

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY  
ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Vietnam War

Personal Experience  
O. H. 1482

HAROLD C. SCHRAMM

Interviewed

by

Darlene Pavlock

on

November 15, 1991

HAROLD C. SCHRAMM

Harold C. Schramm was born in Bellaire, Ohio, August 29, 1946 to Fred A. and Martha E. Schramm. He is the youngest of 5 children, having 3 sisters and 1 brother. At the age of 5 he and his family moved to Salem, Ohio where he still resides with his wife Bonnie and children Matt, 19 and Sarah 13. He did minimal traveling as a child. He graduated from Salem High School June, 1965 obtained employment at The Salem News, and waited to be drafted.

His notice came in October 1965. He reported for basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky December 1st. He went to Fort Eustus, Virginia for transportation school and was the honor graduate of his class. His was classified a parts specialist for light helicopters in supply. In April, 1966 he received orders for Vietnam, arrived at Ton Son Nhut Air Base in May and transferred to the 4th Transportation Command Headquarters Company in downtown Saigon. He lived at the Le Lai Hotel for the year of his duty. Unlike his training, Harold's job was to check the manifests and bills of lading for unloading ships in the harbor. His other job was pulling guard duty at the Hotel and officers quarters located in the Saigon suburbs about 3 miles away. He refused an offer of an early discharge if he extended 3 months and left Vietnam April 27, 1967, destination Pittsburgh. He

reported to Fort Knox, Kentucky for 6 months to await his discharge. Here, after his rank and duty time in Vietnam, he was given KP (kitchen detail). This along with a list of other insults and the lack of respect by the general public toward Vietnam veterans has left a bitter taste in Harold's mouth. He "wished they [politicians] did a better job on the war, we have the stamp of losers".

He attended Kent State University and is employed as Assistant Vice President for The Home Savings and Loan Company of Youngstown, Ohio. He is a member of the Salem Hunt Club and enjoys hunting and shooting.

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INTERVIEWEE: HAROLD C. SCHRAMM

INTERVIEWER: Darlene Pavlock

SUBJECT: growing up and family travel, entering  
service, Army mind games, lies

DATE: November 15, 1991

P: This is an interview with Harold Schramm for the Youngstown State University Oral History Program, on the Vietnam War, by Darlene Pavlock, at 275 Federal Plaza West, Youngstown, Ohio 44501, on Monday November 15, 1991, at 4:15 p.m.

Harold, I'd like to ask you where you were born and where you were raised.

S: I was born in Bellaire, Ohio, August 29, 1946, but I grew up in Salem, Ohio. We moved there when I was about five years old.

P: About five?

S: Sure.

P: Is Bellaire very far from Salem?

S: Eighty miles. It's down on the river, near Wheeling, West Va.

P: Okay, I see, and you lived in Salem, then, the rest of your life? And, you're still there now?

S: I'm still there now.

P: Did you travel much when you were growing up?

S: No.

P: No?

S: No, I lived in the same town, same house. Other than vacations, there was never any traveling done.

P: You took a yearly vacation with your family?

S: We tried to, but it wasn't anything special. One year, we went to Washington, D.C. One year, we went to Michigan. I have a sister in Chicago, and we'd go out to see her. We got to travel around a little bit.

P: But, not that much. You were basically a hometown boy.

S: Small town, hometown boy.

P: You stayed around the area most of your life?

S: Yes.

P: Tell me something about your growing-up years.

S: I don't think they were anything remarkable. I would have called us poor, but I think the truth would be lower middle class. But, I was the youngest of five. I had three older sisters and an older brother, and I think it was a pretty normal childhood. Had some fun and got into some trouble, but nothing serious.

P: Did you live in the city, or more in the country?

S: In the city.

P: In the city.

S: I was what parents might describe as an ornery kid.

P: You still are. Tell me about your school days. Did you go to college right after high school?

S: No, I graduated high school, and again, because we were poor, I went immediately to work. I got a job at the Salem News right out of high school, and was waiting for the draft. At that point in time, I graduated in June of 1965, and that was just at the peak of the build-up to Vietnam. Everyone who didn't go to college, you knew you were going to get drafted. That was what you did then. You graduated from high school and joined the Army, or you graduated from high school and went to college. If you wanted to take your chances, you just sat around and waited until the draft got you.

The draft got me.

P: It did? When did it get to you?

S: I graduated in June, and I got my physical notice in October. I got drafted the first day of December in 1965. Which, I think is also interesting, a sign of the times, in that, you couldn't sit around for more than a few months and they grabbed you.

P: That's true. So, you left just before Christmas?

S: Yes. That was also strange. I said good-bye to everybody. I had a girlfriend, who is my wife now, but she was a girlfriend then. I said good-bye to my parents, good-bye to her, and left for Fort Knox December 1st, and I was home by the 21st. Three weeks later, they gave us Christmas leave.

P: Did they really?

S: Yes, that was crazy.

P: From basic training?

S: Yeah, right in the middle of basic training, they sent us home for three weeks.

P: I never heard of that.

S: I know, that's what I say, you know, so, bizzare, strange. . . .

P: So, you were drafted into the Army.

S: Yes.

P: And, did you go right from basic to Vietnam, or did you do other things?

S: Well, they had what they call advanced training. If you were combat, they have advanced combat training. I went to what they call transportation school. And, I was trained to be a parts specialist for light helicopters, and that sounded like a pretty useful, what they call MOS (Military Occupation Specialty). But in the typical Army fashion, that's not what I did. When I got over to Vietnam after advanced training, they assigned me to a Stevedore-type company, which was overseeing the unloading of ships.

P: Big difference from parts.

S: Well see, the Army didn't think so. Transportation is transportation, see. But, it always bothered me a

little. I was the honor graduate of my class.

P: Were you?

S: And, I went to Fort Eustus, Virginia. (We called it Fort Useless). I was trained as a parts specialist, I was an honor graduate of my class, and never worked in a supply building, never touched a light helicopter part, had nothing what so ever to do with helicopters or supply. But anyway, chronologically, I think it's interesting. I got drafted December 1st, graduated from basic training February 5th, 1966, went to Fort Eustus, Virginia. After basic I had about a two week leave, and got my orders from Vietnam in April. I was in Vietnam the first day of May.

P: Really?

