James Prichard (Chairman of the Newseum), is never mentioned! Clearly, James Prichard (Chairman of the Newseum), and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Janis Joplin, the Grateful Dead, Jimi Hendrix, Country Joe McDonald, J.J. Cale, Creedence Clearwater, Joan Baez, and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young were putting out messages of truth through the music. Today, in 2019, as we see the impact and importance of the Beatles since. This V A center is one of the key moments in the author's telling of the life I needed. Like Dunn, most spinal cord injury veterans and service related injuries.

Enduring Vietnam: An American Generation and its War

John Kewitz (reviewer)


I approached Enduring Vietnam with some reservation after hearing that Ken Prichard (Chairman of the Newseum), and Bernard Edelman, highly respected for their work on Vietnam, had editorial control. I did so to be worthwhile, so it is available in quantity on bookstore shelves in hardcover, so it is not the reality that "Mad Dog" had left the Trump administration abruptly, and very active in various veterans assistance organizations. I have not read much about Vietnam, so I did so to be worthwhile, I am the luckiest spinal cord injury survivor I know. I am the luckiest spinal cord injury survivor I know. I have not read much about Vietnam, so I did so to be worthwhile, I am the luckiest spinal cord injury survivor I know.
Kristin Hannah is a #1 New York Times bestselling author with more than twenty novels to her credit. Read more about Kristin Hannah and her work by clicking this book which is a fictitious story about a family's struggle with a Vietnam veteran PTSD. I thought I would try it despite the fact that it's primarily "one of those" books written about Vietnam, which I had not immediately become engrossed in a fast-moving story superbly told. This is my favorite book of hers I can't put it down, and I have become a Kristin Hannah fan.

The Veteran is a Heartwarming, a story of Hannah's Vietnam veteran father who after getting home from Vietnam has come home moody, angry, and distant. It is 1974, and the news is all about Patricia Hearst and the Symbionese Liberation Army. Times are hard, but Dad comes home with the news he's been best friend from Vietnam, Ernt. Ernt continues to live in a small cabin, a cabin with a ceiling that needs fixing…in rural Alaska. "A hardworking man of the land, Ernt is the only one of his family to have returned to the land, the one who has been given the opportunity to make it work and stay there. Yet they somehow managed to correlate the top echelon of America's intelligence sector, Trump would only be too happy to see it all be revealed.

The Veteran is a story of Alaska, not a story of Vietnam, and not really a specifically life description of one family's struggle with PTSD. The author's purpose is to provide a clinical examination of the devastating effect of PTSD on soldiers and their families. The book presents a vivid portrait of modern wars and their families. Perhaps the best of a good novel is the author's ability to draw scenes and personalities that are bigger than life, still recognizable. This is a Vietnam veteran's PTSD. I thought I would give it a try despite the fact one book I would normally buy, but I'm very glad I did. Visit your local library and give it a try. I think you will find it riveting and entertaining story told by an exceptional writer.
mostly, Mustangs and Baby San wanted horses human. length with the real flesh and blood their hopes and dreams. They all had before his eyes – one by one – moved that was to become his personal dropped into the vat of roiling hell doubt. We imagine a young grunt perhaps, just as difficult to write no more than once to clear the weight of you this—I had to set the book down was able to glean from them. I can tell this— I had to set the book down more than once to clear the weight of sorrow from my chest.

The emotional, raw sharing of memories too painful to speak, perhaps, just as difficult to write no doubt. We imagine a young grunt dropped into the vat of roiling hell that was to become his personal nightmare. His buddies disappearing before his eyes – one by one – forced to remember them and their memories, their hopes and dreams. They all had nicknames—as if to remain arm's length with the real flesh and blood human.

From the chapter The World – Want

Baby San wanted horses mostly, Mustangs and Appaloosas, a small ranch outside Tucson with a good woman and a few sons.

United States to a spoiled child who has never been held to account for the years of genocide, slavery, and racism both at home and abroad. This child has inevitably grown into the psychopathic American Empire of today.

The United States was designated from the beginning specifically with Empire As Way Of Life. Especially following the second World War, government and corporate media propaganda supported a near-total indoctrination of the public in the unquestioned hysterical belief in the exceptional nature of the American Way. Americans could not recognize what would be considered a criminally insane behavior if carried out by others.

Brian chronicles the criminal and barbaric lengths to which the United States has gone to force our industrial "civilization" on people around the world. He explains the extent of corporate collusion in the chemical warfare concentrated especially on the men, women, and children of Southeast Asian nations with a desire for self-sovereignty.

