

Raider Tales

Stories of Courage & Valor

The combat Marines of "E" Co. 2nd Bn, 1st Marines, 1st Marine Div-

Volume 1, Issue 4

Spring 2023

Hey Raiders...

Inside:

- **Echo Raiders Website Under Construction** 2
- **Echo's Near Mutiny Orders to kill dogs**.....3
- **Purple Hearts Stories of the wounded** 4
- **VC Warning What did it say?** 4
- **Combat Stories 1st Person Accounts**..... 5
- **Family News Seeking news about Echo families** 5
- **My Brother's Sword Two brothers in Vietnam**..... 6
- **Sgt B & Hurricane Ian** 8
- **Readying the F-4 For Combat** 10
- **Dispatches From the Sea Tiger** 12

During March where I live, we commonly have several cycles of winter followed by, what feels like spring, followed abruptly by winter then back to what you think will be spring. I believe this is the third spring so far. This "spring" looks as though it will stay. The March calendar reminds me of events that are significant to us.

It was 58 years ago that the Marines landed on **Red Beach** near **Danang, Vietnam** on 8 March 1965. A few months later, in November, the **2d Bn, 1st Marines** arrived.

There is another date in March significant to us. In 2012, 29 March was proclaimed **National Vietnam War Veterans Day** to pay special recognition to those who served in Vietnam and to the over 58,000 men and women named on the **Vietnam Veterans Memorial** in Washington, DC. The day is also to

give recognition to those who didn't receive the recognition due them at the time.

In 2017, **National Vietnam War**



Lt. Marshall Croy
Platoon Commander

Echo Gathering

We look forward to seeing many of you in **Prescott Valley, AZ**, the 1st week of May for our **Annual Gathering**. Please come join us. Make your reservations at the **Hampton Inn on Glassford Hills Rd Prescott Valley, AZ (928) 772 1800**.



You'll have a good time in Arizona!

Veterans Day was signed into law to recognize the legacy of those who served in Vietnam... to recognize YOUR legacy.

By the time you read this, the day will have passed. I hope you celebrated, in your own way, what the nation is attempting to say to us. I hope someone acknowledged your sacrifice and service.

Semper Fi

— **Marshall Croy**



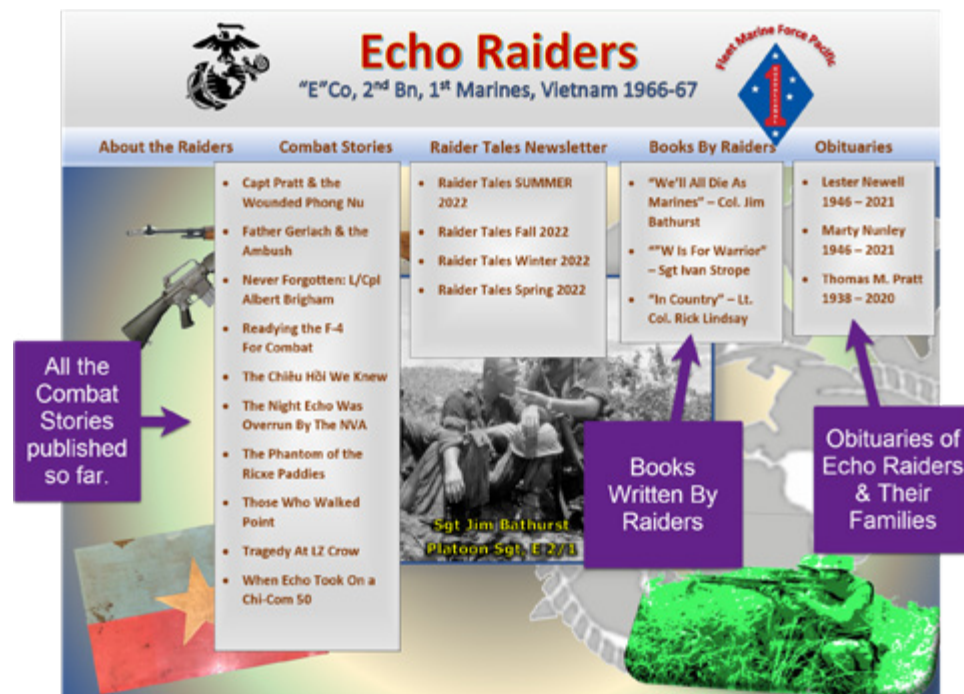
The **Echo Raiders website** is coming. [See page 2.](#)

Echo Raiders Website Under Construction

The Echo Raiders website, echoraiders.com, will be up and running in a few more weeks. The website will have a home page where photos of individual Echo Raiders

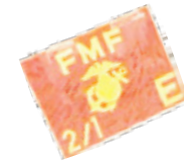
will flip by every few seconds. Send your photos of when we were young Echo Raiders and you'll appear on the Echo website.

