

## 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 hand out.

#### *Do you remember:*

No fear

No fat

No decent food, and

No dying allowed.

Life was cheaper than sex.

John Wayne 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 war was 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, laughing with the enemy, and 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.

Nixon's Plan for the War in Vietnam—wasn't.

Washington failed America, failed Vietnam Veterans, and sawed off the Vietnam limb as fast as it could, sending 58,000 warriors to early graves; and destroying families and friends who loved and knew them.

Both sides of the Isle hated us, and wearing a uniform home asked for trouble.

Kissinger's [In] *Decent Interval* bought Jimmy Carter time to silly-putty the nation's wounds—with 17% inflation—by pardoning and Welcoming Home the Draft Dodger Cowards bastards who died their *thousand deaths* before deserting their country and slithering off to Canada...and welcomed home as heroes.

Seemed everyone loathed the military, including the VA who remained on the back burner, G.I.s were betrayed, per government custom, like war-dogs and war-horses—abandoned, land left twisting in the wind.

And we, Old before our time...youth but a lost memory, and never more would the good old days, before Vietnam, ever return.

All in all, the Vietnam War sucked; we fought, we survived or died, and its been messing with and killing us ever since.