

January 3, 2022

The Honorable Trevor N. McFadden
United States District Judge
United States District Court for the District of Columbia
333 Constitution Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20001

**RE: William A. Blausen, Jr.
1:21-cr-006-TNM**

Your Honor:

My name is William Albert Blausen, Jr. On January 6, 2021, I was caught up in something that I truly regret. If I had a chance to redeem myself, I would certainly do that in a heartbeat. I made a terrible choice on that day to enter the Capitol. Unfortunately, the water that flows down the stream cannot be brought back nor can the hands of time be turned back. All I can do is sincerely apologize to my country and the Court for my actions.

I was born on January 24, 1947, in Kane, Pennsylvania, son of William A. Blausen, Sr., and Hazel (Slagle) Blausen. We lived in Kane for a few years, and then moved to Ludlow, Pennsylvania. I began school in 1952 in Ludlow Elementary School. Our family lived in Ludlow until the fall of 1957, when we moved to Jamestown, New York. We then moved back to Ludlow, Pennsylvania, in the Spring of 1958. Our family thereafter moved to Kane, Pennsylvania, in 1962, and I graduated high school from the Kane Area School District in 1965.

My childhood years up until 1962 were not the best, as our family life was very troubling because my father was an alcoholic who put the bottle first in his life instead of his family. I helped my mother through this difficult time by looking after my brothers and sisters, as they were all younger than myself. We had very little to eat, so I would go fishing, pick berries and apples so we could have something to eat. I witnessed my father verbally and physically abusing our mother. I cried many times for her. After moving to Kane in 1962, my mother got a job at a factory which made foot lockers for the troops. Then in 1963, they were bought out by Affiliated Industries, a company that made store fixtures for J.C. Penney. My mom spent all of her money on us children. Our family life changed for the better once we had food, an inside toilet, and a bathtub. I have so much thanks for mother for keeping our family together.

It is now 1965 and I am a senior in high school. The war in Vietnam is getting bad. I had learned through history classes in school how bad war was, but I also learned that freedom ultimately is not free, and many have died so that we can enjoy the freedoms we have today. I knew that when I graduated I most likely would be drafted into the service, so I made up my mind to enlist in the U.S. Navy. So, in March of my senior year, I enlisted in the Navy in the 180-day delayed entry program, which meant I would go to boot camp in September. Upon graduation, I was hired at Affiliated Industries in Kane, Pennsylvania, and I worked there until I went on active duty. I thought maybe the Navy would keep me out of Vietnam. I was so wrong. Upon completion of boot camp, I was given 30 days of leave, then I had to go to my next duty station, which was the USS Monticello LSD-35, which was, at the time, operating with the U.S. Marines off the coast of Vietnam. After my leave, I flew to San Francisco. Then from the Travis Air Force base, I caught a flight to Philippine Islands (Clark Air Force Base). I was then bused down to Subic Bay. I then went by ship from Subic Bay to the coast of Vietnam and was then transferred to the USS Monticello LSD-35 on Christmas Eve 1965.

In February or March of 1966, my ship came back to San Diego, California, our home port. From there we went to drydock in Long Beach, California, for upkeep. In the fall of 1966, we went back to Vietnam on the USS Monticello until the spring of 1967. Our ship would then have to go back to Vietnam

because of a fire on the other LSD there, which I think was the USS Oakhill. I was a boat coxswain on the Monticello with a BM3 rating, and when we returned to San Diego, California, in December of 1967, I was told I was getting new orders for a new river division being created, RIVRON 15. So, I was given 30 days leave and in February of 1968, I reported to Vallejo, California, for River Division 15 combat training for the rivers of Vietnam's Mekong Delta.

After our training, River Division 15 went to Travis Air Force Base in San Francisco to catch a plane to Saigon Airport in mid-June of 1968. We waited over there until our boats arrived in early July. Then we started operating on the Delta Rivers with the 9th Infantry of the U.S. Army. My boat was a troop carrier, ATC 151-10, also known as the T-151-10 or Tango 10. After many fire fights, fast forward to October 31, 1968. Tango 10 is ordered to go to the repair barge at the LST West Chester County for repairs that are scheduled for November 1st at 7:00 a.m. I tell my crew we will stay at mobile river base until 6:30 a.m. on the 1. During the night, VC swimmers mine and blew up West Chester County and the repair barge and five US Army soldiers and 18 US Navy sailors were killed. My crew was safe because of that decision, made on my own. There were so many incidents over there that I really do not care to talk about. However, I did have a crew member who had three purple hearts. In February 1969, I got staph infection in a cut on my right thumb (I'll explain more about this staph infection later in my letter).

When it is around 0400 a.m. on April 24, 1969, my boat is involved in the night I was standing watch and we are attacked. I was on the right side of my right eye, jumped down like the command that of the boat, wounded in both legs and had my left arm with three bullets. I was then transferred by helicopter to the base hospital in the area, South Vietnam. I had to undergo two major operations and was sent to Hickamole Naval Hospital in early May 1969. I was then sent to Sutter's Island in San Francisco and discharged on June 27, 1969, after receiving leave. I went back to work as a military policeman and I missed my girlfriend, Barbara Miller, on August 23, 1969. I was a nice guy, always smiling, and I was a warrior my entire life.

I have been a warrior my entire life. I guess mainly for all the freedoms we Americans have come to enjoy. As a legion commander, I will always stand behind and assist any person in any way, whether they are a veteran or not. I try to be the most honest, giving, and caring person in the world.

Sincerely,

/s/

William A. Blausen, Jr.


William A. Blausen, Jr.

