

# Honoring Our Sac and Fox Veterans

## Harry D. Wood (Mishâchineni)



**Harry D. Wood**

*Medals: Outstanding service while engaged with the enemy and several others that were never received.*

H.D. Wood recently came into the office and shared, I'm sure, a small portion of his experiences while in the service. Here's his recollection:

I headed to El Paso, Texas March 3, 1966 for two weeks and then off to Ft. Campbell, Kentucky to receive my basic training in A.I.T.

On November 26, 1966 after completing basics in the 3rd Army Unit, one of the most decorated units out of WWII, we headed out for Viet Nam.

We headed out on a ship to Viet Nam just like they did in WWII.

While on the ship, soldiers were given jobs to do and for a while I was never assigned any type of duty; I was told to go to top deck. One day as I was looking out over the water I felt the presence of God speaking to me saying, "Go to the other side of the ship and I'll show you, I'll take care of you."

After awhile I did what He impressed on me to do. I crossed over and looked down the ship and saw a small cloud with a little rainbow, which drifted my way and showered on me. I felt that was God's way of letting me know everything was going to be ok.

While on the top deck, a soldier approached me one day and said, "Come here I have something for you." As I turned and looked, he handed me a big cinnamon roll. I asked him where he got it and he just told me it was what the officers didn't want.

I never asked him his name or where he was from; he just kept bringing me rolls everyday for a while.

I recall one day he said, "Come go with me, I know where we can sit down." I followed him into a big room on the ship, where there were several pairs of men watching old movies, just like we did when we were kids.

Shortly after that, I was assigned a job for the rest of the voyage. I always wondered if he was an angel

sent by God to watch over me, I never knew his name or saw him again.

I remember one day in May, while in Viet Nam, we had our gun battery set up with sand bags all around. I looked out over the ocean and seen one of our own ships. They must have not known we were there because they fired toward us. I just sat there and watched that 500 pound bomb land right by me; thank the Lord it didn't go off.

About that time, the Captain of the gun battery came and got onto me. He said, "Next time you better get down or you'll get killed!" I looked up and told him we better do it now because here comes another one! Close call from friendly fire!

Shortly after that, we headed to the Mekong Delta North of Chu Lia up in the mountains. It was at this location I encountered the closet firefight of my tour, they said we were fighting Ho Chi Minh's personal army.

After that close call, we headed farther north to the DMZ for two weeks. Upon arriving, we set up sand bags for ammo bunkers and started shooting; a lot at first, and then it started tapering off. The Sargent came by and told me to go take a break and lay in the shade. I laid down next to some sand bags, just out of the sun. I looked up and saw U.S. supply planes flying over low. They were supposed to wait until all shooting stopped, but I guess they got in a hurry. As I was looking up at a plane flying really low, right above me I said, "I wish I were on that plane headed home." Once again, I felt God's presence telling me, "You'll be where I put you", and within seconds, I saw the tail section of that plane getting shot off.

The plane crashed just feet from me. As I hunkered down, two pieces of shrapnel from the destroyed plane hit so close to me that sand from the bags poured on top of me. Once again I knew I was blessed as God watched over me.

Just before we came home, we went half way into South Viet Nam and spent sixteen days in the mountains. It was the monsoon season, and it rained so much we had to stop firing, because our rounds were going off prematurely. That day we were shipping out, the rain stopped and the sun came out long enough for us to leave on a rickety old railway, back to the main base.

After processing, we flew back to Fort Stewart, Georgia for three months, to train helicopter pilots how to coordinate their gunfire.

While in Viet Nam, I noticed that the Native people were about the same color as I was, but they avoided me. One day an old Vietnamese soldier approached me and asked, "What are you, a Native American?" I replied yes, and he said, "You're one of those fearsome Warriors!"

I know one thing, I am very blessed and I know God watched over me.



**Sac and Fox Nation Veterans Meeting**  
 May 13, 2014  
 Elders Bldg  
 Stroud 5 pm

**Norwood Masquat, Jr., Commander of Sac and Fox Nation Veterans' Organization**

"No new DD214's have come in. We need 214's for our next monuments. We want to complete the four monuments for WWI, WWII, Korea and the Women's monuments by the fall of 2014.

**Information Needed to Find a Person's DD214**

- ✓ Veteran's Name
- ✓ Date and place of birth
- ✓ Branch of service
- ✓ Time and term of service
- ✓ Service number if available
- ✓ Social Security number, if available

With this information we can track down an individual's DD214, enabling us to see his or her service record.

**See Cathrine Walker 1-918-968-0705**

**Sac and Fox Elders Mother's Day Dance**

MAY 10, 2014  
 SAC AND FOX COMMUNITY BUILDING  
 5 MILES SOUTH OF STROUD

Gourd Dance 2:00 p.m.  
 Supper 5:00 p.m.  
 Intertribal Dancing 7:00 p.m.

Head Singer: Poncho Walker  
 Head Gourd Dancer: Francis Grant  
 Head Man Dancer: Francis Sweetwater  
 Head Lady Dancer: Gwen Wilburn  
 Emcee: Russell Saunders  
 AD: Joe Estes and Jeremy Johnson  
 Veteran Color Guard: Sac and Fox Veterans

Not Responsible for Accidents or Theft