Brian illustrates the upheaval and resistance to the American War in Vietnam that developed both among the US public and among those fighting in Vietnam. Brian states that "our healing as a nation depends on our remaining the wood that remains in our eyes — that we seek to understand and grapple with these (deep historical and psychological) forces, these pathologies that continually drive us to war and violence. We must strive to unravel the pretense of American exceptionalism — its skewed origin stories, its false mythologies, and its phony sense of "exceptionalism" — in an honest pursuit of "liberty and justice for all."

Brian Caraccio is a supporter of VVAW and VFP. He is in the 17th year of a Weekly Peace and survival—carrying one another across the rice paddies and through the jungles of a hell that no one should know. Untouchable like the reflection in a mirror. Surely combat veterans who found themselves in the War can relate to these fragile lines and messages. Those of us who were on the outside looking in share the sorrow and loss of a generation forever divided. Welcome home rg cantalupo.

There is a singular emptiness that drifts in and out of every lane. And the question remains: The rice, the bamboo shoots, the leaves of the rubber trees, green on our blood, therein, yet no one asks why.

Bonnie Caraccio is a supporter of VVAW and a longtime thorn in the side of the empire. She lives in Boston, MA.
Road to Reconciliation

Nadya Williams (reviewer)

When I don’t call it the “Vietnam War,” I call it the American War in Vietnam. It is the American War in Vietnam. Whenever I'm in the United States, when I speak about the Vietnam War, it was over 40 years ago. It isn’t here as a young man to die for my country. Thank God I didn’t live, I physically I made it. But, I may not be able to die by my own choice.” David is the secretary-treasurer of the Hoa Binh Veterans chapter.

“From the time I left Vietnam during the war in 1968 until I came back in 1992, I probably thought about Vietnam every day. Vietnam was ever present. For those of us who have chosen to come back and work here and try to make a contribution, you can see dealing with the principle war legacies the we left behind, which are Agent Orange and Agent Orange, which is more difficult and challenging, more controversial. Both of those are clearly American responsibilities. The tours are an introduction to Vietnam, both to the natural beauty and to the dynamics of Vietnam today, as well as the historical links that are most important to Americans.”

We meet Sharon Lee Kefeldt as she prepares for a five-month trip to Asia, in the aftermath of the nearly five years she has dedicated to the Kom Tur Peace Center of the Vietnamese women’s group Project RENEW, a non-governmental organization based in the United States.

“She's very oriented to the Vietnamese experience. She has a remarkable empathy for the Vietnamese experience.”——nadya Williams (reviewer)

As an epilogue, this statistic comes from the Department of Veterans Affairs, a US military credit: “According to the Department of Veterans Affairs, a US military veterans affairs office on the road takes an average of two months to rededicate a veteran’s ashes anywhere in Vietnam — an easy way to fish!” She explains how she accompanied her father upon his return to Korea, and how she accompanied her mother in Vietnam, where she was told that he really liked the Mekong Delta. She sees her sitting on a traditional wooden boat, the zero point of the Vietnamese Path of the wind, by a delta with a table by flowers, fruit, incense, the envelope of ashes, and a card with a Vietnamese inscription: “He especially loved the children of Vietnam,” she reads, “and he spent his life helping the children of Vietnam.”

“He was a fighter.”——George Moche, a fighter, and father of five, holding the hand of a former combat veteran with Agent Orange-induced congenital abnormalities, a fighter. He speaks of the war, of Vietnam, and of his friend, the war veteran. The film ends with Sharon Lee Kefeldt’s tears, as she explains how she accompanied her father upon his return to Korea, and how she accompanied her mother in Vietnam, where she was told that he really liked the Mekong Delta. She sees her sitting on a traditional wooden boat, the zero point of the Vietnamese Path of the wind, by a delta with a table by flowers, fruit, incense, the envelope of ashes, and a card with a Vietnamese inscription: “He especially loved the children of Vietnam,” she reads, “and he spent his life helping the children of Vietnam.”

“As a grandnephew of a Vietnam War veteran who died last year, and who was a fighter, I know that my grandfather fought hard to come home. He was a fighter.”——David Clark

“We meet Uishi, David’s wife, a dynamic business woman whose first memory as a child was of her father, who was a fighter, who was born in 1943 and who was a fighter.”——nadya Williams (reviewer)

“Road to Reconciliation” is a new documentary by Joel Woodman. Its focus is on the injuries caused by Agent Orange and its legacy of deformations and disabilities. The film’s goal is to raise awareness and to support the work of Project RENEW, a non-governmental organization based in the United States, that works to remove unexploded ordnance (bombs and mines) from war-torn areas.

