Daniel Lee Harmon, who was born and raised on Woody Island, and lost his life at the age of 21 on June 2, 1967 in South Vietnam, will be awarded a posthumous Bronze Star with “V” device for heroism in Kodiak on August 14. Sp4 Harmon was a member of the Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol, a detachment of the 4th Infantry Division.

Kodiak National Guard Armory
August 14, 2007
10:00 a.m.
Army Specialist 4 Daniel Lee Harmon

Born in 1947, Daniel was the son of proud parent’s Raymond Royal Harmon and Anastasia N. Fadaoff, Harmon. The Harmon family had the great misfortune of losing their father at sea that same year. Dan never got to know his Father.

In 1950 the family moved to Woody Island where Mrs. Harmon was born and raised. This is where Dan spent most of his growing up year’s. The Island became a perfect place for a boy like Dan to grow up.

He and his cousin Fred Simeonoff along with his best friend’s the “Lee boy’s” from the East side of the island were unseparable. Fred died in Viet Nam a year and a half after Dan. Two of the island’s native son’s were lost to that war. A large sacrifice for such a small island.

Dan was a very happy go lucky and alway’s had a story to tell. The storie’s he told were of the day’s happening’s and it would not have been “Dan” if the truth had not been stretched to the very limit’s of his imagination. For instance, one day I was sitting at the kitchen table having a cup a tea with mom.

It was a clear warm sunny day and Dan was 7 or 8 year’s old at the time. From the window in front of the table we saw Dan come a running, hell bent for leather, for the house from down by the dock area.

It had not rained in a while and the ground was very dry. Dan refused to wear shoe’s and every time his flat bare feet hit the ground they made little puff’s of dust. It was comical but what he had to tell us
really took the cake.

Barreling through the door Dan, excitedly hollered 
MOM”...”MOM”, There was a whale down by the dock and he 
swam to the beach and let me touch him on the tail...!! Just like that 
he was out the door and off on another venture on his Island. He was 
always full of surprise’s.

Dan loved to hunt and fish. One fall day when Dan was around 10 
our older brother Ronald and uncle Edson took Dan on a rabbit hunt. 
Dan was using a 410 gauge shot gun that he was rather fond of and 
about as long as Dan was tall. I believe it belonged to our brother 
Maurice. They were hunting just off the road system and Ron and 
Edson each had rabbit. Dan wasn’t having much luck. Suddenly the 
410 roared and Ron and Edson both saw a rabbit go down. They both 
hollered “you got him Dan”. Ron saw Dan pick up the rabbit that he 
was aiming at and Edson walked up with another rabbit that he saw 
go down when Dan shot. Two rabbit’s in one shot, and the second 
rabbit was totally out of Dan’s line of sight. Talk about your blind 
luck.

Daniel dearly loved Woody Island and when the family moved off 
the island Dan preferred to stay on alone rather than live in town. He 
got to know the Island like the palm of his hand. He always had 
interesting storie’s about the thing’s that he did and the of special 
place’s on the island that he liked so well. If Dan were alive today 
you could bet that he would be living on the island that was a 
paradise to him.

Before Dan went Regular Army he served with the Alaska National 
Guard. While going through basic training at FORT LEWIS, Dan 
would come and spend his weekend’s with me and my family at 
Shelton Washington. Alway’s full of wit he was a pleasure to have 
around. We would alway’s take him back to the fort on sunday 
evening after a good dinner. He would alway’s sit in the car with us
and just talk for awhile before he went into his barrack. On the way in he alway’s waved to us with a big smile. On his last weekend with us before shipping out to Viet Nam, Dan was different. He did not say much and offered very little in the way of conversation. This was not like Dan at all. This night there was no talk before he went in. We stopped and he got out of the car and said “So Long”, walked straight into the barrack’s, not once looking back. I had a sinking feeling right then that this could be the last time that I would ever see my younger brother again.

It was just short of a year later and Dan only had about a week to serve when I got the word of his death. The hardest thing I ever had to do was break this awful news to our mother, who at the time was living in Clearwater Wa.. A letter from Danny arrived for her a week after the report of his death and in the letter Dan wrote, “I’ll be going on patrol shortly. There are only a couple of the original guy’s left in my group and I don’t feel good about this patrol. They are all new guy’s and green to combat condition’s”. The word was that Dan did not have to go out on that last patrol. He was on R and R from being wounded previously, with only a week to go before coming home.

If Dan had to do it again, he would not hesitate to do so... This was Dan’s way. Alway,s looking out for the next guy. This is what made Danny.....”Dan”. We miss him dearly but Dan is home.

Home to the little island that he loved so much. The island that is our brother Daniel’s final resting place. Where he would have wanted to be. His memory will be treasured by many. He is Kodiaks Hero A man that gave his last full measure of devotion for his fellow man, and his country.

Rest Easy Hero.

Mitch