The drop-down menus on the websites' menu bar contain links to all the combat stories we've published so far. Also, obituaries of Echo Raiders.



Orders Are Orders

Echo's Near Mutiny



Cpl Terry Dunne
Machine Gun Squad Leader
1st Platoon "E" 2/1

I was sitting in bible study, deep in the Old Testament, when the subject of warfare and soldiers came up.

"You killed," one of the nice church ladies sneered. "In honest combat," I protested weakly.

The bible study teacher intervened on my behalf, arguing "Soldiers follow orders. That's what they do. It has to be that way."

"Like robots, like mindless killing machines," spoke the nice church lady.

I thought back, back through time to "E" Company, 2nd Bn, 1st Marines as Lt. Cockerell's 1st platoon locked and loaded for a 2:00 am patrol. For a number of weeks we'd been successfully ambushing Viet Cong in a series of villages in Quang Nam province. But the last few patrols had failed when barking dogs gave us away.

Orders came down: "Kill the dogs." Right away more than one Marine balked: "I'm not killing dogs." But most of us didn't think twice.

As we sat waiting in ambush that night, just before dawn we heard pop, pop — two rounds of rifle fire followed by the high pitched screaming of a wounded dog. It didn't end. Pop, pop, pop, pop: four more rounds but the dog was still alive in agony. Then came a burst of automatic fire and the dog, torn to pieces, whimpered sadly for a few minutes before he died.

The next day, defiance was in the air. We'd all heard the dog getting killed and most of us were disgusted. The word was that the kill-dogs order had come down from regimental Intelligence.

A 19-year-old squad leader spoke up angrily, "Why we got some



Bắc Hà Dog
Typical Vietnamese Village Dog

rear-echelon jerkoffs telling us what to do? I'm not killing any dogs."

Platoon commander Lt. Eugene Cockerell, deeply respected, told us to tone it down.

You could see he felt as we did but, without saying it, he said to lay low on the subject. From which we interpreted, "Leave the dogs alone but, if questioned, say you killed them"

No dogs died after that but the description of the one that got shot was used again and again. I heard we submitted maybe 15-20 phony dog-kill

reports. But regimental intelligence was catching on and there was talk of being run up for disobedience of a direct order. And then...

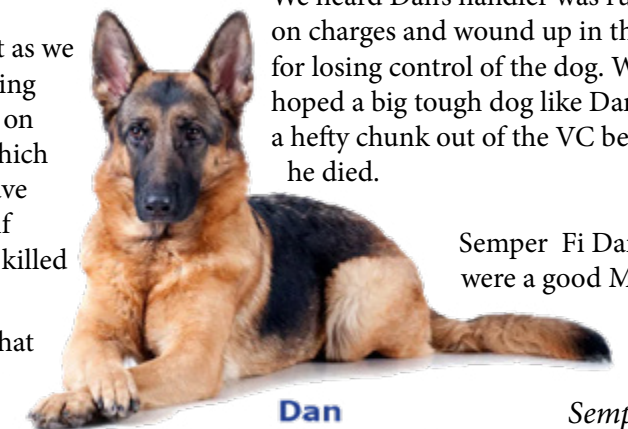
Our tactical focus shifted as the spinning rotors of row after row of big CH-46 troop helicopters beckoned our departure to Operation Union. Elements of the 2nd North Vietnamese Army division were trapped and the Echo Raiders were joining the fight to finish them off.

Kill dogs? Not us. We no longer patrolled the Quang Nam villes. Hey, orders are orders.

"But you killed a dog. How could you do such a thing?" charged the nice church lady.

It wasn't us. We found out later, weeks later, that an AK-47 killed Dan that night. Dan was one of our big German Shepherd Scout Dogs. He'd bolted from his handler, charged into the night, and was quickly shot by the nearby Viet Cong. He was a brave dog.

We heard Dan's handler was run up on charges and wound up in the brig for losing control of the dog. We all hoped a big tough dog like Dan took a hefty chunk out of the VC before he died.



Dan
Killed in Action 1966
Quang Nam Province
(representation)

Semper Fi Dan. You were a good Marine.

