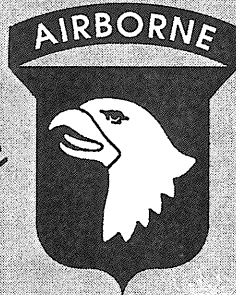


*The First
Screaming*

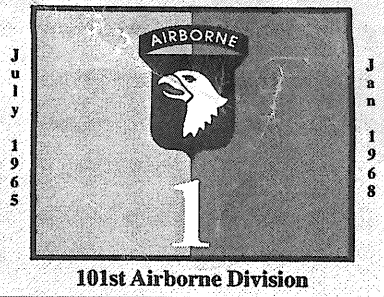
A HISTORICAL REVIEW OF
THE 1ST BRIGADE (Separate) 101st AIRBORNE DIVISION
in Viet Nam from July 1965 through January 1968



Published Quarterly
January - April - July - October

*Eagles
in Viet Nam*

1st Brigade (Separate) Viet Nam



Volume 5, Number 2

April 2003

The ALWAYS FIRST Brigade



*Sgt Wallace of the 327 ABN "tigerForce" vicinity
of Dong Tre -- central Highlands.*

*with the
101st ABN*

TIGER FORCE

\$6.00

Cold Steel 6, Sat, 1 Mar 2003 09:43:44 -0600
 From: "Lind, Peter A. CPT" lindp@campbell.army.mil
 To: worrell@usit.net
 Sir,

Heading out the door (literally) for our next "Rendezvous with Destiny!"
 It was a pleasure meeting you and making that connection to the long and proud history the Cold Steel Cobras have enjoyed.
 Enclosed is the picture of us Cold Steel commanders.

Hope to see you when we return - Take care. Pete



Former commanders of C Company 327th Regiment are (L to R) 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) Commander COL Ben Hodges 22MAY86-15MAR88, CPT Pete Lind 21NOV01-PRESENT, MAJ (R) Ivan Worrell, USAR 1956 - 1957 and MAJ Chris Forbes 25MAR94-03APR96. The photo was taken following the DSC Ceremony for SSG (R) Hillard Carter.

LATE NEWS FROM KUWAIT

Subject: Cold Steel Cobra Update from SWA
 Date: Thu, 20 Mar 2003 02:19:01 -0600
 From: pete.lind@us.army.mil
 To: worrell@usit.net

Sir,
 I'm sorry I can't provide details about our whereabouts, but rest assured all of the Cold Steel Cobras arrived safely and have been conducting training and rehearsals in preparation for future operations. Our Company is well trained, well disciplined, and in the very capable hands of some terrific leaders. We're definitely ready for future operations in this environment after having participated in Early Victor and Operation Enduring Freedom in the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan SEP-DEC02 (company was attached to 1-5 SFG(A)). If all goes well, we'll be back very soon - SAFE AND SOUND!

MAILING ADDRESS: CPT Peter A. Lind, C/1-327IN. UNIT #96020. APO, AE 09325-6020

Take care, Pete
 PETER A. LIND, CPT, IN, Commanding,
 RANGERS LEAD THE WAY!

1st Brigade TOC area Fraggged

The Tactical Operations Center of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) at Camp Pennsylvania in Kuwait was the scene of exploding fragmentation grenades and burning incendiary grenades. The chief suspect is SGT Asan Akbar [A Co 326 ENGR] who is in custody. He is alleged to have thrown the two fragmentation and two incendiary grenades into the tents and then fired on those running out of the tents with his rifle. He sustained shrapnel wounds in his leg.



COL Ben Hodges, commander of the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division, was wounded by shrapnel in the leg and arm, after a soldier threw grenades in the headquarters sleeping tents. Hodges said he was "not hurt to badly." [Photo by John Partipilo/The Tennessean courtesy The Leaf-Chronicle]

Captain Christopher Seifort, 27, died of injuries sustained in the attack. Three soldiers received serious injuries and 11 had wounds that were not considered critical.

1st Brigade Commander Colonel Ben Hodges was one of the wounded with shrapnel in an arm and leg. The coverage on FOX NEWS showed him in the TOC area sorting out things with his arm in a sling and blood on his pants leg.

Colonel Hodges is prominent in this magazine as the officer who pinned the Distinguished Service Cross on SFC (R) Hilliard Carter [page 33] and as a former Company Commander of C Company 327 [left column].

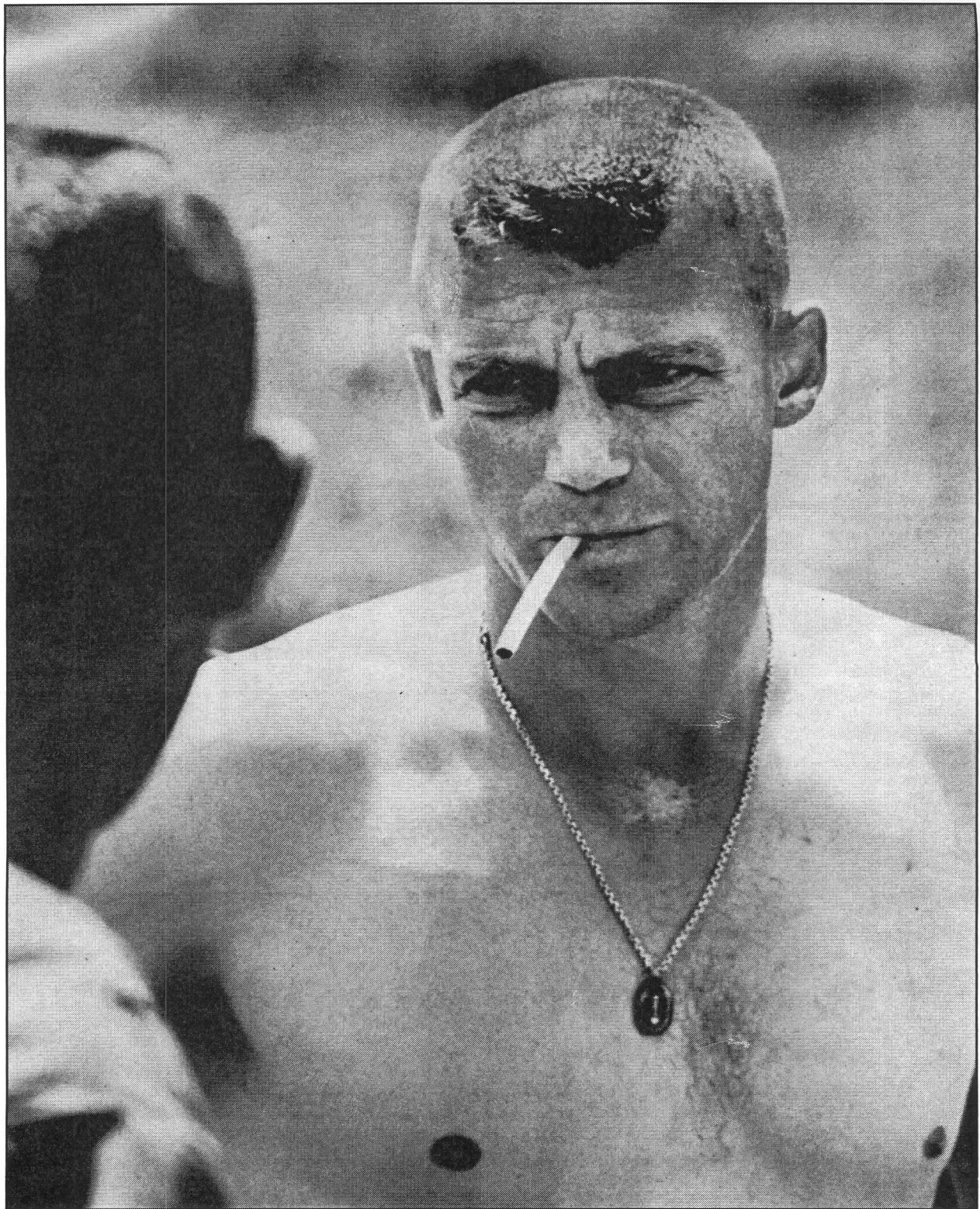
The definitive stories of what is happening with the "Screaming Eagles" in Southwest Asia can be found on the web site of Clarksville, Tennessee's daily newspaper, The Leaf-Chronicle at <theleafchronicle.com>.

Over the past few days some events in the 1st Brigade, in Kuwait have caused me to deviate from my prospective of "history only of the 1st Brigade (S) July 65 - January 68."

I visited Fort Campbell when the 1st Brigade hosted the Ceremony to honor SFC (R) Hillard Carter and Colonel Ben Hodges, the Brigade Commander pinned the medal on his chest. I was struck by the warm welcome all brigade veterans were accorded. On other parts of this page you can see my attempt to recognize our brothers, in The Always First Brigade, who are probably now in combat with the Iraqi Army. I wish them the very best of everything that any military unit could have as they go to war.

The cover is the second in the series of six original sketches given to me by Sp6 Bill Dolan.



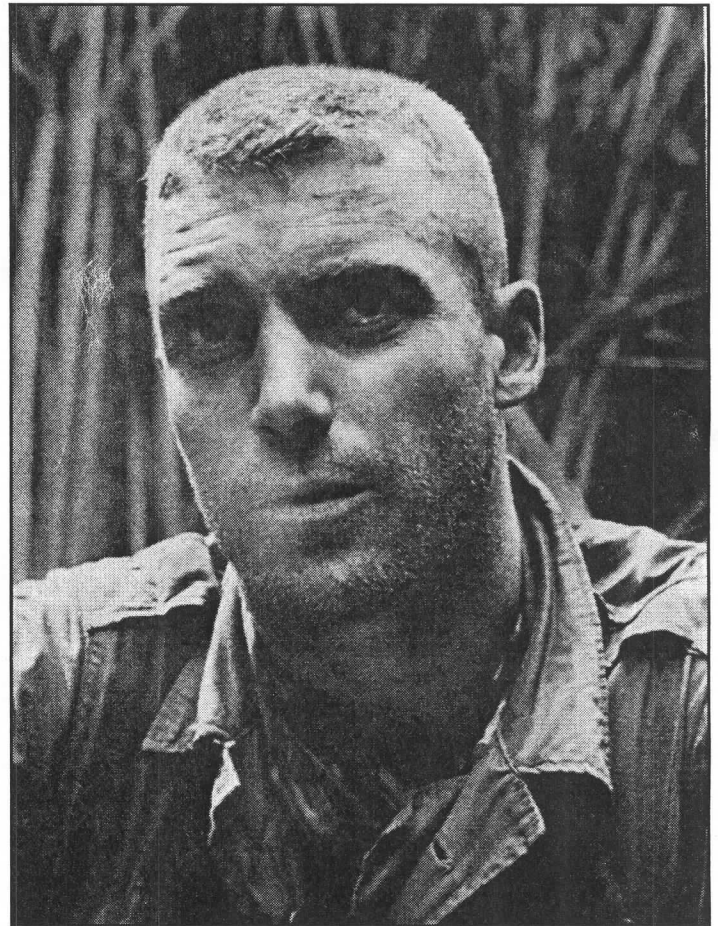


For a decision he made in a Vietnam battle—to call an air strike down on himself and his men—Captain William Carpenter has been recommended for the Medal of Honor

‘Lay it right on top of us!’

