



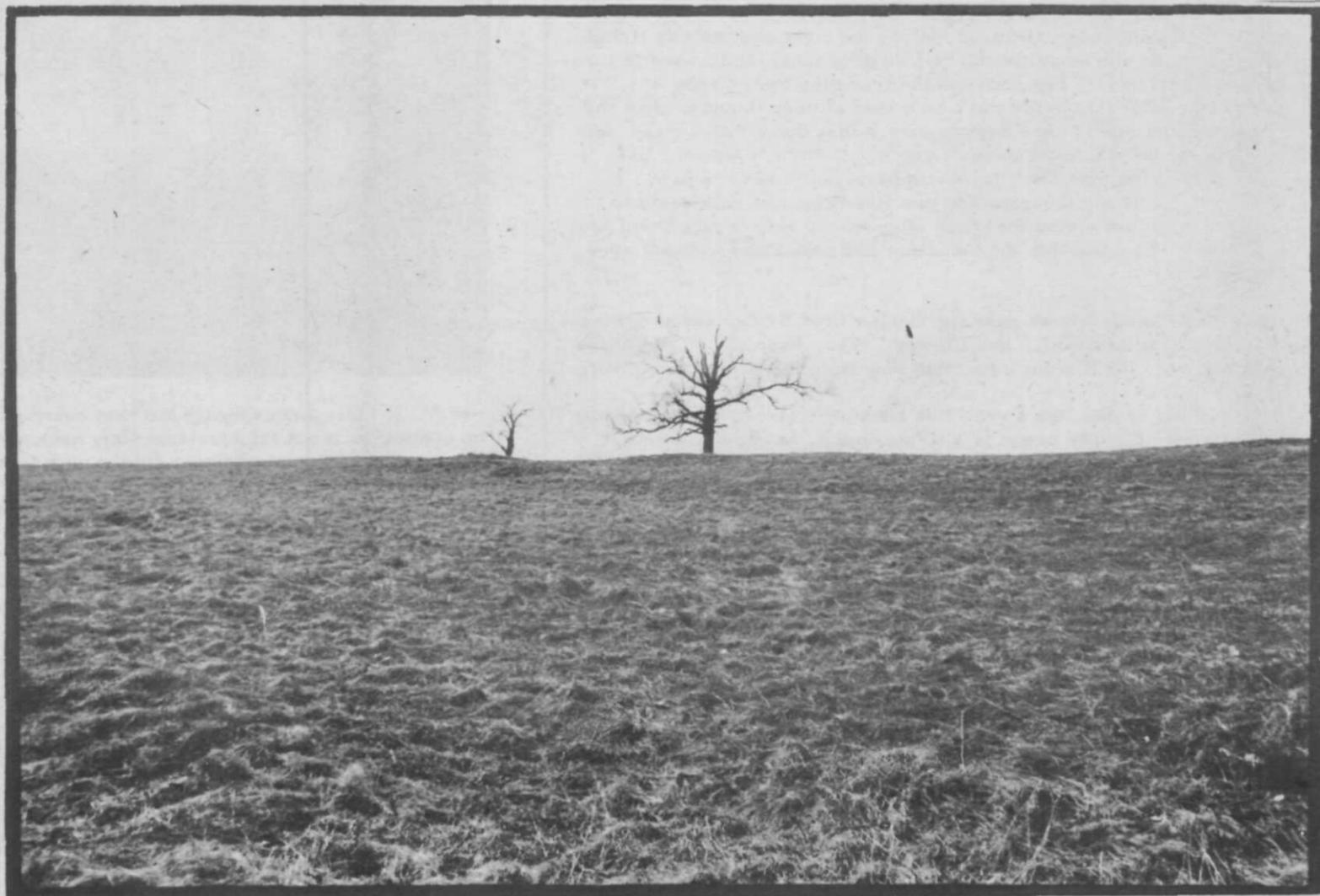
MATT & AUDY

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ROLAND FREEMAN

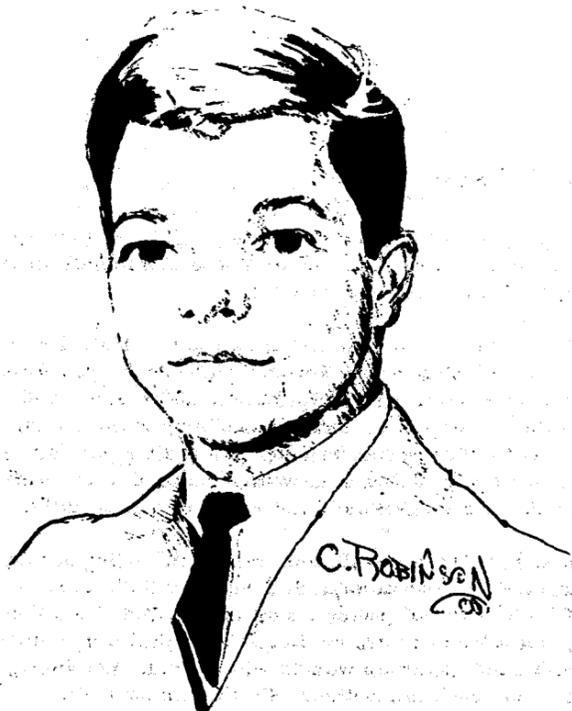
THE photos on these pages are the work of Fred Day. Born in 1937 in Philadelphia, Day was raised and lives in Virginia. He attended American University where he studied art under Summerford and Tom Gates. He then studied photography with Mark Power who is now with the Corcoran. Besides producing fine, sensitive photographs, Day is involved in teaching young, serious students of photography on an individual basis at the home of Pam Peabody in Northwest Washington, where a unique arrangement has been set up to enable those students and others who cannot afford their own darkrooms to work for a minimal fee. For more information, call Day at 966-2737. Fred has been exhibited in a group show at the Maryland Institute of Art, in a one-man show at the Ikon Gallery here in DC and is now a part of the group show which is currently at the Corcoran displaying the works of eleven local photographers.

NEAR WARRENTON, VA.



CLAUDIA

THE DIARY OF BUDDY ANELLO



(Reprinted from *Win Magazine*)

ON May 31, 1968, Sgt. Bruce P. Anello--Buddy, to his family and friends--was killed in action in Vietnam. A diary he was keeping was picked up on the battlefield and made its way to Hanoi. In the course of conversations with the NLF, American anti-war activist Bob Greenblatt learned about the existence of the diary. Upon seeing a copy of it, Bob convinced the Vietnamese to turn it over to the American peace movement (the NLF had been concerned about the propriety of releasing such a document.)

Upon receiving it, WIN first went to Buddy's father and step-mother in Philadelphia and got their permission to publish it. The Anellos also lent many of the photographs and other material included here.

Buddy, born August 24, 1947, was the third of four brothers. When his mother died in 1951, Buddy's father found himself unable to both support and adequately care for his sons, so Buddy and his brothers were sent to the Milton Hershey School for orphaned boys. It was here that Buddy lived from age four until he finished high school, except for short happy vacations at home. Particular interests he developed during these years were music and wrestling. He was considered an outstanding performer on both drums and piano, but in Vietnam he seemed able to play whatever instrument came to hand.

After graduation Buddy worked for the Philadelphia Electric Company for a year, then spent three happy months in San Francisco visiting his eldest brother Don. In Haight Ashbury, his first real taste of independence, he met a girl he hoped to return to, and probably smoked his first marijuana. When his father sent word an induction notice had come, Buddy returned to Philadelphia.

The diary stops several weeks before Buddy was killed.

Buddy was awarded the Purple Heart, the Silver Star, the Military Merit Medal and a marksmanship citation. He was also given, posthumously, a medal from the Army of South Vietnam.

When he died in Dragon Valley, Vietnam, Sgt. Bruce Anello was twenty years old. -Ed.

