

1-18-1990

## Interview with Ron Anderson

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Interview  
1730 Hours, Thursday, 18 January 1990, by telephone  
Ron 'Andy' Anderson  
Michigan  
Phone number: 517-288-4349

Do not attribute any of this to me. I don't want my name used. There were guys in Vietnam I never want to see or hear from again. I was a Marine at the facility at Da Nang--3d MP BN, 3d MAB. Later I was transferred from B Company, 3d MPs to HQ & SVC Co., 3d MPs and worked at Camp Kaiser. I ended my year in Vietnam as a sergeant (E-5).

The Marines at Da Nang also had a POW responsibility. NVA regulars and VC prisoners were kept there. The NVA were good troops; out every morning to do exercises. POWs were kept between the ammo dump and the bulk fuel bladders. If we were attacked by mortars the shells would kill their own men. Down the street away was a Tank platoon of the 11th Marine Regiment. The other direction was our Marine artillery pieces.

There were murders, rapists, generally vicious, unpleasant men in that prison. Marine corps prisoners were heavy on drugs. They all wanted "six-six and a kick" (six months in stockade; six months forfeiture of pay and allowances and a bad conduct discharge).

Prison time didn't count as time served in Vietnam, so no matter how long you were in a brig, you still had to complete your year in-country. The Marine facility had a riot in 1968. The '68 riots were racial. There were bad racial hatreds. Forty percent of the inmates were black. MPs gassed them, then went in with sentry dogs. The prisoners came out cursing and weeping. They were put in leg irons and their hands were cuffed behind their backs. They were verbally abused. Guards with shotguns were under orders to shoot to kill if they tried anything.

One man I remember, got to Vietnam in 1967 and stayed til 1968 or later. He never wanted to leave. He was a bad hombre; other prisoners stayed away from him. He was scary; had killed seven marines: his gunnery sergeant, the first sergeant, the company commander, the mess sergeant and some bystanders. He was sent from Da Nang to the naval prison at Portsmouth, NH.

In my battalion, I worked in supply for a year counting 'mount-up' gear stacked in crates. They were covered with vines. One day I saw a 6-8" long snake--a bamboo viper--crawled out of the vines and darted across an open stretch. They went after it and crushed it. The killer picked it up, twirled it around his head. He had a long fingernail on his thumb; he inserted it in the snake's anus, split it open and ate it raw.