Semper Fi.

Purple Hearts

Many were wounded while participating in the amazing exploits of Echo 2/1. If you received the Purple Heart and would like us to write up your story about what it was like to get hit, the circumstances involved, and the recovery period, let us know. We'll publish your story along with your photo in the Raider Tales newsletter.



tdunne3@tampabay.rr.com • (352) 999-1576

VC Warning?



Sgt. Steve Berntson
Sea Tiger Reporter,
Embedded w/Echo 2/1

What does it say? This leaflet-style note was found by Sea Tiger Reporter Steve Berntson on the trail leading into a ville in the 2/1 tactical area of responsibility (TAOR), all on a 3-day sweep of the usual



1st Person Accounts

Combat Stories

Send in your combat stories. Email them, text them, dictate them. Remembering the exploits of Echo Co — the hair-raising close calls, the brushes with death, the ass-kicking we gave the Viet Cong and NVA — it would be a shame not to record for posterity the things we saw as young men in Vietnam.

All combat stories are welcome. First person accounts of fire fights and booby traps make them come alive. Ambush descriptions, ours and theirs, have great value. Multiple first person accounts shine light on long ago complex events.

Send them in. We'll publish them in **Raider Tales** for the Echo membership to view, discuss, and contribute to. Email/text combat stories to:
tdunne3@tampabay.rr.com • (352) 999-1576



Member News

Seeking Family News

The most important goal of the **Raider Tales** newsletter is to keep track of Echo Co. members and their families. Vacations, wedding anniversaries, family milestones, grandchildren — these are the things we want to hear about.

Send or text your photos to:

tdunne3@tampabay.rr.com • (352) 999-1576





My Brother's Sword



On our old black and white TV, my big brother and I'd stay up late watching Marine Corps combat movies. Nothing so inspired as John Wayne in **Sands of Iwo Jima**. No one was as tough as Frank Lovejoy in **Retreat Hell**. And there was nothing more noble, to us, than two brothers serving together in combat.

The **Mameluke Sword**, the U.S. Marine Corps officer's sword of Tripoli fame, was presented to my brother, 2nd Lieutenant Eddie Dunne, in 1961. It was a beautiful thing that seemed to sparkle with virtue. As he pulled it from its scabbard, he spoke of honor and courage, of devotion to duty, and of the noble citizen soldier willing to go to the far reaches of the earth to defend his country. The sword sparkled all the more.

We were **New York City Irish**, second generation American, and when my brother finished his oration, he slammed his beer on the bar and said with conviction:



"There's nobody tougher than the Irish."

I followed Eddie into the Marine Corps and we wound up together in the Caribbean, afloat aboard the **U.S.S. Guadalcanal**, a helicopter carrier. When we got back to the states, in June '66, Eddie's time was up and his second son had been born. He took a job with IBM in New York and I received orders to **WestPac** (Vietnam).

In the meantime, the electric news broke that **Robert O'Malley**, fellow New York City Irishman one neighborhood over, had won the **Medal of Honor** in Vietnam. We were psyched.



On a New York City rooftop, newly-commissioned U.S. Marine 2nd Lt. Eddie Dunne with Mameluke Sword

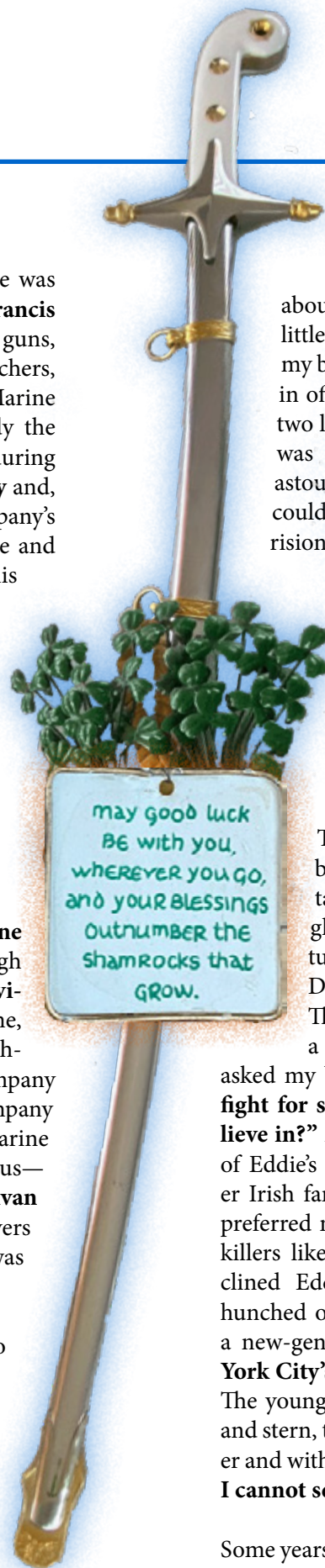
It didn't take long to get hit in Vietnam. While serving with **Echo Co., 2nd Bn, 1st Marines**, a booby-trapped hand grenade peppered me with shrapnel but I was OK and returned to duty after a week in the hospital. However, Marines in dress blues and serious faces had visited my mom and the news had shaken my brother. Against all advice, he ditched his career and signed up for Vietnam. He arrived in 1968, just in

