

1ST BATTALION (MECHANIZED) 50TH INFANTRY

" ON THE RIGHT TRACK "

VOLUME NUMBER 3 -- DATED 10 FEBRUARY, 1999 -- ISSUE NUMBER 02

FROM THE
COMMAND TRACK...

I realize this newsletter follows by only ten days or so the one I just mailed out.

I need to say this: First and foremost, some of my happiest moments in the past three years have been when I find another member of the battalion and can convince him to join our elite group. It pleases me greatly to hear from a "long lost" member of the battalion after all these years. Let's face it: we had a bond back then (whether you want to admit it or not, it existed) and after all these years it feels good to speak to another guy from our unit. Although there are so many of you out there I did not know then; I feel as if we knew each other, no matter what!

I know there are a lot of you guys out there, especially in Bravo Company, who knew, or at least heard of, Donald Morrison from Bravo Company. For those of you who did not know him; he was the guy who in 1968, while working a mission among the cave-ridden mountains of Bong Son area, found a metal ammo can full of \$50.00 bills (Around \$150,000. worth if my memory serves me well). Well, I found out that Don did not get to keep any of the money he found, so he went home to Georgia and worked away, like most of us did. During this time, Don walked seven or eight miles a day, dutifully delivering mail to all the people on his route. You see,... Don was a postman and we all know how bad we wanted to receive mail when we were "Over There."

Last night,... 8 February, 1999: I had one of the most hated phone calls I ever want to receive. It was from Don's wife. You see, after fighting the Viet Cong and NVA for a year with us, Don won that battle. Over the past few months though, Don was fighting another battle: with cancer. On 30 January, 1999: Don lost that battle and passed away.

Although I did not know Don as well as many of you out there did, it hurts me the same to see one of my brothers lose the fight and pass on. I want to ask all of you to take a few moments and remember Don for the great guy he was then; and now. Please say a prayer with me for Don, his wife, and family; and all those who were affected by his presence. I would also like all of you who knew him (and those who did not) to maybe,... please,... drop Don's wife a card, or a call to wish your deepest sympathy. I have included her address below, with phone number; in hopes that she does not mind me releasing that information. Please,... if you can, call or write her a short note of condolences.

Mrs. Donald Morrison
PO Box 197, Argyle GA 31623
(912) 487-2885

On the next page, I am repeating a poem that I gave as a speech at the local VFW during our Memorial Day services this past year.

JUST A SIMPLE SOLDIER
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He was gettin old and Paunchy and his hair was falling fast,
And he sat around the post office, telling stories of the past.
Of a war that he had fought in and the deeds that he had done,
In his exploits with his buddies, they were heros, everyone.

And 'thou' sometimes to his neighbors, his tales became a joke,
All his buddies listened well for they knew of where he spoke.
But we'll hear his tales no longer, for old Don has passed away,
And the world's a little poorer, for a soldier died today.

No he won't be mourned by many, just his children and his wife,
For he lived a very ordinary, very quiet sort of life.
He held a job and raised a family, quietly going on his way,
And the world won't note his passing; 'tho' a soldier died today.

When politicians leave this earth, their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing and proclaim that they were great.
Papers tell of their life stories, from the time that they were young,
But the passing of a soldier, goes unnoticed, and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution to the welfare of our land,
Some jerk who breaks his promise, and cons his fellow man?
Or the ordinary fellow, who in times of war and strife,
Goes off to serve his country, and offers up his life?

The politicians stipend and the style in which he lives,
Are sometimes disproportionate to the services that he gives.
While the ordinary soldier, who offered up his all,
Is paid off with a medal, and perhaps a pension too small.

It is so easy to forget them, because it was so long ago,
That our Don's and Jim's and Johnny's went to battle, but we know.
It was not the politicians with their compromise and their ploys,
Who won for us the freedom that our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger with your enemies at hand,
Would you really want some cop-out, with his ever waffling stand?
Or would you want that lonely soldier who was sworn to defend:
His home, his kin, his country, and would fight until the end?

Don was just a common soldier and his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us, we may need his like again.
For when countries are in conflict, then we find the soldier's part,
Is to clean up all the troubles that the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor, while he's here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give him homage at the ending of his days.
Perhaps just a simple headline in the paper that might say:

"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING, FOR A SOLDIER DIED TODAY!"