ARTICLE BEGINS ON NEXT PAGE

A Young Commander Went Looking for Trouble



Still wearing the look of men who have had to fight for their lives, Captain Carpenter (right) and his First Sergeant, Walter Sabalauski, begin at last to relax.

LIFE – July 8, 1966
by Arthur Zich

Soaked by chilling early monsoon rains, Charlie Company, Second Battalion, of the 502nd Airborne Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division, had spent an uneventful if miserable night on a boggy patch of ground near the head of the Dak Ta Kan River valley. Just before dawn Company Commander Captain William Stanley Carpenter Jr. gathered his platoon leaders and his first sergeant to brief them on what had happened elsewhere during the night: Alpha Company had been hit by the North Vietnamese—and so had an artillery battery. One gun position had been overrun, and before the attack broke off, 87 North Vietnamese bodies were stacked up around the firing pits.

Then the captain checked over details of the company's job for the coming day. The 101st's entire First Brigade of "Screaming Eagles" was in this valley, 40 miles north of the provincial capital of Kontum in Vietnam's strategic central highlands. "Operation Hawthorne" had a specific target—finding and trapping the 24th North Vietnamese regiment, part of a division of North Vietnamese troops in the area. Charlie Company (less its Second Platoon, which had been detached and sent on a separate mission) would leave its present position, where the men were already beginning to stir, and set off up the ridge-cut valley, looking for the enemy.

The briefing over, Captain Carpenter and his "Top," First Sergeant Walter J. Sabalauski, turned to the task of getting themselves ready for the day's work.

A lot of people in Vietnam and elsewhere either knew Captain Carpenter or had heard about him—28 years old, handsome, cool-eyed, taciturn; twice-wounded veteran of a previous tour in Vietnam, back again at his own request; the widely celebrated all-America "Lonesome End" of the 1959 Army football team. Not so many, however—very few, in fact, outside of the Army—could have known very much about Sergeant Sabalauski, although he was also clearly a man of parts himself: barrel-shaped, cooper-muscled, his shoulders falling like hamhocks from a point immediately beneath his ears. Sabalauski had spent 26 of his 56 years in the Army and, quite simply and profoundly, was devoted to the service. He had fought in three wars—World War II, Korea (at a time when Carpenter was still burning up eighth grade playgrounds) and two tours in Vietnam, with a stop in between in Santo Domingo. There was, in addition, an odd little fact about him and his company commander. He had once met Carpenter a long time before either one of them could conceivably have imagined their eventual relationship. On a tour of the West Point grounds before the Army-Penn State game of 1959, Master Sergeant Sabalauski, up from Fort Bragg, was introduced to a ramrod-stiff cadet who was the captain of the football team. Sabalauski, who cherishes Army memories above all others, recalls only that he said "hello" to the young man.

So Charlie Company moved out of its swamp and up the flank of Dak Ta Kan valley toward higher ground. In the lead was First Platoon, under 2nd Lt. Bill Jordan. Behind it came headquarters element: the point man ahead of the rest, followed by

'Let's hunt Charlie,' the captain replied

"I think I'll take a walk up the trail, sir," the first sergeant told Carpenter. Where the trail bent and disappeared into the thicket—a hundred yards or so—Sabalauski stopped up short. "I saw this guy walk out carryin' a pail of water," he says, spitting a slug of tobacco juice. "He didn't know what the hell it was all about."

Sabalauski didn't give him a chance to find out. "As soon as I dropped the guy, I stood and listened for a while," he goes on. "And three automatic weapons opened up on my left. I figured I'd better get back pretty quick."

Retracing his steps along the trail, Sabalauski noted the body of his first kill was still there. "You know," he says, wondering, "I'd heard so much about how careful they are to carry off their dead. I was really interested in seein' if it was really so."

"We were just starting up the high ground," Carpenter goes on, "when the Gunfighter [the nickname earned by Carpenter's battalion commander, Lt. Colonel Henry Emerson] called us and changed the mission to a blocking position astride a trail at the very top of the ridge that formed the valley flank to the northeast of our current location."

But air and artillery strikes were laying in between Carpenter's company and their newly assigned position.

"So," Sabalauski says, "we did an about-face. I don't recall stopping to eat." It was a circuitous route they now had to follow. North and west, north, then east, then south and east, up and down precipitous draws, through all but impenetrable bamboo thickets.

"We crossed only one trail, a thing about five feet wide," Carpenter goes on. "From the look of it, they had been pedaling bicycles down it, using it for pack animals. We went back into the bamboo." It was brutally hot, and there were a couple of heat casualties, but the company continued. "They heard us, all right," Carpenter says. "That bamboo—it's like walking through broken glass."

"A couple hours had gone by since our first contact," he continues. "I was down in a creek bed, heading toward a finger running north-south. My lead elements were starting up again. From the hill behind us my rear elements reported they could hear voices in front and below us, and estimated 200 yards to the left."

The radio call sign for Lieutenant Jordan's First Platoon crackled, calling Carpenter. "Do you wish to continue to mission, or hunt Charlie?" Jordan asked. "Let's hunt Charlie," Carpenter replied. "It's not that far off axis."

Jordan held his position and Carpenter's headquarters elements moved up. Carpenter issued orders for the hunt deployment: Jordan's platoon was to sweep diagonally down the far side of the ridge they now



On Army's 1959 team, Lonesome End Carpenter stayed out of huddles, receiving signals later from quarterback. At right he wears uniform of cadet captain.

First Sergeant Sabalauski, Captain Carpenter, his two radio operators and the two headquarters medics. Behind them trailed the Third and Fourth Platoons.

"Almost as soon as we started moving we could hear Charlie," says Carpenter. "So I split my platoons on different axes—saturation patrols in a checkerboard pattern, hoping to make a contact."

A narrow trail into a draw took them down into a creek bed. High bamboo thicket sprouted on both sides. The First Platoon was already crossing the stream and starting up the other side when a young North Vietnamese soldier, wearing a light khaki uniform with round floppy hat and a large pack made from a five-gallon can strapped on his back, walked nonchalantly out of the thicket and into the creek. He looked into Lieutenant Jordan's eyes directly. Jordan gestured for him to surrender. The Vietnamese turned to run.

"Old Jordan just gunned him down," says Carpenter.

"From all the equipment and stuff he was carrying, he was apparently a doctor, or a lab technician," Sabalauski thinks. While Sabalauski was going through the victim's pockets, three more Charlies appeared out of the bush.

The Vietnamese interpreter assigned to the company screamed warning. Sabalauski whirled. "There are three guys standin' there, one of 'em with an AK-47 automatic rifle still slung over his shoulder," he says. Sabalauski chambered a round (because of accidents, Carpenter requires his nonlead troops to carry chambered rounds only when attack seems imminent) and opened fire, killing the gunman and wounding one of the others. The wounded man and his friend took off, leaving a trail of blood.



'The Top acted like it was a Sunday picnic'

stood atop. Lieutenant Jim Baker's Third Platoon was to move up the finger if a heavy fire fight developed and to come in on Jordan's left flank. Lt. Brian Robbins' Fourth Platoon was to move straight ahead and come up on Jordan's right flank, or rear. Orders cleared, the units began to move out in as much silence as possible.

At 1400 hours Carpenter's element was about 15 or 20 meters behind Jordan's platoon. "We were really pushing," says Carpenter, and along the way the company took a couple more heat cases. "We had to get through to that blocking position before dark. And we had a long way still to go."

Lieutenant Baker's platoon had not yet moved at all and Jordan's had gone no more than 200 meters, Carpenter relates, "when old Jordan saw this clod in a khaki uniform heading for the creek below us with a roll of toilet paper in his hand." Down in the creek three or four more North Vietnamese soldiers were washing clothes, bathing, or deployed in what Carpenter describes as "otherwise administrative postures." All of them died quite suddenly. "In that first minute and a half," Captain Carpenter goes on, "all the firing was ours."

"When the enemy realized it was the U.S. shooting at them—and not skitterish people of their own—the fire began to come back," Carpenter continues. "There were a few single shots at first, then an AK-47 burst. Then a couple of AKs. A few rifle grenades. And pretty soon the whole hillside was a mass of fire."

"In maybe seven, eight minutes," Sabalauski recalls, "it had built up to a solid wall of lead." Carpenter's interpretation: "Apparently, we caught them napping, and it just took them some time to get to their positions. As each man got to his place, he'd open up—and so it built."

Carpenter goes on: "I called Baker and told him to move. By this time the fire was really crackling, cutting down big paths of bamboo. Hell, you could pinpoint their machine gun positions just by looking at the line of bamboo falling. It was falling like a guy with a knife cutting down straw. They couldn't seem to get their fire down at first. It was going over our heads. But as their fire built up all around, it grew especially hot around the right flank." Lieutenant Robbins' Fourth Platoon went straight ahead, as directed, moving in a direction that would cross the draw near its high ground "Y," where the draw was shallowest.

"I don't imagine he went more than 150 meters before he was pinned down," Carpenter says. "We could hear what he was getting: that deep, heavy cough of a couple of .50-caliber machine guns. He was really pinned. Those .50s kick up clods of dirt as big as steel helmets." The firing on Baker was from no more than 100 meters away, on the ridge ahead of them across the draw they had hoped to cross.

Lieutenant Baker's platoon sergeant came on the radio. "We're being pinned down by fire from the left," he reported. "We're getting grenades from lower ground." At that point, the Third Platoon radio went dead. With the lieutenant already out

of action, a grenade had exploded in the sergeant's face, torn off his lower jaw, broken both legs, severing one almost completely. His body, along with that of another trooper who had bent over his fallen sergeant to administer aid, was found later only a few feet from the enemy machine gun emplacements.

