



Bauder



Beckermann



Burlingame



Chapp



Courtemanche



Downs



Sweet



Spencer



Sheahan



Ramsey



Quinn



Pedersen



Nelson



Najarian



Murphy



Miranda



Lee



Kidd



Kelly

The Men on the Memorial



Duemling



Engstrom



Fryman



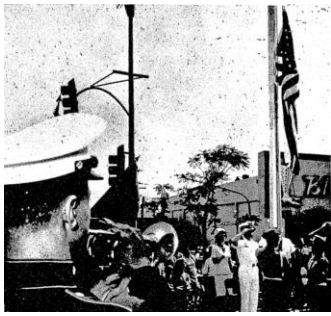
Golsh



Hail

**Biographies of the men listed on the
Montrose Vietnam Memorial**

**By Mike and Pam Lawler
and Jo Anne Sadler**



Photos from the
dedication in 1968

The Montrose Vietnam War Memorial

For 50 years now, a solitary volunteer has each day carefully swept the ground around the Vietnam War Memorial, tended the flowers planted there, and taken care of the American flag that flies over the northwest corner of Honolulu and Ocean View in the Montrose Shopping Park. That spot, with its open area and benches has become a community center of sorts, a gathering spot. Kids eat ice cream, teenagers sell goodies for fund-raisers, musicians play tunes and pass the hat, protesters gather with homemade signs, politicians make speeches at the yearly Memorial Day event, and shoppers, dog walkers and parents with strollers pass each other, all enjoying our beautiful Montrose. Most don't read the words on the memorial in the center, and even fewer read the names there. How that monument came to be is a story of a community pulled together by tragedy.

In 1968, America was deeply and violently divided over the war in Vietnam. Seemingly half the country strongly supported our military mission there, while the other half strongly felt it was misguided and immoral, and our society convulsed with the struggles between the two camps. Caught in the middle were our young men who joined our military, or were drafted, and did their best in the face of a determined enemy. They answered their country's call, and all too often gave their lives.

Our own small community had been traumatized by the loss of 6 young men in Vietnam by early 1968. There was no outlet for our grief, and no place where those men could be mourned. The community leaders of Montrose recognized that need and in February of 1968, put together a plan for a memorial in the center of Montrose. They called on it to be built by the community with small donations and local labor. The cause was championed and coordinated through our local paper, the Ledger.

A total cost for a monument and flagpole, along with 6 memorial plaques was put at \$1000, and in February the call was put out for donations. Before a month had passed, they had reached that goal. Individuals, community groups, churches, businesses, and

elementary school classes were all sending in donations. Quickly the donations doubled again and kept streaming in until finally the paper had to put out a call to stop sending donations! It was clear that this monument was something that was desperately needed. Soon a design for the monument was penciled out by local architect Jack Simison, and local builder Bob Genofile constructed the slab and base, and erected the flagpole. On Flag Day, June 14th 1968, with the shot that killed Bobby Kennedy still ringing in our ears, our community came together to dedicate this monument. In the years following, 18 more names were added, bringing the total to 24 local boys lost.

It was, as far as we know, the first such monument in the US dedicated to the sacrificed lives in the conflict in Vietnam. Although that war is becoming a historical side-note to the younger generation, to those that were alive during it, the memory is often still an open wound. But no matter how we felt about that war, it's the memory of these 24 men that is important.

There is a sentiment that although we die in the traditional sense when we cease to breathe, we truly die when someone speaks our name for the last time. Our true death comes when we are completely forgotten. Let's not ever forget the 24 men whose names are on that memorial. They lived here in our peaceful valley but died violently in a foreign place far away. In this book, created for the 50th anniversary of the Montrose Vietnam War Memorial in June of 2018, we bring you brief biographies of each of these men. When you are at the flagpole in Montrose, eating ice cream, watching happy shoppers, you can look at the names on the plaques there, and you will finally know who they were. You will remember them and they will be kept alive in your hearts.

"Remember me when I am gone away, Gone far away into the silent land." These words are on the Montrose Vietnam Memorial, and that is what we do in this book. We give you the stories behind each name on the memorial, in chronological order of their deaths.



William Warren Hail, Lt. Colonel, U.S. Air Force

Glendale

Born December 18, 1932, Glendale, CA

Graduate of Glendale High School

Married Billie Lou Grantham October 12, 1958, Las Vegas, NV, 2 children
Disappeared August 2, 1965 during post maintenance test flight out of Da Nang Air Force Base, remains not recovered.

William Warren Hail, August 2, 1965 – We have nothing about William's early years, only that he was a Glendale resident. He was an Air Force Lt. Colonel but was promoted to full Colonel after his death. In 1965, the 33-year-old pilot was in



close-attack aircraft used heavily in Vietnam and famed for its survivability.

Vietnam with the 1131st Special Activities Squadron to train South Vietnamese pilots. He had been an F-105 jet pilot, but his assignment in Vietnam was to train South Vietnamese pilots in prop planes, specifically the Douglas Skyraider, a tough

After one of the Skyraiders had routine maintenance, William took it up for a test flight. Only ten minutes into the flight from Da Nang Air Base, the plane seemingly disappeared. Contact was lost with Hail, and he never returned. Extensive searches were conducted, but a crash site was never found. It's not known if he was shot down, or simply crashed. His name never appeared in the rolls of POW's. He was declared Missing in Action (MIA), and presumed dead.

A local news article from 1965 stated: "His family was convinced that his training, experience and determination will bring him safely home." But that never happened, and in 1978 the Air Force declared him dead. The technology to find crash sites is constantly improving, and the Vietnamese government continues to cooperate with those searching for American MIA's. Perhaps Col. Hail's crash site will someday be located.



In 1973, when the American POW's were returning from North Vietnam, the Altadena Womens Club planted a tree in honor of Col. Hail. It's still there, now quite tall, at the corner of Altadena and Lake, a reminder that some never came home from that war.





Jerry Ray Murphy, Specialist 5th Class, U.S. Army

Tujunga

Born October 21, 1945, Fullerton, CA

Died May 4, 1966, Ving Long, Vietnam

Buried Loma Vista Memorial Park, Fullerton, CA

Jerry Ray Murphy, May 4, 1966 – Jerry grew up in the deserts of Eastern California and Nevada but was connected to Tujunga by family. He was a good student but joined the Army out of boredom after high school. Rising to Sergeant, he was assigned to a 114th Assault Helicopter Company at Vin Long Airfield in the heart of the Mekong Delta, where he saw extensive action on the ubiquitous “Huey” helicopter. He felt committed to his unit, and re-enlisted in order to stay with them.

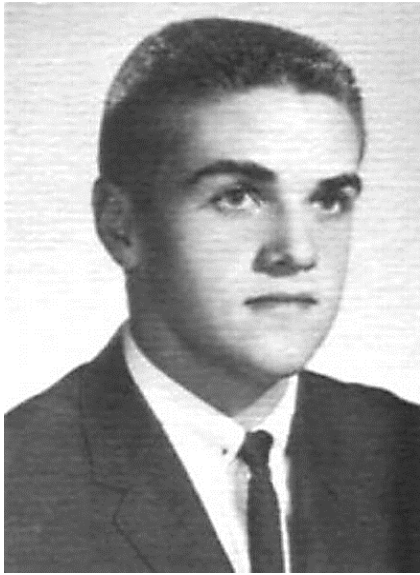
Sadly, as much action as Jerry saw, he died in an accident. He was rigging up a powerful spotlight on his already armed Huey for night operations. Reaching in from the side of the chopper, he switched on the ignition to test the lights.

