

CHAPTER TWO

It's 4:30 AM, Ft Benning, Georgia. "Rise and shine drop your cocks and grab your socks," came the loud call of the CQ (charge of quarters) waking me from an almost comatose sleep, but I had two choices I could get up and go to the latrine where I would not have a problem finding a shower space or a sink to shave in, then go to chow, or I could get another half hours sleep and fight the sleep-ins for a place to shower and a sink to shave, and would surely miss breakfast. I elected to go ahead and get up so I could get breakfast, since it was the best meal the army had to offer.

It was late January of 1968 and it had been a couple weeks since I had been booted out of NCOC, which was just as bad as OCS, but was three months shorter. Upon graduation NCOC'S would be awarded the rank of sergeant and the top of the class would be promoted to staff sergeant, OCS graduates would be second lieutenants. There were about eight hundred of us drop-outs and rejects from those harassment filled schools in the 8th Casual Company awaiting orders. NCOC was just a lot of bull-shit and harassment and a lot of classes that really didn't amount to much, but it was three more months in the states as opposed to the other alternative-Vietnam.

As with many other soldiers in casual company, from the beginning I tried to get out of NCOC. Coming from a military family, that were NCO's, I was always told that the sergeants ran the Army because they normally had more time and hands on experience than most officers.

So, therefore, knew more about how to get the job done. Well with these shake and bake NCO's (slang term for NCOC graduates, also called instant NCO's) and shaved tails (second lieutenant graduate from OCS) there would be no one who knew how to do the job right. I, for one, was not planning on going to Vietnam and because of lack of experience, cause someone's death or injury. I wasn't the only one, there were several others guys here from my NCOC company, like Thomas Corsello, Hank Celantano, Tom Muir, Larry Proper and a few more I wasn't acquainted with, were all here in Casual Company. Corsello, Celantano and I were always getting into some kind of trivial trouble that the cadre at the school was always blowing out of proportion. We were the few who dared to challenge the authority of the cadre, by slipping out after dark, and buying pogie bait (the cadre's term for junk food) which was a no-no in NCOC. We would usually find our bunks torn up when we came back in after a formation, this was done to harass us since they never could catch doing any thing wrong. The cadre would punish us by making us get into a position called the "dying cockroach" (you would have to lay on your back with your arms and legs straight up in the air, as you tired you would slowly fall to one side or the other like a dying cockroach). I remember one time Tom Muir put on his gas mask and went into the dying cockroach position, he would go into a trance for an hour or so. I thought the Tac NCO (Tactical NCO, NCOC cadre) was going to flip out himself. He had called for other Tac NCO's and even called an ambulance, he was jumping around like he was in a bed of fire ants.

Then all of a sudden.

“Is there a problem sergeant? Why are all these people standing around in my area?” In a calm serious voice as nothing had happened.

“What the hell do you think you were doing?” The sergeant angrily asked.

“Meditating.” Tom answered as if what he had done was natural. “I do this every day.”

I don’t like it, so if you want to meditate you can do it by painting the latrine tonight.”

The sergeant replied still very angry.

“But sergeant I didn’t do anything wrong!” Tom strongly protested.

Just paint it,” the sergeant said as he turned his pot-bellied body around and marched briskly out of the bay.

The next morning some of the early risers were coming back into the bay area laughing hysterically, I just had to see what was up. As I walked into the latrine I realized why, Tom had painted the latrine all right, in drab military drab candy stripe colors. The whole place was white, tan, and green striped. Anyway that was one ways he had tried to get out of NCOC. Nothing we tried worked, the Company Commander made us stay to the last day of the last week of NCOC, then kicked us out. While they thought they were really punishing us, it all turned out to be the best for us because most of us were drafted and had only twenty four months to serve on active duty. By the time I was ejected from NCOC I only had sixteen months left on active duty. With a little luck I could be to short (little time left) to go to Vietnam. I had heard that if you had less than twelve months the army couldn’t send you to Vietnam. Add a month or more awaiting orders, who knows anything could happen.

Well Corsello here it is in the third week of January and we're still here in the good old US of A and still no sign of orders for the NAM." I told Tommy Corsello, who was a tall Italian that looked a little like Poncho Villa.

"Yea but I heard that about a hundred guys got orders for the NAM yesterday, Tommy replied in his sarcastic voice, with that Chicago accent.