The film features interviews with American veterans, including Chuck Searcy, a veteran who served in the McNamara Air Base in Quang Tri Province. He talks about his experiences as a fighter pilot during the Vietnam War and how he became a peace activist after the war. The film also features interviews with Vietnamese veterans, including David Clark, who served in the McNamara Air Base in Quang Tri Province.

The film’s title, “Road to Reconciliation,” refers to the journey of reconciliation between Americans and Vietnamese. The film aims to raise awareness about the injuries caused by Agent Orange and to support Project RENEW’s work to remove unexploded ordnance from war-torn areas.

The film is divided into two parts. The first part focuses on the injuries caused by Agent Orange and the legacy of deformations and disabilities. The second part focuses on the journey of reconciliation between Americans and Vietnamese.

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Hopes and Promises Lost, Stolen and Betrayed: Interest Payments on the 100-Year-Old Debt

Joe Miller (reviewer)

A Shattered Peace: Versailles 1919 and the Price We Pay Today (Centenary Edition) by David A. Andelman

Pinn Alexander, that for most of us, the Treaty of Versailles is just some item we vaguely recall from high school history class. One of those things we needed to retain for a test that did not really mean anything for our daily lives. Well, for those of us who may have served in Southeast or Southwest Asia, decisions made at that peace conference (January to June 1919) had deep significance. Not to mention the fact that, for our fathers and grandchildren who sacrificed in World War II, the Treaty of Versailles had much to do with that conflict as well.

In November 1919, marking the anniversary of the end to the "war to end all wars," Woodrow Wilson said: "A year ago today our enemies laid down their arms in accordance with an armistice which rendered them friendless, determined much of what the vanquished, not to mention the weak, Italy, and the United States—on the Western powers—Britain, France, and Americans. Japan was a beneficiary, but only because the Great Powers wanted to have some influence over the lesser powers and the colonial machinations and intrigues that were behind the ultimate completion of the treaty on June 29, 1919.

For many of the delegates at the Conference, especially those from the lesser powers and the colonial peoples, there seemed to be some hope in Woodrow Wilson's "Fourteen Points," which included free trade, open agreements, democracy, self-determination, political independence, and territorial integrity. This proved to be empty talk.

As the author states: "The end of the Great War, which in perfect hindsight we call World War I, changed everything. Certainly the menace imposed at Versailles by the Western powers—Britain, France, Italy, and the United States—on the vanquished, not to mention the weak, the powerless, the orphaned, and the friendless, determined much of what went wrong for the balance of the century and beyond." This book is not some leftwing screed. Rather, I see it as an effort by somewhat liberal veteran foreign correspondent, with many decades experience in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Middle East, to explain how we got to this point in international politics.

Why did the so-called "moral values" of Wilson and the USA not dominate the decisions made at Versailles? How was it that the British and French, old colonial powers, managed to work their will, along with Italy and Japan, to carve up the post-war world? With Wilson's acquiescence, of course.

Some high-sounding words..."political freedom," "act justly," "common interests of man..." at the time when the US was already involved, with other major powers, in efforts to overthrow the Bolshevik regime in Russia from 1918-1925. The Allied Powers (UK, France, USA, Italy) ultimately withdrew in 1920, while the Japanese stayed in the Russian Far East until 1922-25, when the Red Army forced them out as well. Then, there were the anti-Bolshevik Pillar raids in the USA, November 1919 to January 1920. Significant challenges to those high-sounding words.

This book, originally published in 2007, was enlarged and updated for this centenary edition in 2014. It is a very detailed inside view of all the machinations and intrigues that were behind the ultimate completion of the treaty on June 29, 1919.

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As the author states: "The end of the Great War, which in perfect hindsight we call World War I, changed everything. Certainly the menace imposed at Versailles by the Western powers—Britain, France, Italy, and the United States—on the vanquished, not to mention the weak, the powerless, the orphaned, and the friendless, determined much of what went wrong for the balance of the century and beyond." This book is not some leftwing screed. Rather, I see it as an effort by somewhat liberal veteran foreign correspondent, with many decades experience in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Middle East, to explain how we got to this point in international politics.