time for the **Tet Offensive**.

But he was somebody now. He was **Infantry Captain Edward Francis Dunne**, packing six machine guns, three mortars, six rocket launchers, and 100-or-so crack shot Marine riflemen. He helped bloody the North Vietnamese Army during the 1968 retake of **Hue City** and, years later at his rifle company's reunions, stories of courage and valor reflected well on his conduct during that time of heavy combat.

I got back to Vietnam midway through my brother's tour and we served together in the **3rd Bn, 1st Marines, 1st Marine Division**. In the lovely Que Son Valley hill country west of Da Nang, elements of the **1st Marine Division** took on the rough and tumble **2nd NVA Division** and, for a short time, Eddie and I lived our youthful fantasies, he a rifle company commander, me a rifle company platoon sergeant. The Marine Corps caught up with us—something about the **Sullivan Brothers**—so we signed waivers to stay in country and that was that.

It was after we returned home to the states that it happened. On a Sunday morning under the sun-dappled girders of the #7 subway line in **New York City's Woodside** neighborhood, we were walking to **St. Sebastian's Church**



when a neighborhood kid we knew confronted us. It was about the war and this fired-up little hophead actually spit at my brother. Eddie, resplendent in officer dress blues, wife and two little boys in tow, was open-mouthed astounded. How could such cruel derision be? Like most Vietnam veterans, he had no way of defending himself, no way at all. He shrunk within.

The years went by. The sword tarnished, its glimmer of virtue vanishing. Divorce came. Then another. At a wedding, a man

asked my brother, **"How could you fight for something you didn't believe in?"** Assault charges filed. One of Eddie's sons married into another Irish family and the new in-laws preferred not to associate with baby killers like us. Hard living had declined Eddie's health and he was hunched over when we walked into a new-generation Irish bar in **New York City's Maspeth** neighborhood. The young Irish bartender, polished and stern, took one look at my brother and with a heavy brogue said, **"Sir, I cannot serve you."**

Some years later when I visited Eddie

in North Carolina, the sword was on the wall, its handle broken, the scabbard dirty. Then the aneurysm came and Eddie was committed to the **North Carolina State Veterans Home in Fayetteville, NC.**



PFC Terrence Dunne and 1st Lt. Edward Dunne aboard the USS Guadalcanal at Guantanamo Bay Naval Base

I'd drive up from Florida to visit him, pack him into a wheelchair, and take him to the downtown Fayetteville street mall for lunch and cocktails. Our last **Memorial Day** together, we watched the city of Fayetteville's **Memorial Day Parade**.

It was cold for Fayetteville and, to keep my brother warm in the wheelchair, I wrapped a camouflage poncho liner around his shoulders. As the parade went by, a high school marching band appeared, a big American flag in front. Eddie saw it, wanted to stand up and salute, but couldn't make it out of the wheelchair.

Then, tender mercies. As the marching band came abreast, stopped, and marked time in place to the rat-a-tat-tat of the drums, the **Drum Major** pointed his baton at my brother's creaky efforts and Eddie strengthened. **Four Majorettes**, smiling young high school girls, turned, stepped up and faced my brother with twirling batons, nodding at him in salute. He strengthened more, tried to get all the way up, but couldn't make it. The poncho liner slipped from his shoulder.

One of the majorettes stopped, stepped toward my brother, and pulled the poncho liner close around his neck. With a musical southern accent, this lovely young woman said,

"God Bless you Marine." Somehow Eddie made it all the way up as he snapped a smart Marine officer's salute.

Seeing my brother momentarily tall and straight, knowing what I knew about his honorable combat service, and understanding how he'd been treated by his fellow American citizens, I couldn't help but think:

"There's nobody tougher than the Americans."