Something shorted out, and all 24 armed rockets fired, hitting Jerry and detonating.



His life lives on in literature. His sister, Darlene Neubauer, wrote “From Bootcamp To Vietnam”, a recounting of her brother’s service, based on letters he wrote her. As Darlene wrote in an introduction to the book: “This is a true story that will enlighten you on the intense fighting that went on in Vietnam. My brother wrote to me every time he got some time off from going up in his helicopter and fighting for hours at a time. He had trouble finding time to get enough sleep. I was grateful for all the letters that he wrote to me while there. I tried to get him to come home and not re-enlist like he did. He wanted to stay with his group and fight to the end, not knowing how long it would really take to end this cold war. They called it a cold war, but after reading all of Jerry's letters, I would call it a "hot" war. It lasted 20 years and we lost 58,267 service men. What a horrible price we had to pay for that war. I could never have the words enough to express my thanks for all these men who gave their lives for our country and for those that died in wars around the world.”





Gary Nels Nelson, Corporal, U.S. Marine Corps
Glendale

Born December 24, 1945, Glendale, CA

Died June 4, 1966 Tam Ky, Quang Nam, Vietnam

Buried Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, CA

Gary Nels Nelson, June 4, 1966 – Gary was an only child, born on Christmas Eve. He grew up in the Verdugo Woodlands, went to Verdugo Woodlands Elementary, Wilson Jr. High and Glendale High, where he was in the school band and was captain of the water polo team. His grandparents lived in Montrose. Gary had it all. He was handsome, intelligent and personable, with many good friends. Gary enlisted for a four-year term with the Marines right out of high school, with plans continue his education at Glendale College. His career goal was to become a commercial pilot.

He arrived in Vietnam as a Corporal with the 3rd Battalion, 9th Marines in 1965, initially doing security at Da Nang airstrip. Almost



immediately they fought off an incursion by the Viet Cong, and from that point the fighting seemed to never stop. His unit moved to a forward position where they were under constant fire. He almost survived his one-year tour of duty. Gary was one month away from returning home. While out on patrol, he stepped on a land mine.

Gary's parents weren't home when two Marines arrived at their house to deliver the bad news. Gary's many good friends got wind of it and were there to support his parents when they got home. Gary's best friend from high school remembered that day: "My blood is running cold at this very moment, remembering that terrible day over 38 years ago. It was surreal. Gary's parents drove up their driveway, without noticing the Marines' car parked in the street. Then, as they exited their garage, they saw the two somber Marines walking toward them. Without a word, Gary's mother gasped, screamed, and collapsed in the driveway. Gary's dad, also, took the news as hard as one would expect. Dick and I did our best to console them, but it was a futile attempt... I've long ago lost touch with the Nelsons... I want them to know this: Gary has never been forgotten by his friends! He's remembered often, and spoken of with reverence. God Bless the Nelsons, and God Bless Gary's soul in Heaven. We will never forget!"





**Michael Anthony Najarian, Naval Hospital Corpsman,
U.S. Marine Corps**

La Crescenta

Born August 4, 1944, Los Angeles County, CA

Died June 18, 1966, Da Nang, Vietnam

Buried Glen Haven Memorial Park, Sylmar, CA

Michael Anthony Najarian, June 18, 1966 – Michael Najarian, known to his friends as Tony, was a La Crescenta resident, growing up on the 3700 block of Altura Avenue, and working after school at the La Crescenta Pharmacy. Tony loved music and played in several local folk-singing groups. Tony planned to follow the career path of his dad, a Fire Chief for the Fire Department, as soon as he finished his tour of duty in the Navy.

Tony graduated Hospital Corpsman training in April of 1966 and was attached to a Marine unit near Da Nang. On June 15, 1966, just two months after arriving in Vietnam, he was treating wounded Marines during a battle, when he was struck by bullets. Wounded, he was transported to Da Nang Hospital, where he died three days later. He was just 21.

The name of Michael Najarian is on the Memorial Wall in Washington DC. A group of Vietnam vets have dedicated themselves to lovingly wash the names on



Typical Corpsman in action

the memorial, in a sense, to wash away their survivor's guilt. One of them is Michael Najarian, a former Air Force Sargent, who just by chance has the same name as our Michael Najarian. When he saw his name on the wall, it shook him to the core, and he became emotional. "I just sort of sank to the ground", the surviving Najarian said. "The war is never over for anyone. Not for me or anyone else."



From Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington D.C.



**Fred Benjamin 'Beno' Beckermann, Jr., Lance Corporal, Field
Artillery**
Tujunga

Cannoneer, U.S. Marine Corps

Born April 16, 1946 Houston, Texas

Died July 3, 1966 Quang Tin, Vietnam

Buried Prairie Lea Cemetery, Brenham, Texas

Fred Benjamin "Beno" Beckermann, July 3, 1966 – Beno Beckermann grew up in Texas, but graduated from Verdugo Hills High School, where he played clarinet in the marching band. He joined the Marines right out of high school in June of '64. He was an expert marksman, winning awards, and joining a special shooting team. Beno loved the Marines and rose to the rank of Corporal, serving the guns of the field artillery. He saw action on his first tour of duty in Vietnam, then volunteered for a second tour.

He was assigned to a field artillery unit, who were supporting front line troops at Chu Lai Air Base with a 105mm Howitzer. Just before daylight, a Viet Cong unit opened fire on Beno's gun position. In the dark, they were overrun by the Viet Cong. In hand-to-hand fighting, 4 men were killed and Beno was struck in the back by shrapnel from a grenade. He was evacuated to Clark Field in the



105mm Howitzer

Philippines. He had severe spinal injuries and faced paralysis, but died a week later. His parents were informed of his death on the 4th of July.

Beno's father said: "He loved the Marine Corps. He had been in for nearly two years and was due for another promotion. He was a good hard worker. The Marines made a man out of him."





James Reginald Bauder, Captain, U.S. Navy
La Cañada

Born May 17, 1931, San Fernando, CA

Married Sara Ann Stone on October 1956, Escambia, Florida, 3 children

Died September 21, 1966, shot down, remains missing

Court of the Missing, Honolulu Memorial

Body recovered June 11, 2017

Buried Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, VA

James Reginald Bauder, September 21, 1966 – James Bauder had been MIA since 1966, but amazingly his remains were found just last year.

We don't know about his early years, only that his parents lived on the upper La Canada portion of Ocean View Boulevard. James' father was a Superior Court Judge in Los Angeles. In 1966, James was 35 years old, a Navy Lt. Commander, and pilot of an F4 Phantom jet on the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Coral Sea. Bauder, along with his radio officer James Mills, were on a two-plane night mission to



bomb targets of opportunity along a river. The lead plane would drop flares, while the following plane would hit illuminated targets, such as bridges and supply

barges. Bauder and Mills were just starting their second run on the river, when, swinging wide over the ocean, they disappeared. Searches were made but not a trace was found. Both men were declared Missing In Action. Bauder left behind a wife and two kids.



Lt. Cmdr. James Bauder, top row, center, was a pilot assigned to the Navy's Fighter Squadron 21 in Sept. 1966

Fast forward to today, where the US Defense POW/MIA Accounting Agency still actively searches for missing servicemen with the cooperation of the Vietnamese government. In 2008, they located the remains of Bauder's F4 in 30 feet of water off the coast. Divers have been scouring the site each year for human remains, and late last year a portion of a femur was brought to the surface. It was DNA tested and ID'd as belonging to James Bauder. The internet exploded with outpourings of both grief and relief from the many who had worn POW/MIA bracelets inscribed with Bauder's name. In October of 2017, James Bauder finally came home.





