

BUD SANDERS

USCGC POINT LOMAS (WPB-82321) – Nov67 to Apr68

USCGC POINT GRACE (WPB-82323) – May68 to Oct68 – Relieved Offutt

Presidential Unit Citation – 18 Oct 68 to 5 Dec 68

Navy Unit Commendation – 1 Apr 68 to 31 Oct 68

October 9, 2021 – Bill Carr Telephone Conversation with Pris Campbell (widow)

Pris was in the Navy when she met Bud in Alameda in 1969. They married on August 16, 1969 just before Bud resigned from the Coast Guard in December of 1969.

Bud went to work for EDS (Ross Perot) in San Francisco but was shortly after diagnosed with Lymphosarcoma which Pris believes was the consequence of Bud's exposure to Agent Orange in Vietnam – but never pursued with the VA.

Bud was diagnosed when their daughter was just 1 year old and died when she was two.

Pris believes she and/or her daughter have some documents and papers of Bud's service in Vietnam. If either can find this documentation, she will be happy to share with the Class.

Golden Journeys Booklet – 2015

...received orders to command an 82 foot patrol boat in Vietnam and received a Bronze Star Medal with Combat "V" while serving as Commanding Officer of PT LOMAS Division 12 of Squadron One based at Da Nang.

Coast Guard Awards and Medals Board – List of CG Units Coming Under Hostile Fire

August 30, 2004

Encl. (16) to COMDTINST 650.25b MEDALS AND AWARDS MANUAL

POINT LOMAS – 7 Mar 68

POINT GRACE – 7 Jul 68

PCF-19 SINKING and PCF-12/PT DUME ATTACKS

By LTJG Ron Fritz
Commanding Officer - USCGC PT DUME (WPB-82325)

① With excerpts from "Swift Boat Down"
By EN2 Jim Steffes
Crew Member of Relief Swift Boat PCF-12

SUMMARY

In the very early morning of June 16, 1968, Swift Boat PCF-19 and her crew of seven (07) were attacked in Sector 1A1 and sunk by Russian-made North Vietnamese helicopters.

Immediately following the recovery and medevac of the two PCF-19 survivors, Swift Boat PCF-12 and USCGC PT DUME (WPB-82325) were also attacked.

The official military recounting of the incident was that PCF-19 was sunk by friendly fire blamed on the Air Force. The true story is the sinking was due to missiles fired by one or both of two NVA helicopters clearly identified by PCF-12 and PT DUME.

The official coverup was most likely the result of a reluctance on the part of the United States

link to recording

6 amber color

② *Operation Market Time - The Early Years*
③ *Coastal Warfare against the Viet Cong*

11th – 13th June 1968 -- PT DUME Ship's Log.

Patrol activity from arrival in the area was normal. Fired harassment and interdiction missions requested by Cua Viet forward observers on several nights, and ran surf-line operations with small boat to check out suspicious activity.

14th June 1968 – PT DUME Ship's Log.

1545H - Met USCGC PT LOMAS (WPB-82321 - Sanders) on the southern end of the patrol area, where CAPT John H. Austin, CDR CG Squadron One and CDR CG Activities, Vietnam and LCDR Dave Freeborn, Chief of Aids to Navigation for CG Activities VN came aboard. PT DUME then headed to the mouth of the Cua Viet river. Small boat took CAPT Austin and LCDR Freeborn on an ATON (Aids to Navigation) inspection of the Cua Viet river entrance.

1735H – CAPT Austin and LCDR Freeborn back aboard.

1800H - Transferred CAPT Auston and LCDR Freeborn to USCGC CAMPBELL (WPG-32 – Finizio) and resumed patrol operations in 1A1.

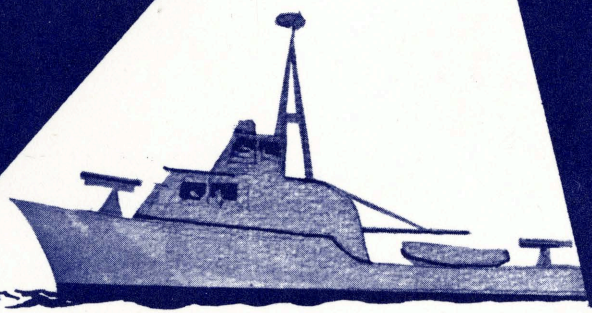
15th June 1968 – PT DUME Ship's Log, "Swift Boat Down" excerpts and Interviews with Ron Fritz.

sanders 67

Thanks for your letter + note. Sorry I, too, didn't get over to see you more often while in Pensacola. Several classmates are up here in Div. 12 with me; the same ol' esprit de Corps is very much prevalent with us still. Really enjoy the duty thus far and feel it can only be an asset.