"I also heard that there were quite a few who got orders for Germany," Hank Celantano said, walking toward us from his bunk area.

"I think I could stand staying here and pulling these shit details instead of going to the NAM, I said, think how nice it would be to slip through the cracks, and the army forget to send you anywhere.

"No such luck, lets just face it, we are going to get orders soon and you know where to," Tom Muir said, making the last adjustments on the blanket at the head of his bunk. Tom was one of the more realistic of us NCOC rejects.

"FORMATION OUT FRONT NOW!" Someone near the door yelled.

We all dreaded going to formation, because it usually meant someone was going to receive orders for someplace or another. The company rapidly filled the company street (a palace for company formations), there was way too many people for the street and we were packed against each other like sardines in a can, waiting for the NCOIC to tell us we need to check the bulletin board for our names. The bulletin board is where orders were usually posted.

"When your name is called, you will report immediately report to building ten-sixty-six," the NCOIC bellowed out.

He called a lot of names I recognized. I wondered what we had done now.

“Allen, Herman L.,” The NCOIC shouted as I thought aw fuck this don’t look good.

“Oh shit. I wonder what the fuck I did now, I told Corsello.

“I don’t know, but I’ll bet I did it too,” Corsello replied.

They had called out everyone who had been in my NCOC class and then some. By the time it was over, there were about eighty of us cramped a small room. At one end of the room near the podium stood a couple of second lieutenants and SFC’s. I couldn’t help but wonder what was happening.

“Attention men.” Lt. Stockdale said, “You were called to this meeting to be informed that were hand selected to become scout dog handlers. Now I’m sure you are not familiar with this program, so let me briefly explain what it is about. All of you have had infantry training, so you are familiar with walking point (the first man, ahead of the patrol or element, this was every infantry man’s nightmare, so we were told in training). Well the Army has come up with a program where German Shepherds are used along with a handler to walk point. The dogs can see, hear, and smell better than humans, therefore should be better at finding the enemy than a person. The teams will also be trained for operations with APC’s (armored personnel carriers), tanks, and waterborne operations such as river patrol boats. The training is twelve weeks, then you will receive leave before going to Vietnam. Are there any questions.”

There were several questions but I was not paying attention, my mind was busy calculating just how much time I would have left after the twelve weeks.

“Another thing men,” Lieutenant Stockdale said over all the mumbling that was getting louder. If you feel that you cannot work with a dog for any reason, you will not be forced into this program. In other words this is a voluntary school. You will be given twenty four hours to decide. Dismissed.”

In less than twenty minutes we were on our way back to the barracks, with one hell of a decision to make.

“Man this sounds like a good idea to me,” I said still figuring how much time I had left in the Army.

“Me too,” Corsello said as he was looking into the air as if trying to calculate his remaining time in the Army.

“Yeah by the time I get through with this school I will be old enough to go to Vietnam.” Marvin Pearce said. He was only seventeen, you had to be at least eighteen to go to Vietnam. His middle name was Robert and liked to be called “Bob”, however we just called him Pearce. He was also airborne and a little gung-ho, and wanted to go to Vietnam in a bad way.

“Fuck you, this idea of walking point all the time is not my idea of staying alive,” Hank argued. “You can have all the point. I ain’t going, period!”

He did have a good point, walking point all the time didn’t sound too good, since all that we have ever heard, point is the place not to be in Vietnam.

“Look Hank, time is running out for us here. We are going to get orders for Vietnam any day now, and that means that within the next month we will be in the jungles, on the ground, and walking point anyway,” I said trying to talk Hank into coming with us.

“You don’t understand, I don’t think the dog would help,” Hank argued more intensely. “I think he would be a burden. You know he could bark or do any number of things to give your position away. No thanks, I ain’t going!

“Okay, it is up to you, but I think you are making a big mistake,” I told him, trying to convince him to go with us. Hank was smart and a born leader, but the Tac NCO’s didn’t like him, so he was kicked out of NCOC.

For the next twenty four hours, all I could was figure, over and over, the number of months I would have left after dog school. With any luck at all it would be at least three weeks before we started training, then another twelve weeks in school, and thirty days leave with fifteen days delay in route (usual leave before going to Vietnam). Man that put me down to about ten months or less in Vietnam. Rumor had it that if you had less than twelve months left in the Army you would not have to go to Vietnam. With this line of thinking Corsello, Pearce, Hank, and I went to the bowling alley and got gloriously drunk.