Patrick Owen Quinn, Lance Corporal, U.S. Marine Corps

La Crescenta

Born April 10, 1945, Glendale, CA

Died November 25, 1966, Chu Lai, Vietnam

Accidental weapons discharge, shot by another Marine while on patrol.

Buried Grandview Memorial Park, Glendale, CA

Patrick Owen Quinn, November 25, 1966 – Patrick Quinn was well known in the community. He grew up on the 3000 block of Piedmont Avenue. Patrick attended La Crescenta Elementary School, Clark Junior High, and CV High School, where he was a member of the first graduating class. He was active in his church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. While working at Hal's Towing in Montrose, he continued his education at Glendale College. Patrick's mom was a teacher at Dunsmore Elementary.

Patrick joined the Marines in early 1966, and after combat training at Camp Pendleton, was shipped to Vietnam. He was heavily involved in combat and rose to the rank of Corporal. In one action his helicopter was shot down. The surviving Marines were surrounded by Viet Cong but were rescued by air support.

Although newspaper accounts in 1966 said he was killed in combat, he was in reality shot by a fellow Marine. The military records are brief, saying only that while at Chu Lai Airfield, Patrick was shot by "another marine who was running around with a pistol." Patrick died from a .45 caliber round to the chest, and his death was listed as an "accidental homicide". The other Marine turned himself in to authorities a while later. Patrick was 21.



Recreation at Chu Lai



Stephen Frank Burlingame, Specialist Fourth Class, U.S. Army

Glendale

Born December 22, 1942, Los Angeles County, CA

Graduate of Glendale High School

Died March 12, 1967, Kon Tum, Vietnam

Buried Glen Haven Lawn Memorial Park, Sylmar, CA

Stephen Frank Burlingame, March 12, 1967 – Frank stands out because he was so highly decorated for his service, winning a Bronze Star and a Silver Star, the third highest decoration for valor.

Frank grew up in the Verdugo Woodlands on Capistrano Street. He graduated Glendale High in 1960, where he played varsity football. He then went on to Glendale College, UCLA, and UC Berkeley, but was drafted into the Army in 1965.

He was just two months from coming home when, leading a machine gun team on patrol, they walked into an ambush. Frank got his machine gun team placed and firing, then he moved to the flank to give covering fire. After several minutes of an intense exchange of fire, it became obvious that the enemy was too well-placed to dislodge. Frank stood up and charged the enemy machine gun, firing accurately as he ran. He reached the enemy emplacement but was shot as he stood over them. Frank's team saw his gallant charge, and they

charged behind him, overrunning the enemy position. Pfc. Burlingame was awarded the Silver Star for this brave action.



Silver Star



Bronze Star

One of his college friends, who described Frank as a “Kerouacian figure”, left this message on one of the many remembrance websites out there: “Sleep well my friend. I’ll always remember you as that rugged tough guy with the big heart and that wry grin, ready to fight or love at the drop of a hat.”





Robert Anthony Chapp, Sergeant U.S. Marine Corps
Santa Ana

Born February 9, 1939, Chicago, Illinois

Married Tamara J. Rilea on October 25, 1958 in Orange, CA, 2 children

Injured February 25, 1967 Quang Tri, Vietnam

Died April 14, 1967, Clark Air Force Base Hospital, Philippines

Buried Calvary Cemetery, Los Angeles, CA

Robert Anthony Chapp, April 14, 1967 – Robert grew up in Montrose in the '50s, attending Clark Junior High and Glendale High. He had joined the Marines in 1956. Robert had gotten married, had two boys, but had divorced. He had remarried and just before his deployment to Vietnam his new wife had given birth to a son.

In 1966, now a Sargent, he was assigned to shipboard duty, and his unit trained heavily in amphibious landings. They performed several beach assaults in Vietnam and were engaged in heavy combat. In 1967 they were assigned to Khe Sanh Airbase. A nearby patrol had been ambushed and while retreating lost several of their weapons. Sgt. Chapp's company was assigned to retrieve those lost weapons. While searching the jungle they stumbled onto a large North Vietnamese Army unit setting up for a surprise assault on Khe Sanh. A heavy



Outside Khe Sanh

firefight ensued in confusing dense jungle. Calling in airpower, they were able to rout the enemy and foil the surprise attack. But Robert and another man were killed and 9 others wounded, a 50% casualty rate for their small unit. In Robert's case, he took 3 rounds from an AK-47 in the abdomen. One round lodged in his spine, while the other two passed through him, tearing up his internal organs. He was evacuated to a field hospital, then to a hospital ship, and then again to a base the Philippines, but doctors had no way of treating that kind of damage. He lingered for almost 2 months and finally died of massive infections. It's a testament to Robert's strength and willpower that he lasted so long.

On the remembrance websites, all three sons have all left messages of love for their father, and to say "Semper Fi" to all Marines.



Soldiers in action



Norman Richard Kidd, Jr. Captain, U.S. Army
Montrose

Born September 6, 1936, North Dakota

Married Dolores Polorny, 1 daughter

Died May 26, 1967, Long An, Vietnam

Mid-air collision with another helicopter, in-country flight training

Buried All Souls Cemetery, Chardon, Ohio



Norman Richard Kidd, May 26, 1967 – Norman grew up in Cleveland, Ohio. He was active in high school, captain of the basketball team, and Vice-president of the senior class. He graduated in 1954 and joined the Army. He was interested in flying so he trained as a helicopter pilot. As he moved around the US, he rose to the rank of Captain. We don't know what his connection to CV was, just that his "home of

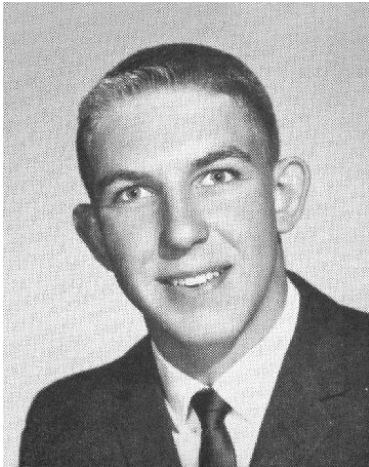
record" on his Army paperwork was Montrose. By 1967 he had a wife and daughter. Perhaps they lived in Montrose.



Bell UH-1 Iroquois

The 30-year-old Captain Kidd was sent to Vietnam in advance of his unit, as their choppers had not arrived yet. Norman was eager to see some action. His chance came on the night of May 26th, when a call came in from a nearby South Vietnamese unit who had made contact with the enemy but had lost them in the dark. They requested that a couple of helicopters come and try to flush them out. Norman volunteered to pilot one of the two choppers. A half-hour later they found the South Vietnamese unit and fanned out above the surrounding jungle. They searched in the dark for an hour. In low visibility, compounded by bad weather, the two helos hit each other head-on, and exploded in flames. Nine men including Norman Kidd died instantly. Norman had been in Vietnam just 4 days. He was awarded the Bronze Star.





Gregory Paul Kelly, Lance Corporal, U.S. Marine Corps.

La Crescenta

Born July 30, 1944, Los Angeles County, CA

Injured May 8, 1967, Thua Thien, Vietnam

Died June 10, 1967, on the hospital ship USS Repose

Buried Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, CA

Gregory Paul Kelly, June 10, 1967 – Greg grew up on the 3800 block of Altura, went to Lincoln Elementary, Clark Jr. High and Hoover High, graduating in 1962. He was an excellent student. After a couple of years at Glendale College, where he was a member of their championship water polo team, he transferred to the Brooks Institute of Photography. His dream was to become a wildlife photographer.



