John Acton Mowatt Scrapbook

D-Battery, 5th Battalion, 2nd Artillery (AW)(SP)
D-Battery, 71st Artillery Quad 50 caliber (MG)
1970-71

John Mowatt Scrapbook

This scrapbook is a compilation of my pictures and memories focused on my military experience and U.S. Army service in Vietnam. It preserves my personal story and my Air Defense Artillery heritage in perpetuity on the National Dusters, Quads & Searchlights Association (NDQSA) website https://www.ndqsa.com. My friend on this life journey, Richard Burmood, assisted with collection, assembly, and editing.

The picture content is often supplemented with Facebook conversations, between myself and my fellow veterans. These discussions provide personal interest stories beyond the labeled pictures.

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A Sunday morning walk

My Sunday morning walk with God took me, again, to the Lock 31 Park River/ Canal trails. First it has a trail along the river and second the other trail follows the Canal - Tow Path - The River. When I reach the end of the trail the real reason it is one of my most favorite walks……across the old Delaware & Canal is the Family Homestead I grew up in‼

It housed my family 8 in total. Sitting on 14 acres it was a classic mini Farm. A mix of fields and woods - an old barn built in the old days out of Chestnut lumber! Had 4 large out buildings that housed about 12,000 chickens (Capons not laying hens) the barn housed one dairy cow (milking cow) - and between 28 & 35 Sulfolk Sheep.

What a place to spend my first 19 years.. walk across US Route 6 the D&H Canal - ice skating & fur animal trapping with my 2 older brothers - hunting on the farm also. About 500’ past the Canal was the Lackawaxen River where i learned to swim, fish & kayak.

I WAS BLESSED indeed

Hawley Boy working my summer job back in 1968.

Basic Training
Fort Dix, New Jersey

I was one of the Vietnam era draftees, obligated for two years service doing whatever and wherever Uncle Sam wanted me. That took me to Fort Dix, New Jersey for basic training, arriving 10 Feb 1970. I remember a lot of shouting - push ups & running that first day gathering up all our clothing and gear.

I remember running wearing those Black Rubber Boots Galoshes with metal clips. It was like running with cinder blocks attached to both feet!!

Right picture is me in Basic trying to look tough. No clip in 16 and scared sh*tless!!

Facebook conversation:

Finger on trigger? Tsk! Tsk!

Reply—safety on and weapon cleared … not my first rodeo .. was shooting guns since 6 years old on the family farm with my four Brothers & Dad

Sleep tight America, John's on guard !!

Reply—LOL with an empty weapon lol GOD what was I thinking …. Well impressing the girl friend who didn't know anything about guns (weapons)

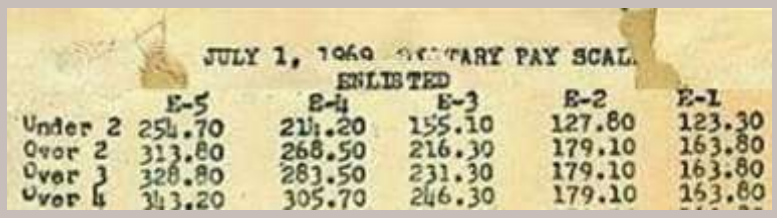
They were impressed and they thought we were nuts. We were. Both.

Reply— well that GF that was with me thru Basic & AIT & NCOCS (not with me with me) once I got to Nam never heard from her again - not even a Dear John letter!! But 10 years after, I got a manila folder in the mail with pictures of me in the Army and a note, "thought U would want these" - that was it … no return address and no signature but it was from Her….

some people just don't know how to say goodbye.

February 10,1970 My first day as a newly drafted Army PVT Ft Dix, NJ

Basic Training in classroom with first M16



JULY 1, 1969 MILITARY PAY SCALE

ENLISTED

	E-5	E-4	E-3	E-2	E-1
Under 2	254.70	211.20	155.10	127.80	123.30
Over 2	313.80	268.50	216.30	179.10	163.80
Over 3	328.80	283.50	231.30	179.10	163.80
Over 4	343.20	305.70	246.30	179.10	163.80

Enlisted Pay Scale 1969

Advanced Individual Training

After Basic Training I was transferred to Fort Bliss, Texas for Advanced Individual Training as a Light Air Defense Artillery Crewmember, Military Occupation Specialty (MOS) 16F.

Service Memories: 10 February 1970 is the day that started the next two years that influenced my life more then any other. This is the day I entered into my two year obligation (plus inactive reserve) with the United States Army. I remain grateful for the opportunity to serve my Country. I also was able to continue my Service years later with DOD Army as a Civilian for another 10 years working in COMSEC traveling to many of the US CONUS & OCONUS Army Bases resetting sensitive communication equipment directly to the War Fighters using them. Loved working with these young troops. Those years were the best and most rewarding of my working career. I was truly Blessed.

AIT camping 1970 Fort Bliss, Texas

Army camping at Fort Bliss Oro Grande Range, Fort Bliss, Texas

Top pic: Just received mail from home during a bivouac training exercise. Be it ever so humble there is no place like home.

That is a fun picture. What a relic of a bygone era. That pup tent is supposed to sleep two since you have both shelter half's, Where's your buddy?

Bottom pic: Bivouac area with tents all lined up, dress right dress.

Reply: I think my other 1/2 shelter mate was Juan Quiñones. I believe he was one of the National Guard troops we had in AIT with us. This I believe was AIT because I don't have my Corcoran jump boots on (NCOCS)

My tent mate Juan Quiñones

Weapons

Advanced Individual Training as a Light Air Defense Artillery Crewmember, Military Occupation Specialty (MOS) 16F. The primary training was in the operation of two Air Defense Systems that dated back to WWII.

Top pic: M42A1 Dusters lined up for air gunnery target practice at McGregor Range, Fort Bliss, Texas.

The Duster is a self-propelled anti-aircraft gun with a crew of six and weighs 49,500 lb fully loaded. Maximum speed is 45 mph with a range of 120 miles. Armament consists of fully automatic twin 40 mm M2A1 Bofors, in an open turret, with a rate of fire of 2×120 rounds per minute (240 rpm). The 40mm guns were clip-fed and fired a four-round clip of either armor piercing or high explosive tracer rounds. A 7.62mm M60 machine gun could be mounted on the front or rear of the turret. The 500 hp, six-cylinder, AOSI-895-5 engine with a gasoline fuel injection system was air cooled and located in the rear of the vehicle. It was driven by a cross-drive, two-speed Allison transmission.

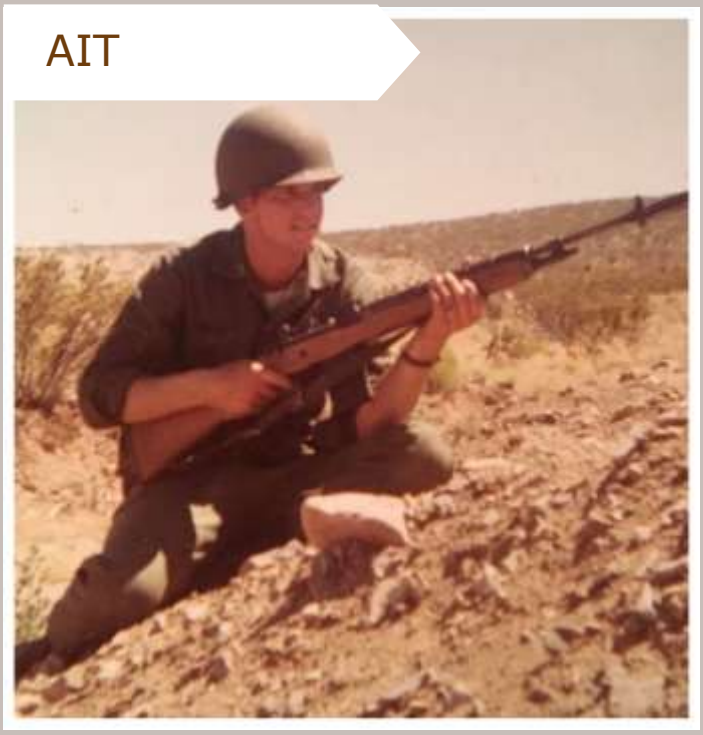
M42A1 Dusters on air gunnery firing line at McGregor Range. (editor credit - David Borlik photo)

Bottom pic: Quad 50 mounted on a 2 1/2 ton truck at the air gunnery Oro Grande Range.

The Quad 50 was mounted on a $2^{1/2}$ or 5 ton truck consisted of a Maxon M45 power turret utilizing four (4) .50 Caliber Browning M2 machine guns. The turret itself was driven by a 12-volt electric motor connected to two variable speed belt-drives. One drive was for elevating the guns, the other for traversing the turret. Power came from a single 12-volt battery. A "Little Joe" gasoline-powered generator, capable of producing 300-watts, charged the batteries, and was mounted at the rear of the turret.

Quad 50 mounted on a $2^{1/2}$ ton truck. editor credit -David Borlik photo)

AIT



John Wayne with my M14. It had a much better range that the M16 but was heavier.

Eating C ration chow sitting in the bed of the Quad's 2½ (deuce and a half) ton truck. Facing the camera is Mike Willard who would later graduate number one in our class, as an E6 Staff Sergeant, at the NCO school.

Below pic left: Any of you guys who did AIT (16F20) remember unpacking 40mm Duster shells from cardboard tubes to put into 4 round clips that we would use to fire at the ranges?

Below pic right: That's me 1970 holding the clip of 4 - 40mm rounds. Black tipped rounds were Armor Piercing. Ft Bliss Texas

40mm loose rounds assembled into 4 round clips for Duster firing

Four round clips ready for range firing.

Noncommissioned Officer Candidate Course

NCOCC Fort Bliss, Texas

Following AIT, I was offered the opportunity to volunteer to attend the Noncommissioned Officer Candidate Course. NCOCC or NCOCS (as it was also know at the time) was 22 weeks of very intense training. We all knew where our next duty station was going to be, and this seemed the best way to be prepared for it. Our training focused on leadership, squad tactics, and maintenance. Our instructors were all Vietnam veterans committed to making sure we were prepared to keep our men alive and accomplish the mission.

Candidate Mowatt

INFORMATION

The United States Army's Noncommissioned Officer Candidate Course (NCOCC), originally located at Fort Benning, Georgia, was created to fill the Army's critical shortage of junior noncommissioned officers with the best qualified and best trained men available. NCO Candidates (NCOC) allowed to attend the course were selected from volunteers and many candidates were among the brightest soldiers of Basic Combat Training, Advanced Individual Training or in a subsequent assignment that demonstrated outstanding leadership potential.