It didn’t take long for 4:30 AM to come around and it was the same old yelling; hustling, bustling, and grumbling that usually went on in the barracks in the morning. About 8:00AM the ones who had chosen scout dog school, reported to the officers who were waiting for us in the same building we had our little briefing the day before.

“You men gather up your gear and load up on those trucks over there.” SFC Sprowl barked out, pointing to a line of trucks out in the street.

“One thing I hope, is this ain’t going to be like those other military schools we went to,” I grumbled as I tried to load my duffel bag, weighing almost as much as I did, onto the deuce-and-a-half (GI slang for a two and one half ton truck, used in moving small numbers of troops).

“Shut the fuck up, and get your ass on the truck.” Tommy bellowed. He was definitely not a morning.

“Aw fuck you Corsello,” I rudely answered, I wasn’t a morning person either.

The school was only a couple miles from the Casual Company, therefore we were there in a matter of a few minutes. The school’s quarters were the newer version like the NCOC and OCS barracks, however there was still no privacy because each end of the long building was a bay area that could accommodate about thirty people.

“Put your gear on the second floor north end for now,” Sergeant Sprowl ordered in a more descent tone. “Then report to the clerks office and sign in and you will be assigned a unit.”

All the guys I knew from NCOC were assigned to the 47th IPSD, and the 59th IPSD were filled with some of the others. Since it was Thursday, we were allowed to settle into our respective areas and get aquatinted with the rest of the platoon. There were several OCS and NCOC people, that had been assigned directly from the schools, already there. All in all about five of us that had been together from AIT (advanced individual training) were still together.

“Listen up men, as it stands you will be allowed to have weekend passes this weekend, but remain flexible.” Sergeant Sprowl stated. “Your training will start Monday.

“Well, that blows my theory about an extra two or more weeks before we start training, I said in a disappointing tone, they must be in dire need of dog handlers. Did we make a mistake, Tommy?” I asked, wondering if Hank was right, and dog handlers might be easy targets.

“I don’t know for sure, but we have three more months in the states to worry about it.” Tommy answered with I’ll worry about it later attitude.

. . .

The weekend was fun but went fast and the next thing I knew it was Monday. I was sleeping like a log, dreaming of home. Suddenly I was startled awake by this loud, shrill noise.

“What the fuck is that?” I yelled, sitting; bolt-right in bed.

“It’s time to get up, gentlemen, Sergeant Sprowl yelled, as he hurriedly walked first up the aisle between the two rows of bunks, then back down, making sure everyone was awake.

“When I get out of this mans Army I’ll never get up before noon,” I said, dragging my tired ass out of bed.

We had to walk to the airborne area, which was only a short distance through a small tree line and across a small stream. Naturally Tommy was bitching, but I also heard two strange voices bitching even more than Tommy. I turned to see who these real bitches were, and that was the first time I had really noticed Craig Haverfield , a balding guy who had a small frame, and looked to be in his mid twenties, and Frederick Severni, slightly taller than Craig with a heavier build. These guys could bitch with the best of them, and would win.

“Well, I guess we find out today what this shit’s all about,” I said, hoping for a more in-depth explanation of what lay ahead.

“Guess so, Tommy replied still half asleep and not really paying attention.

At 8:00 AM we were herded into a classroom, and school started. The first day was orientation. We were informed of the rules of the kennel area, like when you have your dog and are going around a corner entering a building, you must sound the alert by yelling “dog coming through” so other handlers who have their dogs can either reply or move their dogs away from harms way. We were also informed that we would receive our dogs on Wednesday. For some strange reason I could hardly wait. I never realized dogs were used in so many different ways. They could detect people, booby-traps, and caches of equipment and food. All in all, I was very impressed with the first two days of dog school. By now the anticipation had become strong, I could hardly wait for my assigned dog. This class were different. We were not only being trained as dog handlers, but were also training our dogs and taking them to Vietnam.

Wednesday finally came, and we were all excited about the dogs. During class, the first two days we were allowed to take breaks and could see the class that was ahead of us, training their dogs in the big field south of the barracks, but today the area was empty. I was ready.

