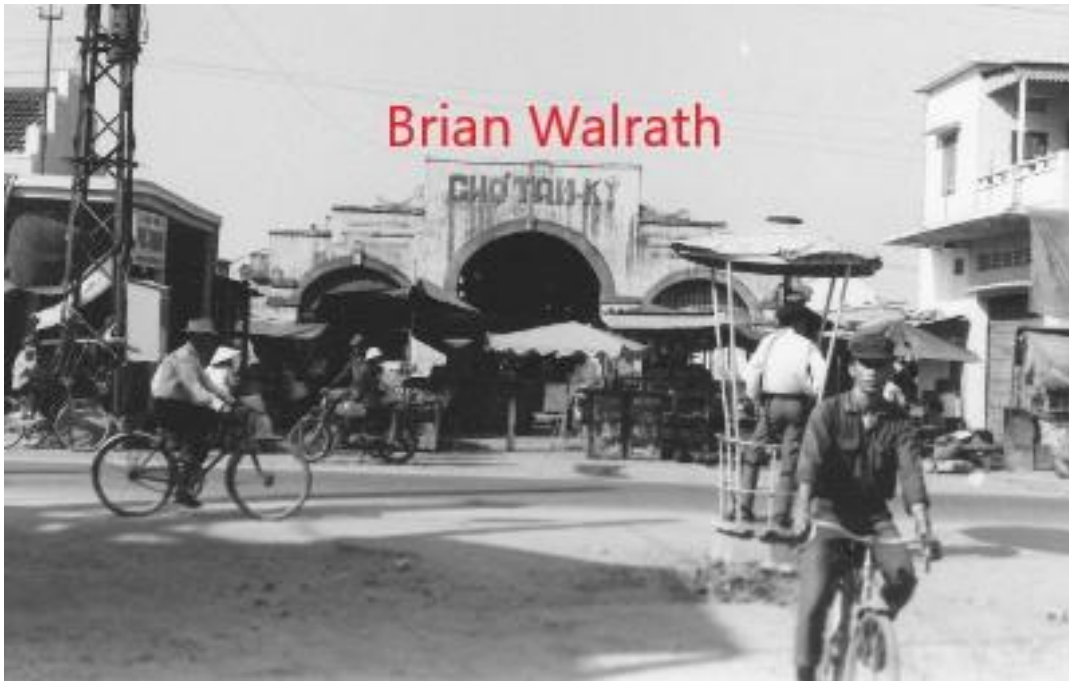


**Brian
Walrath**



One of the fellows I served with put together this panorama. It shows the terrain near the middle of the province: rice paddies, a village, jungle and mountains. I went on more than one operation in mountains like these.



The central market in downtown Tam Ky, the capital of Quan Tin province, where I served. Notice the traffic cop in the kiosk at right.



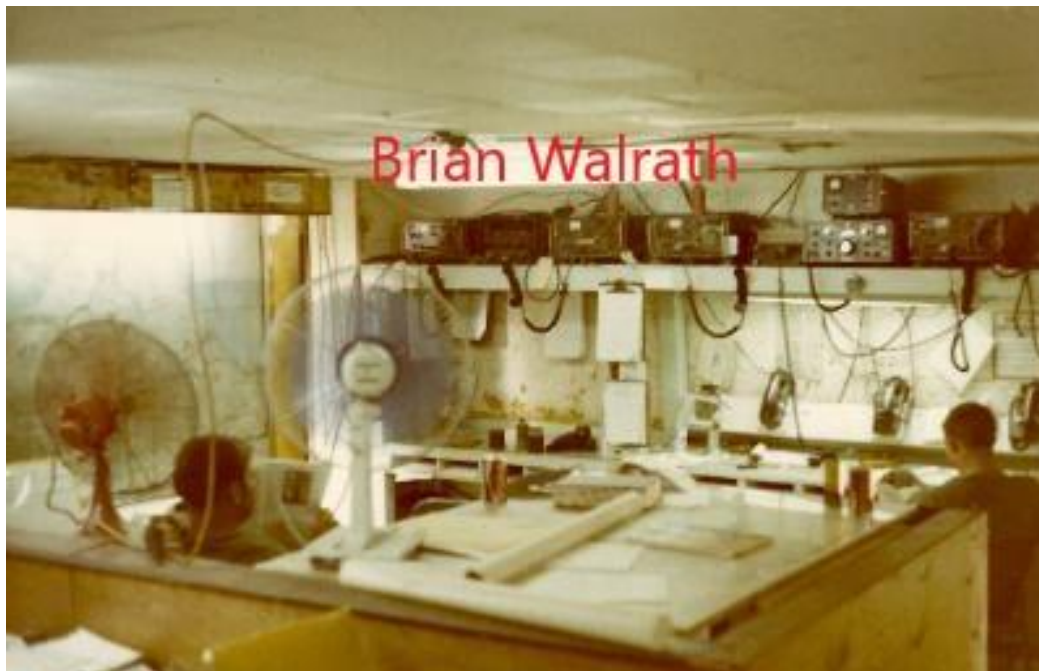
Shops along Highway One, the only paved road in Quang Tin Province.