By the early-1960's, the United States Army was again engaged in conflict, now in Vietnam. As the war progressed, the attrition of combat, the 12-month tour limit in Vietnam, separations of senior noncommissioned officers and the 25-month stateside stabilization policy began to take its toll to the point of crisis. Without a call up of the reserve forces, Vietnam became the Regular Army's war, fought by junior leaders. The Army was faced with sending career noncoms back into action sooner or filling the ranks with the most senior PFC or specialist. Field commanders were challenged with understaffed vacancies at base camps, filling various key leadership positions, and providing for replacements. Older and more experienced NCOs, some World War II veterans, were strained by the physical requirements of the methods of jungle fighting. The Army was quickly running out of noncommissioned officers in the combat specialties.

In order to meet these unprecedented requirements for NCO leaders the Army developed a solution called Skilled Development Base (SDB) Program on the proven Officer Candidate Course where an enlisted man could attend basic and advanced training, and if recommended or applied for, filled out an application and attended OCS. The thought by some was that the same could be done for noncoms. If a carefully selected soldier can be given 23 weeks of intensive training that would qualify him to lead a platoon, then others can be trained to lead squads and fire teams in the same amount of time. From this seed, the Noncommissioned Officers Candidate Course (NCOCC) was born.

The NCOCC graduate had a specific role in the Army-they were trained to do one thing in one branch in one place in the world, and that was to be a fire team leader in Vietnam. It was recognized that they were not taught how to teach drill and ceremonies, inspect a barracks, or how to conduct police call. But educating NCOs and potential NCOs was firmly in place for the Army. Its Vietnam experience with NCOCC would be the basis to build it’s current NCO development program and the associated schools for junior, mid-grade, and senior NCO, each focused on the skill sets necessary to be successful as leaders of soldiers.

NCOCC

After Advanced Individual Training at Fort Bliss, I remember that most all of us were destined for Vietnam. In one of our last formations before graduation they asked us if any of us wanted to volunteer for NCOCS. I always heard never volunteer for anything!!

The thought of delaying Vietnam by 22 weeks then a long leave home without having to extend my obligation - well I put my hand up.

I was now staying in Fort Bliss for 22 more weeks. I knew my 8 weeks of Basic & 8 weeks of AIT didn't have me trained up to go off to war!! As I've told my friend Richard, that volunteering for NCOCS & becoming a 16F40 most likely saved my life.

Experiences in NCOCC

Life in NCOCS was a game of mental toughness and personal discipline designed to instill confidence in a young man, replacing years of experience, before becoming an NCO, with 22 weeks of intense training. Part of their strategy was to treat time off as a reward. This was controlled through a demerit system with constantly increasing standards.

Beds were hospital folds so a quarter would bounce off the blanket. Uniforms and underwear had to meet strict display standards.

I had my fatigues tailored and heavy starched. You had to punch open the legs with your fist to put them on. Loose threads were burned with a lighter. I bought jump boots because they could be shined easier and even put liquid black on the soles. Lots of Johnson's Paste Wax and riding the buffer.

Toward the end only 10 demerits got you restricted with no weekend pass. I was standing tall, all spit shined and de-threaded. The first Sgt stood in front of me and he started writing! "Candidate Mowatt, you have an unauthorized pet." I had an ant crawling on my shoulder - man was I pissed off. Well that weekend I went to the NCO Club for beers - while my buddies went to El Paso & Juarez.

I am proud of what we learned about ourselves in NCOCS. Mental fortitude and personal responsibility.

My barracks space about a month before graduation and shipping off to Vietnam. 1970

NCOCC

Wearing the OD green and practicing the NCO lean using the tubes for stability.

NCOCC was focused on both technical and leadership skills taught to us by NCOs with Vietnam experience. For example pulling a the engine and transmission assembly entailed skills normally left to mechanics.

Me in the drivers hatch of our Duster for that day. Nobody has ever explained why we tried to disguise this 25 ton beast with a few clumps of desert grass. Not a skill we ever needed in Vietnam.

Learning to pull the PAC on a Duster.

Duster emplacement training. Hull down behind sandbag burm with the turret exposed

NCOCC

Training on the Quad 50 included both vehicle mounted and ground mounted gunnery as well as extensive operational and maintenance training.

Sling attachment training in loading and unloading the Quad 50 from its 2 1/2 ton truck, or for attaching it to a helicopter to be inserted into a firebase in Vietnam. Usually a maintenance wrecker was use to provide the lift.

The M45 Quadmount had four Browning .50 caliber M2 HB (heavy barrel) machine guns with a single gunner situated behind an lightly armored housing. It had two small wheels that could be attached to help with positioning but were removed for operation. The M2 has been in continuous use since WWI.

Best place to eat a C ration lunch at the range is off the ground. The Quad 50 is underneath its tarp cover.

It was hot and dry in the desert, more suitable for Middle East warfare training than Vietnam.

Training with claymore mines.

In training we had plenty of sandbags to shield the blast and to protect the operator. Not so much in Vietnam. At least it came with printed directions.

One funny memory was training in small arms combat.

There was a mock up out in the middle of that barren desert that they used to simulate a Vietnamese village. The exercise was to attack it and defeat the VC who were hiding there.

We were having a blast running around shooting blanks, and throwing grenade simulators. Somewhere in that confusion our grenade simulators & smoke grenades caught the tumble weeds and scrub brush on fire.

That was End Ex (end of exercise).

We spent the rest of the time beating out the flames with our OD blouses and stamping out the sparks before we destroyed the sage brush and burned down the village. A sight to be seen!

NCOCC

Picture Right: Army lesson #1 is "Yes Drill Sergeant, No Drill Sergeant." Army lesson #2 is never stand when you can sit.

This was ground mount training day. This could easily have been a head space and timing gauge in my hands.

Picture Left: NCOCS candidates gathered around the Quad 50 to get their pictures taken.

L-R Don Dragosh, Larry Vanderlaan, Hector Rodriquez, John Mowatt (center), Mike Willard is in the gunner seat, Lenwood Beyer, and far right Bobby Fussell.

NCOCC

Mike Willard(L) Don Dragosh(R)
These two guys were a big help to me going through NCOCS.

Taking a break on the steps after mess hall chow.

On top of the hotel we stayed at in El Paso.

Time off was precious, whether that was sitting on the steps or banding together and walking across the Paso Del Norte bridge into Juarez, Mexico. Drink the cheap beer, stay with your buddies, and don't offer to buy drinks for the bar girls would keep you out of trouble and get you safely back to the barracks.

Night at the Cave in Juarez, Mexico.
L-R John Mowatt, Grady Cosby, Roger Crary (standing), Jack Clayburn, Jim Criswell, and Gerald Chapman.
Tall man behind me is was not with us.

Vietnam

I know 1971 was a lifetime ago, but sometimes things I see or read take me back to that year: it was the worst of times - it was the best of times. My combat tour of 11 months and 10 days ended 10 Dec 1971.

Service in Vietnam was a defining period of my life and shaped a lot of what came after. The experience has never left me, both for good and for bad. Like many Vietnam vets, Agent Orange has left its mark on my body and physical health. The war touched my soul, and for years PTSD would rear its ugly head and take control over my mental health. But all these were unknowns to be dealt with later in life.

For now the challenge was to be a good leader of the men who were my responsibility, complete the assigned mission, and don't screw up.

These pages about my year in Vietnam capture only what is remembered, and what I am willing to share 50 years later.

A generalized map of my area of operation for the reader's orientation. At that time Xuan Loc the Headquarters location for the 5th Battalion 2nd Artillery (AW)(SP) Twin 40mm "Duster" with its attached D-Battery 71st Artillery Quad 50 Caliber (MG), and I-Battery 29th Artillery (Searchlights)

Experiences in Vietnam

Arriving in-country with the new year, my initial assignment put me with Delta Battery, 5th Battalion, 2nd Artillery (Nickel Duce) for the first two months as a Duster squad leader. We operated out of Xuan Loc, Fire Support Base (FSB) Riviera, then Ham Tan (Old Ham), and eventually FSB Sylvia. We were in the process of building our hooches) when we were deactivated and I got assigned to Quads as Section Chief, Delta Battery, 71th Artillery.

Most of my Nam memories came from a place called FSB Wade that was in Loc Ninh along QL13, not a great distance from the Cambodian border. The best of times, but also responsible for bringing back the worst memories that would haunt me later. Most missions were convoy security with our Quads along QL13 "Thunder Road" and perimeter security, whenever not on the road with convoys.

Left: unit crest 5th Battalion, 2nd Artillery (Automatic Weapons) (Self Propelled) (Dusters) or 5/2 Dusters

Right: unit crest Delta Battery, 71st Artillery (Quads) or D/71 Quads

Editor's note: D/71 was a separate battery attached to 5/2 Dusters for administration as well as command and control. D/71 was one of the first units redesignated into the new Air Defense Artillery branch in Sep 1971 when air defense was separated from surface artillery.

Xuan Loc

FSB Riviera with D/5/2

One of the only pictures I have of me on my Duster. D-5-2 "Nickel Duce" January 1971 at Fire Support Base Riviera near Xuan Loc. A reasonable place to start my chapter on Vietnam.

The 11th ACR was there also but just passing through.

Fire Support Base Riviera near Xuan Loc.

The D Company, 5th Battalion, 2nd Artillery Headquarters was located on this base.

I was here as a squad leader for only a very short time before being sent to the Ham Tan (Old Ham) area.

Ham Tan (Old Ham)

FSB Sylvia with D/5/2

Relatively close to the South China Sea.

This is one of only two pictures I have of my Duster. We were just building this Fire Base. It was very small, maybe the size of 1 1/2 high school football fields. It consisted of only 2 dusters and a small battery of towed 105mm artillery. To our South and East was a MACV Compound as well as a NAVY SEA BEE Compound!

Our position overlooked the Ham Tan church and a very small air strip where long skinny Air America planes would land and men in civilian & kaki clothing would deplane … we speculated who they were …. Shuuuush—three letters? I think that was why we were there, to protect that airfield, but we were never told.

We moved from Xuan Loc FSB Rivera to there FSB Sylvia about February 1971. Only there about a month & half near Ham Tan before Delta Battery was deactivated and the Dusters turned over to the Army of the Republic of Vietnam as part of the US Army withdrawal.

Ham Tan (Old Ham)

FSB Sylvia with D/5/2

We were giving the dusty girl a bath, - yep, and us too.

M42 Twin 40mm Duster D/5/2 Second Field Force) about Feb 1971.

This was at a bridge near the small fishing village of Ham Tan (Old Ham) South & East of Xuan Loc not far from the South China Sea.