“Men today you will be allowed to go to the kennels and pick your dog. The first and foremost thing you must remember is that in order for you to be a good scout dog team, you must have a very good dog and handler relationship, SSG Kozub (one of the instructors) said, So choose a dog that you think you will like, and will like you.

“When I give the word, go stand by the run of the dog you want. Okay go.” SFC Herrick said, in a commanding voice like a starter in an Olympic race. SFC Herrick was the senior instructor for my training squad he was short height and medium built, he wore a Big Red One combat patch (once you have served in combat with a unit, you are allowed to wear their patch on your right sleeve any time, hence a combat patch, this was one way to tell what unit, if any, a soldier was in combat with).

It was a mad rush to the kennel area. Everyone ran for a dog, I saw one that looked so sad and was very friendly, so I immediately stood by his run gate. Timber was written on a small strip of tape on the run door. He was a medium size German Shepherd with good markings. One by one the instructor moved down aisles of the kennels, assisting the handlers in carefully entering the runs with their dogs. Some of the dogs were fairly aggressive and tried to bite the handlers as they entered the run. Of course there was plenty of excitement around the kennel area as it was. With all the human activity the dogs were barking and growling at each other and sometimes at people.

Finally Sergeant Kozub approached me. He was second in charge of my training squad, he was medium height and had a pot belly, that was common among many army sergeants at that time. He had been in combat with the 1st Cavalry Division and the 101st Airborne Division. He seemed to know what he was doing but was kind of an ass toward the trainees.

“Talk to him, Sergeant Kozub said.” Say his name, let him get to know you.”
.. “Good boy, Timber,” I continued talking to him in a friendly excited voice trying to reassure him that I was his friend. “Whatcha doing Timber, easy boy you’re a good dog.” I said as I let him lick my hand through the run’s hurricane fence.

“I’m going to open the gate,” Sgt. Kozub warned me just in case. “Keep talking to him praising him and, let him know you are his friend.” Kozub opened the gate. I entered the run. Timber was a baby, and the kind of dog you would want at home, lying curled up by the fireplace.

I liked this job already.

Sgt Kozub looked at me and just smiled. He moved on to the next handler. Life in the Army seemed to fall into place for me now. If I had to go to Vietnam this was the best way to go.

After getting aquatinted with our dogs we were allowed to leave the run one at a time, until we were all out on the training field. I felt like I was someone special, running around the field with Timber at the end of the leash. He ran as fast as he could with me at the other end of the leash, trying impossibly to keep up. It wasn’t long before there was dog shit everywhere, that’s when the instructors brought out the three gallon buckets and shovel. Each handler had to pick up their own dog’s shit and put it in the bucket. Timber must have been holding back for weeks, because he shit a bucket full. It seemed as though he had to piss on every blade of grass. We ran a few steps, he pisse; we ran a few more steps, he shit. This behavior continued until we were both exhausted.

“All dogs back to the kennels,” one of the instructors screamed loudly, “and prepare for chow!”

“Lets have a formation over here,” Sgt. Kozub said, after the dogs were placed back in the kennels.

We all gathered into what was a resemblance of a formation.

“I have a question,” someone from the rear of the formation said.

“What’s your question,” Sgt. Kozub asked.

“Since the female dogs have been spayed,” the handler asked, “and the male dogs are always either kept in the kennels or on a leash, how do they get a sexual relief?”

“He’s your responsibility, Sgt. Kozub said with a slight smirk, “and the vet tech’s will issue you rubber gloves for just an occasion, and you must take matters in your own hand.”

No way, this guy is full of shit, I thought to my self.

After chow we formed up, and began our basic obedience training. We were split up into training squads and started walking in a big circle. Heal, sit, stay were the commands we learned first. Hours on end, over and over, and over again, all day long. This actually lasted two weeks, adding different commands as we went along until we were able to march in platoon size formations.

Timber was fairly good at basic obedience, although from time to time he did not obey the stay command. I became disturbs one day, I noticed that when Sgt. Kozub yelled extremely loud, he began to cower, he lowered his head as if afraid of the loud noise. It was almost impossible for me to correct him hard, because he would lower his head and look so sad. He acted as if he had been treated badly at some time in his life. For the first time I began to doubt my decision to become a dog handler.

After basic obedience, we moved on to basic patrolling. This took place out in the woods in Alabama, about ten miles away. I really didn't want to tell Sgt. Herrick about Timber, because if he didn't work out he might be put down, but I also knew that his fear of noises could cause my death or injury in combat.