After a few more minutes of the withering fire, another trooper from the Third Platoon came up on the radio: the platoon, as near as he could figure, was wiped out. He thought he was the only man left alive. In fact, although Carpenter did not and could not know it at the time, the Third Platoon had suffered only three dead and 16 wounded. Nine men remained unharmed. But the nine were scattered and, for all practical purposes, the platoon was finished as a fighting unit.

Lieutenant Robbins' Fourth Platoon was just as solidly pinned down—out of the action, unable to move. When it was over, Robbins had some 14 men left unwounded—but miraculously he had lost no dead.

Jordan's First Platoon now fell back into a rough half-moon, around Carpenter's headquarters element. "Jordan himself was lying about three feet from me," Carpenter continues. "That's how tight we had gotten. And we were all as flat as we could get."

The only one who wasn't lying down was the Top, First Sergeant Sabalauski. "He was strolling around like it was a Sunday picnic," Carpenter says with a grin, "shouting nothing much printable."

It had been maybe 20 minutes like this—"I can't say for sure. You lose track, and time goes so fast out there. But we couldn't move. We couldn't move our wounded. And the volume of fire was as heavy as it ever was. Two platoons were completely out of it."

Carpenter's own element wasn't doing too well: both his medics had been hit, one of his radio operators was dead. His artillery forward observer was shot in the leg.

"It was terrific—just terrific," says Sabalauski. "And the terrain, with all that bamboo, was so thick you couldn't get out of the line of fire. To pull back—suicide. You can't pull back and shoot too. You can't be ducking and throwing your roundhouse at the same time. Then they started lobbing grenades—and when you start lobbing grenades, you're pretty damn close."

"We could see the Charlies coming at us now," Carpenter goes on. The cries for "medic" were constant—but five of the company's six medics had been hit.

"I don't really think there was a thought process involved. My artillery forward observer was flat on his back, his leg propped up against a tree to try to slow the bleeding. He was trying to direct our artillery by the sound of the exploding shells."

Carpenter broke off the narrative and thought for a moment about the terrible decision he had had to make. Then he went on: "If I'd known the strike was going to be carrying napalm, and if I'd thought about it, I don't know—I just can't say—if I'd still have done it."

Whatever mechanism triggered the decision, Carpenter made it: "Lay it right on top of us," his voice crackled back through the Gunfighter's radio at Battalion Command Post. "We might as well take some of them with us."

"It was very terrifying," says Sabalauski with difficulty. "The men, jumping up in flames, running like madmen, on fire. Other men trying to put out the flames on them...."

Seven men of Charlie Company were burned by the strike, including First Sergeant Sabalauski, whose right hand is a mass

'If he hadn't called the strike, we all woulda had it'

of running burn sores, the nails cracked and raw, but who still insists, bandage and all, on shaking hands with his right. The grip is as firm as ever. Two of the burn cases, says Carpenter, are serious: hospital reports assure that they will live, but it may take as much as two years' hospitalization to bring them back.

Despite the cost, the men of Charlie Company seem to concur that Carpenter's decision to call the napalm down was the right one. Sabalauski echoes the feelings of his men: "If Captain Carpenter hadn't called in that air strike, we definitely woulda had it."

And one point is beyond any dispute: the napalm gave Charlie Company the breather it desperately needed. "Right after that napalm," says Carpenter, "enemy fire stopped completely for maybe 20 minutes." Says Sabalauski, "Those 20 minutes gave us the thing we needed most: time—time to reorganize, to build up a perimeter." His eyes brimming with tears, he adds, "If we'd have withdrew, we'da had to leave our wounded behind."

As afternoon waned, the company consolidated. The wounded were brought together in a level spot. Men sat cross-legged, mutely clutching holes in their sides, stretched out on the ground, their blood seeping in pools into the shattered bamboo and the red clay earth. The medics, clutching their own wounds, scrabbled like crabs, belly-down, still rendering aid to every man hit. Carpenter himself slithered among the wounded. "Don't worry, you're gonna be all right. We're gonna get you out as soon as we possibly can. We're all in front of you." Then, Sabalauski recalls, Carpenter addressed his battered company. "We're going to stand right here," he told them. "We're not going to back up one more inch."

"The men," Sabalauski goes on, choked with emotion, "the men—I never heard one man bitch or nothin'. They just stuck it out, gritted their teeth and kept on fightin'. Ya see, sir, we were in this together, to the last gosh damn man, sir." Sabalauski snuffled, wiping his nose with the back of his burned hand, biting his lower lip—this man who now fights his third war. He shakes his head and pays his men the highest tribute he knows: "They were professionals—that's the Airborne."

Night fell and the rains came. Sabalauski redistributed weapons, collected what C-rations he could find for the wounded, took the ponchos from the whole men, and tried to cover up the wounded. "It didn't do no good," he says. "They all got soakin' wet anyway." How big was the perimeter? Sabalauski shakes his head again. "It was so damn small, it was pitiful."

They did everything possible to get their wounded to safety. "We even managed to chop a landing zone and tried to sneak 'em out," Sabalauski says. They moved the wounded to the edge of the zone—one man was killed doing it—but each time a chopper drew in close, the North Vietnamese mortars drove it off, some of the rounds falling right on the very edge of the company's perimeter.

"With those weapons," says the Top, "we knew we were into a battalion at least." Even so, one guts-out crew of a 17th Aviation Group chopper managed to hover long enough to dump litters, water and badly needed medical supplies.

Three batteries of American 105-millimeters and a battery of 155-howitzers now wheeled on the enemy grouping. Smokey Bear flare ships orbited in the night sky, turning it to day with parachute candles. Puff the Magic Dragon—the converted C-47 with multiple Gatlings mounted, groaned its dreadful groan, spewing neon-tube streaks of brilliant tracers through the spattering rain. The enemy main force was held at bay that night while the troopers themselves drove off light, sporadically bursting automatic weapons probes throughout the night. Some of the American dead lay less than 60 yards outside the company perimeter but could not be reached. "I saw some Charlies trying to get into that area," Sabalauski recalls. "I guess they were looking for equipment and souvenirs. I killed three of them anyway."

Two a.m. and the battalion's Alpha company—redirected to get to the help of Carpenter's beleaguered men—finally linked up. "It was rainin' like hell, dark as hell, muddy, sloppy as hell," says Sabalauski. "They was slippin' all over the place—but they got to us. Christ, I was never so happy to see anyone in all my life."

Carpenter, who had been flat on the rain-soaked ground with the radio for some four hours, finally stood up.

"He shook like a leaf, trembling from stiffness and cold. He couldn't stop," says Sabalauski. "I made him a cup of tea—that was all I had after we policed up the food for the wounded. I had a kid take care of his chow, too—only actually there was no chow to take care of. After he shook like that, though, I made him get up every hour."

Dawn came. The two companies effectively became one, and dug in. A team went out to retrieve the dead. They got one body, but another man was killed in the effort.

So it went all the next two days and nights—each night with the rains petting harder. And no resupply. "We couldn't move," says Carpenter, "but by the same token our artillery held them at bay."

"Rain, slime, mud all the time, for three nights and two days," says Sabalauski. "The last day we were in there, we could hardly walk, with the mud. But we kept callin' artillery, and it seemed to be havin' the effect. When the shells would explode, we'd hack at the bamboo to make poles for our litters. When the shell noise was finished, we'd stop hackin'. We was afraid if they heard us cuttin' the litter poles, they'd figure we was tryin' to sneak out—which is what we were tryin'."

On the fourth morning, just before dawn, what remained of Charlie Company moved down its ridge, into the draw, and up the precipitous incline on the other side to a clear zone outside the enemy's effective field of fire. "The men with the leg wounds," Sabalauski goes on, "they saw their buddies strugglin' to carry 'em up in that gosh damn mud—and they got off their goddam litters and walked up the hill, wounds and all."

Chinook helicopters borrowed from the First Air Cavalry swooped in, lifted out the wounded 10 at a time. Incredibly, the toll was not nearly as bad as had originally been believed: out of the entire Charlie Company, that fourth morning, seven men were dead, 33 wounded and three men were missing—known dead, but still unreachable in the enemy's curtain of fire.

The next day, from Guam, B-52s lumbered over with criss-cross rectangular patterns of 750- and 1,000-pound bombs. The eastern flank of Dak Ta Kan River valley, in the area where Charlie Company's protracted fight had taken place, was laid bare.

In due course the Gunfighter started recommendations up

One last job - bring his dead back home



through the channels: a high medal for Sabalauski for his gallantry in the battle; and for Carpenter, for calling the air strike on that first, brutal afternoon, the Medal of Honor. Confirmation of these awards takes time. On the spot, Carpenter was given the Silver

After the battle, Carpenter and the men of Charlie Company still had a task as trying as enemy fire: to find and bring back the bodies of three comrades that

had been left behind in the withdrawal. Above, shrouded corpses are carried to a waiting helicopter. Below, Carpenter directs the search in the smashed bamboo.

Star. In addition, General William C. Westmoreland, who commands, all U.S. forces in Vietnam, personally requested that Carpenter now relinquish command of Charlie Company and assume the task of the commanding general's personal aide. Carpenter accepted his new assignment. But he would rather have stayed on in the field and fight, and he said so.

In the tent that he shares with the Top, Carpenter struggled for words at the prospect of going off to Saigon. "As much as anything else," he said painfully, "it's a matter of the affection I've come to feel for these kids. And him—the first sergeant—well, I love the old bastard."

Now only one more job remained for Carpenter and his company. After a brief rest at Brigade Command, he reassembled his men and took them back up on the ridge they'd fought to hold. This time, they owned it outright. "This brigade," said Carpenter, "has a reputation. We've never lost a dead man. And I'm not about to be the man who turns that reputation aside." So, on a blazing hot, death-stinking day, Carpenter and a recon element tramped the jungle all morning and well into the afternoon on a search that he felt was owed to his fallen comrades. And before he left, Carpenter had found his dead.



A miserable night —par for the course

Covering the Vietnam war is a dirty business at best, but sometimes all the irritants that go with the job seem to combine to make an assignment particularly miserable. That's what happened recently to Arthur Zich, a TIME-LIFE correspondent based in Hong Kong whose article on Captain Carpenter appears in this issue. Zich is an Air Force veteran who is fluent in both Japanese and Mandarin Chinese. He is also a veteran of the Vietnamese fighting, which he has been covering since last June. He sent us this cable from Saigon.