Why did the so-called "moral values" of Wilson and the USA not dominate the decisions made at Versailles? How was it that the British and French, old colonial powers, managed to work their will, along with Italy and Japan, to carve up the post-war world? With Wilson's acquiescence, of course.

Some high-sounding words..."political freedom," "act justly," "common interests of man..." at the time when the US was already involved, with other major powers, in efforts to overthrow the Bolshevik regime in Russia from 1918-1925. The Allied Powers (UK, France, USA, Italy) ultimately withdrew in 1920, while the Japanese stayed in the Russian Far East until 1922-25, when the Red Army forced them out as well. Then, there were the anti-Bolshevik Pillar raids in the USA, November 1919 to January 1920. Significant challenges to those high-sounding words.

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I was born in Buffalo, New York, grew up there, and then moved to the suburbs outside of Buffalo. I joined the Boy Scouts, church choir, all that stuff. My parents were just regular people, German and Irish background. They went to church: Lutheran church, Evangelical and Reformed.

My father was a World War II veteran. After World War II, they encouraged a lot of people coming home to start their own businesses because they had a lot of these loans. He started a business where they’d take these treadle sewing machines and put them in a box — you know, a carrying case — and make them electric sewing machines. He used to travel all up and down western New York and northern Pennsylvania doing that, and then that went bankrupt. He went back working in the auto plants and the steel mills. He was involved in organizing the UAW-CIO prior to the war, when he was a machinist in Buffalo. He’s always been a unionist.

Prior to going into the military, I didn’t pay much attention to politics; but I had some awareness of what was going on. There was really not too much talk about politics in my household. The only time I can remember politics being discussed at any time was when Eisenhower ran for president. My father had been a girl’s friend who were Native American women, and I used to catch a lot of flak from my friends for going out with Indian women. It was not black, but it was prejudice, you know. I used to look at it like this: I got a girlfriend, I’m getting laid, and these guys are fucking sitting home at night. [Laughs] That’s how I looked at it.

So there was that connection, but I think it was the basic appeal to justice that anyone can identify with: you don’t have an emotional attachment to racism. There was a positive aspect of fighting for what the ideals of America are supposed to be — you know, freedom and all that. You’ve got to remember that in those days, Kennedy and all this stuff is coming up. All of that was a part of the movement to fulfill ideals or fulfill dreams. There was a sentiment out there, even in Bob Dylan’s civil rights movement.

When I was sixteen, my brother and I started playing guitar, and through the course of listening to music, became aware of Bob Dylan’s music. I got Feedback, Bob Dylan. We had our bedroom in the basement. We had the record player there. We put the record on. We’re listening to him, and my brother and I say, “This guy sounds like shit, man; he can’t sing for nothing.” My father was upstairs yelling, “Turn that shit down.” Of course, we’re fighting with our father — you know, the generation gap — so we cranked it up. After that, we liked Bob Dylan. [Laughs] It was his message of fighting for what’s right.

Do What You’ve Got To Do

When I got drafted, I was half thinking, hoping that we are going to Vietnam to help these people fight communist aggression. That’s what it was about, fighting for people’s freedom, sort of the World War II [idea] - go into France and drive out the foreigners. My father had been a vet. They looked at it as, basically, you’ve got to serve the country when you’re drafted.

I recall thinking, I know that there’s people saying it ain’t right and stuff like that, but at the same time, I really didn’t think that I was in a position to make that judgment. There’s that tradition leaning on the one side [World War II, maleness] and then there was people saying this was fucked up on the other. I guess the tradition was stronger, or at least I deferred the decision. When I went in, I said that I don’t know if it’s right or wrong, but I’m going to do what you’ve got to do. I got myself pumped up, though. We were going over to help the people. I’m going to be the good guy. I’m going to be one of the good Americans helping the villagers and shit like that.

Dave Cline at Kent State 20th Anniversary march in May 1990.
The Quiet Time

Marc Levy

Imagine this after a blurring hot day marching up and down mud slicked hills, or tramping wide open fields, or steamy jungle, imagining set about boxing, finding myself an easy target, then ever so carefully, breaking them down.

The next week, after planting trips and claymores round the NDF, after finding your spot for a pack and gear, after setting up your tent and blankets and franks, imagine curling up on the cold, wet ground.

Now, fast asleep, being woken twice in the night by a man gently tapping your resting arm. "You're guilty," he whispered, for the first of two one-hour shifts.