"Sergeant Herrick, I don't think Timber is going to be a very good scout dog." I said, regretting I opened my mouth.

"What makes you think that?" Sgt. Herrick asked.

"He seems to want to shy away from loud noises," I said. "He really isn't very good at obeying commands for long periods of time either."

"So you're telling me you don't like your dog," Sgt. Herrick said, trying to make me feel bad about Timber.

"He seems like he is doing okay," Sgt. Herrick said. "I don't see why you should get another dog."

I walked away disappointed and frustrated, because I was expecting him to listen to me, and help me with my dog. I was ready to give up on the dog program.

"Allen. Come here a minute," Sgt. Kozub ordered. Evidently he had over heard the conversation that I just had with Herrick. He motioned for me to move to an area that Sgt. Herrick could not hear the conversation. "I want to talk to you. I think you need to give your dog more time," Sgt. Kozub suggested in a much kinder voice than I had heard him use before. "We start patrolling today. See what he does. It takes patience to be a good dog handler."

"I'll try." I said and walked away feeling deceived and disgusted with the scout dog program.

It was finally my turn to go down the training lane. We had moved only a few yards when Timber hit a trip wire, a few more yards, and he fell into a punji-pit, and to top it off he passed the decoy (a person set into the woods so the dog can train to alert on personnel). He just wouldn't scout no matter how much I corrected him. Sgt. Kozub must have noticed that I was getting frustrated, and was ready to quit dig school. I overheard a conversation with him and Herrick.

"I'd like to get the boy another dog," Kozub said.

"He don't need another dog. You know as well as I do these dogs don't work that well to begin with," Herrick said sarcastically.

"You're wrong about the dogs," Kozub replied strongly. "You just haven't been around them enough."

"I'm NCOIC of this training squad, and I say he doesn't need another dog," Herrick replied, becoming irritated by Kozub's persistence

Three more disgusting days went by, and on the fourth we arrived at the training area. Sgt. Kozub was waiting with the lane already set up. This time, however he had set up the lane with poppers (small explosives devices used in training on trip wires and booby-traps).

Soon it was my turn on the training lane. Timber hit the first trip wire, the popper exploded and Timber ran. It was all I could to hold him. He missed everything. Moving him down the lane was almost impossible.

"Fuck this shit! I want out of this fucking school!" I yelled at Herrick angrily. "I want out today!"

"Well, if that's what you want," Herrick snapped back, "that can be arranged."

“I’m god damn sure not going to Vietnam with somebody’s house pet,” I said sarcastically. Fuck this shit.

“I’ll see you are out of here tomorrow, Herrick said, calmly as if watching me leave the program meant nothing to him. I was just another trainee he wouldn’t have to fool with.

“Wait a minute!” Kozub said. “Let me talk to this young trooper. Come over here so we can talk, in private.” He once more pulled me to the side like before, and began to try to persuade me to stay.

“Let me explain this to you, If you drop out of this school, your orders will be for Vietnam and with an infantry MOS (military operation specialty), and you will wind up walking point alone,” Kozub said. “At least here, you will have a dog with you. I know you are frustrated with the way your dig is working, and if you will stay in this program I will get you the best dog in this school.”

“I guess I’ll try,” I said giving into his persistence, and expecting the worst.

“Good. Now follow me,” Kozub ordered politely.

He walked back up to the starting point of the training lane where his truck was parked. He proceeded to open the door and pull out an M16 with a blank adapter (an adapter that fits on a rifle allowing it to fire blanks). “Sergeant Herrick,” Kozub said. “Watch this.” He fired the M16 three times into the air. Timber went nuts, and tried to run. It was all I could do to hold him.

“I think the dog is gun-shy,” Kozub said smiling at Herrick.” PFC Allen needs another dog.”

“I think you’re right,” Herrick agreed without emotion, knowing that if Kozub would complain to the CO of the school, about this situation, it could make him look bad.

I played decoy the rest of the day. As decoy I sat in the woods, wondering what kind of a dog I would receive now.

The next day Sgt. Kozub was at the kennels when we went to pick up our dogs for training. “Allen, you stay behind with me,” he ordered.

After all the other handlers had retrieved their dogs and were loaded on the trucks, ready to head out to the training areas, Kozub came around to the kennels with a shit eating grin on his face. “Follow me, he said.