S: Yes, so, like I say, I got drafted in December, went through basic, which took about two or three months, and that was another thing. They accelerated that, that is supposed to be a twelve week thing. We were going night and day for training. They were rushing. They were getting this tremendous build up, and they were just processing and moving people. So, I went to advanced training for about six weeks and took a leave before I went to Vietnam, got married. . . .

P: Did you get married before you went?

S: And left, all within a span of, what five months?

P: Five months? I had no idea that went that way for you.

S: You know, they were just burning, and just pushing, pushing, pushing to get the people over there.

P: Well, I wanted to ask you what your basic training was like and when you got your orders and why they just seem to coincide.

S: Well, basic training. . . . I don't know. . . . I guess it was one of those love-hate things. I grew up in middle America, small town. My father was not in the military. He was too old. He had too many kids when World War II broke out, but all his brothers, and all my Uncles, and all the older people that we knew, all the men served in the military. Again, we were poor. We weren't poor white trash, what they call it today, but we weren't anywhere near middle class. You scraped your whole way along. It wasn't just true for my dad and his family. It was for my mothers family and everybody we knew. We were all middle class, struggling like hell. But, all his brothers served. I was named after an uncle that was killed in World War

II. He was killed in 1944. I was born in 1946. And, we had this tradition of service, I just knew that when my turn came I would serve, gladly and proudly.

P: Did you?

S: Yes. But, Vietnam was a strange war, you know. The protest had not yet come on real strong in 1965 and 1966 when I first went in. The Army was a love-hate thing for me. I mean, I loved some of the things that we did, but other things they did were so stupid. I mean, some of the orders and some of things that you had to do in the military was just ridiculous. It makes you wonder how we could ever win a war with people like that in charge. But basically, I was proud to serve and I did the best I could, though I was miserable and homesick.

P: Were you?

S: Oh, yes.

P: I wanted to ask you how it felt being away from home for the first time, I mean, even though you went on vacations?

S: Yes, but I never left the family. I never went anywhere without someone, like my mother or father, you know, someone.

P: And, a complete different area. I mean, Kentucky, Virginia are so different from our area.

S: Oh, yes. Well like I say, it was a sense of wonder. Amazing. I just couldn't imagine. I adapted well, but I would have loved to have seen myself. If I could go back now and look at this bumpkin, running around, doing what he was told most of the time. . . . Basic training, I want to say, was a joke, but, I don't know. Typical military. . . . Here's just an example. I am a good shot with a rifle. My father and my family were all hunters. We have been involved with firearms, ever since we were small, and trained to handle them safely and wisely. I was totally familiar with firearms. I went through basic training, listened to what they told me, did what they told me, shot well. It came to the day before we had to fire for record, for official designation. My rifle broke. The sight broke off. They repaired it, but the setting was totally different than what I had. Normally, I'd set my rifle sight to go up twenty clicks, and twenty clicks to the right, and that adjustment would make my rifle shoot perfectly at that set distance. . . . That was fine. The morning of record fire, I got up. Instead of setting the new setting, which was twenty clicks up to the right



and thirty to the left, I went back and did the old one. It was just a dumb ass mistake. So, I shot record, and the only targets I could hit were the very close ones. They'd pop up. You'd shoot them. Then, they'd fall back down. But, anything beyond that (and I think it was like thirty yards away). It was not very far. Anything out as far as a hundred yards, hundred and fifty, two hundred, three hundred yards, I'd miss completely. I was just frustrated. I couldn't understand it. When I got back to the barracks, I said to myself, "Now, what in the world is going on?" Then I had realized what I had done. I had set the wrong setting, and the rifle was only shooting where I had set it to shoot, which was nowhere near where it was supposed to be shooting. So, I went to the sergeant, and I explained to him what I had done. He told me that if I failed I would have to redo Basic. It was a two day shoot, the first day and second day. If I failed the second day, I would have to go back to the very beginning of basic training, and start all over again. We were like six or eight weeks down the road now.

P: Just for a small mistake?

S: Well, it was a small mistake, but it was a mistake. And, it was my mistake. This man told me that if I failed to qualify on the second day, that I would have to go back to the beginning and start all over again. Well, the first day, we shot like eighty targets, and I missed maybe seventy of them. The second day, we were only shooting like forty targets, but to qualify, I would have to hit maybe thirty-five of the forty to get a score low enough just to qualify. Well, needless to say, the next day, I went out, I shot my ass off.

P: Did you?

S: I hit thirty-nine out of forty, or something like that. I qualified, but barely. Just barely qualified. Some of my friends, the people I went in with and made friends with, failed to qualify day one and failed to qualify day two. So, of course I thought they had to start basic over again, but, no. Every day, for the next two weeks they went to the range and shot all over again, until they qualified. They never had to go back. They never had to try it again. Now, I was so mad because my father and my brother and my uncles wanted to know how I did at the rifle range, and I got the lowest rating there was. A marksman. And, I should have shot expert, as I wanted to and did the second day. But, the bastards lied to me, and they did that all through the military. Every time you got faced with a situation somebody would lie to you, so you would do something stupid, or you would worry or

you would fret or wonder if you were doing the right thing.

P: Yes.

S: And, it pissed me off.

P: Sure.

S: Now, it occurs to me that the couple of guys in my company who did shoot expert, all went infantry.

P: Did they really?

S: Well, they had no choice. They were assigned. So, now I sit back and I wonder. My pride was hurt, and I wanted to shoot expert. But, had I shot expert, maybe I would have been assigned to an infantry company rather than a transportation outfit.

P: That's right.

S: And, I may have gotten my butt blown off, so I don't know. Some times it's hard to tell how things are going to work out.

P: That's true. They did.

S: But, that's been my experience with the military, is that they lie to you, and they mislead you.

P: When you got assigned to Vietnam, where did you go?

S: Tan Son Nhut Air Base, which was just outside of Saigon. I lived out there in a tent for about two weeks, and then they transferred me into the 4th Transportation Command, head quarters company, downtown Saigon. We lived at the Le Lai Hotel, that's a hotel built by the Vietnamize. The U.S. Military rented it or took it over, turned it into a barracks, and added barbed wire and what looks like a baseball backstop to you, but it was made of hurricane chainlink fence clear up to the second floor. So, that no one could throw a bomb in your room.

P: Really?

S: Well, you couldn't throw a hand grenade up that high, and, it had sand bag barricades all around. But, I lived in this hotel for the whole year.

P: You were there a year?

S: One year.

P: One year.

S: It was a good place to be.

P: Oh, yes.