— Terrence Britton Dunne



Sgt B Hit Hard By Ian

"We lost everything in our home that was not solid wood. We lost both cars and our RV"

If you have never witnessed steady 155 MPH winds up close and personal, you cannot imagine such force.



Sgt B
Col Jim Bathurst,
USMC (ret)

When Nancy and I moved to Ft. Myers in 2019, it was my 29th move and Nancy's 15th with me.

Why Florida? Well, we were snowbirds every winter for at least 20 years in our RV's, but this old, worn out, beaten up body could no longer handle cold weather. When the temps get below 50 degrees, I ache all over. Did we know about hurricanes? For me growing up on Chesapeake Bay, they were part of my early

life—not so for Nancy. However, we "thought" we were taking necessary precautions by buying a place far inland from the **Gulf of Mexico**—about 15 miles as the crow flies. However, we are about 5 miles from the **Caloosahatchee River**, which flows from enormous



Pieces of our house

Creek which flows into the **Caloosahatchee**, ends at our property. The creek is affected by the tide, as is the **Caloosahatchee**, and at low tide I could jump over the creek. By now you are surely seeing the picture.

The storm surge pushed water up the **Caloosahatchee River**, which pushed water up **Daughtrey's Creek** and put two-and-a-half feet of water into our house.

Ours is a one-story concrete block house so I was not about to leave it. We were sitting on folding chairs on the coffee table in the living room and the water was almost to our knees.

If you have never witnessed steady 155 MPH winds up close and personal, you cannot imagine

such force. Our neighborhood is shrouded in 70-80 year old

Live Oak trees—many now looking like cactus with twisted broken branches.

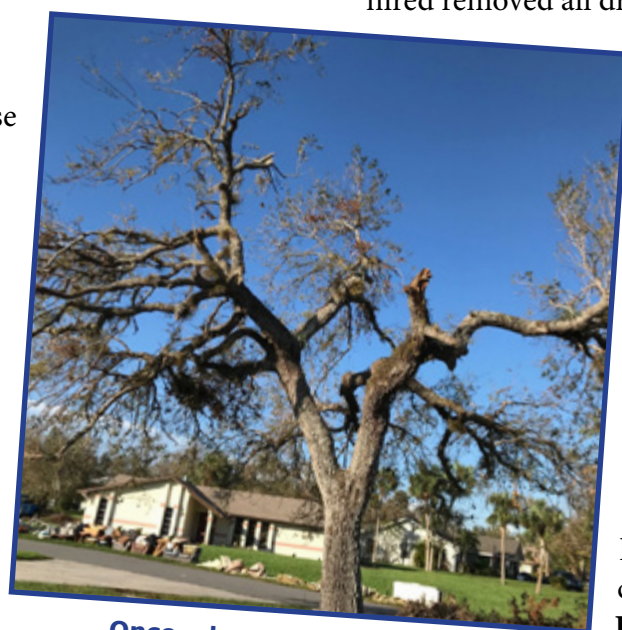
We lost everything in our home that was not solid wood—those pieces I can sanitize and rework if needed.

We lost both cars and our RV. The reclamation company we hired removed all drywall four-

feet-up from the floor, dried everything out for several days, and treated all exposed studs.

Anything below the four-foot level went curbside for **FEMA** to haul away.

Hurricane Ian
Hurricane Ian destroyed some 8,000 homes, causing nearly \$113 billion dollars in damage and 152 deaths.



Once a beautiful Live Oak

This was not something a couple of our age needed, but it is what it is and we shall overcome. At this stage—almost six months



Daughtrey's Creek after Ian

replacing the windows since they were partially underwater and they are older 1984 single pane windows.

Some furniture is on order and we replaced Nancy's car—may not replace mine.

While this was quite an experience, I am by no means complaining — there are some folks down here still living in tents because they lost their entire house and everything in it.

However, this is Florida, a state that takes care of their own, and our Governor is on top of everything.

later—we are back in the house, not quite a "home" yet, as we are sitting on lawn chairs in the living room.

The only major repair still to be done is the replacement of windows, which are on order. I installed my steel shutters beforehand so we lost no glass, but I am



The tangled twisted back of the house

I took some pictures but should have taken more.

Our wish is that we are back to the new normal by Christmas.

— Sgt B



Sgt Tony Arrigo, USAF Crew Chief F-4 Phantom 12th Tactical Fighter Wing Cam Ranh Bay, Bien Hoa Vietnam

First Person Account

Readying the F-4 For Combat

tents, a call for close air support. Infantry heavily engaged, needing help. Our F-4 was prepped and armed. Time to fly.