5/2 Dusters

Ham Tan (Old Ham)

FSB Sylvia with D/5/2

Top Right: Just chillin' on the South China Sea near Ham Tan 1971 our two M42 Twin 40mm AW SP Dusters just over the sand dune in a defensive position. I'm in the shorts standing next to my Section Chief Charlie Newsom.

Above L-R: 1st guy just left after I got, there never knew him, then me & Charlie Newsome. The child is Boy SAN (generic name often given to Vietnamese kids who hung around the GIs). Gomer is sitting.

Above: Sometimes a Day at the Beach isn't what you would expect or remember as being a picnic because of security rules.

Right: FSB Sylvia was crowded sleeping. We were not in any real danger from artillery or mortars. I soon learned double decking was too dangerous.

Ham Tan (Old Ham)
FSB Sylvia
with D/5/2

We were just building this Fire Base Sylvia when we were told to shut it down. We never even finished the third layer of sand bags on our Texas Culvert Hooch! Big Man Bill Farnell is working. The slackers are Gomer and Roger.

Time blurs things. This is the only picture I have of firing the Duster. It would have been during this time period, but I believe this was just a gunnery training opportunity. The hills in the background means we weren't on Sylvia, so maybe we displaced to someplace approved by the Company Headquarters for live fire training.

Loc Ninh FSB Wade with D/71

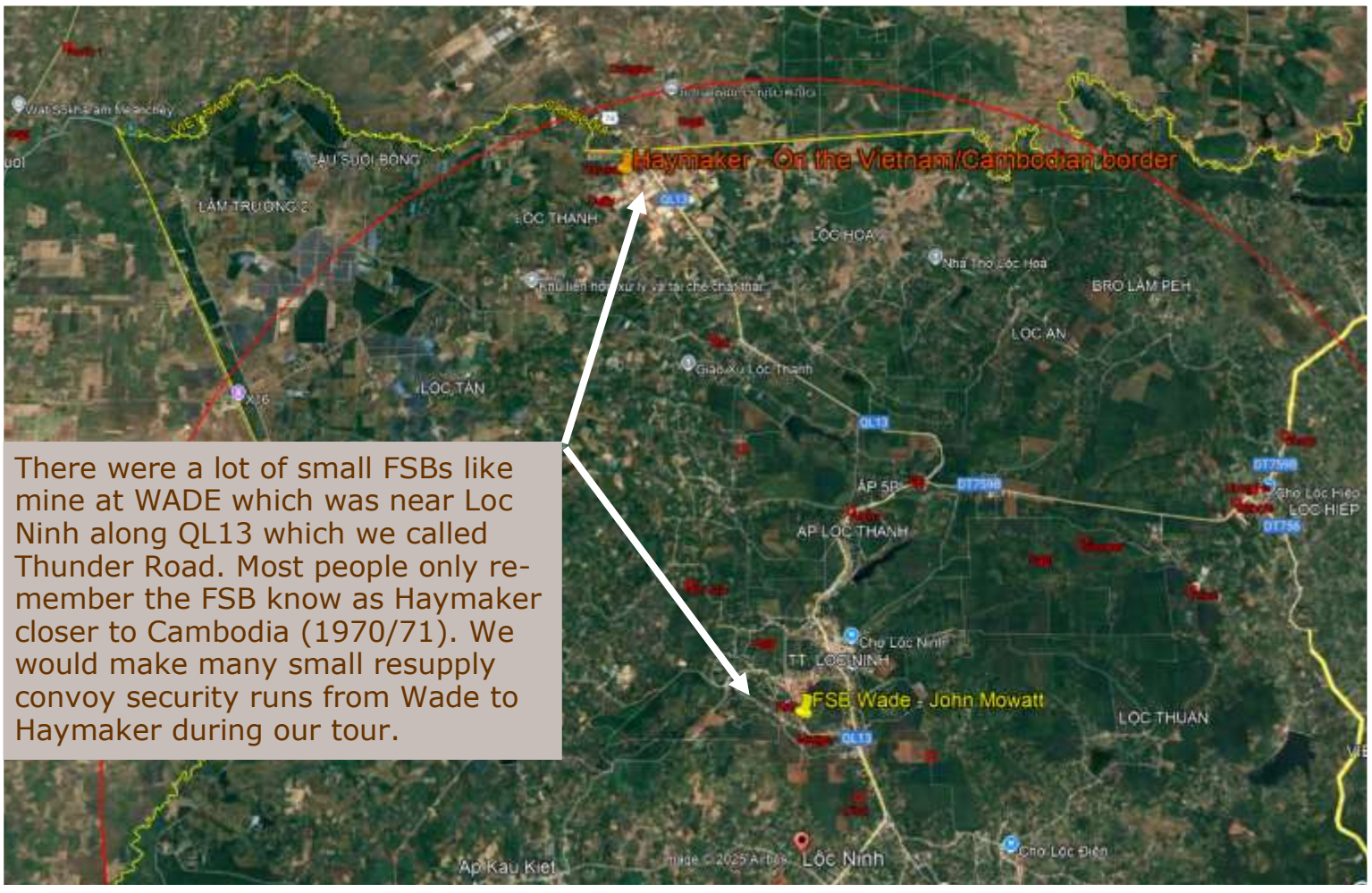
After that short stay with Dusters, I was assigned as a Section Chief in D/71st Quad 50s on FSB Wade up in Loc Ninh. I spent most of my "tour" (self-guided) in the area circled in red Loc Ninh close to the border of Cambodia. Lots going on in that area along QL13 named "Thunder Road" in 1971.

I spent most of my time at FSB WADE. It was one of many interlocked small artillery bases up near the Vietnam/Cambodian border. It had a 175mm and a mobile 8 inch gun.

Editor note: At this time the artillery unit was the 6th Battalion/27th Artillery attached to the 23rd Artillery Group.

The M107 175 mm (6.9 in) self-propelled gun provided long-range fire support capable of firing a 150lb projectile approximately 20 miles.

The 8-inch (203 mm) M110 self-propelled howitzer was capable of firing a 200lb projectile approximately 11miles (see red circle centered on FSB Wade.)

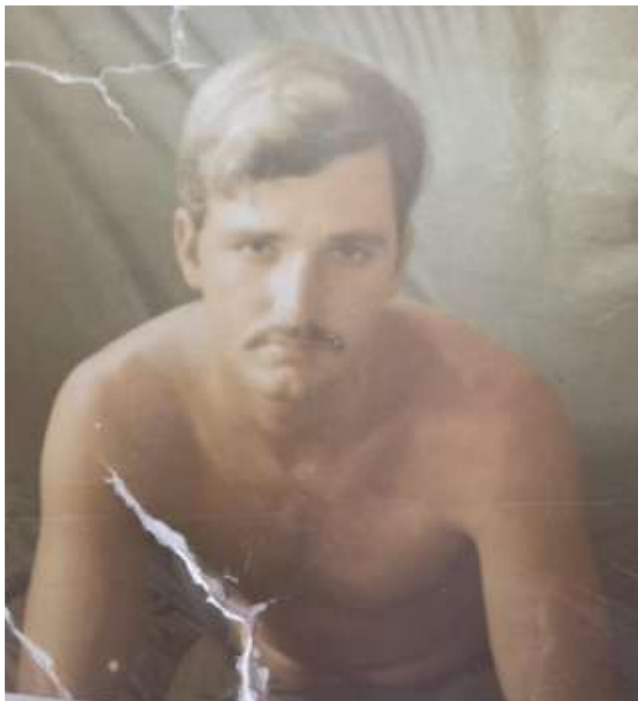


There were a lot of small FSBs like mine at WADE which was near Loc Ninh along QL13 which we called Thunder Road. Most people only remember the FSB know as Haymaker closer to Cambodia (1970/71). We would make many small resupply convoy security runs from Wade to Haymaker during our tour.

Loc Ninh FSB Wade with D/71

This arial photo is FSB Wade - I spent four-five months there. The village out of sight at top of photo was Loc Ninh. In front is the runway for aircraft. It was made using PSP or Marston Mat, more properly called pierced (or perforated) steel planking (PSP). This was the standardized, perforated steel matting material runway in Vietnam. Up to a C 130 could land there but mostly C-7 Caribou STOL aircraft. Usually daily a pair of cobras would park there after refueling waiting for missions along QL13 Thunder Road.

We were about 5-10 miles from the Cambodian border. Behind us to the west/north was a Special Forces Camp and to our right at the end of the runway was an Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) camp.



This was a self portrait with my 35mm Yashika

- I had been writing letters to my Mom (Family).

Back home all gathered each Sunday for Mom's special Roasted whole chickens (raised on the farm not those tiny things you buy today!)

After dinner Mom made everyone—3 brothers and 2 sisters write a paragraph to me. Those letters got me thru a lot.

Loc Ninh FSB Wade with D/71

After that short stay with Dusters, I was assigned as a Section Chief in D/71st Quad 50s on FSB Wade up in Loc Ninh. My best home while in Vietnam was at FSB Wade.

Our sleeping bunker at FSB Wade was under ground. Each of us had a room the size of a 463L AIR FORCE Pallet (88 inches wide x 108 inches long) with 3 walls and no door. It was cooler than above ground. The overhead cover was reinforced then all sand bags and ammo canisters with sand that would withstand anything but a 122mm rocket.

In the picture below I am with some of the C BTRY 6/27th Arty guys hanging in a spot we used to play cards and have a few beers. As you can see from the faces and dirty cloths, down times like these were special but few and far between.

Editor notes: John's story needs some background information about unit configuration and combat organization structure. Three of the four Quad 50 batteries in Vietnam were attached to the Duster Battalions rather than being organically assigned. This information is from a 1969 5th/2nd report but something similar would have still been in place in 1971.
- Battery D (MG) 71st Artillery remained in General Support of II Field Force Vietnam Artillery and attached to 5th Battalion (AW)(SP) 2d Artillery with firing elements further OPCON as follows: One section (four M55's) OPCON to the 25th Infantry Division; one section OPCON to 6th Battalion, 27th Artillery; one section OPCON to 2d Battalion, 35th Artillery; one section OPCON to 2d Battalion, 32d Artillery; one half-section OPCON to the RTAVF; and one and one half sections supporting missions for II Field Force Vietnam Artillery. The battery headquarters remained collocated with Headquarters, 5th Battalion (AW)(SP) 2d Artillery.
- In doctrine and MTOE structure the M-55 battery was composed of six sections, four squads per section, one M-55 per squad. (Total: 24 M-55's in the battery) . The Vietnam demand for support meant two Quads operated together instead of four, so commanders would appoint one of the squad leaders as section chief with responsibility also for the sister squad.