S: When we first got there, there were two men to a room, and we had the regular hotel furniture, with two beds, dressers, just like any cheap hotel, anywhere. Everybody had their own mamasan, which was an old woman who, for a couple of bucks a month, would clean the room, make your bed, shine your shoes.

P: Really?

S: Yes, it was pretty good duty. After about three months, they doubled the population of the hotel, and we had to get rid of the hotel furniture because there wasn't room for it. And, they put in GI bunks and footlockers.

P: So you went from. . . .

S: It wasn't quite as good then. Now, we had four guys to a room. We worked. There was two shifts. There was a day shift that worked 6:00a.m. to 6:00p.m., and the night shift that worked 6:00p.m. to 6:00a.m.

P: Twelve hour shifts?

S: Twelve hour days, that's all you worked, and you got one day off every ten.

P: Did you?

S: And then, after a few months, you got about one day off a week. Generally Sunday, you got off. But, I'd get up in the morning, shower and get dressed, run out in front of the hotel, catch a bus.

P: The bus. . . .

S: The bus would take us to another hotel that had a restaurant--our hotel didn't have a restaurant--and we'd go in and order breakfast. Breakfast was fifty cents. You could get anything you wanted to eat, as much as you wanted to eat.

P: This is military food?

S: Military food. But again, they used Vietnamese civilians whenever they could. So, they had civilian cooks and waiters and waitresses and. . . it was just like a hotel restaurant. So we ate there every day, and then we had to go to work. I worked in an office with an

American Army Captain and a Vietnamese man and six Vietnamese girls. And, our job was to check the Bills of Lading--which is the manifest of the ship, all the cargo--compare that to the bills that we had received from the Vietnamese Stevedore companies. They would bill us so many hours and so many men for unloading all this equipment, and we were to match those and then approve the bills for payment, if we felt the charges they had billed us for were reasonable. It was a joke. I hadn't the slightest idea what the hell was involved or how many men it takes to unload a tank.

P: And, how would you know just by a piece of paper what was actually on the ship?

S: Well, we had the manifest of what was on the ship. We'd check it against the bill. But most of these Stevedore companies were owned by Frenchmen living in Vietnam.

P: Were they?

S: And, they had Vietnamese laborers and workers. Originally, when I first got assigned to this job, my job was a cargo checker. I'd have to stand out there on the ship, and as the items came off, I would check them off on the list. Well hell, it's 110 degrees in the shade out there. It's just very poor working conditions. I was out there about a week, and I ran into a lieutenant. I was a private at the time. His name was Loutzenhiser. I said, "Sir, excuse me, but I grew up next door to a Loutzenhiser from Ohio." He said, "Where?" I said, "Salem." He said, "Uncle Dick!" He was from Youngstown.

P: Really?

S: And, so we had a reunion of sorts, and he said. . . . He explained to me that I was much too smart to be standing out here in the sun, that he ought to get me inside in the office. And, that's how I got the job that I had.

P: Really?

S: So, that's the other thing I found out about the Army. You have to know somebody, and somebody has to like you, sort of like it is here.

P: You got it.

S: So, I did that for a whole year.

P: You were there one year? Full year?

S: I left California on April 30, landed in Saigon on May

2. They still owe me May 1, 1966. I never lived that day. When I crossed the date line, I guess they think they paid me back on the way home. I left there April 27 in the afternoon and landed the morning of the same day back in Pittsburgh. It was bizzare.

P: Yes.

S: I don't know how that works.

P: No early out for you.

S: Well, they offered me an early out. What they did, the Army said if I would extend my tour for three months, they would give me an early out plus thirty days leave. Plus, I was an E-4 at the time. They would make me an E-5, which would be the same grade as sergeant, and I was, I don't know, what they call a specialist. But, by this time, I didn't trust the Army or believe them. I decided to get me the hell out. After I went home, spent a few weeks with my wife and family, then I had to go back to Fort Knox for the next six months to finish up my two years.

P: Did you?

S: And, I wish that I agreed to stay in Vietnam for another three months. I just didn't trust them.

P: I can't blame you. I understand that.

S: When I was at Fort Knox, living down there in a trailer park with my wife, a couple of things happened. One, my first day back from overseas, I came back. I spent some time at home with my wife, reported for duty, walked into the ready room where the first sergeant sat and the company clerk, and reported for duty. Now, I was an E-4, which was no big deal. It was the same as a corporal. I had almost a year in grade so I was an E-4 with grade. I come back from Vietnam. I spent my time. I walked into the room, reported, and the company clerk said, "First Sergeant, here's a man for KP." They put me on KP my very first day back in the active service.

P: No sir!

S: That was a dirty deal, as far as I'm concerned.

P: An insult.

S: Yes, every couple of months, your name came up on the roster that you had to pull KP, which is a dirty, grudgy job. Cleaning, waiting on other people. You had to be there at 6:00a.m., but if you got there at

6:00a.m., you got the dirtiest job of all, which was pots and pans. So what happened was, guys just started going in at two or three in the morning so they could be the dining room orderly, which all he had to do was wait on the officers. Well bull, I'm not getting up at two in the morning to kiss anybody's butt so I always got pots and pans.

P: What were you doing?

S: Well, you stay in the back of the kitchen. Nobody bothers you. You just work, and they let you go about seven or eight that night, after working you like a slave. Then, you were off the hook for a couple of months. Well anyway, I was scheduled for KP on Wednesday, and I knew it. I lived off-post in a trailer with my wife, which cost \$110 a month. My pay check, at the time, was \$110.03. Bonnie got a check for \$140, which was my allowance plus what the government check was, so we lived on \$140 a month. Anyway, I reported Wednesday morning for KP, and they sent me to the first sergeant because I was AWOL. I was absent without leave, and I was waiting to see the Captain. And, I couldn't figure out how or why they had me as AWOL. So, I went in to see the Captain. He said, "Well Schramm, where were you yesterday?" I said, "I was at work, doing my Army job." He said, "You had KP yesterday." I said, "No sir, I have KP today. I'm here." "No, Smith or Jones or somebody got sick. Your name was moved up," he said. I said, "Well, I read the bulletin board Monday and saw that KP on Wednesday. . . ." He said, "Is there a standing order that you're to read the bulletin board every day?" I said, "Yes sir, there is." Thirty-two dollars fine, which is like a third of my pay, two weeks extra duty, which meant KP every day, two weeks assigned, restricted to quarters.

P: So that means you couldn't go home to your wife.