Leaving that foxhole the second time, I saw a few of the others, each a demotivator all in place, imagine two hours sleep, rising at dawn, shuffling off for a run, then back to the trench where a gummi

Gus

rummaging for a hand grenade. The first of twenty minutes, then twenty seconds to a giant yellow flower. Let the C-4 burn itself out. Those who step on it risk losing a foot.

Tear open and pour in one or two packets of non-dairy creamer. Repeat the process until any one of those languages offered were Vietnamese, or Korean, or Chinese, or that the "gun line" was a mile off the coast of Vietnam. There were those who stepped on it risk losing a foot.

About my first months in the military, "The Quiet Time" in the Fall 2014 issue of "Relaxation" and the Spring 2019 issue of The Veteran.
I don’t know who I am, or who I was. I need to face my past. I need to face the fact that I have been held up for some kind of jumps out. He could smell the pungent night was no big deal except when saying goodbye with some of the guys. and thought little of it being a part of introduced to pot in Vietnam, liked it, Platoon hooch getting high. I was myself on the flight line by the Scout being in a celebratory mood found USARV RtnE Det): 6 Sep 69 (To DEROS: 7 Sep 69 EDCSA: (To One good turn deserves another, or weakens, and starts to slip off the edge. stand, hold. the sink with my good hand, lift, Sweat slides over the wire sutures capped mountain rising from the skull, grip the sink, and pull myself into my wheelchair, and roll into the mirror. Darkness bleeds to dim light. My future stares back with dead stained with grief. The heartache of something that haunt me like the eyes of the undead—a ghost’s eyes gazing into a toward the night ward’s starless floor. Is that why his eyes are purple as no Article 15 in sight. I wonder if that’s what his I call him Panda. Not now anyway. No one ever comes. Is that why his eyes are purple as
The Betrayal

Paul J. Giannone

Excerpts from the Chapter: Betrayal on the Street Without Joy from the memoir A Life in Dark Places by Paul J. Giannone (Torrence Books, 2019)

Mike O'Neal and I were helping move refugees from their camp back to their original homes in Quang Dien District. A continuous parade of five- and ten-ton military trucks rumbled by our vehicle, heading north toward refugee sites and whatever meager possessions they could carry. My mind did not leave civilians, because civilians get in the way. We had tried to eliminate the problem in Vietnam by creating "free-fire zones" in which any living thing was considered an enemy combatant. The "good" civilians living in these areas had to be moved in order to be "saved," and, more importantly, to allow the army to get at the enemy. In Quang Nam, the province to the south where I had previously served, this philosophy had created between 60,000 and 80,000 refugees. I had seen the gross reports on the positive impact of American aid, but I had also witnessed the reality behind these reports. The refugee camps were often horrific places of disease, starvation and death. I remembered counting five babies that died of malnutrition in one morning in a refugee camp outside of Da Nang. Indeed, this was one of the great contradictions of the war—avoiding civilian death was America's rationale for fighting the war, yet we were actually helping to kill yet both actually killed civilians. In my work the thought kept rattling in my head: "What the hell are these people we came to save?"

Of course, having large numbers of refugees in every province in Vietnam meant that the enemy controlled the land outside the major cities but the inability to control territory, and by 1970 our government was fighting a defensive war. The Viet Cong were cleverer than we imagined. The ambush was not the Viet Cong, had become the enemy. Each day it took an increasing amount of coercion and force to get the people to pack up and move out. It was expected that the designated section would be ready to move when we arrived. The Viet Cong were cleverer than we imagined. The ambush was not the Viet Cong, had become the enemy. Each day it took an increasing amount of coercion and force to get the people to pack up and move out.

On September 20, 1970, Stars and Stripes Pacific ran a two-page photo story on the refugee move in northern Thua Thien Province. The title was "New Security Brings Life to Street Without Joy." "Conspicuously missing from this glowing, apocryphal article were the facts—the suffering, the tears, the screaming." This operation was a part of my informal education in US foreign policy. I was never the same. That operation had taken some of the intensity from his blue eyes. He no longer walked with a bounce and urgency to his step.
As a son of an NCO who served more than 20 years in the Armed Forces, I was a military dependent for almost sixteen years.

A military dependent is the spouse or child of active duty and/or retired military personnel who serve or have served. From a military family, they provided multiple services for their male soldiers engaged in military service.

The Air Force, during my years as a dependent, no longer required many of the historical services to be provided solely by a family member for my father-soldier, but for the most part, I did follow my Dad from base to base.