ARTHUR ZICH

Your query on Carpenter, via Tokyo and Saigon, finally reached me in Dak To, in thunderstorm which grounded choppers, preventing action till smorning. Found Carpenter in 100-degree, death-stinking jungle, stomping after three missing men. All three bodies black, bloated, one with half head blown off, were recovered. Managed frantic hour and half or so with dogtired but superbly patient Carpenter, only after acquiescing to adamant chaplain demanding I attend evening Mass with Carpenter at Charlie Company TAC C.P. on edge of bomb crater. Caught frantic night jeep ride over insecure dirt road on which V.C. mine killed one, wounded two, hours before. Chopped Kontumward through opaque fog, accidentally skirting blazing fan of artillery fire when pilot unapprised of. Begged CC-130 lift from cool-cat airman who informed me I smell bad, outrode stomach-turning thunderstorms to arrive Saigon past midnight curfew. Taxiless, walked estimated additional three miles before hitching ride on backa garbage truck (now I do smell bad). Have rash on neck from bamboo fleas. and haven't eaten since 5:30 a.m. There's nobody in the office and I just had to tell somebody. File upcoming soonest. End Zich

After Zich got some sleep we asked him to tell us more. He replied, "It's a new week. My head's above water now. Wish to disclaim any suggestion of personal heroics and point out that the difficulties I encountered covering Carpenter were par for the course for every newsman here. The heroes, after all, were Carpenter and the men of Charlie Company who stood and fought. But maybe the ones who have the hardest time out here are the wives of correspondents, whose husbands commute to war. Mine's great. She puts up with my endless war stories, runs the house, teaches English to 40 refugees, is learning Cantonese, makes her own clothes and cooks like Maxim's. Right now she's painting the dining room."

GEORGE P. HUNT, Managing Editor

Like It or Not, It's a Changed Europe
**De Gaulle's Bold
Power Play—
What It Does
To Us**

CLAUDIA CARDINALE

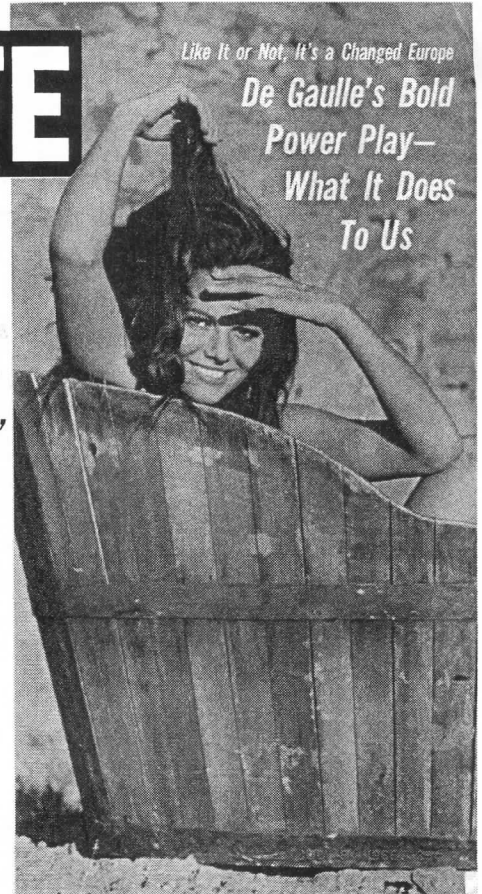
The Italian star
who doesn't want to be
Hollywoodized like Sophia

**'LAY IT RIGHT
ON TOP OF US'**

How Bill Carpenter
called down an air attack
on top of himself and
his trapped men in Vietnam

**TEXAS PART II—
FLAIR FOR
FLAMBOYANCE**

THE
FEMININE
EYE / *Shana Alexander*
writes on
**ACTORS IN
POLITICS**

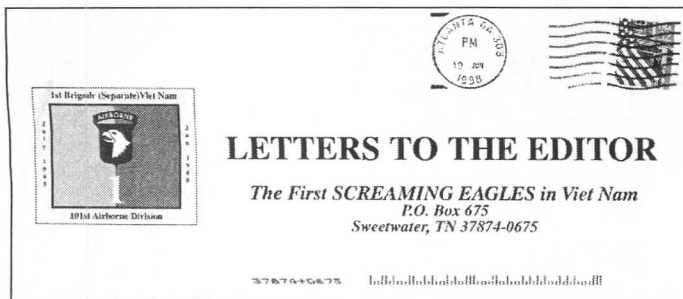


This story from LIFE is one of the best to be filed by the swarm of reporters the brigade attracted at Dak To. I do not recall Arthur Zich, probably because of the great volume of media representatives who got to Dak To anyway they could to cover the biggest news event in Viet Nam for that few days.

The C Company story had some interesting twists. When Battalion Commander LTC Hank Emerson (LTG(R) Henry E. (Hank) Emerson CO 2/502 65-66) broadcast the fact that he was going to recommend Captain Bill Carpenter (LTG(R) William S. Carpenter 2/502 C 66-67) for the Medal of Honor he began the public expectation of a goal that never reached fruition even though General William C. Westmoreland openly endorsed his effort. The recommendation for the Medal of Honor for Bill Carpenter was downgraded to the Distinguished Service Cross (DSC), next to the highest award for valor that can be given a soldier. Captain Carpenter and 1st Sergeant Walter Sabaulaski were awarded the DSC at the 1st Brigade Forward Headquarters by General Westmoreland.

The other finish to this story that began near Dak To was the fact that Captain Carpenter was asked by General Westmoreland to give up command of his rifle company and become his aide de camp. What captain could say no to the Commanding General of all forces in Viet Nam.

Ivan Worrell, Editor



**MESSAGES FROM THE
101stabndiv1stbrigade.com
WEB SITE GUEST BOOK**

TOMMY LOCASTRO, 2/327 A 66-67
NO LOCATION
silver82@bellsouth.net

Served in A Co. 2/327 1st BDE 1966/1967

MIKE GUERRA, 2/17 CAV A 65-68
239 Drake, San Antonio, TX 78204
W (210) 925-5966; H (210) 224-6234
Mr_War67@Hotmail.Com

Hi Ivan! Terrific site and to all 1st Bde Troopers, Airborne all the way. I served A troop 2/17 Cav from 4/67 to 1/68 like to hear from any Cav Trooper from that time, also B troop 2/17 Cav from 1/68 to 5/68 & 101MP's from 6/68 to 12/68.

ROBERT C. MEAGER, 2/327 B 6/66-1/67
7323 Staffordshire Ct, #2, Houston, TX 77030-5155
(713) 795-4667
rmeager@academicplanet.com

For those troopers who knew Lt. John Plese, B Company 2/327 1966-67. John died of Lung Cancer in 2000. I spoke to his wife and one of his daughters recently. He retired in 1984.

RICHARD PRESTON, 326 Med D 6/65-8/66
NO LOCATION
temaki2@comcast.net

326 Med BN Co D 1st Bde 6/65 to 8/66

+ PHIL DEBUHR, 1/327 A 2/67-2/68
16 Westshore Way, Buena Park, CA 90621
W (310) 323-5230; H(714) 736-5450
gobigred324@msn.com

Served with ABU Co 1/327 from Feb 67 to Feb 68. I really enjoy this website, a lot of great information.

+ BILL GUNTER, 2/502 B 1/67-5/67
27721 Falkirk, Mission Viejo, CA 92691
W (949) 360-2923; H (949) 364-1653
tailgunter@cox.net



I served with Co B, 2/502 Inf, 1st Bde (Strike Force, "The Widow Makers") during the period Jan 67 until wounded at Doc Pho on 18 May 67.



RAYMOND J. ZUGEL, 1/30 FA B 10/67-4/67
Fairfax Station, VA
rjzugel@cox.net



Served as Commander B/1/30 FA, later C/6/16 FA in general support of the Brigade from Oct '67 to March/April '67. Would like to hear from any members of the Brigade who remember any contribution of my battery during that time. Particularly interested in getting info on Bao Loc.



GERALD BURKE, unit & dates ??
Elizabethtown, KY
burkendeb@msn.com



Trying to locate some of my old army buddies. One in particular, Joel R. Woods. Please respond.



ART REID, 1/101 HHC 66-67
6744 Williams Road, Rome, NY 13440-2026
jreid@tweny.rr.com



1/101 Abn Div (Vietnam) 66-67. Looking for a buddy - SP4 Joe Evans 1/327 Tiger Force 66-67 (Vietnam). Last known address was Northern California. Thanks



+ PAUL M. SMITH, FAMILY(1/327 C 3/64-9/66)
422 W. Mountain Rd., West Simsbury, CT 06092-2915
W (860) 658-0019; H (860) 651-1797
tidmarshsmiths5@attbi.com



Reference: Horace Paul Smith was my Dad



Does anyone remember the 1964 Post Competition? I have a list of soldiers who participated. Co C, 1st Battalion, 327th - My dad, Horace "Paul" or "Limey" Smith from England served with the 101st until wounded in action 9 March 1966. As information, I have a "Pacific Stars & Stripes" paper from 14 August 1966 that he kept that has the story, "101st Marks Year of Hard-Fighting in Viet" by Lt. John H. Hensley. I will scan the story and mail to Mr. Worrell if he likes for his publication. SEE PAGE 26



+ JOHN M. VAUGHN III, ASSOC.
854 Hibiscus Street, Boca Raton, FL 33486-3540
(561) 395-6844
suvyankee1@aol.com



Anyone recall radioman Aldwin "Sparky" Ellis Jr.? He served in Co.A 2/502, until being killed in action 10/7/67. Would like details of his last firefight and copies of photos of him.



+ MIKE MARINELLI, 2/327 C 11/66-11/67
57 Nickerson St., Plymouth, MA 02360
(508) 759-4568
Mmmkaam@aol.com

Served with C/2/327 11/66 - 11/67. Wish I could find my brothers who spent this time of my life [our lives] that changed us forever!

KENN MURPHY, 2/502 RECON 65-67
W7566 22nd St. W, Necedah, WI 54646
(608) 565-7275
Email: Kennmurphy@tds.net

HHC 2/502 Recon April 66 to May 67. I hope this finds everyone well and in good health.