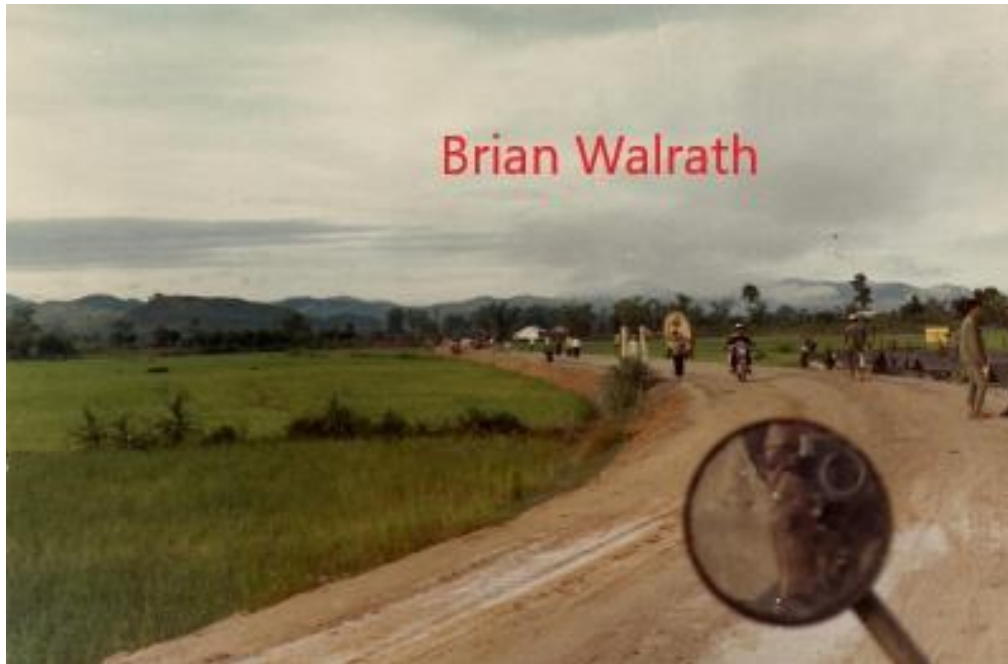
Beautiful blue water and sandy beach on the South China Sea. Unfortunately, the sign on the pole says "Off Limits". Americans had been injured by booby traps, plus a couple of Air Force enlisted men had to be pulled from strong undercurrents by one of our Spec 4s who worked in the Province S-1 office.



Me firing an M2 carbine on full auto. I found this in our team Conex box, probably a leftover from the days before the Ruff Puffs got M16s.