A close friend who went to school with Greg, and ultimately served in Vietnam as well, described Greg: "Greg was always a model citizen and always chose the high ground in every aspect of his life. He was in the Photo Club and also on our yearbook staff. He was a member of the Key Club and distinguished himself as a 'class act' in whatever he did. He was friendly, had a warm, loving smile, and a friendly put-you-at-ease personality. I never heard him say anything in anger, and I never heard an unkind word come out of his mouth.

Knowing that freedom comes at a high cost, he chose to enlist in the Marine Corps. There was just no other way for him. A true patriot. He died as he lived, bravely and with honor. He is a model of what I hope to be."

Greg joined the Marines in 1966, arriving in Vietnam as a Corporal. On May 8th, 1967, his small patrol unit was providing rear-guard for a battalion-sized "search-and-destroy" operation. They were ambushed from behind by a Viet Cong unit with several heavy automatic weapons. It was a slaughter. Six Marines were killed outright, and several more wounded. Greg was hit in the head and arm. He was transported to the hospital ship USS Repose. He lingered, never regaining consciousness, and died a month later.

Just as Greg had been a model student, he was a model Marine. His commanding officer described him as "the best. With a hundred like him, the rest could go home." On Greg's headstone his parents inscribed: "The strength of your character, the unselfishness of your bravery, the sparkle of your smile will forever be our inspiration. Our pride in you, Greg, is endless.





John Patrick Lee, Specialist 4th Class, U.S. Army

La Crescenta

Born June 19, 1946 New York City, NY

Died June 19, 1967, Gia Dinh, Ho Chi Minh, Vietnam

Buried San Fernando Mission Cemetery, Mission Hills, CA

John Patrick Lee, June 19, 1967 – John's large family moved to California from New York in 1956. By 1963, they had moved to the 2500 block of Kemper in La Crescenta, and John was able to graduate from CV High in '64. For two years, he worked at Ralph's during the day, and attended Glendale College at night. But in 1966, he was drafted into the Army. He became a medic and was deployed to Vietnam in February of 1967.

As John approached his 21st birthday, his family recorded messages on a reel-to-reel tape, and packed up a cake, timed to arrive on his birthday, June 19th. It's doubtful he ever heard their recording, for by then he had been dropped off in the Mekong Delta by patrol boats for a major battle, the Second Battle of Ap Bac, in which 47 Americans were killed. John was initially reported as Missing In Action as no body was found. It was later determined that he had been hit by an artillery shell, which made identification of his body difficult. John was awarded the Bronze Star. He had died on his 21st birthday.



John's brother Mike still searches for veterans who knew him, as do so many families who were torn apart by tragedy. Mike writes: "I started an internet search with the intention of finding guys who may have witnessed John's death and meet the soldiers who saw him last. I've recently spoken to a number of men who experienced that battle and I've been touched by several of them who will never forget that horrible day, but as of yet I have only met one soldier who personally saw John on June 19th. An RTO (radiotelephone operator) saw John in the last moments of his life, and it's comforting to know that at the end. John was not alone."



His parents receiving their son's Bronze Star



Callen James Courtemanche, Corporal U.S. Marine Corps

La Crescenta

Born January 26, 1947, Los Angeles County, CA

Died January 31, 1968, Quang Tri, Vietnam

Buried Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Hollywood Hills, CA

Callen James Courtemanche, January 31st, 1968 – “Cal” grew up on the 3400 block of Maryann Street. He attended Lincoln Elementary, Clark Jr. High, and CV High, where he participated in track and field and football. He was an active member of La Crescenta Baptist Church. After graduating in 1965, he spent a year at Glendale College, then joined the Marines in 1966.



Cal had done more than his share in Vietnam by January of '68. He was on his second tour of duty, having been in Vietnam for 18 months. He'd been wounded twice. Cal had been promoted to Corporal just two weeks before the Tet Offensive started on January 30th. He had just turned 21. As the North Vietnamese poured south that night, the 3rd Marines were placed in front of overwhelming numbers of

the enemy. Cal's company was at the very front, “the point of the spear”. In heavy fighting 42 Americans were killed, 9 of them from Cal's company. But the Marines held their section of the line, and the next day, pushed the enemy back.

Cal was a popular man, and the Vietnam Vet message boards on the internet are filled with memories of him submitted by friends, family and fellow Marines.



A soldier who fought along side Cal wrote: “Cal and I had been quite close for over a year. We spent many nights together making plans for when we got home. During our tour Cal's mom sent us packages with tons of goodies, which we carried into the field and lasted us for weeks at a time. I used to refer to her as my second mom... His family and I have remained in touch for the past 35 years.”

Another wrote: “Callen was my friend as I served with him in Vietnam for nearly a year. I was with him the day he gave his life... My daughter recently gave birth to her first child and our first grandson, and as a tribute to Cal, she named him Callen Jacob... He was an inspiration to her, through me, even though she never met him.”





Richard Charles Ramsey, Sergeant, U.S. Air Force

Sun Valley

Born January 14, 1944, Glendale, CA

Married December 18, 1966 in Maricopa, Arizona to Paulette Steinbrook

Died February 18, 1968 Gia Dinh, Ho Chi Minh, Vietnam

Buried Eternal Valley Memorial Park, Newhall, CA

Richard Charles Ramsey, February 18th 1968 – Rick Ramsey was born in Glendale, but grew up in Sunland/Tujunga. He went to Verdugo Hills High, and joined the Navy right out of High School in 1960. He finished his 4-year stint, but after a couple years as a civilian, he rejoined the military, this time the Air Force. He was sent to Vietnam, where he was promoted to Sergeant, and worked as a combat reporter for the Air Force newspaper.

Rick was at Tan Son Nhut Air Force Base near Saigon in February of '68. Tan Son Nhut was a massive base, headquarters for both the US military and the South Vietnamese military. It was deemed "Pentagon East". For this reason, it was a target during the Tet Offensive. On the night of February 18th, the base came under a massive rocket and mortar barrage. Planes on the runway, fuel trucks and surrounding buildings exploded in flames. Many at this seemingly "safe" base were killed and many more wounded.

A veteran who was there that night described it: "The rockets explode on the ramp like 4th of July skyrockets gone astray. Rockets slam all around, the flightline is



Combat news team in action

taking a beating. A fuel truck with JP-4 takes a direct hit, and the base novas with a deadly wild fire. A rocket finds a C-130, another targets an F-4C. The base of the control tower erupts with a thousand glowing red sparks – rockets raining everywhere. A flare ship taking off hits a smoldering runway crater collapsing her landing gear, and she slides on her belly for what seems like an eternity, then breaks up like a ship on a reef. The fiery rain continues on."

Ironically, Rick had been in many dangerous situations as a combat reporter. However, it was in the safety of his office, at the largest and safest air base in Vietnam that he was to die. Rick Ramsey was alone in the office at his typewriter. The rest of the reporters had gone to lunch when the attack occurred. The office was hit directly by a mortar round, and Rick was killed instantly. He had just re-enlisted and was one month away from leaving Vietnam for a post in Japan. He left behind a wife.