We walked around to the other side of the kennels and about half way down between the runs. I just quietly followed, wondering what to expect next.

“There he is,” Kozub said, pointing toward Sig., a very large German Shepherd, weighing in at one hundred ten pounds. He was taller than most shepherds, and seemed very alert and highly intelligent.

He had belonged to my CO, Lt. Stockdale. As the CO he would not be using the dog, so he had to give him up.

“I’ll give you five days to teach him basic obedience, and to develop a relationship with him,” Kozub said! “You will be behind the other handlers developing a relationship with him, so you will have to work hard.”

“He sure looks like a good dog ,” I said, happy with what I say.

“He’s the best dog in the kennels.” Kozub said, “Are you happy with him?”

“Yes, I think he’ll work,” I replied excitedly. He seemed more intelligent than Timber, and I looked forward to working him. Hopefully, he wouldn’t run at the first loud noise he heard.

I was ready for the training lanes within two days, however the first day out things didn’t look good. Sig missed the first wire and stepped on a booby-trap, then he fell into a punji-pit.

“I’m really disgusted with this whole thing,” I said staring at Kozub.

“You have to train the dog that is why we set these lanes up, Kozub said. .” He doesn’t know how to be a scout dog, you have to teach him.”

From then on things got better. The handlers had moved into tents out in the field for the remainder of the school. The training included advanced patrolling, night patrolling, ambushes, and taking care of the dogs in the field under combat conditions. Sgt. Herrick intentionally tried to fool Sig on the training lanes, but Sig was smarter and Herrick always failed. On the operational readiness test he went out several days ahead and buried smoke grenades, and Sig found them all.

Sig and I had developed such a good dog-handler relationship that we even scored five hundred out of five hundred points on the ORT. This was the a perfect score had ever been achieved.

The twelve weeks were over. Sig and I graduated honor students. I was going home on leave before having to load up and head to Vietnam. Sig had to stay behind while I was on leave. he got none.

Once again I was disappointed because we were only allowed fourteen days leave rather than the thirty to forty-five days normally given. From Columbus, I flew to Atlanta, then on to Houston. While on the 727, I found myself worrying about Sig and hoping that the trainees would feed him right. Weird, but I really missed that dog. Four hours later the sound of the no smoking light dinging on. I knew we were about to land in Houston. I looked out the window of the plane and could see home. All of my thoughts of Ft. Benning and Sig disappeared as I became drunk with excitement. I was back in Texas.

Inside the airport, I spotted my mother, Aunt Pearl, and uncle Jack. They were a sight for sore eyes. Ecstatic with joy, I grabbed my mom and hugged her, and then my aunt and uncle. After picking up my luggage and we were in the car, I kept saying things that would normally make them laugh, but for some reason they were unusually quiet.

“You better go ahead and tell him Ruby (my mother’s name).” Aunt Pearl said, somberly as she sitting in the front seat with Uncle Jack.

“What! Did Jimmy get wounded?” I asked without allowing my mom to say anything.

“Jimmy was killed on April twenty eighth,” my mother said sadly.

“Maybe there was a mistake,” I said trying to make excuses. “These things happen.”

“No they are sure it’s him.” Aunt Pearl said.

For the first time in my life I couldn't think of anything to say. All I could do was think about Jimmy Cain. He was the son of my mother's oldest brother, J. D. He was just a few months younger than me. We went to school together. We played together. We grew up together. We were closer than brothers because we shared secrets that you could never share with any one-- even a brother. Jimmy was over six feet tall and skinny as a rail. The last time I saw him, we were sitting in front of my house in Uncle J. D.'s car. I told him " He told me , "I love you to man." We hugged and I said me too. This was really unusual for us because we were usually not mushy like that. It was like he knew that we would never see each other again. For the first time we really shook hands, and I said, "keep your head down, and keep your steel pot on. That was a somber time for both of us. Then I stepped out of the car, and he drove away from me--forever.

"The body would not be in for another few days," my mother said, breaking the deadly silence in the air.

"When?" I asked choking back the tears, and trying to swallow the huge lump in my stomach.

"May 7th," Aunt Pearl answered and said no more.

I was in a state of shock for the rest of my leave. Jimmy's body arrived, and the funeral was with full military honors. I would miss him. His death left a big void in my life.