RON HARPER, 2/327 HQ 67-68
33 Harbor Oaks Dr., Fruitland Park, FL 34731-6430
W (407) 784-4248; H (407) 783-7188
argoron@cs.com

HHC 2/327th INF 1st Brigade Radio Operator (one zero romeo)

+ JIM GOULD, 2/502 HHC Recon 4/66-3/67
PO Box 1870, Hobe Sound, FL 33475-1870
(813) 980-0953
jghawk3@hotmail.com

I want to wish everyone a Happy New Year. Let's pray it will be a good one. I have been told its COLD up north, well it's not real hot in Florida BUT we do not have SNOW. If the snow and cold get to you why not think about coming to Florida the 1st weekend in May this year. Melbourne, Florida will be having the 16th Annual Vietnam Veterans Reunion. The reunion is held at Wickham Park, there is camping available, in fact the 101st Vietnam Veterans Association has a campsite, see their web page at:

www.angelfire.com/rebellion/101abndivvietvets/index.html

Also the InCountry Chapter of the National 101st Airborne Division Association will have a camp-site adjoining the 101st Vietnam Vets site. To check on the reunion go to the Florida Annual Reunion at their web site for information on dates, camping, lodging and so forth, see the web site at:

www.members.aol.com/FLVietVets/reunion.html

If you don't think we have a good time, think again. Check out Doc Smith's web site, he posted some photos from last year where some of us from the Recondos met for the first time since Nam. His site is at: www.combatmedics.net

LISA HENDRICKS, DALLAS, TX
lisa3@tangiblemktg.com

My name is Lisa Hendricks. My brother, STERLING CRAIG HENDRICKS, was KIA in Republic of South Vietnam - Khanh Duong 4/19/67. HHC, 1st Bn, 327th Inf, 1st Bde, 101 Airborne Div, APO 96347 Tiger Force. 30 October 1966 - 19 April 1967.

I am looking for anyone who knew him or anything about him. I have heard from some of you and so appreciate it. The search continues. Thank you all for your support.

GEORGE SANTAGUIDA, 2/327 12/67-12/68
El Paso, TX
saviour99@aol.com

2/327 "No Slack" Dec 67- Dec 68

BILLIE (WILD BILL HUDEK) TWO FEATHERS, 502 A 67
Northern Wisconsin
BTwoFeathers@msn.com

I am looking for information I had posted regarding Johnson (Big Tee) Minnitte. I lost my address book and would like to talk with his son. Big Tee, Lt. Reynolds and Boggs were killed in the ambush Dec. 27, 1967 in the highlands out of Phan Rang. I survived. We were with Co. A the "0'Duece." I would appreciate information as soon as possible.

BILL BERNARDINI (HOUDINI), 2/502 HHC 4/67-4/68
264 Highpointe Dr., North Augusta, SC 29842
(803) 827-0500
bcb585@pngusa.net

HHC 2/502 from Apr 67-Apr 68. Looking for: Herschel DeShields (PEE WEE), Bagby, Ray Aldrich

LARRY ROBINSON, 2/502 C 1/68 - 2/69
9217 Spruce Mountain Way, Las Vegas, NV 89134
(702) 242-0271
larryrobinsonsr@aol.com

Charlie Co 2/502 2nd Plt 1-68 thru 2-69. Want to hear from all of you! I see Capt Hayes often and would like to make a website for C/2/502, and a reunion. STRIKE FORCE!

+ TOM WALINSKI, 2/320 HHB&B 64-6/66
2707 Country Lane, Marietta, GA 30062-5740
W (770) 643-3123; H (770) 643-6810
perrytom14@aol.com

Ivan, Good to see the site. I'll be joining the group. Tom Walinski, Marietta, GA. HHB & "B" 2/320th Arty 64-66, Eltinge Elite 101st 61-67, HHB 2/319th, 82nd 67-68

+ JOHN (SCARFACE) CRAWFORD, 2/327 HHC 4/66-4/68
1406 Hillcrest Avenue, Glendale, CA 91202-1506
W (714) 606-0863; H (818) 545-9464
crawford481967@earthlink.net

Assigned to HHC / 2 / 327th Infantry 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, April 1967 to April 1968. "NO SLACK" was our motto.

PAUL GRIMES, 2/502 HHC S-4 12/66-7/67
2 Arnold Way, Verona, NJ 07044
W (212) 318-2218; H (973) 239-8396
pgrimes@bloomberg.net

Hey, guys. Just wondering if you guys have reflected or had "flashbacks" every Christmas since your return, of your Christmas(°) away from home. I always remember my one, Christmas '66 in Kontum. We had a 24 hr. stand-down each, for Christmas and New Years! Because we were so far North, instead of Bob Hope (GOD bless him for all he did over the years for "the troops") they had a girl in a pink negligee fly over the base camp in a chopper to tease us. When she finally landed she "danced" for us on a flat bed truck for about 45 minutes, then (I think) returned back to "civilization." After that I remember they provided a couple of beers each and we kinda relaxed to celebrate the precious holiday. I still have a picture of the little decorated Christmas tree my mother had sent me. I had it setup outside my hootch in the S-4 area. NOW since I wasn't that old this WAS my first Christmas without my family, let alone being 10,000 miles from home. WITH THAT, I am still grateful for the opportunity to spend one of the holiest of our holidays with such a GREAT, diverse, honorable group of guys!!!! I remember that Christmas EVERY YEAR as I realize how blessed I am with my health and family. AND...I remember you guys and I HOPE you have similar memories and feelings, some 36 years later. I wish each of my "brother" Screaming Eagles a JOY-FILLED, PEACEFUL CHRISTMAS and a healthy, prosperous NEW YEAR. GOD bless ALL the veterans AND, ESPECIALLY, those troops scattered across the world today, defending our precious freedom!! All the best and AIRBORNE!!!!!!

Editor's Note: Paul's girl in a pink negligee story sounds interesting. I do not remember getting a news flash out on that story.

+ COE, CPT JOHN R. JR., 2/502 HHC 11/67-9/68
3020 17th Ave. Ct. NW #C, Gig Harbor, WA 98335-8822
(253) 858-4785
jrco66@bigfoot.com
Homepage Rodgers, Walter D. (Pseud)
Homepage URL: <http://Trafford.com>

I served in 1/101 just as the Division (boo, hiss) closed on it and ruined it.

GARY E. HILLYER, 2/502 66-67
NO LOCATION
lrrp101@excite.com

2/502 Recondo's Vietnam 66'- 67' 1st Section- 1st.squad

+ JIM BRINKER, 2/502 E 12/69-11/70
10 Luther Lane, Dudley, MA 01571
W (508) 856-6245; H (508) 943-6936
brinker101@charter.net

To All Strike Force Guys RVN 65-72: If you want your name on 2/502 list please send it to one of us Jungle Jims. Especially you lost Recondos

+ JIM GOULD, 2/502 HHC Recon 4/66-3/67
PO Box 1870, Hobe Sound, FL 33475-1870
(813) 980-0953
jghawk3@hotmail.com

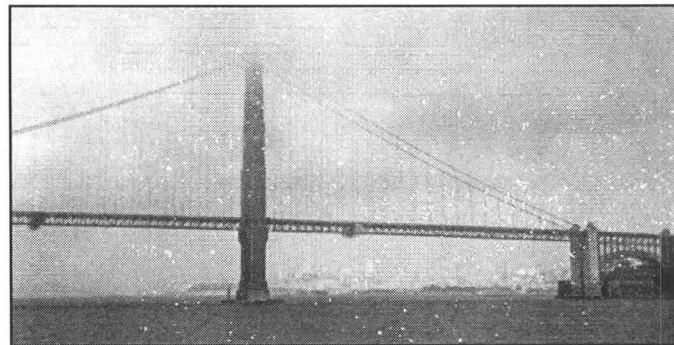


You Strike Force Troopers send me an update on you for the record. Name, address, phone, email, company and year. Brinker and I are putting together a list of names. The old list was lost so please help us, any person you have name and address of please send that to.

E-MAIL MESSAGES

Subject: Some Vietnam photos
+ ROBERT HUDSON, 2/327 C & HHC 8/64-7/66
5221 NW 119th St., Gainesville, FL 32653
W: (352) 337-8590; H (352) 332-6373
hud101@bellsouth.net

Ivan, I was a Platoon Leader in C/2/327 and went over on the Eltinge. Thought you might like to have the attached three photos.



One is our last view of the Golden Gate Bridge when the 1st Brigade was leaving on the Gen. Leroy Eltinge for Vietnam.



One is of resupply at sea on the way to Vietnam on the Eltinge. I believe the guy on the left was Lt. Dave Lloyd, heavy mortar platoon leader.



One is the C Company officers, 2/327, that went over on the boat. Left to right are: Cpt Swift Martin, Lt. Bob Hudson, Lt. Dave Rochelle, Lt. Jerry Andrews. The photo was taken near An Khe. Feel free to use them if you wish. Thanks for your great publication.

Menu for Christmas 66
+ BRIEN RICHARDS, 2/502 HHC 9/66-9/67
P.O. Box 6801, Kingman, AZ 86402; (928) 753-1747
brich@route66web.com

Ivan, I got a good laugh out of the menu for Christmas Dinner, 1966. The Recondo Platoon moved out from Kontum about 0600 hours Christmas Day on a mission. We returned after 1900 that same day. Prior to our return, we were told there would be a HOT Christmas dinner waiting for us. When we did get back, there was one spoon left in the mess tent and he was cleaning up. He told us to take a hike, the food was all gone. Captain Odum, our Platoon Leader, was not pleased, he had left a head count with the mess section prior to leaving out on the mission that day. After we threatened to cut some throats and burn the tent down, someone in the mess section broke out "C" Ration cans of "Boned Turkey" and "Turkey Loaf." Well needless to say no one was real happy with that since the cook who was in the tent told us how everyone had 2nd's, 3rd's and 4th's of REAL turkey and all the trimmings. This was nothing new. That Thanksgiving, (1966), the one where LBJ, promised that "All troops in Vietnam would have a hot turkey dinner for Thanksgiving." We got ours, on a hill top in the middle of a monsoon downpour! Most of us dumped ours out for as soon as they opened the mermac cans, the water diluted everything, the potatoes, gravy and such. SO we ate LRRP rations. Yeah, I remember the GREAT Christmas dinner we had in 1966. The O'Duce nearly lost their mess section that day! We got used to that kind of treatment in Recondos. The jerks that washed out of our unit usually went back and became spoons. They were no better at that than they were at combat.

Thank you for the memories though. I got a real chuckle out of the menu! For a minute, I thought it was from the Officers mess. The poems were great. The picture of THE SERGEANT MAJOR, THE ONLY SERGEANT MAJOR! (read Sab), was very good. I knew him as a soldiers soldier. We used to say, he was bad enough to walk point with a red shirt and a mess kit knife. And we were serious. The other items were also of interest. Your publication is top notch! Thank you. Sorry if I sound like the south end of a north bound horse, but that menu just brought that day home like a ton of bricks. I think we raided the supply tent that night for our own "C"s and ate what we wanted! Br

Editor's Note: For clarification, a "spoon" is one who is assigned to the mess (food service) section.