My Dad served as an airman from July 1, 1948, until October 31, 1955. I had the chance to experience how to live with an Air Force family. His tours of duty, without my military family, included Yokota AFB in Japan (1953-56); Offutt AFB, South Korea (1960-62) and Tan Son Nhut AFB, Saigon, South Vietnam (1962-64); and Okinawa, Japan (1964-67).

In 1955, my Dad was transferred to Osan AFB in South Korea. Another aspect of the military dependent experience is that the vast majority of the time there are family members living at a duty station, and if not related, according to my Dad, who resided nearby, was my Uncle Sam. On occasions when my Dad was absent, my military family could use a help like my Uncle Sam. So we did follow my Dad from base to base.

After Vietnam, I preferred to call myself a "brat", but I didn't feel like I was.

I followed my Dad's path between and inside his state-side duty stations: Offutt AFB (1953-56); Lackland-AFB, San Antonio, Texas (1956-59); diplomat AFB, Greenville, SC (1960-62); Travis AFB, Madison, WI (1962-64); Ent AFB, Colorado Springs, CO (1964-67); and Wilmington, NC, where my Dad was stationed at Tan Son Nhut AFB, South Vietnam (1967-68) and until he terminated his active service at Seymour Johnson AFB, Goldsboro, NC, in 1968.

A common experience of the dependent is the transfer every two to three years to a new duty station for the career soldier and the absent parent-soldier.

My first duty station was in March 1956. He was sent to Japan. My dependent family did not follow him until the end of his two years there since Bridget's parents were both ill. This was the first time that my Dad was absent from the home front for more than two years. He was gone for almost three years to a new duty station in North Carolina. Uncle Sam, my silent brother, was with us, but my Dad did not follow us.

In 1957, my Dad-soldier, returned to Offutt AFB from Yokota AFB in Japan and was stationed at Lackland-AFB in San Antonio. With any duty transfer, housing is a major issue. As my Dad moved into NCO housing at 40 Versus Street, Lackland-Kelly Homes, our unit was built in 1947, not on the periphery of the base.

I first experienced the concept of "Airmen’s magnificent" when my Dad was stationed at Lackland-Kelly. He received his orders one day and was gone the next but only for short periods of time. In 1959, my Dad-soldier, received his new orders for Donabad AFB in Greenville, SC. Mom told me that there would be military housing for us.

There wasn't. After many days in a motel, my military family moved into a small house in an established civilian neighborhood and then into an isolated cinder block house in the back of the housing area in the South Carolina. In 1960, my Dad was transferred to Osan AFB in South Korea. Another aspect of the military dependent experience is that the vast majority of the time there are family members living at a duty station, and if not related, according to my Dad, who resided nearby, was my Uncle Sam. On occasions when my Dad was absent, my military family could use a help like my Uncle Sam. So we did follow my Dad from base to base.

Another defining feature of the military dependent is the changing of address every 10 miles south of the city. And that lead to the great fear that I could see how the label "military brat" might have an important public health impact. I lived with the disguised reality of the lower-class status of the NCO dependent. The majority of military dependents are parents of a dependant, "bratdom" acted as a deterrent to the serious questions when I was much older. I could see how the label "military brat" might have an important public health impact. The attitude embodied in that label confirmed just how little the civilian sphere knew about my diminutive and fragile upbringing. The majority of military dependent was serious scrutinized in social, psychological, and economic terms.

My last friendship with another male dependent occurred in Capehart. My Dad received his orders in 1964 to transfer to Ent AFB in Colorado Springs, Colorado. My Dad, his bicycle, followed our car out of Capehart, waving one of his arms upward yelling to me in the car, "Don't go, don't go." I still remember how our car slowly pulled away from him as he furiously pedaled after us.

Military housing wasn't available when we arrived at Ent. Since Ent was a small downtown AFB, the only available site with housing was an apartment government surplus. My military family shopped exclusively for food at the base commissary as it was more affordable. We didn't understand why civilians would chose to eat a similar kind of food. After eating government surplus for about a year, Mom and Dad, without any notice, bought a house in a civilian neighborhood in Colorado Springs in late 1964.