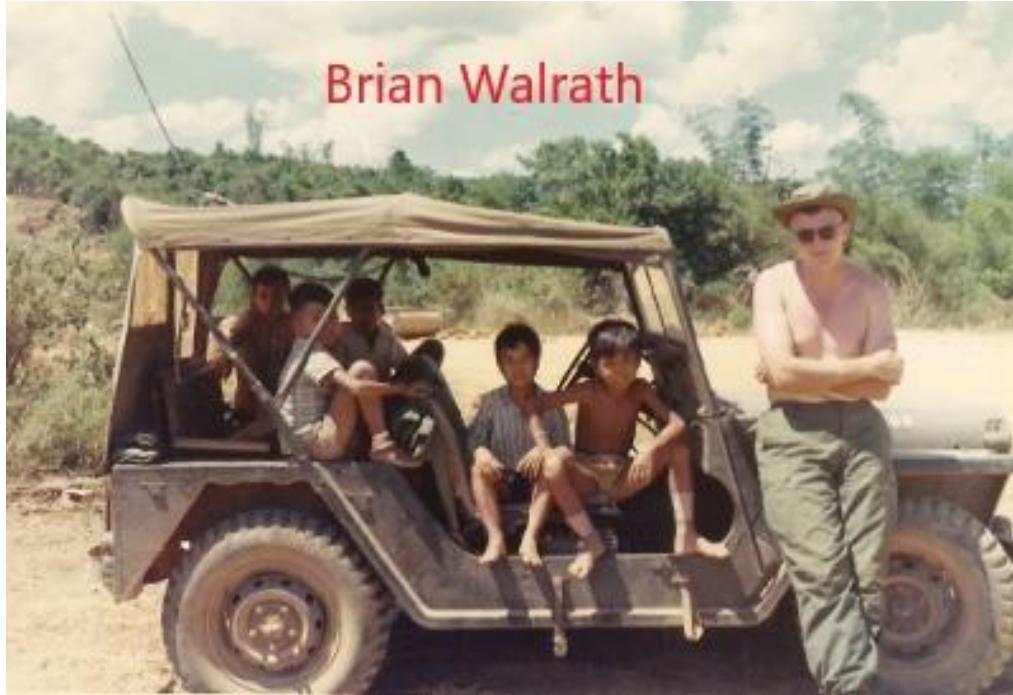
Inside the Province TOC.



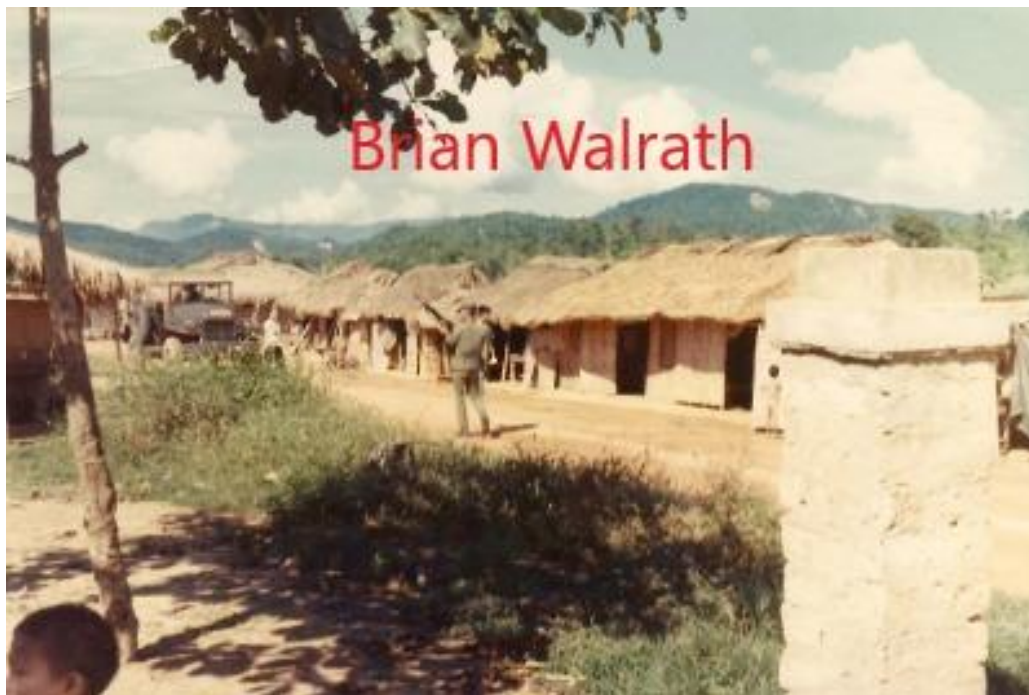
Looking west on road heading toward interior of Province, hills turning to mountains in background. I didn't know it at the time, but I caught myself in the rear view mirror.