S: I said, "Sir, I live off base." He said, "Alright, stay in your yard."

P: No!

S: Yes, I mean, unbelievable, just unbelievable. So, because of that, I didn't get a good conduct medal, which everybody gets if they don't get in trouble. But, I got an Article 15, a misdemeanor in the Army.

P: Harold, that's unreal.

S: I mean, I don't know who's going to listen to this, but all they do is screw with you constantly.

P: One of my questions was what major events stand out

during this time.

S: Oh, yes, the Army, just how they mess with you. It's unbelievable how they mess with you.

P: On a daily basis?

S: On a daily basis.

P: When you were in Vietnam, what images of home did you carry with you?

S: I had pictures of my wife. She wrote me everyday.

P: Did she?

S: It was real nice. She'd number the letters. She started off with 365 and was working her way down. I think number one actually got to me after I was back home. The thought was real nice, of course. We were newlyweds. We got married, and about ten days after we got married, I shipped out. That was nice. This is how selfish children are, when you think about it. Bonnie and I were high school sweethearts, fine. If something happened to me, I would like her to have that GI insurance. It was \$10,000. Totally ignoring my parents, who had raised me, given me everything that they had, what was I thinking of? I mean, to hell with them. I was giving it all to this little girl, who they didn't know from Adam, I mean. I don't know why I thought that was such a noble thing. But back then, people didn't live together. At least, not in my small town. Not in my family. So, we got married because that was the only way we could spend those last few days together, and nights. But, we're still married. And, it's been twenty-six years, so I guess I made the right choice.

P: You did!

S: What was the question?

P: What images of home did you carry with you when you were there?

S: Parents. . . I don't know what happens when you turn fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, you don't really care about your parents anymore. My mother wrote to me. I'd write back, and the Red Cross called me and said to write more often. No, I wasn't much of a writer, but I did write to my wife quite often, not quite every day.

P: Did you think about your room or your house or your hometown?

S: Yes, my mom was real good and so was Bonnie about keeping me informed of what was going on. One of the strangest things happened, bizzare. You'll love this one. "Bizzare things that happened." There was a kid that I had grown up with. His name was Larry Crumbaker. Larry was a year older than me, but we were in Sunday School class together. We were in boy scouts together. We had shared a tent at summer camp. His dad was the scout leader. [Larry was a] Nice kid, real nice kid, quiet, shy. He joined the Marines. Why, I'll never know. He was not your typical, gung-ho type Marine kid.

P: Was he drafted and joined after he got drafted--or did he enlist?

S: I think he joined up. I'm pretty sure he joined. Well in any event, I had lost track of Larry, but I knew he was in the service. I'm sitting in a snack bar, I guess you could call it, in Saigon. Got a letter from my wife, and I got a letter from my mother, so I read the letter from my wife first. Then, I opened up the letter from home, and out fell a newspaper clipping. Opened it up, and it's Larry's picture. He had been killed in action.

P: Really?

S: About two weeks earlier. Now, it's always bothered me that Larry and I were in the same country, a few hundred miles apart probably. He was up north with the Marines. I was down south with the Army. But, he died. That news went all the way back to Salem, Ohio, and it had to come all the way back to Vietnam for me to find out. It was only about two weeks before I left to come home.

P: Really?

S: The first Sunday, not the first day back, but the very second or third day back, I went to church with my family. And, the first guy I run into is Larry's dad.

P: How did you feel about it?

S: Better than I am now.

P: It's okay.

S: I don't know what the hell he was doing in the Marines. He had no business being in the Marines. He was not the gung-ho, killer-animal that we all know make good Marines.

P: That's where they put him.



S: Well, I don't think he got drafted. I think he enlisted. I think his mother had committed suicide maybe a year or so before he graduated from high school. I think that possibly messed him up. I don't know. I think, like a lot of kids, he wanted to prove something. He wanted to show somebody something, and he died trying.

P: Yes.

S: But, that was so strange.

P: Something else.

S: It was so hard, you know, to see his dad, and I'm here. And, Larry was dead. I had a piece of cake job. I had it easy. The whole year at Vietnam was just boredom, to me. And, here was this man, and his son had given it all.

P: Was it boring?

S: Yes, homesick, putting up with the Army and their shit. I hated the Army! I liked Saigon. I was living in one of the largest cities in the world.

P: Was it relatively safe?

S: Oh, yes, that was early in the war. That was early on, and Saigon is a beautiful city. . . . The people. . . . I liked the Vietnamese people, I really did. But, it was a beautiful city, and the war had not come to the city. The night of TET, that's what everyone talks about, TET. See, they're talking about TET 1967 was the night the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese attacked? I was CG (commander of guard), the night of TET 1966. My job, and that was quite a treat for me because I hardly got to do anything worthwhile, but I was commander of the guard that night. And, it always occurred to me that through good fortune, or whatever, if I had gone to college for one year and got in there one year later, I would have been commander of the guard, perhaps the night of TET 1967, and gotten my ass whipped because that was a very bad night. I missed that by an entire year. That was another thing, talking about the Army. When we pulled guard, we'd pull guard right there at the Le Lai Hotel, and then, we also had to pull guard at an officer BOQ, which is a bachelor officer's quarters. So, they put us in a jeep. They would drive us two, three miles out in the suburbs of Saigon, and it was our job for two hours to walk up and down on the sidewalk in front of this BOQ with a weapon. You were allowed to have a clip of ammunition in the weapon, but you weren't allowed to

have a shell in the chamber. So, in other words, you couldn't shoot anybody quickly if you had to. But, you had ammunition. If you really needed it, you could load your weapon. So, it occurred to me, when you're walking guard, at two in the morning, that what the hell am I doing here? There was absolutely nothing I could do. And then, I realized that the only thing I could do was get killed, and perhaps if the officers inside heard me go down, they could then run out the back door because they sure as hell couldn't have done much else. It was so pathetic and so ridiculous. But there again, that's the Army's mentality. Better to sacrifice one private than maybe a dozen officers.

P: Now, would they come to check your weapon and be sure there wasn't something in the chamber?

S: Yes.

P: They would?

