

## The Good Old Days

### Vietnam War

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**We were Young and Fearless and went to war**, with John Wayne as a role model in a snazzy green beret. When first in-country, life was an adventure. No one needed rescued and everyone had a handout.

#### *Do you remember:*

No fear

No fat

No decent food, and

No dying allowed.

Life was cheaper than sex.

Everyone watched the boob-tube, *but in Nam, tube had a different meaning.*

John Wayne was a role model—in black & white;

Zulu in Technicolor, and

Godzilla invited Japanese for dinner.

Elvis was drafted and so was Cassius Clay who refused to serve, embraced the Nation of Islam, said he was Muhammad Ali, and betrayed America.

Our movie wars were in CinemaScope with killer 3D and Mortars and Rockets aplenty—we no longer ran from the tube —just another day.

*And then it wasn't.*

The first nightmare;

Endless FIGMO countdowns,

Stateside BS that always fell away for lack of interest,

Friends DEROS'd in a box

Jane Fonda on Radio Hanoi, and ever popular, *laughing with the enemy*, mugging for the camera on anti-aircraft artillery guns.

Stars & Stripes, printing truth of a sort between the lines.

Freedom Bird aloft; the welcome home that didn't come, the healing yet to be.

Politicians betrayed us, pointing fingers at everyone else, and personally never to blame. They hated the war; hated us; hated not getting re-elected.

LBJ bugged out and left us holding the bag of crap he stirred; and

Nixon's would win the Vietnam War with his secret Plan—*that wasn't.*

Washington failed America, failed Vietnam Veterans, and sawed them off on the Vietnam limb.

Faster than they could steal a vote; sending 58,220 warriors to their early graves and destroying families and friends who loved ones.

Both sides of the Isle hated us, and coming home on the airplane wearing a uniform was taboo.

Kissinger's [In] *Decent Interval* bought Jimmy Carter time to *silly-putty* the nation's wounds—they forgot that other guy's war with his 17% inflation—then he called it a day, wrapped up the show, pardoned and Welcoming Home all the Canada Draft Dodger—the Cowards who had died their *thousand deaths* (while the brave died only once), were welcomed home with Carter's open arms—the veterans were never heroes.

Seemed everyone loathed the military, as Bill Clinton loudly would say, and the VA was a joke and remained on the back burner. G.I.s were betrayed, per government custom when they bugged out of Nam, killed in-country war-dogs—as they had Cavalry soldiers' war-horses—and abandoned countless aircraft and billions in dollars of equipment; then loyal RVNs who served by our sides were left twisting in the wind.

And we, old before our time, and youth but a lost memory--dreams of the good old days were only before Vietnam.

All in all, the Vietnam War sucked; we fought, we survived or died, and hundreds of thousands of us were *killed in Vietnam* by the lingering Agent Orange death that followed us home, gleefully reaping its toll at will ever since.

There were no good old days in Nam—only cursed lasting-dreams that rape our minds and souls; and yes, we remember it all.