A small collection of a few articles that came with a price. As soon as we moved into our first home, Mom and I both began to work for wages outside the home. I was in the seventh grade. There was no choice. There was no overtime or extra work available for NCOs and my military family needed replacement. The only way to hold it together financially was in a new role in the consumer society. The discipline I experienced as a military dependent wasn't altered during my integration into this civilian sphere. I still had to show my shoes, look neat and tidy, get a haircut every week, scrub my head and body clean, conduct my official duties at home without a fuss, to every word of your Dad and said of course, show deference to Uncle Sam, our local only police, I still enjoy. The discipline I experienced as a military dependent wasn't altered during my integration into this civilian sphere. I still had to show my shoes, look neat and tidy, get a haircut every week, scrub my head and body clean, conduct my official duties at home without a fuss, to every word of your Dad and said of course, show deference to Uncle Sam, our local only police, I still enjoy. The discipline I experienced as a military dependent wasn't altered during my integration into this civilian sphere. I still had to show my shoes, look neat and tidy, get a haircut every week, scrub my head and body clean, conduct my official duties at home without a fuss, to every word of your Dad and said of course, show deference to Uncle Sam, our local only police, I still enjoy. The discipline I experienced as a military dependent wasn't altered during my integration into this civilian sphere. I still had to show my shoes, look neat and tidy, get a haircut every week, scrub my head and body clean, conduct my official duties at home without a fuss, to every word of your Dad and said of course, show deference to Uncle Sam, our local only police, I still enjoy. The discipline I experienced as a military dependent wasn't altered during my integration into this civilian sphere. I still had to show my shoes, look neat and tidy, get a haircut every week, scrub my head and body clean, conduct my official duties at home without a fuss, to every word of your Dad and said of course, show deference to Uncle Sam, our local only police, I still enjoy.
Quang Tri Combat Base
Feb. 3, 1968
0600 hours

Delta Company is OpCon to the First Air Cav. Why? ‘cause I’m not. Where do we get our news updates? From the TV. Mom was the only one that earned 10% interest.

When I entered the university in September 1971 voting rights, in 1971, I was required by my Dad to join the Marine Corps so he could vote. I was against the Vietnam war. Most importantly, the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution was a lie. What would it mean? It suggested? Over.

I eventually opposed the war in South Vietnam. I was against the Vietnam war. Most importantly, the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution was a lie. What would it mean? It suggested? Over.

Bell doesn’t know who I am. He’s in shock. He’s got a black eye. His face is bloody. It’s plastic and rubber. An attempt to go to the US Air Force office personnel generally do not experience combat as a fraction of the citizens of the country. I [Image 652x666 to 688x687]...
Vietnam Veterans Against the War, Inc. (VVAW) is a national veterans organization that was founded in New York City in 1967 after six Vietnam veterans marched together in a peace demonstration. It was organized to voice the growing opposition among returning service men and women to the still-raging war in Indochina, and grew rapidly to a membership of over 30,000 throughout the United States, including active duty GIs stationed in Vietnam. Through ongoing actions and grassroots organization, VVAW exposed the ugly truth about US involvement in Vietnam as well as its cost in human lives. The original MACV insignia in action. This was done to expose the lies and hypocrisy of US aggression in Vietnam from invasion from the People's Republic of China (the China Gates), but was instead trying to “save” Vietnam from itself.

Insignia of Vietnam Veterans Against the War

We took the MACV patch as our own, replacing the sword with the upside-down rifle with helmet, the international symbol of soldiers killed in action. This was done to expose the lies and hypocrisy of US aggression in Vietnam as well as its cost in human lives. The original MACV insignia was never intended to be a symbol of this bogus outfit.

We believe that service to our country and communities did not end when we were discharged. We remain true to our mission. Anyone who supports veterans or not, veteran or not, may join us in this long-term struggle.

Insight
We believe that service to our country and communities did not end when we were discharged. We remain true to our mission. Anyone who supports veterans or not, veteran or not, may join us in this long-term struggle.

This notice is to alert you to a handful of individuals calling themselves the "Vietnam Veterans Against the War Anti-Imperialist" (VVAW-AI). VVAW-AI is actually the creation of an obscure ultra-left sect, designed to confuse people in order to associate themselves with VVAW’s many years of activism and struggle. They are not a faction, caucus or part of VVAW, Inc. and are not affiliated with VVAW’s many years of activism and struggle. They are not a faction, caucus or part of VVAW, Inc. and are not affiliated with VVAW, and no other organization or group may use it for any reason without written permission from the VVAW Board of Directors.

Beware of VVAW-AI

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Support VVAW!

DONATE OR JOIN TODAY!

Vietnam Veterans Against the War, Inc.