D/71st Quads

Loc Ninh FSB Wade with D/71

(Right to Left) Ralph Martin was my driver, Ed (Red) Parker flashing the peace sign - lost to Agent Orange), me, and Robert Shamanski (Ski). On the ground is John Malloy, a gun bunny in C/6/27 Artillery - photo taken 1971 as we were mounting up for a convoy escort mission to the Cambodian border along "Thunder Road".

Our Quad at the time was named **"Judge— Jury— & Executioner"** as painted on the bat wings and nose of the Quad.

The 5 ton truck was named **"Blind Justice."** Over the years on social platforms I have been repeatedly thanked for the protection we provided both at FSB Wade and on convoy operations when someone sees a picture of this truck with its Quad.

Hot rainy days always bring me back (in my thoughts) to a land and time most never knew or have forgotten about.

Many of us treasure these brief memories: some happy some sad and some horrifying - but memories embedded in our mind forever.

I feel so very BLESSED to have served and trained with some of the best men of this time. Forever Grateful.

Loc Ninh FSB Wade with D/71

Convoy on QL13 “Thunder Road” heading to a “Turkey Shoot” on the Cambodian Border. The 8” self-propelled howitzer was being positioned forward so it would match the range of the 175mm sitting on FSB Wade. It broke down and a part and mechanic were flown in by the helicopter to fix it on the road.
I’m taking the picture from my position behind the M60 and with the PRC25 radio. The picture looks relaxed only because of circling Cobras and other Gun Trucks. Normally you wouldn't see my crew member Wayne Patterson hamming it up for a photo op.
When we got to a small ARVN camp on the border, mortars started falling.
It was a hairy few days… then back to FSB Wade.

D/71st Quads

Loc Ninh FSB Wade with D/71

Top Left: There was a white house just outside on the east side of the air field. It had a tennis court and pool in 71. The "Frenchman" who ran the rubber plantation lived there and had a plane that he flew in and out of there on. Very possible he was on "Both Sides."
Top Right: Quad staged at FSB ready for a convoy security mission.
Bottom Left: Awaiting convoy hook up in the rubber plantation along QL13 Thunder Road.
Bottom Right: Rubber tree tapped to capture the latex milky fluid. This was done by making shallow cuts in the bark of the tree, allowing the latex to flow out and be collected. The collected latex was then processed to produce natural rubber.

D/71st Quads

Loc Ninh FSB Wade transition to FSB James

Life slams me— almost too hard

It was around this time of the move from FSB Wade to FSB James that Sgt Phil Wagner was killed. It dramatically affected both squads in my section. Phil was not only my friend, but he was the squad leader of the other Quad 50 in my section of two guns. His death on September 28, 1971 was so unfathomable that his crew needed to get beyond his loss. Their quad was named "Blood Sweat & Tears" and they changed it to "O.D. Shit," a fitting reflection about all of our moods at the time. Out of solidarity, my squad decided to change our name too, and we became the "Hell's Henchmen."

An interesting story is that the guy who painted "Hell's Henchmen" was a Gun Rat on an 8" gun with Charlie battery, 6th 27th Artillery. He is also a good friend of Gary Severin as they served at FSB Haymaker before I was at FSB Wade. They were right on the Cambodian Border but I never met Gary until a Mini Reunion at John Maul's place in up state New York.

I will confess that I was not a fan of the big yellow hexagon on the Quad's nose. Always felt like we had made ourselves an RPG aiming point. The good news is that the war was changing so my theory was never really tested. All across Vietnam units were standing down and people were going home. Remember that D-71st had already detached from the 5/2 Artillery Duster Battalion in June so they could turn their Dusters over to the Army of the Republic of Vietnam and deactivate the U.S. battalion. At this point we were now attached directly to the II Field Force Artillery and under the operational control of the 23rd Artillery Group.

Regardless of name, I loved this machine of war for its power and the respect it garnered.

D/71st Quads

FSB James

I was at FSB James during October— December of 1971 after tearing down and moving from FSB Wade up in Loc Ninh. FSB James was much smaller and sat on a small hill in the same area of operations as I had first been in while with D/5/2 Nickel Duce Dusters This was down South & East, more near Old Ham (Ham Tan) and the Coast.

There was nothing there but my two Quad 50s (a section with 9 men) and a small battery of three 155mm split-trail artillery guns with about 30-35 men. I can not for the life of me remember who they were but I think they were part of the 23rd Artillery Group. They had these small posts scattered around but in range of supporting Artillery or Helicopter and/or U.S. Air Force Fighter Support.

Memories fade and I was still distraught and kind of out of it from losing Sgt Phil Wagner. Ron Gills who replaced him was a good man but nothing made much sense except finishing my tour and going home. It was not a good time for me. Not more dangerous, just lost.

Fire Mission -This is a pretty decent picture of the gun crew firing their M114 towed 155 mm Howitzer. In the red circle you can see the white puff from the strike of the rounds. In the background you can see one of my two Quads. It could be pretty noisy during fire missions. Everybody had their way of trying to save their hearing. Fingers stuck in the ears work well as long as that was all you had to do. Some people tried torn off cigarette filters. Might even have been a few poorly designed 1960's earplugs. In front of the gun's right trail are several shells that weight about 100lbs each. The sandbagged structure to their right is their powder magazine. The number and type of powder bags determined range.

D/71st Quads

FSB James

This was my hooch a day or so before I DEROS'd spending some time with the squad.

My M203 leaning against the foot locker. Note the fan…. We spliced into the berm lights being run by generators and at night it could cause the lights to brown out (guys will know what I mean.)

Warm Schlitz beer and a goodie box from home - the squads shared all the goody boxes.

My driver Ralph Martin was a "Crazy Sumna Bitch!" is sitting on my cot. Always beer in hand!!

Guy looking at me taking picture is Bill Hale from Paoli, Pennsylvania. He came home (according to his Mom - she wouldn't let me talk to him about 20 years ago) .. said he came home and his mind just kind of snapped - was such a nice kid.

Guy way in back next to Ralph is Paul Ritchie, a coal miner from WEST BY GOD Virginia. Other two guys were FNGs ("F..king New Guy" - a distasteful name, but we all were him sometime in our tour.) I was short and didn't want to know their names.

Side note: We slept two to a 1/2 culvert, dirt floor, 3 layers of sand bags on top, and a sandbag BLAST wall in front. Be it ever so humble it was HOME.

D/71st Quads

FSB James

Left top picture: Me on the left and my driver Ralph Martin from Kentucky. He was a remarkable guy who could drive Mud Bullets. Up at FSB Wade, with its thick red mud, he would almost flatten the tires to improve traction on QL13. The trust I had in him went far beyond defensive driving on those dangerous roads from other vehicles. He had a sixth sense to danger and potential ambush conditions. I believe that if he had been driving that day, Phil Wagner would not have been killed by that Vietnamese logging truck.

Right top picture: Just a fun picture of the gun bunnies using their swab as a clothes line.

Bottom picture: Ron Gill's "O.D. Shit" Quad in its emplacement. "Hell's Henchmen's" position was similar. Usually the M60 machine gun would be in the bunker in front with the two squad members pulling guard, giving them cover and some concealment from snipers.

FSB James

Top: FSB James had a lot of open fields of fire so was pretty secure. We were lucky because we still had our gun covers. They provided protection from rain and some from the dust kicked up whenever the artillery had a fire mission. Dust is the enemy of an oiled gun.

Right: Our puppy **Psych**. Amazing how many stray dogs adopted soldiers. War is rough on everyone and everything. Many of the FSB dogs were almost deaf from to the fire mission constant Big Gun noise - but they could still smell out possible trouble in the pitch black nights.

D/71st Quads

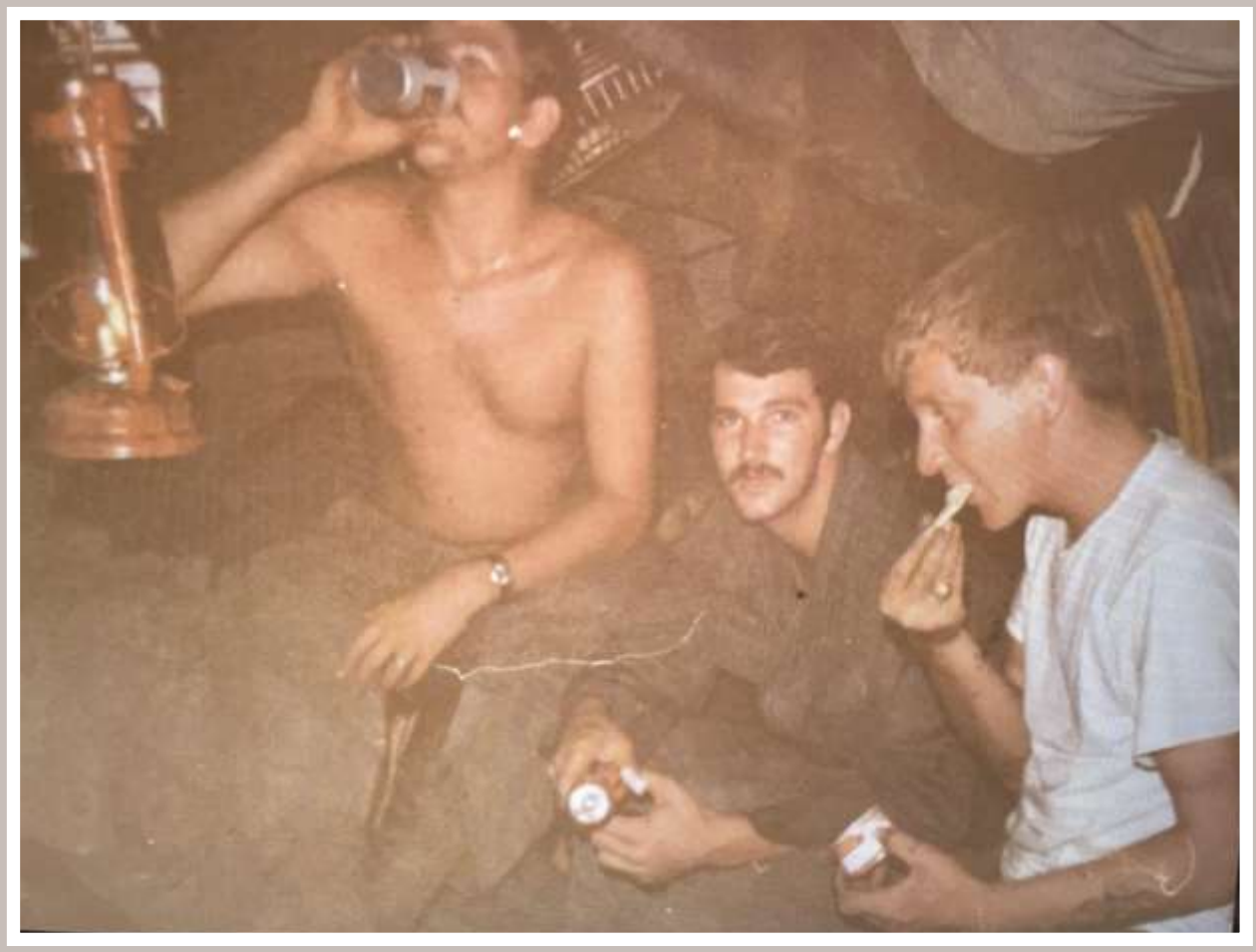
FSB James

There is no doubt we established a special relationship with our Quads.