Ton Son Nhut Air Force Base rocket damage



Michael David Sheahan, Private 1st First Class, U.S. Army

Tujunga

Born April 3, 1949

Died February 25, 1968 Dinh, Tuong, Vietnam

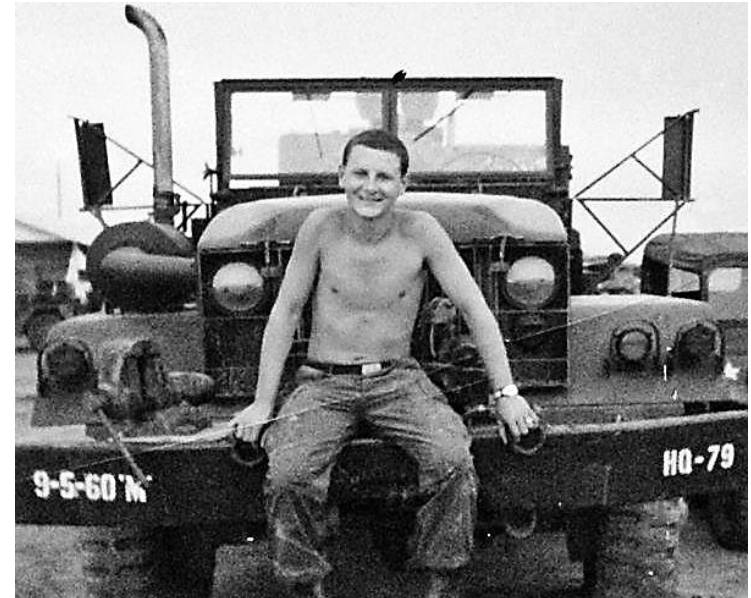
Buried San Fernando Mission Cemetery, Mission Hills, CA

Michael David Sheahan, February 25th, 1968 – Michael grew up in Tujunga on Cerro Vista Drive, right on the edge of La Crescenta. He attended St. James Catholic school in his early years, then finished at Verdugo Hills High. He enlisted in the Army in 1966. Michael was trained as a heavy equipment mechanic and sent to Germany. After a few months he volunteered for duty in Vietnam. He wrote to his parents that his volunteering would “forestall the need for young men in the future to leave home for military service.”



After the battle

Michael was assigned to Fire Support Base Jaeger, which was tasked with keeping the highway between Saigon and the Mekong Delta open. On the night of February 25th a force of over 500 enemy attacked the 200 mechanics and support personnel at the small base, hoping to capture the artillery stored there. The men placed their 16 armored personnel carriers in a circle around the artillery pieces and held off the human wave attacks until reinforcements drove the enemy off. The battle lasted 4 hours. Sixty-eight men of the base were wounded and 20 were killed, including Michael Sheahan.



For some time after, St. James held a mass for Michael each year on February 25th, which Michael’s mom took time off work to attend. And each year on that day, her coworkers would leave a yellow rose on her desk in memory of Michael.

A woman, who had been friends with Michael as a child wrote on a Vietnam vets website: “My childhood friend, Michael – I remember both our parents measuring how tall we were getting to be, and how our birthdays were within 4 days of each other in April. They used to talk of us getting married someday. I am sure that thought made us both go eww! It was nice to have a boy who was my friend. We went to different schools, moving from each other. Later on, my older brother would make it a point to visit your parents and keep us informed. We visited them after your loss and your proud parents once again shared their love of you with us. You are missed, but I know your parents are there with you, as well as mine.”



Jack Dennis Downs, Private First Class, U.S. Army

Tujunga

Born November 8, 1947

Verdugo Hills High, Class of 1965

Died April 6, 1968, Quang Tri, Vietnam

Buried Glen Haven Memorial Park, Sylmar, CA

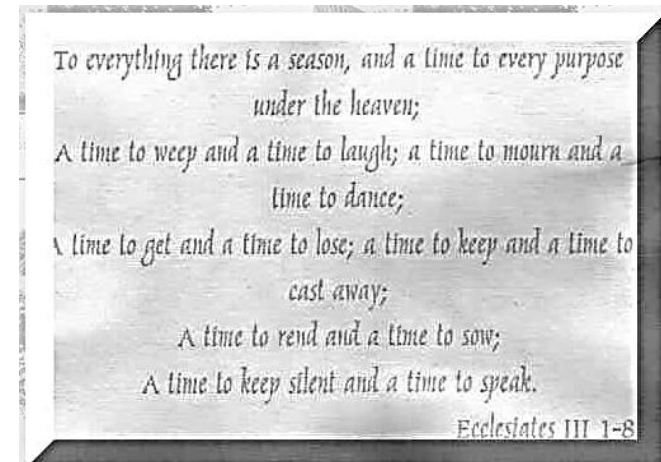
Jack Dennis Downs, April 6th, 1968 – Little is known of Jack's early years growing up in Tujunga. The only photo we have of him is from the Verdugo Hills High School yearbook. He was drafted in October of 1967, and sent to Vietnam as a Private, where he was a member of a machine gun crew.



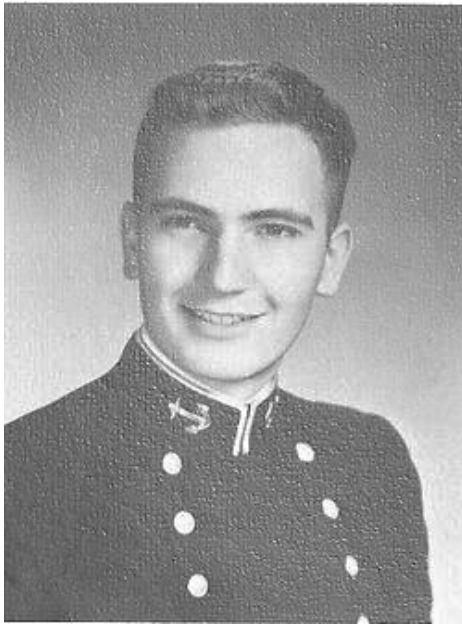
Soldiers moving toward Khe Sanh combat base

Jack was deployed in defense of Khe Sanh. The Battle of Khe Sanh was a pivotal point in the war. The small Marine base, located near the Laotian border, came under siege by an overwhelming force of North Vietnamese at the outset of the Tet Offensive. Holding the base became a matter of honor during the chaos of Tet, and massive amounts of firepower were employed in its defense. By the beginning of April, the American forces began to break the siege, and Air Cavalry (helicopters) pushed units further outside the lines in order to hook up with relief forces. Jack was part of that outward push, and died in an intense day-long battle, along with 8 other Americans.

Overall, 1000 Americans died in the Battle of Khe Sahn, as well as an estimated 10 to 15 thousand North Vietnamese. By May, the siege was lifted, but by July, American forces had abandoned the base. That did much to support criticism of the war's strategy. Today the Battlefield of Khe Sanh is a Vietnamese tourist attraction.



From Verdugo Hills High School Website Memorial Page



John Charles Sweet, Lt., U.S. Navy

La Cañada

Born December 7, 1942, Los Angeles County, CA

John Muir High School

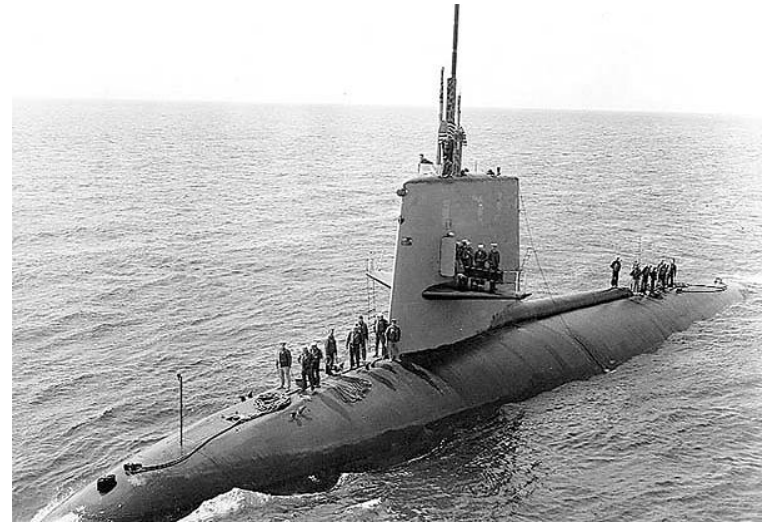
Spouse - Nancy

U.S. Naval Academy, Class of 1964

Last contact May 22, 1968, lost at sea while stationed on the nuclear submarine USS Scorpion, debris found 400 miles southwest in the Azores. He is a Vietnam era casualty but since he did not die in Vietnam he is not included on the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington, D.C.