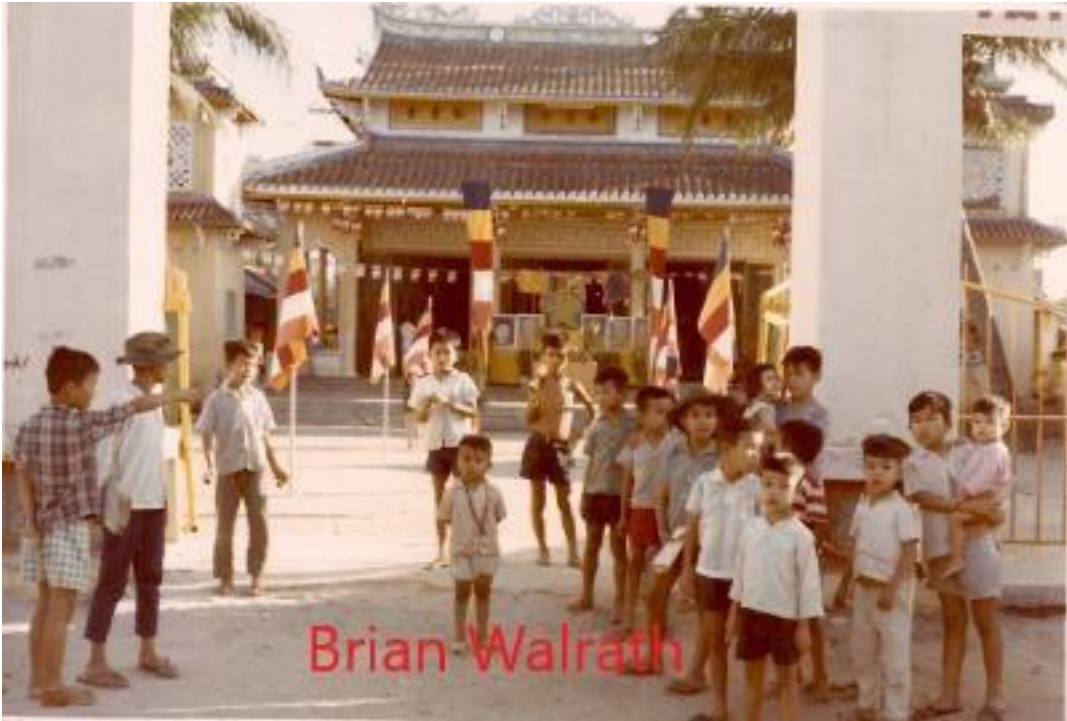
Vietnamese farmer taking his goods to market on his "1/4 ton" motorbike.



Me with kids from village in the interior of the Province.



Typical hamlet in interior of Province.



City kids in usual school uniforms.