Readying the F-4 Fighter

The **Assistant Crew Chief** climbs the ladder to the rear seat of the cockpit:

1. Harnesses up the Rear Seat Pilot
2. Pulls the last safety pin from the ejection seat (5 pins already pulled)
3. Slides up to the forward seat and harnesses up the Pilot.
4. Comes down the ladder, pulls the chock from the F-4's left wheel. There's no right wheel chock.

The **Crew Chief** hand signals the Pilot to start engines. The F-4 used a gun-powder cartridge to fire up each engine.

With both engines running, the **Crew Chief** hand signals the **Assistant Crew Chief** to pull the remaining chocks. Chocks pulled, the **Crew Chief** gives a

The horn blasted us out of our

entire procedure from the horn blaring to takeoff was less than two minutes. We prided ourselves on our speed and accuracy.

Thumbs up to the Pilot who taxis the aircraft to the runway and takes off — loaded with napalm and bombs, afterburners drowning the night with awesome, crushing power. The entire procedure from the horn blaring to takeoff was less than two minutes. We prided ourselves on our speed and accuracy.

I liked being on the Alert Pad, which was away from the flight line and its own little unit. Watching the afterburners at night heading off to “Kill the Cong” was as close to combat as us Airmen could get. We thought.

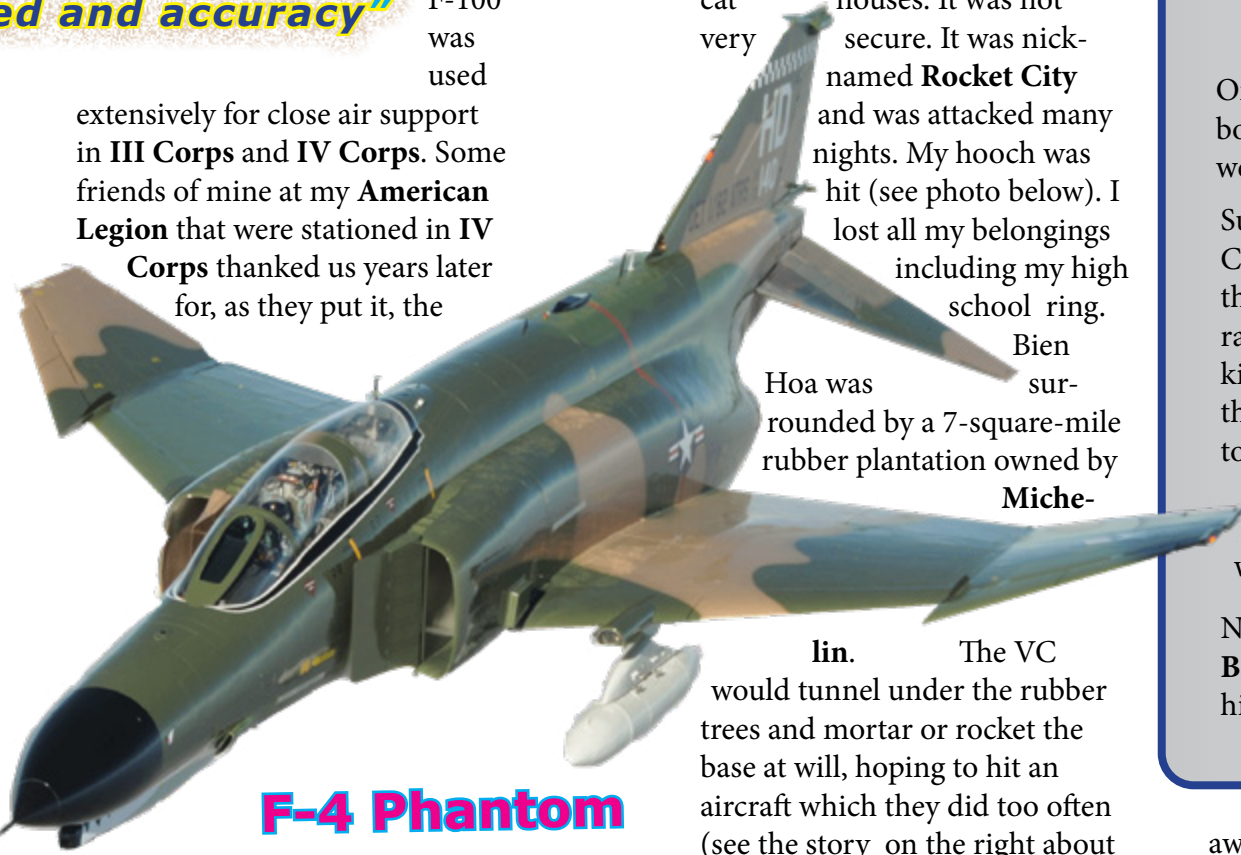
Alert Pad
The most intense duty in the **12th Tactical Fighter Wing** was the **Alert Pad**. It was designed to offer a speedy response for **Close Air Support (CAS)**. The goal was to have an F-4 in the air in under two minutes. *When the infantry called, time was precious. We drilled to make it perfect.*