John Charles Sweet, May 22nd, 1968 – This is a different story than the rest, as John Sweet didn't die in Vietnam, but deep in the Atlantic Ocean on the ill-fated submarine USS Scorpion. His name is not on the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington, D.C, but he was included in the Montrose Memorial as he was a "Vietnam Era" casualty.

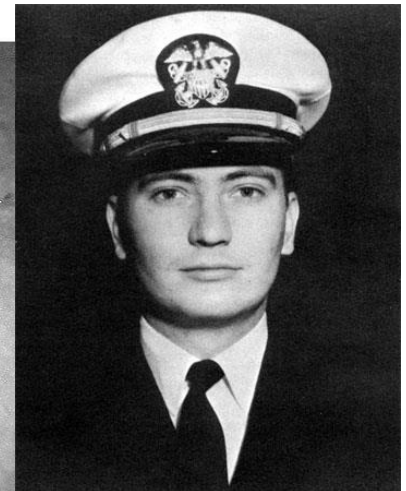
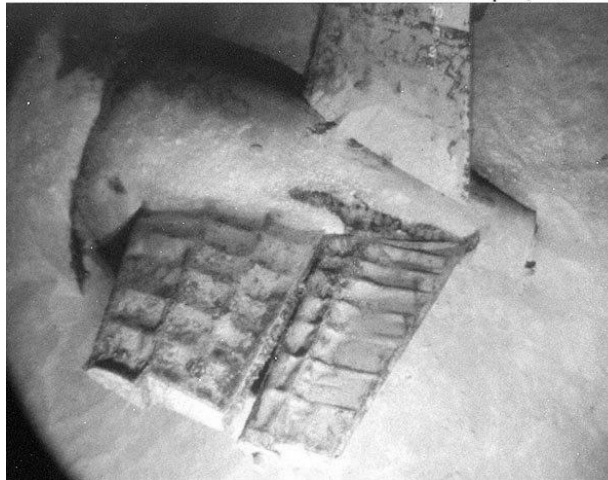
John grew up in La Canada, attended Paradise Canyon Elementary, La Canada Junior High, and Muir High School, graduating in 1960. He received a Congressional appointment to the Naval Academy, where he was an avid and award-winning yacht sailor. In 1964, he graduated, married, and joined the crew of the nuclear-powered submarine Scorpion, rising to the rank of Lieutenant.

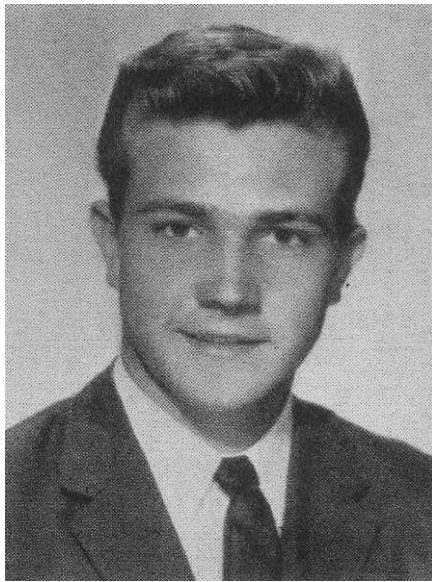


At the beginning of 1968, the Scorpion was deployed to the Mediterranean Fleet, where it experienced several mechanical problems. In mid-May, the Scorpion was sent to observe Soviet activities around the Azores, and then return to the US. On May 20-21, the Scorpion sent her last message that she was closing on a Soviet sub. She was never heard from again.

Her crushed wreckage was located later that year, 2 miles down on the sea floor. Various theories on her destruction range from a hit from a Soviet torpedo, all the way down to the Scorpion's trash chute accidentally opening. Today the Navy regularly monitors the wreck site for uranium leakage. John's remains are entombed in the wreckage.

Photo # NH 97221-KN Stern section of sunken USS Scorpion, 1986





Loren Eugene Engstrom, Warrant Officer, U.S. Army, Helicopter Pilot

La Cañada

Born July 22, 1945, Pasadena, CA

Died November 13, 1968, Binh Dinh, Vietnam

Helicopter shot down by small arms fire.

Buried, Mountain View Memorial Park & Mausoleum, Altadena, CA

Also listed on the La Cañada Memorial Park Veterans Memorial

Loren Eugene Engstrom, November 13th, 1968 – Loren grew up on Lombardy Drive in La Canada. He went by the nickname “Inky”, perhaps a child-like mispronunciation of his last name. Loren went to La Canada Elementary, La Canada Junior High, and Muir High. After graduation he continued at Pasadena City College, majoring in math and chemistry. He then transferred to Cal State San Diego. During his first year there, he became fascinated with flying, and he took flying lessons at Burbank Airport. When he got his pilot’s license, he decided to take time off school to serve his country with his new-found flying skills. He joined the Army in ’67 and trained as a helicopter pilot.

Loren was sent to Vietnam in March of 1968, assigned as a “Huey” pilot in the Central Highlands near the Cambodian border. While providing covering fire for



a medical evacuation operation, Loren was making a run to fire rockets. His helicopter was attacking at 250 feet and 95 knots, when a large caliber bullet fired from the ground sheared off the shaft powering the tail-rotor. The helicopter crashed and burned, killing Loren and his crew chief.

Loren had so much potential. He traded it all for service to country, as did all the men whose names are listed on the memorial.

From: *The Wall of Faces*

MEMORY—GOOD TIMES

*Loren,
I've often thought about the
time you tried to train that
damn hawk by sitting around
with it strapped to your arm
for 3 days...*

*Miss you buddy! --Jon Miller,
class 63 John Muir HS*



NATIVE AMERICAN PRAYER

This prayer is a way for families, friends and fellow veterans to remember our fallen brothers and sisters. *Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there, I do not sleep, I am a thousand winds that blow, I am the diamond glints on snow. I am the sunlight on ripened grain, I am the gentle autumn rain. When you awaken in the morning hush, I am the swift, uplifting rush of quiet birds in circled flight, I am the stars that shine at night. Don not stand at my grave and cry, I am not there, I did not die.* —CHRIS SPENCER



Roy Allen Fryman, Gunnery Sergeant, U.S. Marine Corps

La Cañada

Born December 9, 1933, Paris, Kentucky

Married Sidsel Fryman

Died August 24, 1969, Quang Ngai, Vietnam

Buried Evergreen Memory Gardens, Paris, Kentucky

Roy Allen Fryman, August 24th, 1969 – Roy Fryman, nicknamed “Pepper” by his fellow Marines, is the most highly decorated man on the Montrose Vietnam Memorial. He was awarded both the Silver Star and the Navy Cross, the second highest medal for valor. Pepper Fryman is a legend among the Marines Force Recon units. Force Recon (Reconnaissance) is roughly the Marine equivalent of the Navy SEALs.