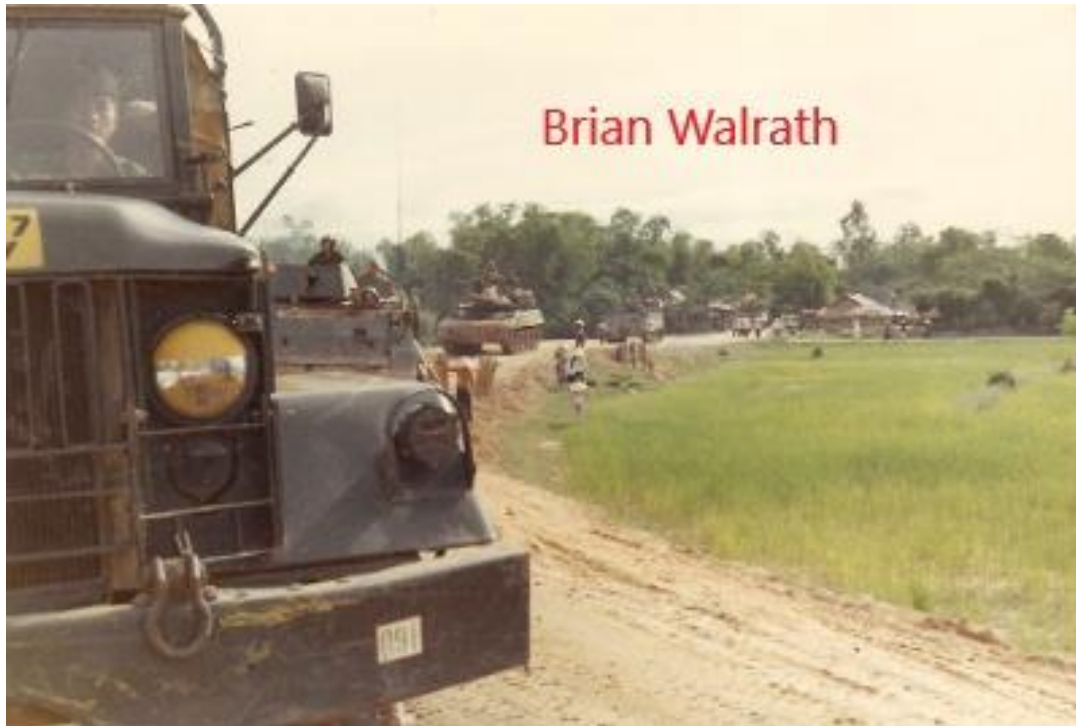
View from Passenger seat of Huey skimming low over paddies.



View from Huey looking at Nui Loc Son, rugged hill where my MAT was stationed - at least until our bunker burned down just a couple of weeks after I arrived. Typical tree-covered, rocky hills surrounded by rice paddies. Further west the hills turned into mountains.



Hueys taking RFs on operation out of Tam Ky, headed west.



US armored cav column passing VN trucks. The villagers barely even noticed anymore.

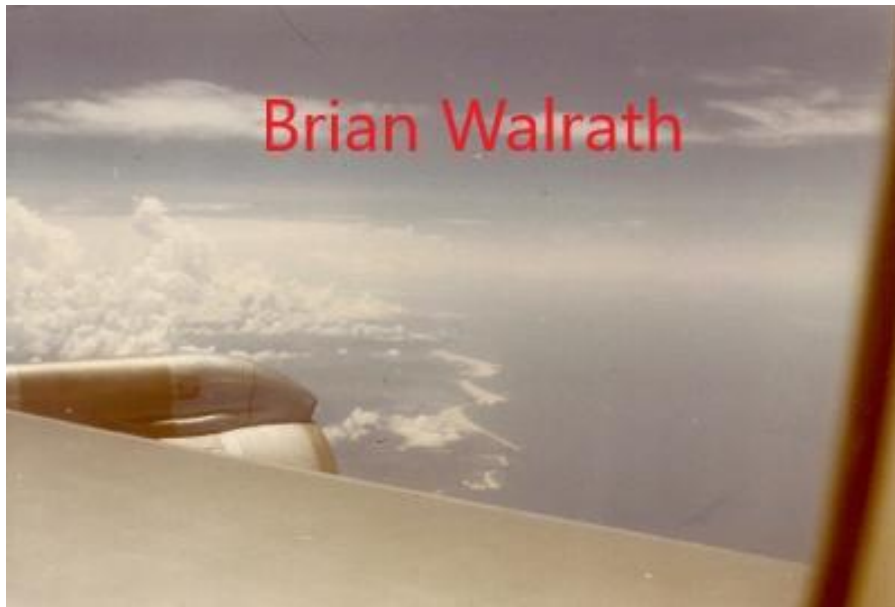


US M113. I saw one of these get blown up in the air by a booby trap; luckily I was riding on one further back in the column. You may recall that Rod Seefeld, who was on a

