One such area - rice paddy where we had to secure the dikes surrounding the area because they had VC tunnels running through them. The German was the Lt. then and we built a bunker half under ground. I remember standing in it on duty and looking out the window and watching peoples legs walk by and getting one of my first wif's of dope, quickly running outside to pinpoint its source but never finding it. That was one of the first areas I was in and it held little action during the dry season and we were chasing charlie every 3 days moving to some new location. That was where we had that captain who dug his own bunker - every other captain up to him and after him always had a detachment of one person sent from each and generally two from FDC to build his bunker. The guys really resented them for it and it was so unusual for this guy a new replacement that he immediately won the respect of everyone in the company. He was the one with us on the 72 hr. run - talked us out of our anger in the FDC hut - me and bocchelli. He told us all that he was going to expect the most from us and push us to excellence but that he wouldn't ask us to do anything he wouldn't. We had heard that before but this guy meant it and stood up to it, and what he took we had to also.

Thus one - one of my first O the top seargent was along hardly ever came to the field. That's where we stood "stand to" in the mornings, fully dressed in flak, helmet and rifle.
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Power over - the abuse of power Bucchino - the argument night.

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