OCT. 16, 1967. IT all starts in the San Francisco Bay. Feelings are the color of the ship. Gray. I look at the night and the city lights and remember all the beautiful things I've done there--and I have to turn. I look at the bridge with the many people traveling their happy way, but not knowing the ship below carries a load of deep thought. And the lights play on my mind. So I have to turn. Just three miles away, behind the old smoke stack. You can't see it. But that's where I live. I know it's there, but they don't know I'm here, and I have to turn. I turn to the faces whose thoughts are just like mine and only seem to make the ship grayer. And the stars offer me no help 'cause now I look at them alone. So I turn for the last time and walk away with my eyes to the ground.

OCT. 18. Tomorrow we pass the Golden Gate Bridge and everyone will say, "Isn't it beautiful," and I'll say, "Yes, wasn't it." But hopes we always there, for it's not a terrible long time. It's just an eternity.

OCT. 21. It seems like a year I've been gone already, but it hasn't even been a month. The ocean is a tiring object, but on occasions it had its beautiful times. Especially at night, but always I wish I didn't have to watch it alone.

OCT. 22. Tomorrow we get off the ship. . . Tired of being seasick, ship-sick, homesick, and just plain sick-sick. Besides, it was getting kind of morbid anyway. Religious services every hour on the hour. Jewish, Catholic, Protestant, all held by the same guy. I guess you might call him a Jack-of-all-trades, if you want to call religion a trade. More or less a union with weekly union dues.

OCT. 23. Finally arrived. We had to wait for General Westmoreland to give his welcome speech, salutes, and all that flag waving jazz. Meanwhile, my weapon was strangling me and my duffle bag was trying to pull my arm off my shoulder. Then, of all things, we had a parade. All I could remember from training was "don't bunch up." General talked to the guy next to me, but to have him tell it, it's like he got kissed by the Pope.

OCT. 24. Still waiting for supplies before we move out. I was told I'm supposed to be a tunnel rat. My platoon sergeant likes me (sarcasm).

OCT. 27. Left for another place today. Duc-Pho. It's finally back to C-rations again. . . It rained all night. A trio of misery: cold, scared, and hungry.

OCT. 28. Why are we here? A question always on my mind. . . I think and stink a lot more. . . I think about what I'm going to do after I serve my two-year sentence for being an American citizen and what's Mary, Brother Don, Al, Bill, Papa Joe, Gwynne, Moreen, and the bus driver who left me off in Harlem and said good luck, thinking or doing right now.

OCT. 29. A hell of a night. Definitely. I went out to take a piss and someone whips a grenade my way. One leap and I was back in the bunker. Call me Jack-be-nimble. . . Two men killed last night.

OCT. 30. Hot as hell. A perpetual steam bath. My feet are two big mosquito bites at the end of my ankles. . . I could care less about the war. Just leave me alone and I wouldn't bother you. How's that-bang!

OCT. 31. At 6 A.M. I get up and read the obituary column and if I'm not listed, I go eat breakfast.

NOV. 2. The hardest day so far. Close to 80 pounds of shit on my back, raining like hell and we're tramping through the rice paddies. . . A man got blown up last night by our own artillery. Who can you trust?

NOV. 5. Should have gotten a combat medal for fighting off thousands of mosquitoes last night. No sleep for the weary. . . I smoke a lot of grass.



NOV. 9. Our ambush--with the rain beating on my helmet. Not a drop coming in, so it trickles round my neck and soaks into my skin. While my finger's on the trigger frozen with fear and from the wind. . . haven't fire a shot yet. Nor has one come my way. Just frustration and harassment. . .

NOV. 10. Finally a day off. I'm very lonely today. And still no mail, no newspaper. . . I'll sit here and smoke and ponder and get lonelier. . .

NOV. 11. No bullets my way. No bullets returned. It's the best way to fight a war--that's what I've learned.

NOV. 17. . . Nothing like lying down in the afternoon knowing that you have an ambush all night. . .

NOV. 18. From this date till Dec. first I didn't have the book with me 'cause we were only supposed to go on a one to five day mission. But some of the thoughts still remain. How could I forget? We climb-