BOB CLIFFORD, 2/502 1/67-12/67
13141 Foster Ct., Carmel, IN 46032
BobC@rlturner.com

I just found your web site. Hopefully, you are doing well and your membership is growing. Seems like just yesterday not 35 years ago that I had the privilege of serving with the 2/502 as a platoon leader and XO of "C" Company. I served under the Commands of Captain Steve Silvasy and Captain "Corky" Godbolt. I arrived "in country" in January of 1967 and was given an early return to the states in time for Christmas in late December of 1967. I was the platoon leader of both the 2nd and 4th platoons for a period of some nine months. BG Matheson was the CG of the Brigade and LTC Dietrich was the Bn. Co. when I arrived. I was assigned to C



Co. because they were very short on LT's. Then we were LT's Dave Blodgett, Marty Tovar and Clarence Long. I traded my newly won "Green Beret" for a helmet and thanked God for my training in "unconventional warfare" which I had just completed. I led some of the finest soldiers we ever put in uniform. I remain damn proud to have known and served with such men.

I am sending you a check to become a subscriber and will forward you by separate copy a request and check for sale items.

CHARLES R. HARPER, 2/327 HQ 67-68
33 Harbor Oaks Dr., Fruitland Park, FL 34731
ARGORON@cs.com

My name is Ron Harper. I was with HHC, 2/327th Inf from Aug 67 to Jun 68. I was a Radio Operator. Better known on the Radio as "One Zero Romeo." Just thought I'd check in with you in case their have been any inquiries. I lost three good radio operator friends over there, James Arms, Gregory Harper (no relation), and James Webb. Also have made contact with an old "motor pool" friend, Don Friend a couple of years ago. Just for the record, my legal name is Charles R. Harper, but everyone knew me as "Ron." Looking forward to hearing from you.

Subject: Need info on SP4 Edgar BOWIE Lueallen KIA 4/16/66
TUY HOA (?)
+ JOHN R. MCDONALD, 1/327 C 1/64-7/68
3010 Caldwell Road, Condo 205, Ashland City, TN 37015-3948
Russ327@aol.com

Looking for any one who knew Sp4 Edgar "Bowie" Lueallen KIA 16 April 1966 probably at Tuy Hoa. I am communicating with a close family friend who is now in Kosova and would like to know more about him. If you knew him or know anything about how or when he was killed get in touch with me at Russ McDonald <Russ327@aol.com>.

His grave marker says 1/327 but Dave Cook thinks he was 2/327 he is buried in Alabama.

Editor's note: Edgar B. Lueallen served as a Sp4 in C Company 2/327. His Middle Initial is listed as "D" on the DOD casualty list and "B" on the Fort Campbell AG casualty list. He was "Killed Outright" on the date shown in the original letter from Russ.

Subject: Looking for old unit orders
+ SGM(R) HENRY B. MORTON, 1/327 HHC 3/65-2/66
1325 Hoopes Ave., Apt. 4, Idaho Falls, ID 83404
(208) 525-8357
sigmotat@ida.net

Hello and Happy New Year to All Troopers. I am seeking the HHC 1/327 or Bde Orders that awarded the Combat Medical Badge to the medics of the Medical Platoon, 1/327, who left Campbell and through the first year of 65-66, of which I was one. If any one has a copy, I would be appreciative of a copy. I can be reached right here. ABOVE THE REST. Thank You, Be Safe, Enjoy Life, Live Long, and Prosper, and Good-By

Henry B. Morton, SGM (Ret) Medic, 1-B-1/327 65-66

Subject: RE: Latest edition of The Always First Brigade
+ BRIEN RICHARDS, 2/502 HHC 9/66-9/67
P.O Box 6801, Kingman, AZ 86402
(928) 753-1747
brich@route66web.com

Ivan, again, an outstanding job! Thank you. I have some corrections to make reference the Recondo Platoon photo. The Black E-6, seated front row, 2nd from left is SSG Jordan. Second row, seated 3rd from left is SGT Tallman (KIA). The Balding E-6 sitting next to Jordan maybe SSG Easterling, KIA, 21 April 67. I am waiting for Terry Stanosheck to confirm that one, they got to the unit about the same time. The picture of Tovar on page 20, the guy behind him is SGT Tallman, KIA in the Kontum AO. I remember SSG Mills, he was ugly. He had been a spoon most of his career so he wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer when it came to Infantry stuff. He could act bad, but like most spoons do in the chow line. Other than that, he was ok. He was WIA 11 July 67. I don't know if he made it. Never saw him again. Got a call from Woodruff, (after 35 years!!), Back row, 11th from left. He lives in FL, Fire Fighter with Dade County. I have his email address and phone. He said to use it so we shall! He welcomes calls from those of us who served together. His email address: woodybioya@earthlink.net phone #407-654-7541. Woody was a hard core warrior and a damn fine Recondo! We are gaining on the list little by little! Thank you sir, our numbers are growing. Rich

Editor's Note: See page 26 January 2003 Issue

Subject: Thanks for the write up
+ GLENN C. HOPPERT, 2/502 A 6/66-6/67
195 Thoreau Drive, Shelton, CT 06484-1637
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Nnglenn@aol.com

I would just like to respond to your recent article (Jan. 03 Page 21) about my award as a Distinguished Member of the Regiment (DMOR, 502nd). This is the speech I gave at the presentation in Arlington:

It is certainly an honor to receive this recognition.

It is an honor for me just to have been associated with and served in combat with the men of the 502nd.

It has also been an honor to have known men who have served in the 502nd through its rich history. Men like: Skylar Jackson and Bob O'Connell whose names are engraved on the rear of this monument. Men like Bob Jones who have kept the 502nd a strong organization.

But it is the men that I served with in Vietnam that I especially hold in high esteem. Men like: Mike McFadden my commanding officer, whom I will thank personally for recommending me for this distinction. I will force myself to visit Mike this winter at his home in Pebble Beach, California and thank him.

Joe Trimble my platoon leader, who always knew where we were and called in artillery many times to pull us out of tough spots.

Both Mike and Joe did two tours in Vietnam, one with the 101st and one with Special Forces.



I recently saw Joe Trimble on the History Channel, you know you are getting old when your friends show up on the History Channel. I think I also saw Dick Schonberger, too.



Men like: William Crumpton, Jack Tamuelvich, Oscar Jury, Ed Reddin, all members of second platoon "A" Company. Men like Pagget and Bellach and Kelley. Members of second platoon "A" Company whose names are engraved in a different monument just across the bridge.



If it had not been for the bravery and intelligence of these men, I would not be here today.



I see many of my friends here today from Baltimore, Pennsylvania, and Ocean City, Maryland. And I see many of my friends from the Metropolitan Police Department, thanks for coming.



And I can't forget members of my family that are here today.



And lastly I'd like to thank my friends from the National Capital Area Chapter for their hospitality and warm welcome here today.



Thanks Dick Schonberger, Past President, 101st Airborne Association for making me part of your program today.



Strike Force



I would like to add that William Crumpton was my closest friend during my tour in Vietnam. We were a real team on point as Mike McFadden described. I can't tell you how many times we made contact while on point but it got to be that the guys in the platoon didn't want to see us take point because they knew we would run into something.



Through the efforts of Mike McFadden he contacted Crumpton a few years ago and I flew to Birmingham to see him. I first met my platoon leader, Joe Trimble and we both went to see Crumpton. It seems that Crumpton had a run of bad luck. He returned home from the Nam went into the 82nd and then went home and became a Fireman. In 1991 he was diagnosed with a brain tumor and began having real problems. He was operated on and lost most of his memory. He was put into a VA Hospital where he accidentally set his bed on fire while smoking and seriously injured his leg which was later amputated. When I finally got to see my old friend he was in a wheel chair and couldn't remember our experiences together. Crumpton died two months after my visit.



To those of you thinking about looking up an old buddy, don't wait, don't think about it, do it now.



Glenn Hoppert, A/2/502 66-67



Subject: Chaplain's Assistant Spc. 4 Michael Smith
+ CHAP JAMES L. BURNHAM, BDE HHC 7/67-7/68
1205 Rosewood Court, Williamston, SC 29697-9360
W (706) 694-8321; H (864) 847-1680
Bur669@cs.com



Do you have access to Bde rosters for fall winter 1967-68? I need a ssn for Smitty. I've been unable to locate him all these years. He would have to have a name like Smith. He would have been a rifleman by mos, 11b?



Chap. Burnham

Editor's Note: I do not have a roster. I do have a Michael C. Smith, P. O. Box 85, Borger, TX 79008 [3/506] in my database. He should have arrived with the 3/506 in October of 1967. I have sent material to him but never had an answer.

Subject: Chaplain's Assistant Spc. 4 Michael Smith
From: Bur669@cs.com

Chaplain's assistants were assigned to Brigade, not Btn. He served as my asst. Feb or Mar thru July in PhanThiet, but was probably still assigned to Bde. Sure, publish it, maybe he'll answer. Thanks, Chappy

+ GREGORY FLOOR, 2/502 B 7/65-8/66
12726 Woodley Ave., Granada Hills, CA 91344
W (818) 988-1080; H (818) 368-4061
gregfloor@earthlink.net

To: Sgt. Harold C. Radley, B 2/502 7/65 - 7/66
jkrad@msn.com
CC: worrell@usit.net

Hello Sarg, Two weeks ago I received my first subscription of "The First Screaming Eagles in Viet Nam" and the memories are flooding back. I found your message on the "Letters to the Editor" page, and thought, "can it really be him." So many years, so many memories, and they are as clear as yesterday. I went to my old album and there you are (March '66) lying on a poncho in the jungle, writing a letter, scratching your chin. Other photos on the page include Sgt. Aragon, Melvin Brown, Stump, Mitkos, Phillips, Rodriguez, Sgt Lesceki, Sgt Enos, and our medic Nieto. There are others. I look different now, I guess we all do. "We were soldiers once, and young" couldn't be a more appropriate description of that time period. I don't want to burn up too much ink here, I just wanted to let you know that I made it. To say Hi. To let you know that I've never forgotten your leadership or the guys we both served with. In your message you wrote, "hardly a day goes by that I do not think of my tour in Vietnam, and the friends I made, and the ones I left behind." I know that I, and probably all of us are blessed/scarred in exactly the same way. I guess you settled in Fayetteville? I spent a year and a half in the Special Forces when I got back from Nam, and I know Fayetteville a little. Maybe we can share some stories. I got out in Oct '67 and went back to school. Married in '68, 3 beautiful children, same beautiful wife, no grand kids yet, and am enjoying life. That's enough for now. I hope you enjoyed receiving this, as I was happy to read your brief biography. Drop me a line.