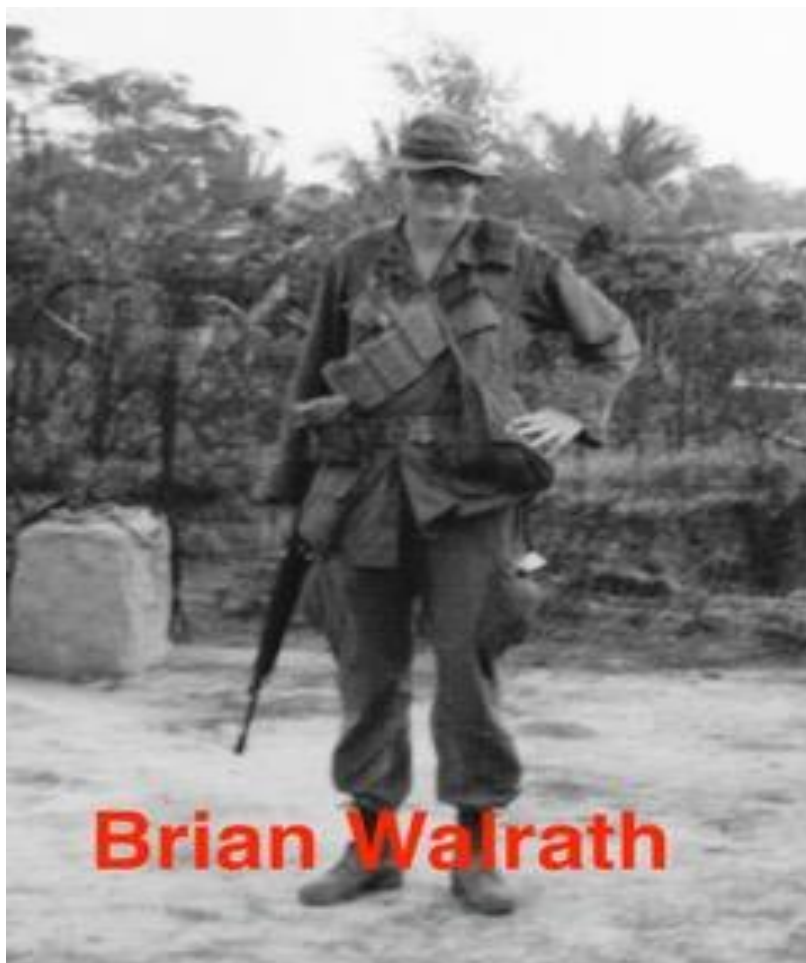
MAT up near the DMZ, wasn't so lucky - the APC he was riding on hit a mine and he went flying. He was uninjured, but not very happy.



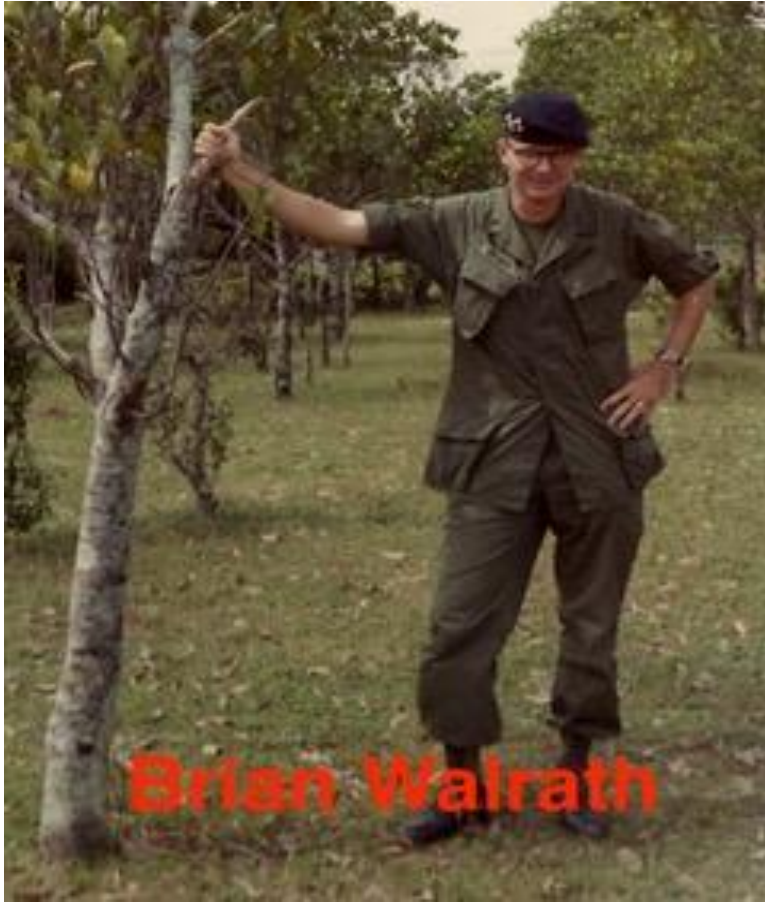
Not every MAT LT has a picture like this: This is me relaxing in the MACV HQ at Tan Son Nhut. Our bunker on Nui Loc Son burned down due to a malfunctioning propane refrigerator, so a couple of NCOs on the team and I had to go to Saigon to get new rifles. Some of you will recall sitting through "briefings" at the HQ just after we arrived. One session I sat through was presented by someone I knew, a roommate of my brother's at the Air Force Academy. I didn't get a chance to talk to him then, but I looked him up when I was in Saigon to get my new rifle.