For better of worse they are part of us forever.

Eleven months and ten days in a Combat Zone. The experiences shaped me into the man I am today. I am so very proud to be a "Vietnam Veteran" and to have served my Country.

FSB James



Top picture: December 1971 - most likely just before I took a chopper out to go home.

Guy on the left drinking a beer is Spec4 Ralph Martin my driver. Then me all dressed up in clean non-faded Army Green fatigues. I have no idea where those new clean clothes came from. Feeding his face is Paul Ritchie, my coal mining gunner from West by God VA. He had a tattoo of a rooster hanging from a noose (hung cock) he said. We are inside one of our Texas Culvert two person sleeping quarters. I was Blessed with good men.

Right picture: One of the few photos of me and my Ride. She looks clean so maybe just rained. Must have been the week I left Vietnam, as I got home Dec 10, 1971.

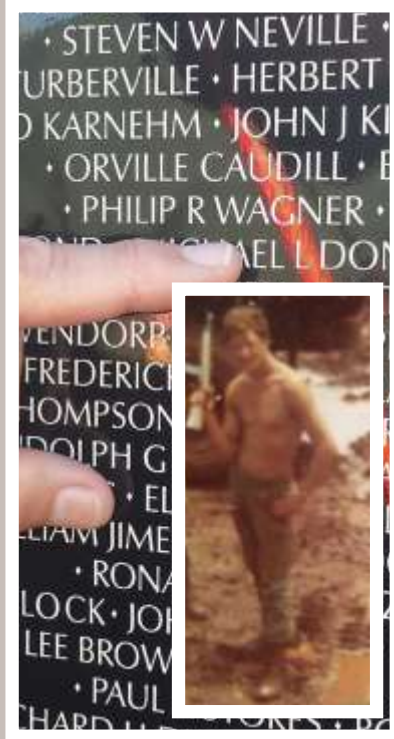
Transition back to civilian life

When I went to Vietnam in January 1971, I was aboard a jet with about 250-300 strangers. When I came home I was choppered from my tiny FSB James to Tan Son Nhut where I spent 2-3 days clearing medical, finance, personal and got rid of my nasty dirty jungle fatigues and got our khakis complete with stripes and chest decorations.

Then climbed aboard a big freedom bird with about 300 strangers to Japan—deplane about 2 hours then to Alaska (another 2 hours). I just remember the freezing cold of December in Anchorage walking across the tarmac in khakis after leaving 100+ temps.

Oakland California next stop. A wonderful steak dinner with a real potato butter sour cream and cold, cold milk. I puked it up two hours later! No I didn't miss my C-Rats but my stomach couldn't handle it. Got my final discharge and in class A's sent to Northeast Pennsylvania in December. Picked up by two of the girls I knew from my summers as a life guard - wanted to surprise my Family. Glad I made it home so many years ago.

Unbeknownst to me I was carrying that demon we call PTSD from guilt about Sgt Wagner. Love and counseling finally gave me peace.



Memorial Page — Philip R. Wagner

REMEMBER YOU ALWAYS MY FRIEND

It was September 28, 1971 and D-71st had already detached from the 5/2d in June and were supporting the 23rd Artillery Group. SGT Phil Wagner was killed in a non-combat vehicle accident. His death affected me for years because I was the one who sent him back to Phu Loi that day thinking I was doing him a favor, and now I live with that …. For years I bore that guilt and it fed my PTSD demons. It wasn't until years later I learned the circumstances of his death from Bill Posey who was with him that day. I pray that he can erase that memory.

https://www.vvmf.org/Wall-of-Faces/53986/PHILIP-R-WAGNER/

Vietnam Veterans Memorial

PHILIP R WAGNER

SGT Philip ROBERT Wagner

BIRTH 31 Jan 1952
Manitowoc, Manitowoc County, Wisconsin, USA

DEATH 28 Sep 1971 (aged 19)
Binh Dương, Vietnam

Wagner

Sgt. Philip R. Wagner, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Wagner, of 3015 Viebahn St., Manitowoc, died Tuesday Sept. 28 in Vietnam.

Funeral services will be at 10:30 a.m. Friday at Pfeffer Funeral Home and at 11 a.m. at St. Andrew Catholic Church, Manitowoc. The Rev. James R. DeWitt will officiate and burial will be in Calvary Cemetery, Manitowoc. Military graveside services will be conducted by a military unit from Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Friends may call at the funeral home from 3 to 9 p.m. Thursday where a memorial service will be held at 8 p.m.

The Highground Veterans Memorial Park is a bucket list destination for me as Wisconsin (MANITOWOC) was where my Sister Quad 50 Squad Leader SGT Phil Wagner was from. On a bluff is a statue of a Native American and Sgt Philip Wagner is honored there.

Over 42,000 Native Americans fought in Vietnam—more than 90 percent of them were volunteers. The Vietnam Veterans Memorial (The Wall) in DC, includes 232 names that are identified as Native Americans or Alaska Natives.

The National Native American Vietnam Veterans Memorial includes a statue called "The Forgotten Warrior" which is meant to symbolize and honor Native American warrior casualties. The sculpture depicts a Native American Soldier in jungle fatigues, holding a rifle in one hand and an Eagle Feather Staff in the other.

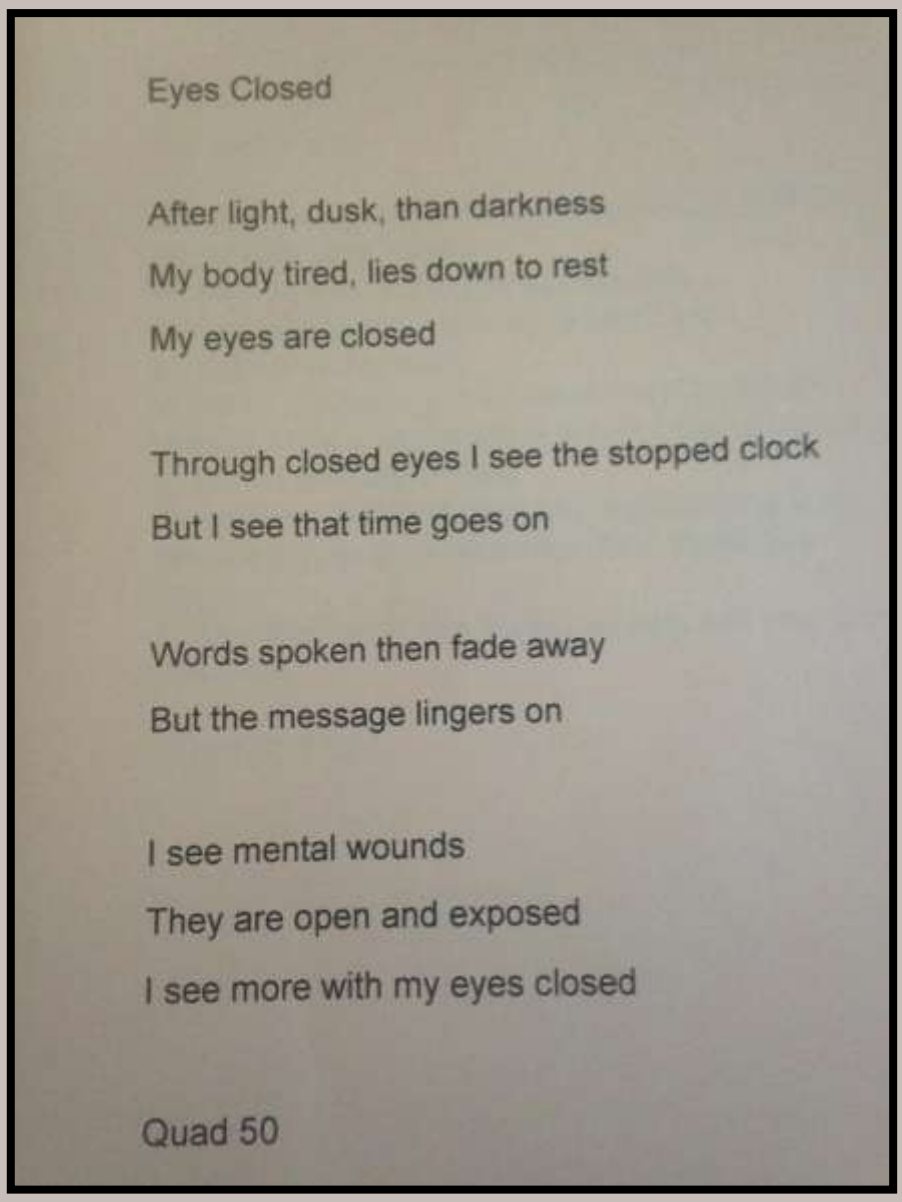
The statue sits on a red granite base. The names of the American Indians who died as a result of the Vietnam war are etched into the four black granite panels which skirt the base of the entire statuary. Phil is among them.

Poetry for PTSB

Writing down my dreams was part of the "process" suggested by my VA Doctor for dealing with my PTSD.

The first Doctor I ever went to at the VA Hospital over 40 years ago (bad time in my life) suggested I keep a pencil and paper next to my bed. If I woke up during the night ... write down the first things that I remember or thought… put it away and a week later or two look at the things I had written. I did this for almost a year - two years. Started to see patterns. Most all had some connection to RVN. But once written out … it never bothered me much afterwards.

These poems came from those dreams that entered my nights the first couple years after returning from Vietnam that I wrote down. Maybe it worked because I live today much better. The memories are there but they do not haunt me.