Greg Floor
gregfloor@plaques.com
B 2/502, 7/65-7/66

+ CLAUDE A. FRISBIE, 1/327 A 7/66-2/68
175 Springton Rd., Glenmoore, PA 19343-1106
W (610) 363-0200; H (610) 942-3769
cfrisbie@westwhiteland.org



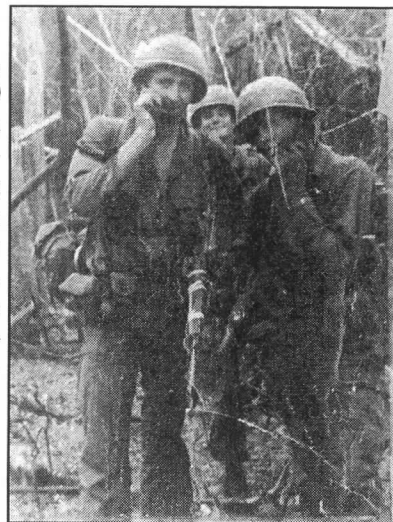
Good Morning Ivan, This weekend, I was re-reading past issues that I had ordered. In looking at Oct. 98 issue, on page 33 is a photo of an RTO filling canteen from a stream. I'm fairly certain that RTO is me. There weren't too many of us left handed RTO's in ABU 1/327. On page 36 is another photo by same photographer, Lt. Hensley. This photo was also of 3rd plt. ABU and the trooper in the photo is Lewis Lamana. Do you still have a contact address for John Hensley? I would very much like to get a copy of the original photo if possible. Thanks and have a great week. friz

Lieutenant Claude A. Frisbie
West Whiteland Twp Police Department
222 North Pottstown Pike
Exton, PA 19341
(610) 692-5100 Non-Emergencies
(610) 363-0200 Police Administration
(610) 363-6671 Fax

Editors Note: Thanks for the information! I appreciate your interest and participation. I do not have an address for John Hensley. Wish I did. He was a very productive and vital part of the brigade information effort.

FROM THE U. S. POSTAL SERVICE

+ JOHN BOEDDEKER,
1/327 B 9/66-9/67, 800
Ridge Pl, Falls Church, VA
22046-3630; (703) 237-
6837 sent the following
picture. From left to right:
PFC Boeddeker, PSG Ray
Utley, SP/4 Eugene Ford,
1st Plt. B Co. 1/327 - Phan
Thiet - February 1967 -
Boy was that a dry opera-
tion!!!



+ SFC(R) JOHN BURKE,
JR., 2/327 C 12/65-12/66, 11305 N. 51st St. Apt. G2, Tampa, FL
33617-2733; (813) 914-0781 sent the following letter and picture.

Here is a picture of me when I retired from the 82nd ABN DIV. I had three tours in VN -- the first C 2/327, the second F Co. 51st LRP, the third L Co. Rangers three month Plt Sgt D Co. 2/502. If you need a copy of my 214 I will send it to you.

P.S. I sent an article about LTC Wasco pertaining to SGT Carter DSC.



Editor's Note: Sorry I could not use the material mentioned in the P.S.

+ SGM(R) HENRY B. MORTON, 1/327 HHC 3/65-2/66
1325 Hoopes Ave., Apt. 4 Idaho Falls, ID 83404;
(208) 525-8357 along with his subscription renewal and order for

the new indoor/outdoor decal wrote: I am writing to ask your help in a matter of importance to me in squaring away aspects of my life, having now become alone due to and accident.

I was assigned to HHC 1/327 as a medic in Leo B. Smith's company. Our Platoon Sergeant was SSG Trout, a job I don't believe he ever wanted. I shipped out from Fort Campbell with the Brigade on the Eltinge, as assigned to LT Chuck Olyphant's Platoon, the First Platoon Bravo Company. I remained with them until shot six times on 6 Feb 66 at My Canh II. After that tour I went to 3/187, in fact in the same barracks, opposite end, same floor. In Qhin Ohn, my delivery of a baby became an Army Times event, holding the boot lace with Chuck Olyphant and Johnnie Johnson, Senior Airmen, another photo I wish I kept.

I am looking for a copy of the unit orders, most likely HHC, but could be Bravo, that awarded us medics the Combat Medical Badge, probably printed between my time there.

I was a SP4 when hit. Full name - Henry B. Morton - RA 19800837. I hope you can help. Maybe some out there has a set of these orders.

Editor's Note: I do not have the orders you are seeking. Hope one or more of our readers may contact you.

+ THOMAS "BEETLE" BAILEY, 2/502 RECON 7/67-6/68, 660 Light Ridge Rd., Meadows of Dan, VA 24120-4339; (276) 952-6141 along with his subscription renewal wrote: I have recently moved from Montana to Virginia. I have also been actively searching for fellow Recondo's from 67-68. I have located personally Will Wright, Jr., Dennis Wright, Dane McNabb, Rodney Griffin and a few others. My plan this summer is to find my "Slack Man" Olen C. Cook who was from Tennessee. I owe him my life. I have some pictures and a few war stories I would like to pass along. I absolutely love what you have done with THE DIPLOMAT & WARRIOR.

Editor's Note: I do not have Olen C. Cook in my database. Can anyone help?

+ ROBERT DICKSON, 2/320 FA B Btry 7/65-8/66, Box 203, New Hartford, IA 50660; (319) 983-2777 when becoming a new subscriber sent along this letter. I left Ft. Campbell on or about July 15, 1965. I was part of an advance party that went by C130s. I can't remember whether there was just one plane or more. We arrived at Cam Ranh Bay about two weeks before the Leroy Eltinge arrived with the rest of the troops. Cam Ranh Bay was just a dirt landing strip when I arrived. I became the assistant gunner on gun #3 (base piece) about half way thru my tour. "B" Battery got hit hard by the NVA about a week after I went back to Phan Rang to get ready to go home. Because of that I had to stay on a little longer until fresh replacements came in and finally went back to the states in August of 1966.

Some of the men I spent time with were Chuck Streeton, Raul (Joe) Cantu, Harold Buckner and Milton Jones. I still touch base with Buckner and Cantu. I always wondered what happened to Streeton and Jones.

The most unusual thing that happened to me over there happened to me the day I left Viet Nam to return home. As I was walking across the air strip to our plane there were a bunch of new troops coming in from the states and in that group was a guy I recognized from my hometown of West Orange, NJ. We said hi to one another

and kept on going. I always remember how pale they all looked coming in from the states.

Editor's Note: I do not have a Chuck Streeton nor Milton Jones in my database. Can anyone help?

+ J.C. STEWART, SFC, USA-RET, 41st ARTY E Atch 3/67-4/67, 10601 Sigma St., El Paso, TX 79924; (915) 821-1511 along with his renewal sent this note. Hope you and yours are well. Man, you definitely made my day with the most recent edition! Other than some pictures of the surrounding terrain at Khanh Doung, I really didn't have anything showing we were even briefly, as it were, with you all. Can't recall if we were 'OPCON' or 'attached' from FFV (Field Forces Vietnam). Do you recall? Anyway it sure made this old trooper proud! Along with including the several mentions of us in my collection, I hope you don't mind that I sent copies of the pages to my Gunner at the time - Tom Carlton in Bay Minette, AL, my daughter in Houston, my uncle in Madison, IN - a WWII 15th Army Airforce Vet flying out of S. Italy.

I had no idea there was anything written about us other than our other unit citations, etc.

Editor's Note: Article he is referring to is on page 17 of the JAN 2003 issue. Copy of the original DIPLOMAT AND WARRIOR, April 17, 1967 - Outdated Weapons Effectively Used For Close Support.

+ PAUL M. SMITH, FAMILY(1/327 C 3/64-9/66), 422 W. Mountain Rd., West Simsbury, CT 06092-2915; Home 860-651-1797; Fax 860-658-0019; Tidmarshsmiths5@attbl.com wrote:

RE: Pacific Stars & Stripes 14 August 1966 (see page 26)

Here is the copy of the article; the ones I e-mailed to you did not print very well on my end. As information, I am enclosing my subscription request as well.

My Dad was in the Army from September 1963 to September 1966 - he joined from England as he was a dual citizen since my Grandfather, Arthur M. Smith was in the Army Air Corp. in WWII stationed in England when my Dad was born. My Dad completed Airborne School at Ft. Benning and from there was sent to Ft. Campbell, Kentucky where he served with Co. C, 1st Battalion (Airborne), 327th Infantry. As most other soldiers in the unit, he was sent to Vietnam where he served until September 1966 (combat until March 9 when he was wounded and finished up his overseas duty in hospitals). He received two Purple Hearts for his wounds, however, he was very lucky as he got out alive.

My Dad was a great Father and he passed on March 23, 1992. He is buried in Greenville, South Carolina but his wish was to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery. We did not have the knowledge, nor the means at his burial (too emotionally distraught) to honor his wishes, however, I have since been in contact with Arlington National Cemetery and he is indeed eligible (no military funeral because of financial cutbacks by the Federal Government in 1992) and for a small sum of the difference between what his plot will sell for and the transfer of remains, he is indeed going home to Arlington where he belongs.

I hope that any other sons or daughters whose fathers desire to be buried in Arlington will plan ahead (we were too young and ill-prepared as his death was a huge tragedy as he was only 47 and in

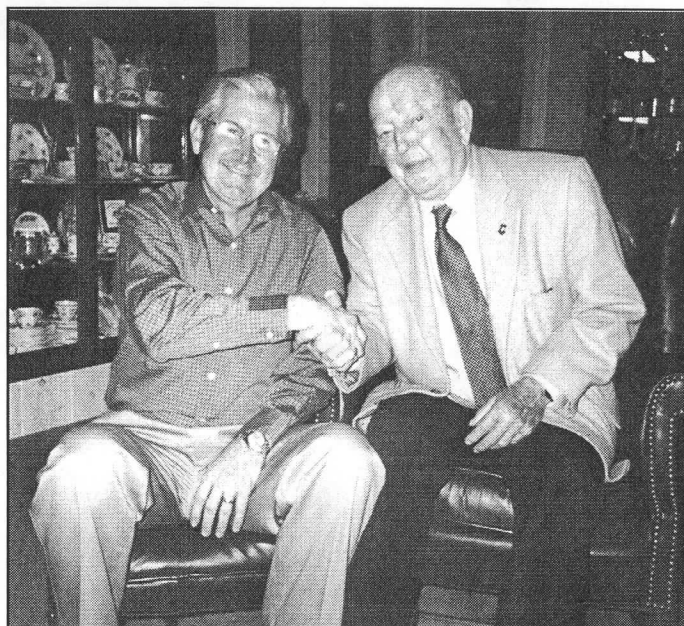


great health (6'0 and 175 lbs.) My mother does not wish to be buried there, so I am going to piggy back in his resting spot as I served as a Military Policeman in the US Army and more importantly, I love him and desire to be as near to him as I can. He did not speak of the War and always told us "kids" that he would tell us stories when we were "old enough" although I was 24 when he passed and he never told us any "war stories." I do not suppose he will whisper any stories to me in Arlington, however, I will sure be glad to tell him how much I miss him and wish he was able to know my three kids and his altogether nine Grandkids.