Roy was born in Kentucky and joined the Marines in the late ‘50s. He was a member of the first unit of Force Recon at their formation. In the early ‘60s, after

a stint in the Marines, he moved to La Canada with his Norwegian wife and their two kids. While living there he worked in Hollywood films as a stunt man.

As the Vietnam War heated up, Roy rejoined the Marines Force Recon, and was deployed to Vietnam in 1966 as a Sargent. In 1968, while leading a long-range patrol, Roy set up an ambush. In the resulting firefight, a grenade landed in his team’s position. Just before it went off, he picked it up and tossed it back. He was wounded by the explosion but continued directing the attack. As the enemy’s superior numbers pressed in, Roy set up an evacuation of the wounded, and stayed in front while his men pulled back. Thanks to Roy’s bravery and leadership, not a single man in Roy’s unit was lost in this battle. For this he was awarded the Navy Cross. A year later his unit walked into a night ambush. Under intense fire small arms and mortar fire, Roy charged the enemy position, and his men rose to follow him. The enemy ambush was routed, but Roy was hit, and mortally wounded. He was awarded the Silver Star. He was 35 years old at the time of his death.

In her grief, Roy’s wife returned to her native Norway with her two children, a boy and a girl. When the boy came of age, he returned to the United States and joined the Marines. Roy’s son followed in his father’s footsteps, and just like his dad, became a Sargent in the Marine Force Recon.



Silver Star



Typical Force Recon unit



Navy Cross



Stephen Arthur Golsh, Specialist Sergeant 4th Class, U.S. Army
La Crescenta

Born July 16, 1946, Los Angeles County, CA
Died March 21, 1970, Hue, Thua Thien, Vietnam
Buried Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, CA

Stephen Arthur Golsh, March 21st, 1970 – Stephen grew up on the 4900 block of New York Avenue. He graduated from CV High in 1964 and went on to Oregon State where he got a degree in zoology in 1968. Despite his degree, he was drafted in '69, and became part of the Army's elite 101st Airborne Division.

Stephen continued his love of plant and animal life in Vietnam. Golsh became known as "Bugman" to his fellow soldiers and Vietnamese civilians because of his growing collection of local insects and butterflies which he carried with him everywhere. While on patrol in the Au Shau Valley, Stephen was night lookout in a forward defensive position. He was the first contact in a surprise enemy assault, and he was able to relay a warning back to his unit before he was overwhelmed and killed by a satchel charge. For this he was awarded the Bronze Star. He was 11 days from coming home.

In his diary, Stephen had been eloquent, even poetic, about the country and people of Vietnam, and about the war: *"Vietnam has taught me many things. It has made me a silent man. I now realize the plight of the Annamese (an older*

term for Vietnamese) people, who for so many hundreds of years have been tilling their salty rice paddies, and like this country, I have become old.

"The land itself is beautiful and rich in its own right. Not so much in economic wealth and prospect, but in history, tradition, and above all, unblemished (until now) natural landscape. True, the war has been cruel to Indochina. It also rides on the charge to progress which is sweeping the world. But even looking over this ravaged country, I cannot give it over to a system so totalitarian and anti-humanistic, so un-individualistic, as space-age communism.

"I will see it in its death-throes first. Any kind of hasty pullout of American troops is a bad idea, in my opinion. Why? I only have to look out at the majestic mountains with their green verdure rolling to the fertile plains and blue sea to know why. As with the world as a whole, we cannot and will not give it over to the unbelievable terror of a socialistic and un-humanistic world. This will not be a concrete jungle. This is the land, part of our land, my land."

After the death of her son, Stephen's mother Nora Golsh turned her grief into activism, and she became a well-known leader of the American Gold Star Mothers. She helped many other mothers through their grief.





Ralph Nelson Duemling, 1st Lieutenant, U.S. Marine Corps, Pilot

South Pasadena

Mother-La Crescenta

Born March 31, 1945, Los Angeles County, CA

Married Gail Mc Cutcheon on June 18, 1966, 2 children

Died August 18, 1970, Quang Nam, Da Nang, Vietnam

Buried Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, CA

Ralph Nelson Duemling, August 18th, 1970 – Ralph grew up in South Pasadena and graduated from schools there, where he was both a scholar and an athlete. He then went on to earn a BA from Cal State LA. He married a La Canada girl, and then joined the Marines in 1967. After becoming a helicopter pilot and just before his deployment to Vietnam, Ralph and his new wife bought a house in the 4400 block of Cloud Avenue.



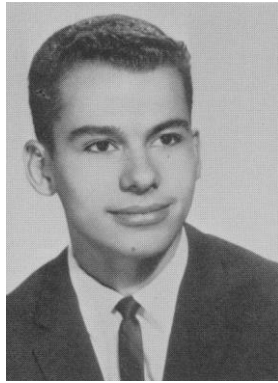
In August of 1970, Ralph was the pilot of a Huey gunship guarding a transport helicopter that was picking up a unit of allied Korean Marines from an operation in the Hoi An area. As the Korean units were being picked up, enemy forces began firing at their transport helicopter. Ralph's helicopter aggressively took on the enemy positions to protect the transports. His helicopter was hit by a barrage of rounds and went down in flames. The transport carrying the Korean soldiers set down at the crash site, and the Koreans held off the enemy while the bodies of Ralph and his crew were recovered.

He left behind his wife and a 13-month-old son.

Ralph's sister posted this on a Vietnam veteran website: "We have missed a lot being without Ralph these many years. However a small comfort to me is that he loved what he was doing – flying."

Ralph had high ideals about the war, but he died for the cause that so many soldiers die for: protecting his brothers in arms.





William Alexander Pedersen, LTJG, U.S. Navy Pilot and FTL
LaCañada

Born July 25, 1945, Los Angeles County, CA

Died September 15, 1970, An Xugen, Vietnam

Helicopter crash over land

Buried Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Hollywood Hills, CA

William Alexander Pedersen, September 15th, 1970 – Bill Pedersen grew up on Wiladonda Drive in La Canada, attending Paradise Canyon Elementary, La Canada Jr. High, and Muir High, graduating in 1963. He went on to Claremont College where he degreed in political science. His three brothers had all served in various branches of the military, so Bill joined the Navy. He graduated with honors from flight school, becoming a helicopter pilot with the rank of Lieutenant.



In 1969, Bill was sent to Vietnam where he was a part of the “Seawolves” unit, a group of Navy helicopters that supported Navy SEAL operations and the small patrol boats that operated on Vietnamese rivers. Bill was a top pilot, and highly respected. After a year of action, Bill had finished his tour of duty and was

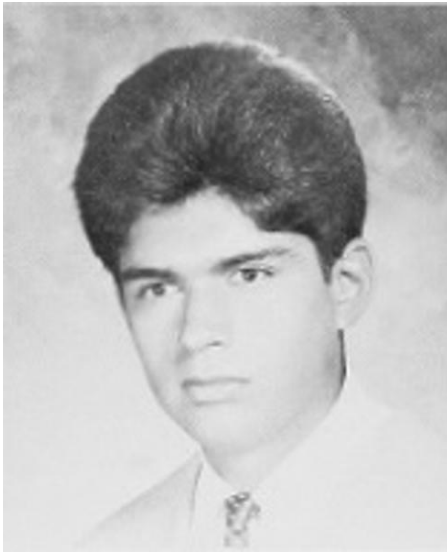
waiting to return home. A call came in to provide cover for a Medivac copter that had been fired upon while evacuating wounded from an area called “VC Lake”. Bill talked one of the pilots into letting him fly his helicopter for “just one last mission” before leaving. Four Navy gunship Hueys escorted the Medivac chopper into the landing zone, with Bill piloting the lead bird.