S: Oh, yes, the Army. . . . They were always screwing with you. That's part of the going on and off duty. You had to present your weapon and everything else. Typical Army. They blew up a hotel right around the corner from us. It was an Air Force Hotel. They put a bomb on the roof and blew the top three or four floors right down to the bottom, and killed about eleven guys. Every once in a while, a rocket would come in, or a mortar attack would come in. We could watch the war. At night, we used to show movies on top of our hotel. We had built a drive-in-theater-type thing with a screen and benches on the roof. It was a tropical country, beautiful country; although, it was hotter than hell during the day. Nights were very pleasant. So we'd go up on the roof and they'd show a movie, usually class B, grade B movies that, today, you wouldn't even catch on the Late, Late, Late, Show around here. But, at least it was something to do. But, the war would often interfere. The Air Force had something they called Puff the Magic Dragon, which was a C-130 with these electric machine guns, mini-guns on them. And, they'd fly off not too far from us, drop a few flares, and then, they'd hose down the countryside with machine gun fire. Or, they'd call in dive bombers, sometimes. So, we'd shut the movie off and go watch the war because it was more interesting than the movie. Most attacks would last a half an hour, or so. And, the flares would go out, and planes would fly away.

P: Go back to your movie.

S: Go back to watching the movie. The other thing I think that is fair to point out is that, my first three

months in Vietnam, I nearly became an alcoholic.

P: Really?

S: We'd get off work. We'd work six to six. We have now worked for twelve hours. We'd get off work. Curfew was at 11:00 p.m. so you had to be in your hotel or barracks, or wherever you were assigned, and off the streets. Everyone had to be off the streets at 11:00 p.m. So, we had about five hours to kill there. So we'd go to one of these hotels and order dinner. Now, dinner costs two dollars. It was rather expensive, but again, you had the choice of whatever is on the menu. Well, not exactly. They had two or three items that you could pick from. The food wasn't very good. We would eat, and then we would go into the bar. Beer was ten cents.

P: Ten cents for beer?

S: Mixed drinks were twenty cents. Well, what we would do is. . . after dinner, three or four or five of us, we would just give the little Vietnamese bar maid a dollar, and tell her to bring us five screwdrivers, each. The reason being there, that orange juice and vodka is about the only thing they couldn't screw up. So, she would bring a tray with perhaps twenty-five drinks on it.

P: Really?

S: Staggering under the weight of this tray, and set it down. And, we'd sit there and just proceed to get totally shit faced every night, every night, night after night. And, eventually, I came to my senses and quit, but I suspect there are a lot of guys out there wandering around today who still have a problem. And, I'll say something else while we're talking about it, too. Cigarettes were eleven cents a pack, donated, I suspect by the tobacco companies. Well, we were rationed to six cartons a month. That's all you were allowed to buy. That's a hell of a lot of cigarettes. So, for \$6.60 I could buy enough tobacco to give myself cancer. As it turned out, I gave myself a heart attack when I was thirty-five and was thoroughly and totally hooked on cigarettes by the time I left Vietnam.

P: And, you never smoked before you went?

S: I started smoking in the Army. Back to the Army again. These people, I love them. "Anyone in this room smoke? Okay, you men who smoke go take a ten minute break. The rest of you guys keep working." "Shit, I'm a

smoker man. Let me out of here!"

P: I guess so.

S: Every hour you get a ten minute break, so what the hell. I'm going to smoke! You're damn right I'm going to smoke! It was unbelievable!

P: That's commendable that you pulled yourself together and knew enough not to keep doing it.

S: Well, I don't think I could have. Physically, I don't think I could have kept up, I mean. Booze was cheap. Food was cheap. Everything was cheap. I lived in a hotel, expense free. I got my Army pay. I got overseas pay. I got combat pay, and because we ate and lived in hotels, I got cost of living pay. I was pulling down three times my normal salary. My wife, who knew what I made was surprised because I started sending home like \$100 or \$150 or even sometimes, \$200 a month.

P: That's a lot of money.

S: And back then, it was a tremendous amount of money. I think when I got back from Vietnam we had two thousand dollars in the bank. I don't think we have two thousand dollars in the bank today. But, back then you could have bought a new car for two thousand dollars.

P: Exactly.

S: That was 1966, 1967, and that was a hell of a lot money.

P: Back then, yes.

S: But, then like I said, I quit drinking to excess. Women were another problem. I had recently married so I was okay, true blue, straight arrow, but you could get a prostitute for two dollars for what they call short time. You could get a girl all night for fifteen dollars.

P: Long time?

S: Long time! You could get anything you wanted. There was nothing that you could not buy, drugs. . . . I didn't know anything because we're talking punk kid, hick from Ohio. I knew nothing. But marijuana, and hashish and opium, they sold on the streets.

P: Really?

S: The Vietnamese people didn't care much about that.

What I would call a cyclelo driver, this is. . . . You'd think of a guy as a rick shaw pulling. . . well, these guys had bicycles with seats attached in front. And, they would call them cyclelos. And, for fifty cents they'd pedal your butt all over town. Well, these guys would get tremendous pains in the legs, I could just tell. Cramps. They'd stop at a little sidewalk thing and buy a little thing of hashish or opium, smoke it, get back on their thing, and pedal off. You know, this is how they survived. This is how they lived. But, drugs were common. Drugs were readily available. The big city kids knew all about them. I didn't know anything about them. But the Army, at three o'clock in the morning, they'd come in and have a raid on your room.

P: Really?

S: Dump your footlocker out, tear all your stuff apart, looking for drugs. Now, if you had drugs, of course, you understood that. But, just harassment, that's all I thought it was, just plain ordinary harassment.

P: That's surprising. I thought maybe they'd be more lenient over there or leave you alone a little bit more, but they didn't?

S: Well, you would think so. My wife, on our honeymoon, bought me a pocket knife, a rather large, about 3 inches long. It had a little leather case. I was going into Vietnam, a combat zone, and I wanted a knife. The first day in Vietnam, they took it off of me and made me put it in the weapons room. I didn't see it again until my last day.

P: And, they gave it back to you?

S: Then, they gave it back to me. I love the Army.

P: I can tell! Harold, the images that you took with you, you know, to Vietnam--what you thought about and kept you going--when you came home, how were they different from what you had imagined them to be, and sort of how--you didn't really expect them to change--but, how did they change?

S: Not as much as you might think. I can see where the question is pointing, but no, I didn't have a lot of problems. The only thing that stuck in my mind as a real surprise, when I got back, was how much my father had aged.

P: Really?

S: Yes. Whether I had never looked at him, and I don't

know that I ever did. You never look at your dad. But, when I got off the plane and landed in Pittsburgh, and Bonnie and my mother and father were waiting for me, my dad looked old.

P: Did he?

