

The Fight in Graveyard West  
Cpl Don Grant, B Co 9<sup>th</sup> Eng Bn

When we stopped at the 2<sup>nd</sup> ambush site, all hell was breaking loose on the road ahead, I dismounted my truck and looked for a fighting position. I found a small ditch with heavy large leaf vegetation located on the driver side a few yards from the road and my truck. In the ditch I was firing directly in front of me at a 90 degree angle from the road and at a 45 degree angle from the driver side corner of my truck bumper. There were some huts sitting back off of the road maybe 25 to 50 yards from my position, that is where I was taking most of the fire from. I could see a lot of enemy movement in and around the area of the huts. Lots of muzzle flashes and rounds hitting close and popping as they went by. I had to crawl out of the small ditch and use the vegetation for some concealment as the gooks had spotted where I was and started to lay in some heavy fire. After a period of time I was able to get back to the ditch. I don't remember anyone else that was with me and I thought I was toast a few times in that ditch.



After a period of about 2 hours or more, firing at movement and dodging bullets, a Sgt of some rank ( I didn't recognize him ) came running/crawling from the front and yelled at me that the road ahead was blocked by all the knocked out trucks and that we needed to get all the wounded and KIAs that we could loaded in the back of the last 2 trucks. Chellino and I both were driving 5 ton dump trucks and were the last trucks in the convoy, Chellino's was in front of me. We were to turn them around and try to make it back through the 1st ambush site to safety at the Rock Crusher. We got everyone we could find loaded and I turned around and started back with Chellino's truck behind me.

At the time I didn't know that the reaction force from the Rock Crusher had made it to the 1st ambush site, and was damn sure we were going to catch hell from the gooks that cut us up at that site earlier. When I came down the road and first saw some people standing in the middle of the road when we approached the bypass ambush site, I thought we were going to have to shoot our way through but then, when I got closer, and recognized a guy named Daly from B Co 9th Eng that was the first time since hell broke loose that day that I thought I might make it back to the compound alive. I stopped in the Bypass, we may have loaded some more Marines, I don't know, I was talking to Daly and he said "we are all loaded now - let's get the hell outa' here". I

pulled out - passing Swede's destroyed truck on the driver's side and then passing the knocked out Ontos on the passenger's side. I remember what an awful site. Daly was riding on my driver side running board and we were shooting at everything that moved all the way back to the firebase.

Once I got back and offloaded everyone I pulled my truck into the parking area and climbed out of the cab and sat on the running board with my head in my hands thinking to myself "what in the fuck happened?" I realized that's the 1st time that day I was able to THINK about what happened. Up until that time ( I realized now ) I was just reacting to the situation the way I had been trained and didn't have time to think about things while they happened.

I agree with Dace, I still think about that day everyday since it happened and I still don't know why or how we made it back. Same thing about the later trip when we went into and stayed in the A Chau.. That was not a pleasant place either, we were with the 101st Airborne. Like a friend of mine that was in the SeeBees in DaNang says, a million dollars worth of experience that he wouldn't give a nickel for.. LOL

Semper Fi, Don Grant B Co 9<sup>th</sup> Eng Bn