out of there. It was in **III Corps** about 15 km northeast of **Saigon**. They flew the **F-100 Super Sabre**.

“We prided ourselves on our speed and accuracy”

The F-100 was used extensively for close air support in **III Corps** and **IV Corps**. Some friends of mine at my **American Legion** that were stationed in **IV Corps** thanked us years later for, as they put it, the

with stores, barber shops, and cat houses. It was not very secure. It was nicknamed **Rocket City** and was attacked many nights. My hooch was hit (see photo below). I lost all my belongings including my high school ring.



F-4 Phantom

Bien Hoa was surrounded by a 7-square-mile rubber plantation owned by **Michelin**. The VC would tunnel under the rubber trees and mortar or rocket the base at will, hoping to hit an aircraft which they did too often (see the story on the right about Noel Lovellette getting a Bronze Star). The Alert Pad at Bien Hoa was a bit hairy since you were

“Huns that killed the VC.”

The F-100, aka **THE HUN** or **Lead Sled**, flew more combat missions than all of the other Fighter Jets combined. The F-100s flew 360,283 sorties (missions) during the Vietnam war. It is an extraordinary number and unknowable how many American lives it saved and how many enemy lives it took but, trust me...many.

Bien Hoa housed families of the VNAF as well as American GIs and it was an open base replete



Tony's hooch after a Rocket attack



F-100 Super Sabre

F-100 On Fire

One night in June, during a rocket attack, an F-100 loaded with bombs got hit and caught fire. It was close to the bunkers where we were hunkered down. If it blew, forget about it.

Suddenly one of the Crew Chiefs, **Sgt Noel Lovellette**, left the safety of the bunker and ran to the burning **Hun**. He kicked the chocks, jumped in the cockpit, and taxied the Hun to a place far away from the bunkers. I heard about this the next day and thought it was cool.

Noel Lovellette was awarded the **Bronze Star w/Combat V** for his valiant actions that day.

— **Anthony Arrigo**



Bronze Star w/Combat "V"

away from the main flight line and open to rifle fire or mortar and rocket rounds. If I wanted to be where the action was, I found it at Bien Hoa. **Knowing that our sorties were in support of ground troops who relied on us lent to the high morale of the place.** We knew that we were relatively safe on the base as compared to the men humping the boonies.

End of Tour

I ended my TDY in October '67 and flew back to Cam Ranh Bay for my processing and flight back to the states. My year in Vietnam was exciting, exhilarating, and scary. I never compare it to the grunts (0311's) and know that

they faced death everyday. However, being a Crew Chief in Vietnam and completing over 1,000 sorties to support the ground troops has given me a sense of pride that I still maintain.

We all had a job to do. Whether a ground pounder, a fly boy, or a REMF, it was one team, one fight. I'm 75 years old and as proud of my service as I was when I enlisted at 17.

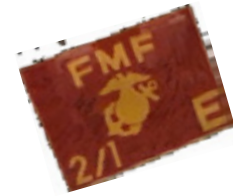
God Bless all our troops, past and present.

Anthony Arrigo
Rancho Santa Margarita, CA



Fleet Marine Force Pacific

Sea Tiger News



Sgt. Steve Berntson
Sea Tiger Reporter,
Embedded w/Echo 2/1

The Sea Tiger was the III Marine Amphibious Force's weekly newspaper that covered the U.S. Marine units in Vietnam's I Corps area. Sgt. Steve Berntson was assigned to the 1st MarDiv Informational Services Office (ISO) but spent most of the time out in the field with the 1st & 5th Marine regiments.

He was embedded (long before the term was developed) with 2nd Bn/1st Marines and Echo 2/1 was his favorite company to go out with because Captain Pratt, the commanding officer, "let me go where I wanted and sent Gunny Weathers looking for me when something was coming down."