Eyes Closed

After light, dusk, than darkness
My body tired, lies down to rest
My eyes are closed

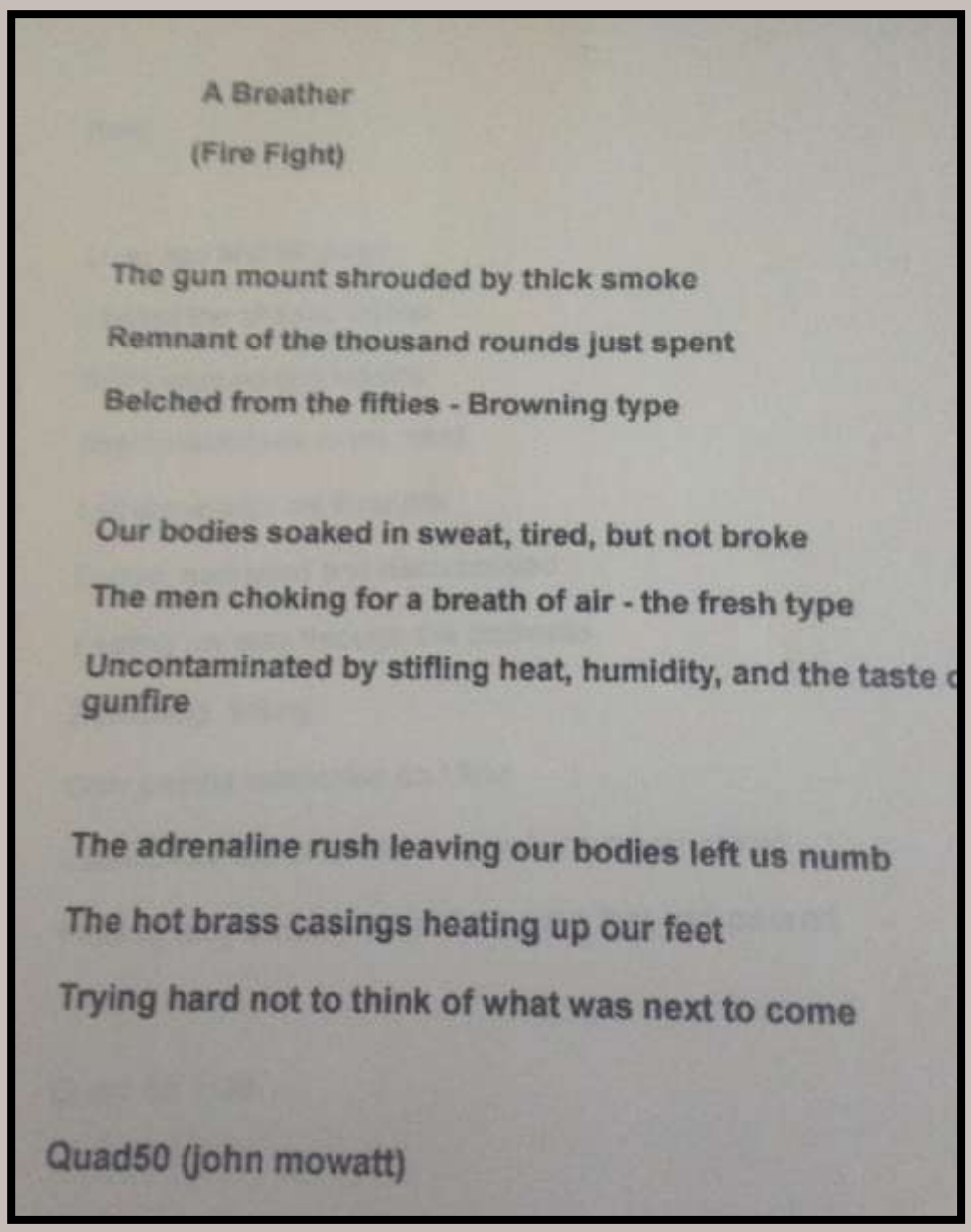
Through closed eyes I see the stopped clock
But I see that time goes on

Words spoken then fade away
But the message lingers on

I see mental wounds
They are open and exposed
I see more with my eyes closed

Quad 50

Poetry



A Breather

(Fire Fight)

The gun mount shrouded by thick smoke

Remnant of the thousand rounds just spent

Belched from the fifties - Browning type

Our bodies soaked in sweat, tired, but not broke

The men choking for a breath of air - the fresh type

Uncontaminated by stifling heat, humidity, and the taste
gunfire

The adrenaline rush leaving our bodies left us numb

The hot brass casings heating up our feet

Trying hard not to think of what was next to come

Quad50 (john mowatt)

Poem "A Breather (fire fight)" remarks

John: A little something I wrote … a remembrance as it was.

Friend's comments: Thank you. Hadn't thought about the "brass" piling up around my feet for a long time. Great poem

Another friend: I remember that smell of gun powder from the M42A1 Duster firing the twin 40's , the sound of Ak47 rounds hitting the turret of track and etc. "Nice poem welcome home"

Another related comment: Sometimes I wonder if the things I remember are not hallucinations. But I recall once we fired so many forty rounds that the brass piled up under the Duster to the point the guns wouldn't fire because they couldn't eject the brass and we had to stop and change positions in order to continue firing. That's also the only time I saw the barrels red hot and had to be replaced on the spot.

Poetry

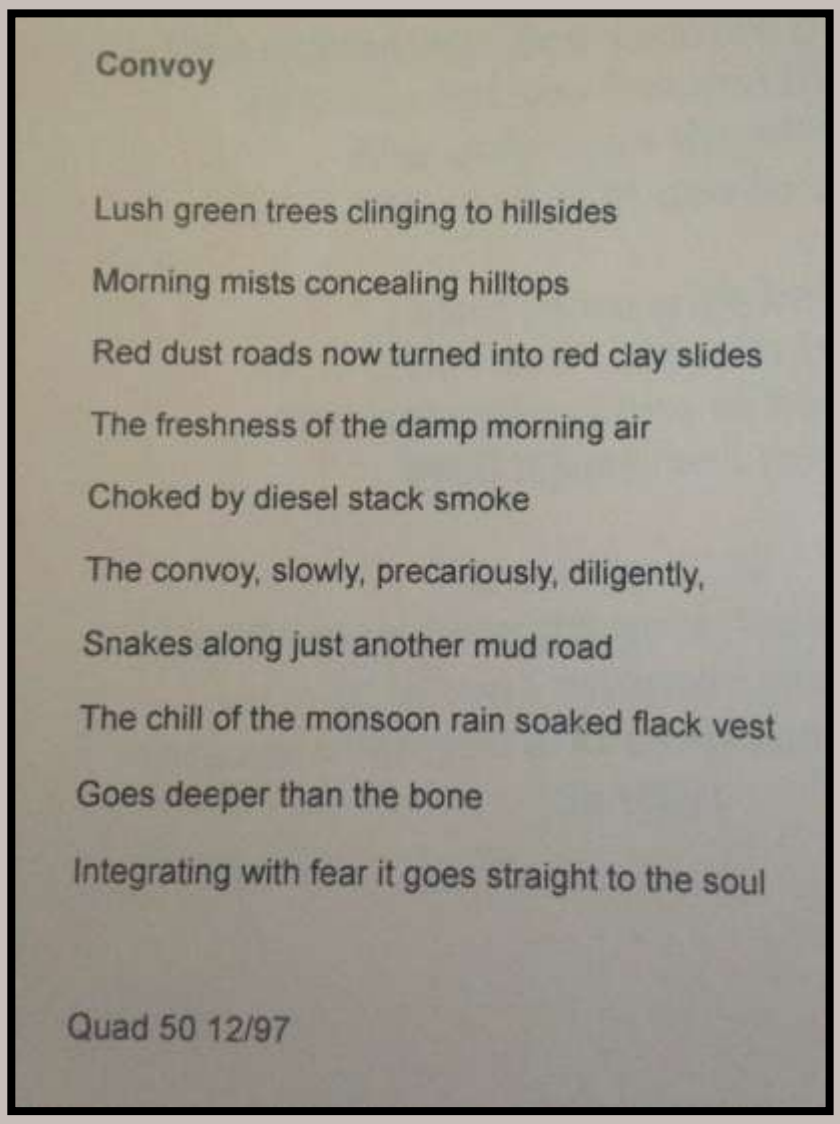
Poem "Convoy" remarks

John: Something I wrote awhile back after a dream - a memory - as it were.

Friend's comments: you've really captured the image with words.

Another friend: Your poem does a great job of describing convoy duty and the emotions that that we felt.

of track and etc. "Nice poem welcome home"



Convoy

Lush green trees clinging to hillsides
Morning mists concealing hilltops
Red dust roads now turned into red clay slides
The freshness of the damp morning air
Choked by diesel stack smoke
The convoy, slowly, precariously, diligently,
Snakes along just another mud road
The chill of the monsoon rain soaked flack vest
Goes deeper than the bone
Integrating with fear it goes straight to the soul

Quad 50 12/97

Poem "The First Trip Back" remarks

This was one of the first of many dreams that entered my nights the first couple years after returning from Vietnam that I wrote down.

I had loved sleeping in the hayloft of the barn in summer the smell of the hay was peaceful - I liked the solitude.

The First Trip Back

I remember the first time that I went back.
A warm summers rain washing the remaining scotch
From the broken bottle at my feet.
I had found shelter in the old barn.
The loft still smelling of the freshly baled hay.
Sleep came fast, having consumed half the bottle that day.
Dreams of screams woke me, as I heard you shouting.
"They're in the wire!" "They're in the wire!"
The bright flash, shower of sparks, and thunderous roar!
My eyes now so wide open they hurt
As I watched the old apple tree in the glen.
The tree now broken, smoking, and slowly burning,
From the lightning strike.
Yes, that was the first time I went back.

Comments on "The First Trip Back"

Powerful reminder of what war can do to you.

You are a good man, my friend, and have earned our respect and love.

Author

after the negative past…

it shaped me in many positive ways and I was a much better human (after I ironed out the rough spots)

Poetry

ALONE

Small droplets of water, impersonating diamonds,
cling to the sawgrass at the river's edge.

The morning fog, rising to meet the new dawn's sun,
cloaking my resting place - a rocky ledge.

My thoughts drift aimlessly on the sounds of the cold
water rushing over the frozen rocks.

The hemlock's blanketed with the freshly fallen snow,
while the river bank show the signs of deer and fox.

Surrounded by the clean smells that abound - my thoughts
dift off into a nothingness - an abyss.

Here there are no thoughts of reality, no thoughts of pain
nor sorrow - nor the love that I miss.