S: Now, at that time, he must have been around fifty, I would guess. And, not old, but he looked old. He looked gray. He looked old. He looked frail. When I went away, I was a kid, and he was my dad. I guess when I came back, I'm the man, and he's the old man. But, that bothered me. After I came back, I had a problem in that I was still under the impression in my mind that I had done a good thing. I thought, as my father and his brothers would have, World War II generation. You got called. You served. You did the best you could. You put up with the shit. You did what they asked you. It was an honorable thing that you had done. Then the trouble started because my friends, most of whom were still in college--they weren't exactly calling me baby-killer, but let's face it--they were totally opposed to the war. The media was totally opposed to the war. It became a very difficult situation then, because you thought you'd done an honorable thing. You thought you had done the best that you could. If in fact it was a dishonorable war, if in fact it was wrong, you could take any position you want, but you either were the fool--they fooled you, tricked you into serving in a dishonorable cause--or you could have gone completely overboard and got on their side and say, "Yes it was bad." Remember the movie Born on the Fourth of July?

P: Yes.

S: With Ron Covick? Ron Covick and I were exactly the same. When I was a kid, I played Army. And, I wanted to serve. I was gung-ho, just like him in the movie, and I grew up. But, he got shot. And, he got paralyzed, and it embittered him. And, he was then, totally opposed to the war. I'm not. I still think the war was an honorable thing. We were trying to do the right thing. We didn't do a very good job at it. We didn't sell the public before we fought the war, but they did an admirable job in Desert Storm, see. They sold the war, and then, they had the troops go in, see. We did it the other way, and it didn't work out. Ron Covick lost his faith. Now he's very bitter, but I don't know how much of that had to do with the war or the fact that he was paralyzed. I don't know. In the beginning of that movie, I recognized myself. That's the kind of kid I was. We were all going to grow up and join the Army and go kill the bad guys. But, he lost his faith. I never did lose mine. But, it was awfully tough for a

long time. And what happened was, you just simply didn't talk about it. "Where you been?" I used to say, "Well, I was in the Army. I was in Vietnam." Oh, hell, I don't say that anymore, you know.

P: Really?

S: Yes, I was away, you know. "Where you been?" "Oh, just around."

P: You evaded everything.

S: Yes, there's no point in talking about it because if he was a hawk, pro war which we called hawks, we were fighting the war all wrong. If they were anti-war, then we were all baby killers, and we were worse than the scum of the earth. So, there was just no way. . . you couldn't talk to anybody about it. So, you didn't talk to anybody. I had nothing to cry about. I mean, I hadn't been in combat. I hadn't been shot. I hadn't been killed. They took a year of my life. Two years, when you count the total time in the Army, but they took a year of my life, stuck me in a very unpleasant situation. I did the best I could with it.

P: Come back and let you get on with your life?

S: Yeah. That's all I did, you know. But, I wish they had done a better job on the war. I really wish they had because we have the stamp of loser. My parents generation. . . There's a stigma that we lost the war, and I don't think that's true. Although the Vietnamese, to give them credit, were a good people, even the North Vietnamese. They turned out to be much better fighters and much more dedicated than the South Vietnamese. But, I honestly believe we could have won that war because we never lost any battles. How the hell can you lose a war when you never lost any battles? But, I suspect we lost the war on the six o'clock news with Walter Cronkite. After TET, Walter, who was a bit of a hawk, had turned the other way. He thought, "Well, now we can't win this war." And, we kicked their asses at TET. We kicked their asses all over the country. But, in our minds, in the minds of American people, we had lost. And, once that feeling, you know. . . . I don't know if you've ever been in a fist fight, but when you think you've lost, you have. It's over. And, no matter what happens from that point on. . . . So, at some point there, you know, we lost the war. And, it's such a shame because it was such a sacrifice. A tremendous sacrifice. And, we're still paying. We're still paying today. That's a shame.

P: How did you adapt to the changes, and what methods did you use and found successful in your adaptations?

S: After I came back?

P: After you came back.

S: Avoidance.

P: Avoidance.

S: That was all. That was okay. Again, I had no hang ups. I didn't kill any babies. I didn't see my best friend blown up. I didn't get shot at and crap my pants. I mean, none of these things happened to me. So, there are veteran's organizations out there now, Vietnam Veterans of Columbiana County. I've never been to one of their meetings, and I'm never going to go to one of their meetings. Because, I don't feel that my sacrifice was worthy of any special note. There was probably, what, three or four million guys who served in that war. Sixty thousand got killed. That's terrible, but that's not very many. And, another half a million probably got wounded. I heard a story, its not my original idea, but, . . . it's like an onion, perhaps. There's all these different layers. The guys who never served in the military feel guilty because they feel like they ducked something. The guys that served in the military, but didn't go to Vietnam, feel guilty. The guys that went to Vietnam, but didn't serve in combat, feel guilty. The guys that served in combat, but never got wounded, feel guilty. The guys that got wounded and didn't get killed, they feel guilty. So apparently, the only ones who are happy are the poor dead sons of bitches who are on the wall. I don't know.

P: I know people like that. That's a real good point.

S: I say, everybody feels guilty except the guys who died, and they wish to hell they could come back and feel guilty, I'm sure. So, I mean, it's just like, unless you got killed, you didn't do your best or something. I don't know.

P: It's an unusual phenomenon, but it's a reality.

S: But, see everybody you talk to. . . . I feel bad. I didn't serve in combat. I'm not a crazed Vietnam Vet. But, you talk to a crazed Vietnam Vet, and he knows he feels guilty about something. Talk to guys who were in the Air Force. . . . I have a buddy who spent four years in the Air Force, 1965 and 1969, in Columbus, Ohio.

P: Really?



S: Yes, I mean, what a sacrifice. When the state of Ohio passed the Vietnam Veterans bonus, he got more money than I did.

P: Did he really?

S: He got ten dollars a month for every month of service. So, he got \$480. I got \$20 a month for every month in Vietnam and \$10 a month for every month in the service. So, I got like \$360. I mean, this guy worked for JC Penny's full-time while he was in the Air Force. He had enough off duty time that he could do his Air Force job and work full-time for Penny's. I mean, he made a mint working in Columbus for the Air Force serving his country for four years. I feel like an idiot! Why couldn't I have done something smart like that? I don't know. Some people just fall in holes. So, what can you say?

P: That's true. There's some areas of the . . .

S: And, he's a big deal with Phar Mor now, would you like to interview 'im?