VVAW Membership
P.O. Box 355
Champaign, IL 61824-0355

Membership Application

- Name:
- Address:
- City: State Zip:
- Phone:
- Email: (if applicable)
- Branch:
- Dates of Service (if applicable):
- Unit:
- Military Occupation:
- Rank:
- Overseas Duty:
- Dates:

To add me to the VVAW email list.
I do not wish to join, but wish to make a donation to the work of VVAW.
I sign up for a lifetime membership in VVAW. $25.00 is enclosed.
Membership in VVAW is open to ALL people who want to build a veteran's movement that fights for peace and justice and support the work of VVAW and its historic legacy. Most of our members are veterans of the Vietnam era, but we welcome veterans of all eras, as well as family members and friends to our ranks.

The annual membership fee is $25.00 (not required of homeless, unemployed or incarcerated vets).

Signature:
Date:

Total Amount Enclosed

Make checks payable to VVAW. Contributions are tax-deductible.
The tropical sun has long since set. We trundle aboard a long narrow vessel, passing a young Vietnamese who steers our passage across the black flowing river's murk. Hanging my hand over the gunwale, water glides through my fingers and memory through my mind. The explosion of an RPG and the heat of its detonation reemerge. I sit stoically awaiting the dock on the other side of the river. The conversation and excitement of my fellow travelers fills the boat. For me, the rapid fire of .50 and .60 caliber machine guns rattle in a distant memory. I hear the panicked voice of our Warrant Officer as our tug circles midriver. The blood of the dead, the heat of that day, the smell of the smoke of our weapons and the dank river fill my senses.

Struggling to remain present and to not let my panic be known, I practice centering breaths. Nausea and cold sweat mix with the day’s long travel. Looming with emotion, I hide in plain sight with no wish to be discovered, supported, soothed. Soon the boat bumps to the shoreline. We manage our packs to the solid earth in the pitch-black.

A receiving line greets us as we trudge the pathway on uneven stones, past the overgrown foliage that brushes against our skin. The cicadas sing their welcome and avoid their own predators. I can barely see the outline of the person in front of me. Our line stops and starts with each greeting like wedding guests entering a reception. Vietnamese language filling the air out in front of me. The cadence seems sharp and foreboding in the dark. It’s time to lock and load but I have no weapon. When it’s my turn, there are no introductions only the embraces of three Vietnamese.

First, a stout short man with dark pajamas then a woman, ancient and bent, and finally a thin tiny fellow. We gather in an open area to hear our room assignments and the introductions of our hosts, two Viet Cong and a North Vietnamese Army Major. They fought many years against the Americans but now welcome us.

Our conversations are translated by Song, a former South Vietnamese air force pilot. He spent years after the war hiding only to be imprisoned for three years and then re-educated for another four. His re-education consisted of crawling on his hands and knees between rows of rubber trees on plantations in the highlands. He was one of the few to survive. Yet now he embraces his captors, introducing them with grace and dignity.

Tan Tien is the lord of this land, a few acres on an island in the Mekong, the reward for his service. His welcoming speech includes the raising of his shirttail to bare a wound’s remnant inflicted by his enemy that almost took his life. He introduces his wife who cannot stand as she suffers from the effects of Agent Orange. Then the tiny man welcomes us. A North Vietnamese major who had walked the thousand-mile Ho Chi Minh Trail. They feed us a feast and sing their poems to us. It’s a welcome so foreign and unexpected by and to me, my emotions mix with an embarrassment of their vulnerabilities and a softening at these former enemies. We introduce ourselves one by one. I listen more intently. Tan Tien was a teacher whose school house was demolished by US bombing in the early years of the war. He felt he had no choice but to join the resistance and defend his country. He never taught again hindered by his injuries. His sadness is worn dearly on his aging face. Yet there is no malice in his voice. I am drawn to him.

We sit in the circle lit mainly by candles. It is my turn to speak. I tell of my time on the river and the friends that I have lost. As I speak, Tan Tien moves to a seat next to me. His hand reaches out to touch my thigh and he pats me gently. I turn to look at him. His face bloated with emotion. When I finish, he embraces me, holding tightly, speaking in a sorrowful tone, words that I cannot understand. When our hug ends, he keeps his arm around my shoulder and his hand embracing mine. Tears stain his cheek. He teaches me the lesson of peace all these long years later. He comforts and welcomes and offers compassion to his onetime enemy. I am overwhelmed by this man’s capacity to love, I retreat from his advances as a rose’s thorn from pricking my skin, his touch pierces my heart, my fingers tighten gently to return and acknowledge his kindness, all in a moment, an unforgettable moment.