

**MISSOURI STATE SOCIETY
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION**

Proudly Honors



TED R. SCOTT
UNITED STATES ARMY
SERGEANT FIRST CLASS (E-7)
1967 – 1970 / 1979 – 1993

as

**PURPLE HEART PATRIOT
FEBRUARY 2025**

Honoring his service and Sacrifice

Sponsored by: Sarah Lewis Boone Chapter, NSDAR



Army medic...proud to salute the American flag.

"Fortunately, when Dad took me to see about getting into Scouts, the meeting was well organized with none of the horseplay he had experienced as a youth. At that meeting in our church basement I was invited to help two older boys fold the American flag in preparation for a patriotic ceremony. He later told me about having to hide from the wild teens in his Scout troop who were using the flags as spears. Fast forward ten years, at the age of 22, I was chosen to post our basic training company's guidon next to the American flags at the Fort Bliss reviewing stand.

Do all young people become so influenced by the American flag? Obviously not, but for many reasons I could not avoid the patriotism bug. My military path took me to Fort Sam Houston to complete combat medical training. A few graduates were assigned duty in Europe but the majority of us went to a place called Viet Nam (people of the South).

It was there, in "the 1969 Nam", where I grew up. Far from the air-conditioned halls of Drury College, far from the dining halls of base camp; the hot and wet jungles near Pleiku became my living, sleeping, and eating environment. I became the medic working with 30 other "ground pounders" trying to protect America from the Communist domino effect.

My aid bags were loaded with creams, lotions, bandaids and foot powder for the every day scrapes and cuts from plowing through the bamboo "boonies"; but, as I learned in Scouts, I needed to Be Prepared for the "hell of war". Sure enough, in late January of '69, our 30 man Delta Company platoon got into another firefight while patrolling in the mountains around firebase Marylou. I really didn't think about my training or the danger we were in. The call for "medic" got me running to the injured in front of me. I had both side pockets of my battle-dress uniform stuffed with large and small bandages and had just applied a dressing to the shattered leg of one of the point men when I felt the concussion of a bullet on my steel pot.

Several days later, in the 4th Division hospital in Pleiku, I was being treated with antibiotics for a scalp wound. I heard that ten of us had been found and airlifted to the hospital. One my buddies apologized for not keeping my helmet. He had too much else to carry but wanted me to know that the bullet hole went in one side of the pot and exited out the other side. Some general came through our ward with a tray full of Purple Hearts. His aide held an American flag behind us while getting the medal pinned to my white hospital gown_

The scar healed and after a ten year break I joined the Missouri Army National Guard to put in a total of 28 years of service. God Bless the USA!"