The majority of his Sea Tiger 2/1 stories were about the exploits of Echo Co. The first issue was published on 10 November 1965 and the last issue on 14 April 1971.



Money from Uncle Ho. North Vietnamese currency from the backpack of an NVA trooper



An Echo mortar team fires up with incoming showing in the distance



DaNang Coastline

DaNang shoreline

'Gunny' Epitomized SNCO Duties

By Sgt. Steve Berntson
CON THIEN — In a Marine rifle company there is one man who deals with and influences every Leatherneck at some time. He is a man who everyone listens to and knows as the company gunnery sergeant. As Gunny he is the important middle-man for the company commander and the troops.
The death of GySgt. Nathaniel Weathers later reflecting found Moravia comments — commemorating both the man and epitomizing his position. Weathers, the "gunny" for "E" Co. (2/1), was killed by an enemy artillery blast while the unit manned Con Thien.
A few days after his death, four Marines taking a smoke break from their job of filling sandbags sat talking.
"You know," said a young Marine, "Gunny was what I will always picture as a real Marine. He was always doing his job and helping others with theirs. He never got excited over anything and he could control any situation."
"I remember the time one of our platoons got ambushed," recalled a second Leatherneck. "A couple of the point men got hit bad, the corporals and the gunny took off running towards them. Gunny took a bullet through the helmet and it knocked him down, but he got back up, wiped the blood out of his eyes and ran over to help the wounded. He 'Ded' with the wounded."
"It just seemed that there wasn't a question in the world that the Gunny couldn't answer or find out the answer for," recalled a skinny, bespectacled Marine. "And in a firefight, there he was running back and forth telling us where to fire and warning us about some hidden sniper. He was always keeping an eye on the new guys and helping them out."
"The old Gunny was a Marine's Marine," continued the fourth man. "He was like a friend, a father, and an Ann Landers—but most of all he was 'our Gunny.'"
Gunny Weathers had been with "E" Co. for more than 11 months. In between welcoming and bidding farewell to all company Marines, he was their "Gunny."

Final Patrol Squad Leaders Close Tours with VC Kills

By: Cpl. Steve Berntson
DA NANG—Two squad leaders, from the same platoon, finished their tours in Vietnam with success as their units combined for seven Viet Cong kills on their last patrol.
Cpls. John B. McGovern (Worcester, Mass.) and Eugene R. Brooke (Philadelphia, Pa.), and "E" Co., 2d Bn., First Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division, were members of a platoon reaction force.
McGovern's squad was preparing to sweep a village on the morning of July 12. "I sent my M-60 machinegun team in on an ambush on the northern end of the village overlooking a wide rice paddy," said McGovern.
"I took the other fireteam and went to the southern end to begin sweeping. Before we could sweep, the machinegun opened up and we moved back to see what was happening," he said.
When McGovern arrived at the ambush site, he found that a Vietnamese Army man attached to their platoon had been wounded along with one Marine. A medevac was called in.
"After the medevac, we went down to where the ambush took place and searched the area. About 20 meters from the site, we found six VC bodies that the enemy had dragged that far and then left," said McGovern.
The following morning, Brooks set his squad in a village and began running patrols.
"We were coming down a trail when we saw a man come out of a hut and quickly go back in. Before we could get to the hut, we men ran out of the back into the surrounding brush," said Brooks.
"We opened fire and saw one

Crack Units Join I

SEA TIGER Foe Mopped Up In Hue REDS HIT DMZ BASE

ARVN Hoist Flag At Citadel To Close Bitter Hue Battle



Lt. Lee Suydam

Cook Volunteers, Rescues Marines

By: Cpl. Steve Berntson
DA NANG—A cook who volunteered to carry ammunition to a pinned down platoon and ended up rescuing four wounded Marines in an open rice paddy has been presented the Bronze Star Medal with Combat "V".
Sgt. Bobby Lenor, (Houston, Tex.) a mess sergeant with 2nd Bn., First Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division, received the award Aug. 10. LtCol. Archie Van Winkle, battalion commander, 2nd Bn., presented the medal to Lenor during ceremonies at the battalion command post near Da Nang.
Sgt. Lenor was cited for his actions April 21, while serving as a cook for "F" Co. on an outpost located 25 miles south of the Da Nang Air Base.



Leatherneck's Fire Silences Viet Cong

CAP's Clobber Enemy Forces During Attacks

Heroic Corporal Aids 10 in Hue Action