Unfortunately, it was a prepared ambush, a “helicopter trap”. All five helicopters were hit with intense ground fire. Bill’s chopper was hit first and crashed, killing Bill and his door gunner. Bill had tried to control his crash landing, but the helicopter hit the edge of a dike, flipped and wadded up in a ball of twisted metal. Two of the crewmen got out. A second wounded helicopter was able to auto-rotate into a shallow lake, and all survived by climbing on top of the downed helicopter. A third chopper was hit, but managed to limp away to a nearby base. The surviving gunship, now the main target in the trap, was able to land by the wreck of Bill’s ship. Under intense concentrated fire, they were able to retrieve the survivors and the dead door gunner. Bill’s body was trapped in the wreckage and had to be left behind. The pilot of the rescue chopper was nominated for the Medal of Honor for rescuing Bill’s crew. A Navy SEAL team crept in and retrieved Bill’s body the next day.

Bill would have returned home in time for Thanksgiving, when he was to announce his engagement.

Posted on a Vietnam veterans website is this message from the pilot who was supposed to fly that deadly day: “I will never forget you Bill as long as I live, because you saved my life. I was on duty that day and had flown an uneventful patrol in the morning. You had asked me for one last flight before you were to have been rotated back to Binh Thuy the next day on your way back home. As many times as we had been scrambled in the past, who would have known what would happen on your last mission? You will always be remembered my friend.”





Manuel Miranda, Specialist 5th Class, U.S. Army

Tujunga

Born September 18, 1949, California

Graduate of Verdugo Hills High School

Died June 14, 1971, Long Khanh, Vietnam

Buried San Fernando Mission Cemetery, Mission Hills, CA

Manuel Miranda, June 14th, 1971 – Manuel grew up on Mountair Avenue in Tujunga. He went to Pinewood Elementary, Mt. Gleason Jr. High, and Verdugo Hills High, graduating in 1968. Manuel was noted as a talented artist in high school and pursued that talent as an art major at Valley College. After two years in college, Manuel volunteered for the Army, and volunteered again for Army Special Forces. He became one of the legendary Green Berets.

Manuel was sent to Vietnam in July of 1970, where he served with the 1st Cavalry. In June of 1971 military intelligence detected large enemy troop movements in Long Khanh Province. Manuel must have been just days from going home when his unit was dropped by helicopter into heavy jungle to intercept those enemy movements. They walked into a well-laid ambush by overwhelming numbers of North Vietnamese soldiers. Manuel and 6 others were killed and many more wounded, but helicopter gunships and artillery drove the enemy back.

A fellow soldier wrote on a Vietnam veterans website: “Manuel, I remember you well. I always admired your bravery and your heart. I was there that day and will remember always. You and many more gave all you had to give.”

More Than A Name On A Wall

I saw her from a distance,
as she walked up to The Wall.
In her hand she held some flowers,
as her tears began to fall.
She took out pen and paper,
as to trace her memories.
She looked up to heaven,
and the words she said were these.

She said Lord my boy was special,
and he meant so much to me.
And thought I'd love to see him
just one more time, you see,
All I have are the memories
and the moments to recall.
So Lord could you tell him,
he's more than a name on a wall.

She said he really missed the family
and being home on Christmas day.
And he died for God and country
in a place so far away.
I remember just a little boy,
playing war since he was three.
But this time I know Lord,
he's not coming home to me.

She said Lord my boy was special,
and he meant so much to me.
And though I'd love to see him,
I know that just can't be.
So I thank You for the memories
and the moments to recall.
And Lord won't you tell him,
he's more than a name on a wall.

And Lord won't you tell him,
he's more than a name on a wall.

A dedication from Major Dave Robertson U.S. Army (retired) and VHHS Graduate Class of 1968. This dedication is from Memorial Day, 2000. “Thought I'd enclose the lyrics to a favorite song of mine - especially this time of year.” Words and music by Jimmy Fortune, performed by the Statler Brothers.



Warren Richard Spencer, Major, U.S. Air Force

La Crescenta

Born February 6, 1943, Martinsville, Indiana

Married Carolyn Marie Davis on March 6, 1964 in Martinsville,
Indiana, 2 children

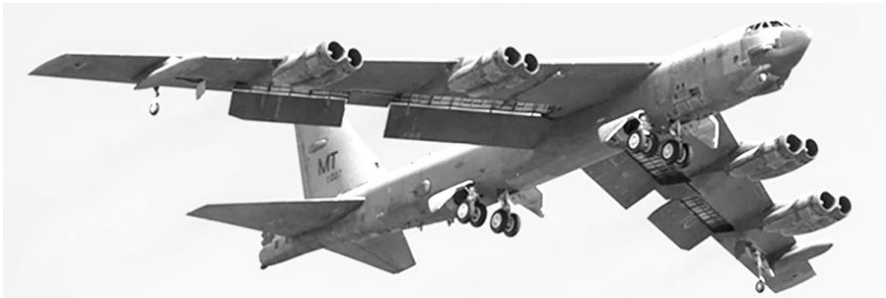
Incident December 20, 1972, Hai Phong, Vietnam, missing in action

Court of the Missing, Honolulu Memorial

Body retrieved November 3, 1976

Buried New Park Cemetery, Martinsville, Indiana

Warren Richard Spencer, December 20th, 1972 – No one wanted to be among the last men to die as the US pulled out of Vietnam. Sadly, Warren Spencer was among that group. Warren, who listed his home as La Crescenta, was a B-52 radar/navigator. He had joined the Air Force in 1961, held the rank of Captain, and had flown 90 missions over Vietnam. In December of 1972, President Nixon was trying to squeeze concessions out of the North Vietnamese government as they bargained for peace. He ordered an all-out bombing campaign of North Vietnam, in what became known as the “Christmas Bombing”. Scores of B-52s dropped tens of thousands of tons of explosives on Hanoi, and several were shot down by surface-to-air missiles.



On December 20th, as Warren’s B-52 approached their target, Hanoi, the crew locked into a straight bombing run, unable to evade any missiles fired at them until their bombs dropped. The crew watched helplessly as four surface-to-air missiles rose to meet them. As the last bomb dropped from the bomb-bay, the plane banked hard to evade. Ten seconds passed and there was a loud metallic bang and a flash of light. They were hit. Gaping holes appeared in the fuselage, cabin pressure was lost, and fuel began leaking. The crew communicated their status. Warren was OK, but the pilot was badly wounded. The plane started to lose altitude and the 6 crewmembers prepped for bailout. Only 4 crewmembers ejected and were captured on the ground. Warren and the pilot were not among them. The 4 crewmen became POW’s and Warren and the pilot were listed as missing in action. The POW’s were released in 1973, and Warren’s and the pilot’s remains were returned by North Vietnam 1977. Warren had apparently gone down with the plane. Perhaps he tried to save the pilot.

Warren left a wife and two young daughters. One daughter recently posted the following on a Vietnam veterans website: “I was five, almost six, when Mom, my sister and I received the news that your plane had been shot down over Vietnam. I remember that night vividly, all three of us sitting close together on the couch in our house at Beale Air Force Base crying. I have such fond memories of you, especially the time you saved me from the dog that was chasing me; you are my hero! I missed out on having you around as I was growing up, and even today. I understand why you had to go and I am proud of your service for our country. Thank you. I miss you! I love you! You are not forgotten.”

Thanks to the Montrose Vietnam Memorial, Warren will not be forgotten. None of the men listed there will ever be forgotten.