John Mowatt

Another little something I penned that was a reoccurring dream/memory…

SAPPER

I Am Lying Still Now

Dazed By The Explosion

That Has Shattered The Peace Of Early Morn

My Mind Is Racing Now

Taking Inventory Of My Body's Parts

The Limbs Responding To The Signals From My Brain

I Am Alone Now

The Lingering Smell Of The Satchel Charge The Burnt Powder, The Explo-sion, The Fire My Breath Taken Away For A Time I Close My Eyes, I Am Alive…

Short Timer

Light from the aerial flare burns brightly at first
My night vision gone with its first burst

Shadows dancing to the rhythm of the night
Twenty five and a wake up until I catch my flight

The night moves and the shadows dance
I might still have a chance

The sounds of a new day dawning
The rising mist of early morning

There is comfort in the ending of the night
Twenty four and a wake up until I catch my flight
Quad 50

Dusk to Dawn

So quiet is the night
Shadows dancing in the moonlight
Shifting shadows dancing to the melodies in m
head
Quietly telling stories from top of the bunker at
night
Stories of home, of friends, of better days
The golden glow of dawn, always a welcome
sight
Remembering the good times
Before there were the dead
Time passes quickly when talking to friends,
Of home, of better days

Quad 50

NDQSA Brotherhood

The National Dusters, Quads & Searchlights Association, Inc. (NDQSA™) is the original organization for U.S. Army Air Defense Artillery veterans who served in Vietnam.

I first met some of these men on Veterans Day 1997. I had gone to meet Joe Parrish at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial (the WALL).

Picture right top: My very Best Friend/Brother Joe Parrish in the chair. I am wearing the brown leather jacket and aviators looking at him. One of the nicest bravest friends a man could have - I miss him everyday and will never forget the week I spent with him and Connie at their home in Dothan Alabama - I learned so much about LIFE spending quality time with Joe fishing with him at their lake house on Lake Seminole - A life time memory that means the WORLD to me. Miss you Gator.

Picture right bottom: My first meeting (by accident at the WALL) with my Brothers from the DQS. How could anyone miss that Sea of red hats and jackets. My hand is on my friend Joe Belardo's shoulder. Thank you Joe for taking me under your wing and introducing me around. … always thankful for his Friendship.

Note: John "Tank" Huelsenbeck, who started all this magic, is foreground left.

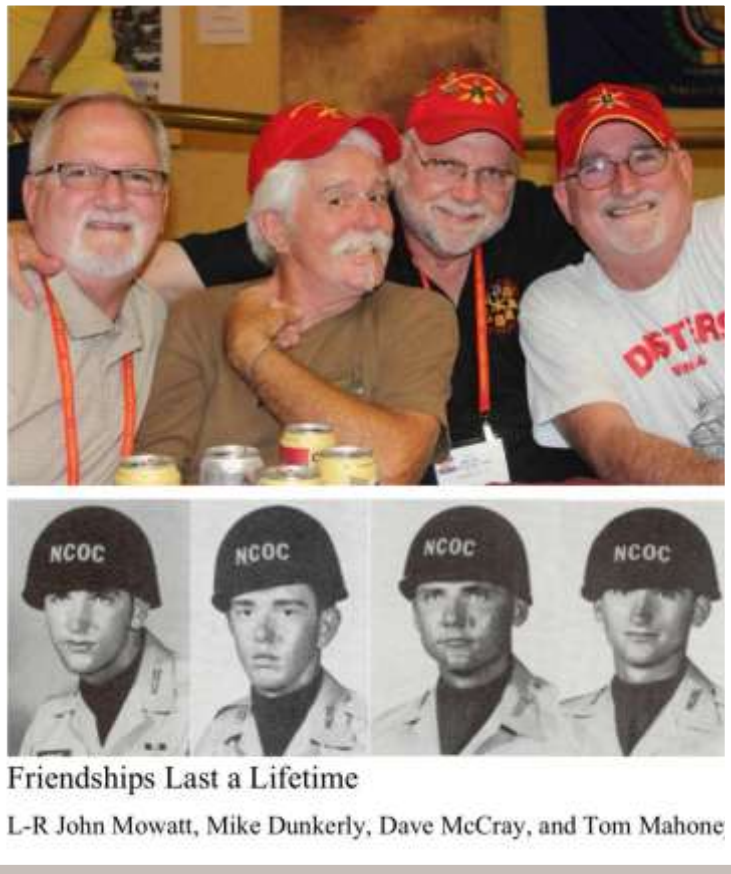
The Reunions

It would be the year 2000 that I would make my first NDQSA Reunion and that was in Washington DC as well.

Many thanks to Dave McCray for finding the classmates from the Fort Bliss, Texas NCOCC Class of 2/70 and encouraging us to come to the 2000 NDQSA annual reunion.

That was no easy task and we are forever grateful to Dave because many of us did not understand why this Brotherhood was important.

On the floor (L to R): Tom Mahoney, Joe Parrish, Tim Tweedell, Gerald Chapman
First step (L to R): Richard Burmood, Steve Belt, Pete Breckenridge
Second step (L to R): Robert Dembinski, Mike Dunkerly, John Mowatt, Dave McCray



Friendships Last a Lifetime

L-R John Mowatt, Mike Dunkerly, Dave McCray, and Tom Mahone

The Reunions—NCOCC classmates

Picture above left: Every reunion has a banquet with speeches and awards. Trimmed this picture from the 2000 reunion down to focus only on myself, Susan Burmood and Richard Burmood.

Picture above right: I can't pinpoint which reunion but an important picture for me. (L to R) Me, Dave McCray, Joe Parrish, and Mike Dunkerly. Mike and I have a special friendship that bridges our polar oppositive personalities. Love you Brother.

Picture above left: This picture is from the 2015 Colorado Springs, Colorado reunion (L to R) Jim Kriskowski, Tom Mahoney, Steve Belt, Richard Burmood, Dave McCray, Mike Dunkerly, John Mowatt

Picture above right: Love this picture from the 2017 Albuquerque, New Mexico reunion (L to R) My lovely Lady B (Bianca), Dave McCray, Richard Burmood, Tom Mahoney, and Paul Hanson (Paul graduated from the last Fort Bliss NCOCC)

Memorial Page — Joseph Parrish

I lost a very dear friend on January 29th, 2017 - (Sgt) Joe Parrish. Joe and I were in the Army together went to AIT & NCOCS schools together! We were in the same Battalion in Vietnam 1970-71. Joe was in Bravo company and I was in Delta, 5th/2nd.

Joe had been severely wounded when FSB Blue was overrun by the enemy!

Almost 20 years after the war Joe and I were reunited again at the Vietnam Memorial (Wall) in Washington DC. I had flown down to see him in Alabama earlier that year to reestablish our relationship. This man never complained or lost his love of life and his wonderful Southern sense of humor! Joe's "can do" attitude was infectious and he is missed by all who met him. Our brother who gave so much is finally at rest. God bless him and his memory. He was blessed to always have Connie by his side for all those years.

Picture above left: Joe Parrish with his specially designed fishing boat. That was such a healing time when I visited him and felt his strength and wisdom about pain and loss.

Picture above right: Joe Parrish and I on Veterans Day 1997.

Picture right: L to R night photo at the "Three Servicemen" bronze statue—reunion 2000 Dave McCray, Joe Parrish, John Mowatt, Robert Dembinski (kneeling), Tom Mahoney (standing)

Life and Memories

I wear my Vietnam memories with pride.
Middle top and left is the crest of my Duster unit the 5th Battalion, Second Artillery
Middle bottom and right is the crest of my Quad unit Delta Battery of the 71st Artillery

I miss my gentle giant Mia. She was rescued as a year old and was such a good dog. My heart broke when she passed away.

Right—On the Riverwalk Trail that runs along the beautiful Lackawaxen River, Hawley, Pennsylvania.

For years I was an avid fisherman. Outside in nature. The peacefulness of the river. The challenge of a wily trout.

Family

Picture above: My family growing up. My father, Acton Mowatt. My mother, Roberta. I had three brothers and two sisters.

L to R: Sister Marilyn, a twin to brother Tom holding the white cat on the far right (3 years older than me.) I'm next to Marilyn (Marilyn is holding our baby sister Jane (6 years younger then me.) Beside me, the blond boy in the middle is Peter (3 years younger then me.) The tall guy in front of my dad is my oldest brother Jim - 6 years older then me. We were like three years apart each set of us!

Picture right: My dad feeding twin lambs from a bottle because the mother had died after giving birth to them.

Growing up on a farm was formative to my love of the outdoors and nature. It taught me the value of hard work.

Family

Picture above: Picture of my brothers and sisters at a family reunion.
L to R: Jane, Jim, Me, Tom, and Marilyn.

Lost my brother Peter a few years before.
Peter marched to a different drummer ... He was the smartest one in the Family. He and I exchanged letters and bimonthly phone calls. He and Bianca got along great - we spent a few days with him after the Colorado Springs Reunion in 2015 - so glad we had those last days together.

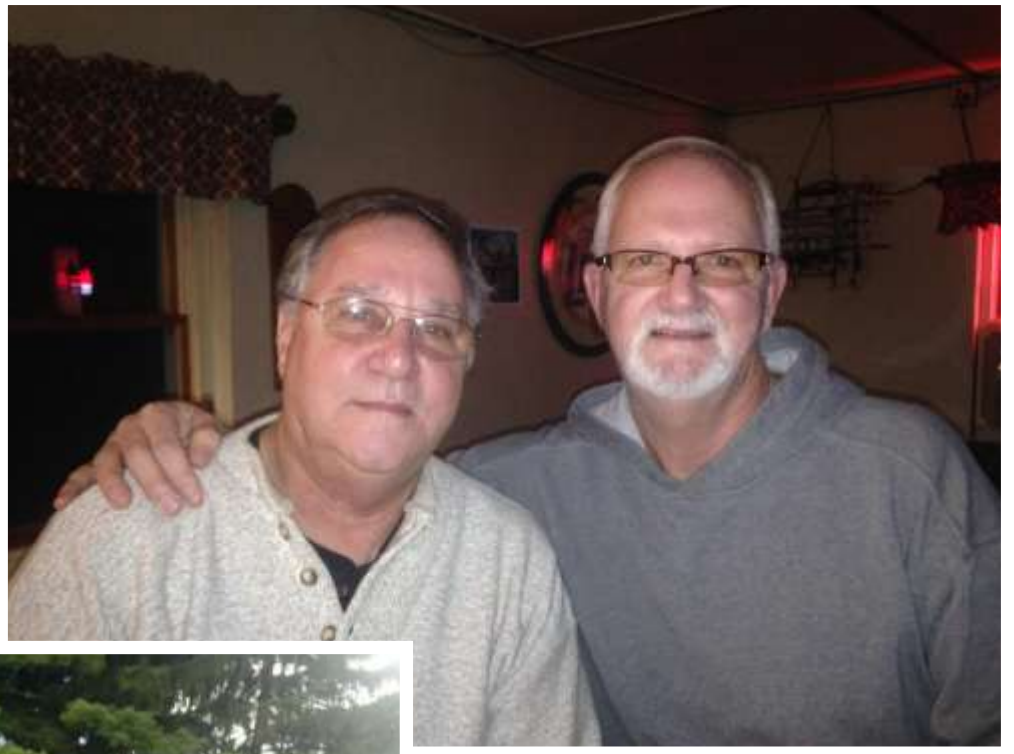
Picture left: An earlier picture of me & the twins Marilyn & Tom. Marilyn is a hoot and so much fun. Bianca & I have a blast when we go visit her.