Am still single, still looking, still enjoying it. My folks often ask about you; I tell 'em you're still flying High! Regards to your family.

Len Sanders



on earth....

peace to men

of goodwill

Floyd,

27 July

Received 2 letters yesterday after a very rough patrol — one from Nancy Dawn & the other from Tina Dawn. Want to thank you for going to the trouble to enliven my mail call.

The letters sound as though the girls are really congenial. The one from Tina was especially enlightening --- sounds like a live-wire

Trust you people will be in shortly and I know your folks will be glad to get their grandkids on you. The monsoons are just picking up something horrible, but only 3 more months —

Best of luck, & thanks again for looking after me. I'll remember it Ol' Buddy. Smooth sailing to Miami. Hey, make sure I get to your wedding — & don't let her give you any static.

Yours Always,

Ful

The Day After

Dear Hearts,

This letter is coming in script, no script to follow... just my own thoughts quickly laid to type. I abhor a non-personal letter to friends, but will be justified just this once so that maybe I can share with you all, as well as my own family, the feelings generated on this, my 24th Christmas.

Five days prior to the occasion the POINT LOMAS sailed on a routine patrol some 6 hours south of Danang. The weather was typical of our Gulf states during the mellow spring; very sunny, warm, not too humid. And it remained this way up through the 24th. We were scheduled to come in before the 25th, but our relief vessel saw fit to take ill with a bad engine. This necessitated our being out over Christmas, so the crew reluctantly settled back into the scheme of their fate. I guess it meant to them there'd be little to celebrate. The 24th was some day! It dawned with us rendezvousing with a fellow Coast Guard cutter for transfer of people. And this meeting of vessels continued for us all day; we also off-loaded six WW fishermen arrested for violations of fishing grounds and had to go alongside a Navy Destroyer for fuel and water, being we were low on both. The LOMAS took a bad lick on the latter occasion and 2 stanchions were stove in. At about three AM, Christmas, the LOMAS lost her port propeller. There was no accident or careless bumping on our part; it just sheered free of the shaft at the strut. My report on the casualty of the incident aroused the ears of disbelief of my peers, but I confirmed it when I had a diver over the side at 0630, first light. We were 100 miles from port, crippled, it was raining, and Christmas entered into a downcast Bud.

Christmas then turned face on us. The boat due to relieve the LOMAS earlier had left, unbeknownst to us, that morning to relieve us for good. Since she was underway, we were free to hobble back into port. The weather picked up and it was 85 by the time we moored. We had following seas all the way in, made a successful landing at the pier with just one engine and one screw, and received a new prop in drydock the next day. And ol' Bud was never so grateful.

But the elements of Christmas displayed itself just as visibly in many other little ways. The crew drew names and had a ball getting gas gifts. (I stipulated not to spend more than \$1). Our electrician dressed up in his red bathrobe and plaid tie and played Santa with his chow package from home. The presents to the crew swamped the boat when we arrived. 'Tis a known fact that the LOMAS received a bounteous lot. And our cook laid the table full that evening with the traditional Holiday feast. What started out as a down-trodden ship wound up a happy spectacle. We know what it means to us...

Many happenings were absent from this Christmas. There was no snow or pumpkin pie or fireplace or colorful trees or phone calls to friends or carolling, or vertiges. The presence of war greasies that. But there was the remembrance of loved ones back home; the cards to myself and to the ship give testimony to that. And the little things that were passed along... I have an occasion to remember you all for each little box of candy, or picture, or pair of fire-red socks, or coffee mug, or scented candles, or fruit cake, or picture m-les. There wasn't much celebrating for I was tired, and the hour was late. The weather was contrary to winter, and there was a hub of business yet to be done. But it was Christmas. And you helped make it.

I'm the luckiest, and most grateful, guy alive. Thank you all.

J. (Bud) Sanders

2 AUGUST 67

The day after

Appreciated your Christmas greeting. I have
an Uncle in Mobile who I frequented, sorry
I didn't get to Azalea Dr. Trust all
are well.

I thought this letter would let
you know us surface ops guys
occasionally have prop problems, too.

J. Sander

(Sander/2/67)

The Day After

Bud Sanders

December 26, 1967

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L (Bud) Sanders

HANDWRITTEN NOTE ON BACK OF MIMEOGRAPHED LETTER ABOVE:

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L. Sanders