P: Is he really?

S: Jesus, he doesn't even remember his Air Force career. All he can remember is working for Penny's.

P: Really?

S: And fooling around with the coeds down on the campus.

P: Out at Rickenbacker.

S: Yes. Isn't that. . .

P: It's amazing. That really is. That was a good one.

S: Anyway, you say how did I handle. . .

P: The changes, but really it seems like your father was the only shock.

S: My mother blames my lack of religious feelings, now, to Vietnam. She says I lost that over there. I don't know if I lost that over there or not. But, I just don't attend church, now. I was raised in a very strong church. Perhaps she's compensating because, if I had to, if she pressed me, I'd blame her for forcing me to go when I didn't want to go. And, now [that] I'm old enough to go, I won't go. We'll have to see what happens after she dies, whether I go back to church or not. Something a mother would only know. But, I went to work, and that's nothing unusual again. We were

poor people. My wife's family had no money. If you didn't go get a job, you didn't live, I mean you just worked. You know, I suppose I could have gone back home and sponged on my parents, but we just never consider that.

P: That wasn't our ethic.

S: No, so I came back from the Army on November 30, 1967. That was my last day in the Army. I reported to work December 4th. . . I was back to my old job at the Salem News.

P: Did you go back to the Salem News?

S: Yes, I felt bad about that, but I needed a job. So, I wrote into the newspaper. They had to give me my old job back so they booted the kid that had taken my job. I worked there for about three months, and then, I found another job. I always felt bad about that.

P: But, you were entitled.

S: I was entitled, and I needed a job. And hey, you know. . . . So, my wife and I, we got an apartment, and we lived. We began a married life. One of the other good things---I always say bad things about the Army---but one of the good things was we got to take R & R in Hawaii.

P: Did you really?

S: Which was nice. We never had the money to go back to Hawaii--and Lord knows when we will--but I was a 19 year old kid. And, I flew from Vietnam into Hawaii. My wife flew from Ohio out. We met, spent five or six days, wonderful days, second honeymoon, and then flew back, which was very hard. This is better than being gone from home for a whole year. I didn't like not getting to see her for a whole year so. . . we split that up nicely. It was about six months, so it worked out real well.

P: Was it? That's wonderful.

S: So, that was nice. Now, I suppose I have somebody to thank, but it seemed like a hell of a price to pay for Hawaii.

P: I agree. You adjusted well when you came back to your married life, and you went right back into the same routine?

S: Well, you see. I did not know married life. We got married. I was gone. You know, we were married a

week, and then, I left.

P: So, it was basically like newlyweds starting out.

S: Starting out, starting all over again, and we had some money in the bank, which we had managed to save. So, all in all, it wasn't a bad experience. I had no trauma. I had no nightmares. I do dream, though not as much lately. I used to dream a lot that I was back in Saigon, back in Vietnam, and trying to get home. Sometimes the dreams were strange because it's me here, forty year old Harold Schramm back in Vietnam, looking for my old girlfriend's house, or something. I don't know. Very strange. I haven't had those dreams, they've faded. But, I used to dream a lot that I was back there. I'd wake up. I was back there.

P: And, trying to come home.

S: And trying to get home, waiting to come home.

P: That's interesting.

S: But, again, I had no traumatic experiences. I saw no one hurt. I saw no one die. I wasn't certainly hurt. I--nothing bad happened to me. You saw things. You heard things.

P: Wasn't it an adjustment to come back to a small town after being in the large cities, you know, and the traveling?

S: I liked Saigon. Saigon was a beautiful city, and when you got a day off--I enjoyed my days off. I would go downtown. We could walk downtown from where we were. I was a rich man in Vietnam.

P: I guess.

S: If I had \$20 or \$30 in my pocket. . . there was nothing that I couldn't buy. So, we'd go into a little French restaurant, I'd order something to drink. It was just wonderful, I mean, that part of it I liked. And I liked the Vietnamese people. I'd taken a couple years of high school French, so I could talk a little. We could converse.

P: In French?

S: In French, and I had learned as much Vietnamese as I could. I liked, you know, to talk to people, and they always enjoyed that when you took the trouble to try to learn their language. . . . I'd say, I got along very well with the Vietnamese people.

P: The people that you were with in Saigon, you know, the military people, did you notice that they treated the Vietnamese with respect? Or, were they more rude and disrespectful to them?

S: Oh, terribly disrespectful. We used to---I used to tell the story--we'd pick up the paper, Stars and Stripes. "VC Terrorist Attack, Grenade Thrown Into a Bar on Tudo Street." I used to laugh. I thought then. . . . "Nobody knows what's really happened." But, I've got a pretty good idea what happened. Two GI's jumped in a cyclelo or a cab, and said, "Take us down to Tudo Street." Where all the whores and prostitutes, and brothels and bars were. And, when they got there, they'd stiff the driver. They wouldn't pay. They just got out. So the guy, he just went down the street. It was very easy to get a grenade in a war country, and he just went back and throw a grenade in the place. I mean, there's nothing to it. There's no mystery here. **There's no VC terrorist attacks.**

P: No war going on, so to speak!

S: No, I mean, you screw some guy over, he's going to get even. I can remember going down town, looking for something, shoe polish, cigarettes, all the stuff that we should have had in the PX wasn't there. It was all out on the black market so you'd have to go buy it there. But, I was walking along, and it's crowded as hell. And, something is jabbing me in the back. I turn around, and here's a Vietnamese Soldier, an ARVN. And, he's got a whole thing of grenades hanging on his belt. And, these grenades are jabbing me in the back. Well, hell, I could have given this guy five bucks, and he would have given me all the armorment he had. He wouldn't have cared.

P: You could have gone and done the same thing.

S: Yes, I could have blown up my captain or my sergeant, or anybody. So I'm saying, it wasn't very difficult to get a hold of those things. There were guys that did not smoke, who bought their ration of cigarettes, and they went down to the black market and sold them. For an American greenback, this is another thing. The Army didn't trust you with American money. They took our good money off of us and gave us military money, which wasn't worth shit. But, they took our good money away. You take a twenty dollar American greenback down to the black market, you could get perhaps \$100 Vietnamese for it, oh yeah! You know, like I say, women, drugs, booze, anything imaginable is available if you had the money. I enjoyed feeling rich. I took a lot of pictures.

P: Did you take a lot of pictures?

