

## Ronald Vaughan

I was the T.C. of 33. I had a F.N.G for a driver. We got into  
> contact while we were busting jungle and trying to get on line when my  
> track got stuck on a stump. I kept on firing my .50cal until my  
> barrel was burned out, having all kinds of cook off rounds. Ssgt.  
> Robert foreman, T.C. of 37, was K.I.A. about then. Another acav was  
> behind me trying to pull mc off, but never did free my track. I was  
> just about to change my barrel when I saw something in front of me. I  
> started to fire more rounds but all of sudden an R.P.G. hit a tree  
> next to me which disburshed it's shrapnel all into my face and eyes. I  
> remember trying to find my .50 but then I felt someone pulling me out  
> of the back door. I was then put in another acav and medivac'd out.  
>  
> Regards,  
> RV

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There is alot of things I wish I could forget but I can't. It took about 12 years of consoling at the Vet Center here to work with me to till it all. And I still have nightmares and flashbacks. I do remcmbcr the night the mortar track blew up and I remember that I was asleep at that time. My men woke me up and it looked like 4th of July. I told my men to go to the next track and to stay and wait for me. I then got into the drivers seat and drove 33 toward the burning track. Me and someone else put a man inside and he was pretty massed up. He died before we got him to safety.

As on 26 March

1970 that was my 2nd purple heart. The first one was 15 Jan 1970 when we was at that compound and a Sgt. from another platoon was K.I.A. All I do remember about 26th that I was scared shitless and I did not want to die and you as our Capt. did cvcrything to keep us out of harms way. At that time I was mostly trying to get off of that damn stump were I could get on line with everyone else. If you need anymore information please e-mail me and if I remember anything else I will do the same. ALLONS and thank you for still being our Capt. and taking charge And you still and always will be our Capt. in all of our cycs. ALLONS Sgt. Vaughan

Regards,  
RV

Tomorrow I will be 53 years old and I do not feel like I am getting older. I got old when I was 18 and was sent to Viet Nam. At the age of 19 I got older when I was a Sgt. And a T.C. And at that time I feel that I was robbed of my youth. Like everyone of us. But I guess the question I am trying to ask you is I am not afraid of dyeing. My main fear is getting old. I do not want to die old. And that is way I am living the live I am living. Someday I will till you all about it. ALLONS Ron

Regards,  
RV

I was reading about it for the first time all the way through because it has bothered me from the start. But I know that I need to till my side. You or SP.4 Pagan said that A34 was stuck between two trees and was hit by a R.P.G. Will it was not A34 it was my trick A33. I was the T.C. We was stuck on a stump that my driver knoted down to fast and their was trees on both side of mc. I was still stuck when I heard that my best friend SSGT. Formen was K.I.A. My ammo was geting low and my berrow was burnt out and I was having all kinds of cook off rounds. I was just about to change it when all of a sudden a R.P.G. het a tree on my right and I got the back blast and scrapnel in my face and both eyes. After I got out of the Army 3 years latter I sterted haveing sugery and I findey lost my right eye. I just wanted to sat the records stright. ALLONS Ron

Regards,