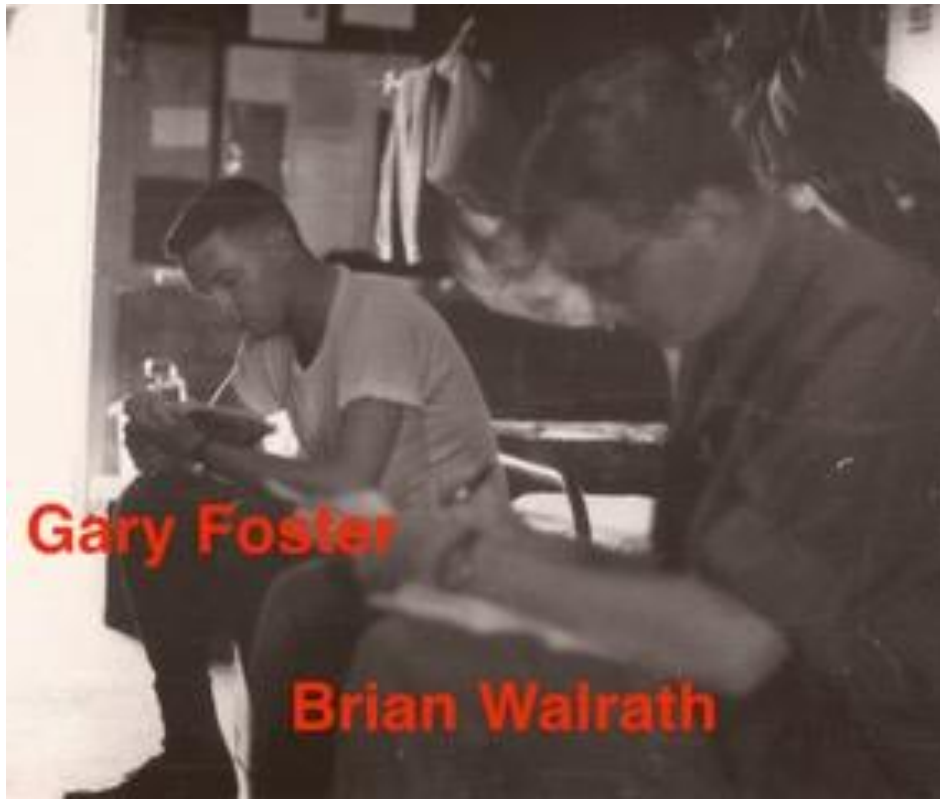
My favorite - the coast of Vietnam as I left for home.



Just back from an operation. I traveled light compared to American GIs; nevertheless, there's plenty of stuff festooned about my body and stuffed in pockets.



The dashing young MAT leader, here cleaned up and sporting the blue beret worn by all members of the Province Advisory Team. I'm not sure what sort of trees these are, but this must have been a plantation at one time.



I ran into Gary Foster in Saigon as we were both headed out on leave.