S: Oh, yes. But again, I never went outside of Saigon. I always fault myself for that. We got a jeep one day, and we were out riding around. And, we ran into an Army road block, a Vietnamese Army, and they couldn't speak English. And, we couldn't speak much Vietnamese. We finally ended the conversation. They were pointing the way we were going and said, "VC." And, they pointed the other way, and said, "Saigon." So, we said "okay." We turned around and went back.

P: Knew which way to go real quick.

S: Yes, but, you know. I got a chance to fly up north to visit the Montenyards. They are the Vietnamese Indians. We have aborigines in American, but the Montenyards were, are the indigenous people in Vietnam. They don't come out of the mountains. And, this missionary chaplain organized a trip up there. We were to fly in a helicopter up to the mountains and visit this village. It was like two weeks before I was scheduled to leave the country, and I chickened out. I said, "No way in hell am I getting on that plane and flying up north."

P: Too close.

S: Well, it was just, wasn't smart. I just wouldn't do it. I always took the safe course.

P: You were better off.

S: Oh, sure, but now, I got to carry around this horrible guilt load that I could have went up north and got my ass shot off.

P: And, then you wouldn't have to worry about being guilty anymore.

S: That's right!

P: Well, we discussed your images of home, and what you carried with you, and how they changed when you came back, which was very little.

S: I think I changed, only from the standpoint that I grew up. I left when I was about eighteen, nineteen years old.

P: You noticed the difference in your maturity?

S: Well, I knew. . . I mean, I knew nothing. The Army will grow you up. Living in a foreign country will grow you up. Living on your own will grow you up.

Going through a war will grow you up. So, I think yes. I think a lot of things happened to me that, you know. . . most of them were good, not all them, most of them. So, I grew up, there's really not too many things that happened to me.

P: Lots of good things. Well, is there anything else you'd like to add that I didn't cover? Is there anything that you thought I would ask you that I didn't?

S: I'm glad you had something to prompt me with, questions. I was afraid I wouldn't have anything to say, but I guess I shouldn't have worried about that.

P: You did great, you really did!

S: I don't know how I can express to someone listening to this years from now, how it felt then. But, it was my impression that I was middle American, and blue collar, poor, white. You can call it anything you want, but we were middle America. We'd grown up in the heart land. We went to church. We did what we were told, law abiding, hard working, and we supported the war because we believed in it. We believed what they told us. And there, for a while, it looked like we were the bums, and the heroes were the people who went to Canada and refused to serve. But, they all came back, and whether it was an unjust war or not, I still think I did an honorable thing by doing what I was asked to do. And, I wish the hell we had been more successful afterward because I think a lot of us are walking around beating up on ourselves because we lost. But, I don't have the answer to that. This, the more recent events with Dessert Storm. . . they honored the warrior, and condemned the war, if you like. You should honor the warrior. I wish someone had been smart enough to figure that out then. Because what we did, whether the war was just or unjust, right or wrong, we still did a hell of a job. . . . Fifty-eight thousand guys or more guys died, and I suspect thousands since, have died. Not just the direct result of the war, but because of the drinking, drugs, auto accidents, suicide, ruined lives after the war. Crisis with all that, and all the. . . .

P: You have assimilated well.

S: What?

P: I mean, you have assimilated well in the respect that, I can look at you as a coworker and say, "Well, Harold came back, and didn't drink himself to death, like Jim did." And, you came back and kept your home and your family and your wife, got a job. And, here you are twenty years later doing a terrific job.

S: Still functioning. "I still function."

P: Yes.

S: Again, I didn't suffer as much as the others, and that's why I say. . . . To me, when somebody says, "Vietnam Veteran." I want to say, "Yes! That's me." But, I know that I didn't contribute. My sacrifices were small.

P: But the thing is, you still served. And, you did what you had to do, and you did it commendably. And, it still hurts that the world doesn't accept that or the nation doesn't accept that even after all this time. And, I think that's commendable that you did what you had to do. You came back and got on with your life. And, it's also commendable that even after all these years, it still hurts.

S: The other thing I think is unique, and this maybe some thing they're going to do in future wars, I don't know. I went over to Vietnam alone, as an individual. Just one person, I didn't go with an outfit. I didn't go with my buddies. I didn't go with my comrades. I went over as an individual. And, they assigned me to a replacement center, and I sat there until somebody grabbed me. And then, I was integrated into a unit with a bunch of other strangers. And when I came home, I came home alone. There were guys that I was serving with, you know, who had months yet to serve. So, the big thing there was how short are you? That is to say, how many days have you left in country, and of course, when you got there you have 365 days. And, when you get down to fifty days or something. . . . "Well, I'm short. I'm short!" That's all you talked about, was how soon you could get back to the world. That, I think, was part of the problem, you know. We went over as individuals, got assigned to a unit, hopefully became a part of that unit, but then, you came back as an individual. And, I don't know how, or what they can change, but I think, you know. . . . Of course, Desert Storm was easier. They sent whole units over. Whole units came back. And, these guys were all professional soldiers, too. They joined together. We got drafted. And, quite frankly, I think the Army treated us with somewhat contempt, too. They knew we were cattle or whatever. They treated us like that.

P: But, there is that loneliness factor there. There is.

S: That's right. I went over alone and came back alone. And like I say, there was no band playing to welcome me home. And, it wouldn't have been practical, either. I

mean, there was no way to welcome me home. So, your mother and your father and your girl were there, and that's it. That's all was there to see me off. They were there to welcome me home, and apparently that's as good as it's going to be. I can solace in the fact that I didn't bug out. I didn't run and hide. I did what they asked me to do. And, did it very undistinguished.

P: Life goes on, but it still was important. That's the sad part that wasn't recognized.

S: I suspect that I'm not a loser.

P: No you're not, Harold.

S: They used to say--I don't know if it's true--but they took ten men in the rear, in the rear echelon to keep one guy out on the field. In your front line combat, you know at any one time there might have been a half a million people there, but I don't think there was ever more than fifty thousand, sixty thousand guys in the field. So, I suppose I am the typical Vietnam Vet where most of them were not heavy combat veterans.

P: That's true. I know the ones that I've interviewed haven't been. And, the ones that I have set up, you know after you, haven't been. You know, this is the norm, and this is what most people don't realize.

S: Yeah, the public image of the Vietnam Vet is some crazed killer. But most of them are not. Most of them are just ordinary people doing ordinary-type jobs.

P: Most of them. Thank you very much for your time. It was a very interesting interview.

END OF INTERVIEW