Family

Picture right: Me and my brother Tom

He is 3 years older and also a Vietnam Vet, years 67-68. He was a Combat Engineer in the Saigon area. He mostly worked with heavy equipment.

Was there for Tet '68.



Picture left: Me my two sisters - younger Jane on left and Older Marilyn on right. This was taken at At Promised Land State Park.

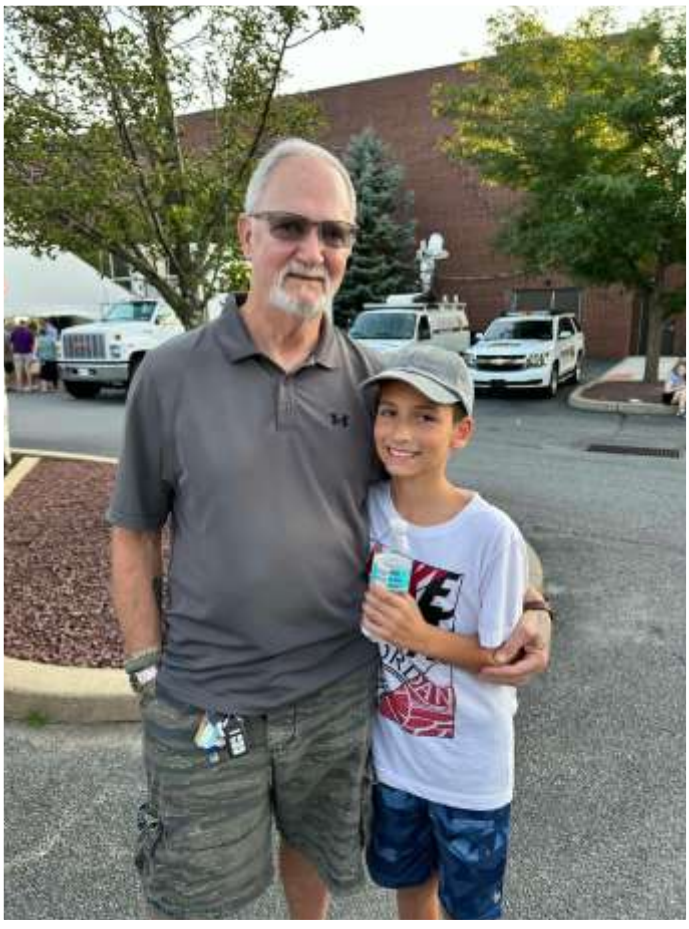
Picture below: Brother Peter, me & Bianca 2015 Albuquerque, NM.

Family

Picture left: My daughter Melissa Molinaro & son Ryan Mowatt

Melissa lives in Greenville PA & Ryan in Knightdale, NC. Wish I saw them more often - but such is life.

Picture below: Holding my grandson Oliver Mowatt, Ryan's son.



Picture left: My grandson Miles Molinaro, Melissa's son.

Picture right: Miles is looking proud wearing the famous QDS red cap.

Family

Me with my son Ryan with my two grand-sons.

Ryan is holding his son Oliver, and Miles - my daughter's son - is next to him.

My little treasures!

Bianca

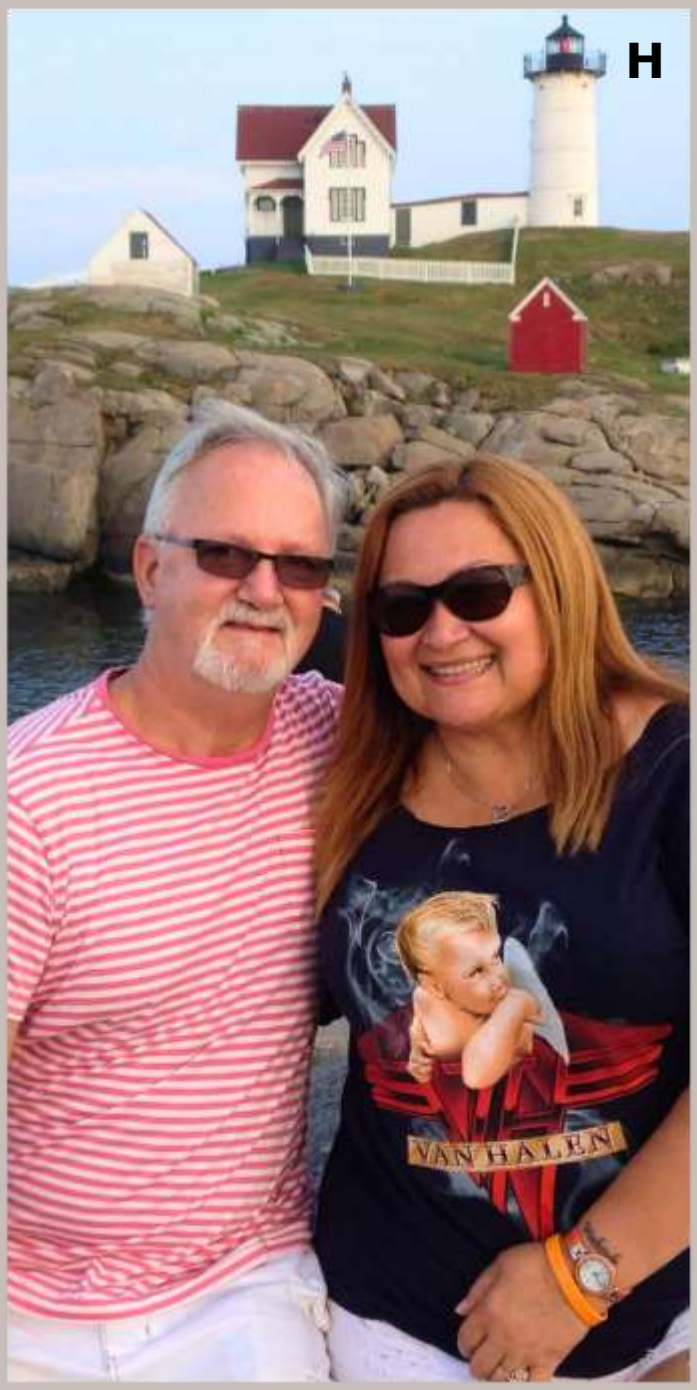
Some readers might think I commit a lot of my scrapbook to Bianca (Lady B). There is a very good reason. She is a wonder-ful person. It was her love that finally brought me through the hell of PTSD. I was in bad place when she found me. I was drinking too much and doing dangerous things. I wasn't eating right or taking care of myself. I believe (honestly) that God brought us together.

There are three pages of picture collages that follow. My editor is providing a photo log for journaling with the letters keyed to each picture rather than taking space on the collage.

A The editor chose this favorite picture	**J** Bianca & her Father -Colombia, S. America
B Bianca painted a lot of these rocks. Always gifting them to those needing a lasting hug	**k** Lady B loves a good purse
C Stop off driving to a NDQSA reunion	**L** If you drink a beer, do it with gusto
D I see an apron so this is home love	**M** Bianca's NDQSA jacket - a gift from David McCray - she was THRILLED
E Proudly wearing their DQS red caps	**N** Beach at Lake Wallenpaupack
F Bianca's beauty & joy on full display	**O** Skilled angler—beautiful Lackawaxen River
G Bianca and her daughter Melissa	**P** Bianca is an artist and loves her crafts. Final paint on her triple decker birdhouse
H York, Maine was a great week - whale watch trip with several sightings	**Q** Tranquil garden embrace
I A night at Bethel Woods for a Pitbull concert. (the original site of Woodstock, only an hour from Hawley, PA)	**R** Pretty roses, the gorgeous Lady B, and a fabulous purse make the perfect picture
	S A smile of joy on the dock of the lake

Life and Memories — Bianca


G


H
VAN HALEN


I
THE BAD MAN TOUR
PITBULL
THE BAD MAN TOUR


J


K


L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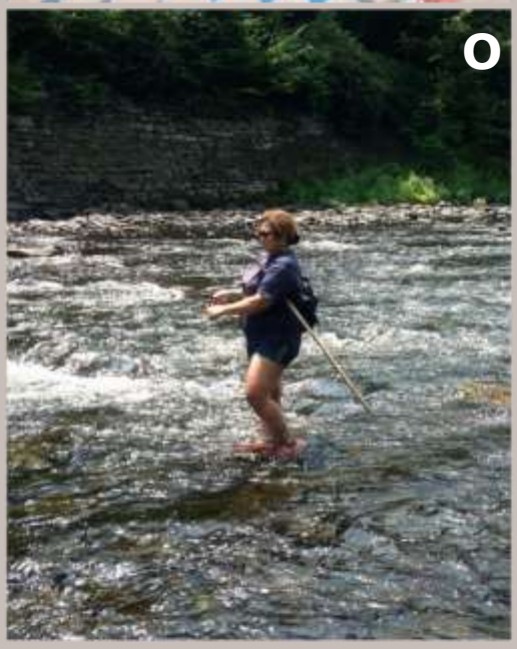
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In Tribute

This scrapbook is dedicated to my family so that they will have a record of my heritage. It is in tribute to my mother Roberta and my father Acton.

My father Acton W Mowatt, was born July 31, 1913.

He served in World War II, rising to the rank of Tech Sergeant in the U.S. Army Medical Corps.

We miss you so very much. You taught me how to hunt, fish and many of life's most important lessons.

Roberta Juliet Aston Mowatt

Not a day goes by that I don't miss my amazing mother, Roberta. Our mother had a heart of Gold and shared her love equally between her six children and husband and her life as a Registered Nurse.

Her life lessons were so important to all of us. Her nursing schedule was 3-11 P.M. but she always had time for us. She would wait up late at night to make sure we were home safe when we were young adults. She was the best teacher of live lessons ever. Her wisdom and talks of encouragement are missed so much. We were so Blessed to have such an amazing Mother.

Every Mother's Day, all I can think about is how Blessed I was to have the most loving, caring, and compassionate Mother. Raising 6 children and being a Registered Nurse she was never tired of helping or consoling others. She taught us the love of reading - the love of Nature - the love of always helping others and giving when you can.

Thank You Mom for all Your Lessons.

Thank you for whatever time you have spent reading my story. It reflects my heritage and my service to the nation. I am proud of my journey. May God protect you and bless you on your own life path.

John Mowatt, August 24, 2025