Moving to the Brooklyn streets from North Carolina after his mother died didn't offer much for Danny Bullock. Hang out with friends, watch drugs change hands, walk past the pimps and hookers every day on the way to school. Danny wanted more from life. He wanted to be something better and to him becoming a Marine was the answer. It was something he thought about long before coming to New York. In fact he couldn't wait to join. To him, it was his ticket to a better life.

Not long after arriving in the city, Danny figured it was time. He made his way through the busy streets of Brooklyn, boldly walked into the Marine recruiting office and signed up. What a great day it was for him. And what pride he took in wearing his uniform. His stepmother recalls him saying, '*when I get back, I'll have my stripes. You wait and see*.'

Soon after, Danny was off to boot camp to earn those stripes. While there, his commander would comment how awkward he was. Oh, he was in good shape. Physically he had no trouble keeping up with his unit. But members of his team recall how he was a bit clumsy, unorthodox in the way he ran and did things on the obstacle course.

Irregardless, Danny made it through and was now a proud member of the United States Marines.

Shortly after he completed boot camp, Danny found himself on a plane headed for a strange land called Vietnam. It was April of 1969. He was assigned to the Fox Company, Second Battalion.

While in Vietnam, soldiers remember Danny as being a quiet kid, many times a loner who kept to himself. Those in his unit didn't know wether he was shy or stand offish. They tried a few times to draw him out, but he didn't seem to have much to say. One fellow solider remembers him as someone you either wanted to pick on or protect.

Then came that night. Taking the place of a fellow solider who had injured his hand, Danny set out with his unit on patrol. Soon after, the company found themselves under heavy enemy fire. During the battle Danny kept his unit supplied with ammunition running back and forth through intense fire to do so.

Many casualties were taken that day. Of the 45 involved, 20 were injured, 5 were killed. While on one of those runs to supply his unit, Danny was hit with mortar fire and was among the 5 who died that day.

No doubt Danny Bullock was a hero. After all he gave his life for his country as did thousands of other brave men and women of the Vietnam war. But when Danny's body was brought back to the United States, it wasn't with any military distinction. Instead of being buried with honors, Danny was buried in a small cemetery in his home town of Goldsboro. You wouldn't of been able to find his grave site though. There was no headstone to mark it.

Some of Danny's unit members heard about this travesty and were outraged. They all chipped in to buy a headstone, formed a motorcycle group made up of other fellow veterans and drove from Brooklyn New York to Goldsboro North Carolina to place it on his grave themselves.

In time, people began to recognize the service and sacrifice this young man had made for his country. The street he lived on in Brooklyn was eventually renamed *PFC Dan Bullock Way*. The community is currently raising money for a bronze statue of him to be place in the neighborhood park.

For you see, Danny Bullock was not just a soldier.

Danny Bullock, the young man from the streets of Brooklyn, the soldier who looked forward to serving his country and took pride in wearing his uniform,

Danny Bullock was the youngest soldier to die in the Vietnam war. He was 15 years old, just 14 when he enlisted.

Lying about his age cost Danny any military honors he would have received and caused the Marines to distance themselves from the mistake they had made.

However, when it comes to Danny Bullock, there is truth in what they say:

A true hero will always rise to the top for HONOR no matter who tries to downplay his deeds.

Or, no matter how old he may be.