+ MIKE MCFADDEN, 2/502 A 6/66-6/67, 2864 Sloat Road, Pebble Beach, CA 93953-2627; (831) 375-7762 wrote: Enclosed are two pictures which I hope you will deem appropriate for the next publication.



As for the picture of "The Gunslinger" at Ft. Stewart post 66/67... Gen Matt brought it with him that evening. Has the balance to The Slinger's "warrior" side ever been more evident...and does it not show why the 502 loved him so much?



Glenn (2/502 A 6/66-6/67) and Donna Hoppert recently journeyed to Pebble Beach for the annual ATT Golf Tournament week. Glenn's birthday coincided with the visit and Gen (MG(R) S. H. Matheson, HHC CG 1/67-1/68) and Mrs. Matt joined us to celebrate. It was quite an experience to sit between an A/2/502 Point Man and the Bde Cmdr and listen as they shared perspectives on various operations. Needless to say, we all had a wonderful evening and Shelley thinks we should make it an annual event.

Keep up the good work. Your efforts are appreciated.

+ CSM(R) Ed Burkhalter 2/502 A 3/67-5/68 wrote:

I served as a platoon sergeant in A 2/502 in 67 - 68, 1SG B 1/506 3rd Brigade, 1SG L Co 75th Rangers 70 - 71, 101st Division.

As a platoon Sergeant in A 2/502 I had lost my platoon leader and didn't get a replacement for some time. LT James R. Peake joined the platoon from a re-supply chopper some where along the Son Bay River. A blond haired, blue eyed Airborne Ranger Lieutenant who looked 16 but had the guts of Audie Murphy. After serving tours as an infantry officer he attended medical school. Lieutenant General Peake is now the Surgeon General of the Army. We've stayed in touch over these 30 plus years.



CSM(R) Ed Burkhalter 2/502 A 3/67-5/68 served on the S-3 staff of the 1st Brigade.

[Signed] Ed Burkhalter, A Screaming Eagle.

Editor's note: I have contacted LTG Peake's office and mailed a letter to him. I hope to have more information about him in the July 03 magazine.

+ = CURRENT SUBSCRIBER



8th BIENNIAL REUNION, 1st BRIGADE (SEPARATE), 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION, 12 – 15 OCTOBER 2002, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

1. (L to R) LTC (R) Charles T. (Tom) Furgeson [2/327 A & HHC 5/66 – 5/67] and CSM (R) Joseph M. Bossi [2/327 HHC 6/66 – 7/67] pose for a photo outside the hospitality room. [Photo sent by Joe Bossi] **2.** Ben and Jerry, MG(R) Ben L. Harrison [10th Combat AVN 7/66 – 7/67] and COL (R) Jerry C. Scott [2/502 7/66-7/67] in the reunion hospitality room at the Radisson Hotel in Fort Worth solve some of the world's problems. [Worrell pix] **3.** Johnnie C. Lindsey [1/327 HHC 8/66 – 8/67] during a conversation while waiting for dinner at the Brigade Reunion. [Worrell pix] **4.** Gary J. and Joni Sauer [HHC AVN 66 – 67] at the reunion banquet. [Worrell pix] **5.** Reunion Chairman Kenneth V. Arnold III [HHC AVN 10/66 – 10/67] poses in the registration area in the lobby of the Radisson Hotel in downtown Fort Worth on October 12, 2002. [Worrell pix] **6.** Claire and Edward J. Dube [2/327 A 7/67 – 7/68] look for some relief from the cold wind at the Air Show. **7.** LTC(R) David B. Smith [2/320 FA A 11/65 – 5/66] and his wife Betty Ann at the Air Show. [Worrell pix]

The First Brigade DIPLOMAT AND WARRIOR

Published Weekly For The 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division

VOL. 1, No. 35

VIETNAM

JAN. 23, 1966



KONTUM — Paratroopers of the brigade cross a waist deep, swiftly flowing stream during Operation Pickett near Kontum. The Headquarters of the 2nd Battalion, 502nd (Airborne) Infantry crossed this stream in the mountainous jungles in search of the enemy. (US Army Photo by SSG Mike Mangiameli.)

Bde. Re-Up Tops In RVN

KONTUM — Besides having more time in the field than any other unit in Vietnam, the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division is also leading in the reenlistment field.

For the month of December the brigade had more reenlistments, percentage-wise, on the amount of men being discharged than all other units in country.

Eighty-three per cent of eligible Screaming Eagles re-upped. Out of 18 first term RA's, 13 elected to stay. Two of the three draftees scheduled to get

out went RA and 21 of 22 career soldiers are still in the brigade.

In total, 36 men reenlisted out of a possible 43 to give Staff Sergeants Robert Ellis and Warren Willman a 83.7 per cent effective rating. During November they were also the leaders with 76.9 per cent.

Sarah-George-The Count Have You Met The Snakes

By PFC Luis Callender

PHAN RANG — She's a gray and black, speckled, 45-pound female called Sarah. Then there's the Count, very regal looking and said to be only one of his kind for miles around. And don't forget George. He's so lazy, he sleeps for days. Sarah, George, and the Count all have one thing in common. They're all snakes—the "pets" of Staff Sergeant Kenneth Thibault.

The 24-year-old "Screaming Eagle" is the proud owner of what amounts to a small serpentarium—snake house—

and miniature zoo.

Thibault is the committee chief for general subjects taught to new replacements

at the famous "P" (Proficiency) School at the 1st Brigade's base camp in Phan
(Cont'd on p. 3, Col. 1)

Bitter Cold Of Kontum Presents New Enemy

By SSG Mike Mangiameli

KONTUM — At 6:30 p.m., a faint click sounds through the house, the signal for the evening news on television. The commentator begins, "today, in the hot steamy jungles of Vietnam..."

This popular, but overplayed description of Vietnam has no meaning for paratroopers of the brigade on Operation Pickett. In the rain forests north of Kontum, the "Screaming Eagles" fought an enemy uncommon in South Vietnam—a bitter, cold wind coupled with driving rains.

The 1st Battalion, 327th (Airborne) Infantry's Company A, and "Tiger Force," an elite reconnaissance platoon, made a heliborne assault in the hills about 25 miles north of Kontum. Throughout the helicopter ride the sun shone brilliantly and the warm wind swept through the open doors.

But as the helicopters neared the landing zone, hard winds blowing cold sheets of rain came through the valley and hills—winds that persisted more than 72 hours.

For three days and nights the paratroopers moved through thick jungles, soaked and shivering from the cold, in their relentless search for the communist forces.

The one bright note of the weather came during the

(Cont'd on p-3, Col. 2)

Artillery Assumes Duel Mission

KONTUM — Starting the new year off with a bang, B Battery, 1st Battalion, 30th Artillery, attached to the 2nd Battalion, 320th Artillery, took to the field. Their primary mission was to give fire support to the infantrymen of the 42nd Vietnamese Army Regiment and the 101st paratroopers in the hills of northern Kontum Province.

Upon reaching their position, they became aware of a nearby village. After observing the villagers, they put into action a secondary mission. Their plan was to lend a helping hand to the villagers.

A group led by Captain Raymond Zugal departed the artillery position carrying soap, candy, medical supplies, and other items donated by the men of the battery. Accompanying him was First Sergeant James Garner, Sergeant Jerry Givens, Specialist Four John Steward, and their interpreter Than Ha Hay.

Arriving at the village, they donated their gifts to the Montagnards and gave medical treatment to them.

When the party had completed their task, the village chief presented the Americans with a jug of rice wine to take back to the battery in token of his appreciation.

Once again the "Screaming Eagles" have demonstrated their ability to be "Diplomats" as well as "Warriors."

Bamboo Pole Canoe-Help

KONTUM — Private First Class David Fields from Monroe, La., a medic in the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, was under the impression that handling dugout canoes with a bamboo pole was easy — at least it looked easy when the Montagnards near Kontum navigated the nearby rivers.

But when the paratrooper got out in the middle of a swift moving stream he quickly found that the limber bamboo pole didn't react as he expected and he began to float downstream.

Two local Montagnards had been quietly observing his excursion and finally went to his rescue in their own dugouts — with broad grins on their faces.

PFC Fields quickly learned that there are some things, like eating rice with chopsticks and steering dugouts with bamboo poles, that should be left to those people experienced with them.

Correction

Last week's story 'NVA Mailman — No Can Do' should have read Company A, 2d Battalion, 327th Infantry. 'No Slack' troopers.

EDITORIAL

Opportunity Knocks

The biggest bargain in education today is the armed forces' education program. It gives almost any individual on active duty a chance to continue his formal academic education, regardless of his present educational level or duty location.

The program is one of the finest tools available to build a solid foundation for a career, either military or civilian.

What are you doing to take advantage of the program? Are you using your free time to earn your high school diploma or college credits?

Or, are you one of the many who have fallen prey to procrastination and talk about "enrolling in that course next month" or "starting that class next semester?"

The armed forces' education program affords the opportunity to further your education at a fraction of what it would cost as a civilian.

No matter where you are in the world, United States Armed Forces Institute (USAFI) courses are available. On-campus classes are available at colleges and universities near many military installations. High schools offer adult education during the evening hours, making it easier for you to get your high school diploma.

Just talking about the education program won't get you your high school diploma or earn college credits. An interview with your education officer, class enrollment, hard work and long hours of study can get you that diploma.

The opportunity is there. It's yours for the doing. (AFNB)

WARRIOR OF THE WEEK

KONTUM—Staff Sergeant Cleven Lloyd of Chicago, Illinois, a squad leader in A Company, 1st Battalion, 327th (Airborne) Infantry, was chosen the "Enlisted Warrior of the Week" for recent actions against the enemy near Kontum, Vietnam.



Tet Fine Time To Make Vietnamese Friends

Tet, the Vietnamese holiday of holidays, combines reverence for ancestors, celebration of the New Year and welcome to spring.

Tet, like Easter, is based on the lunar calendar. This year it comes February 9-12.

Tet is a fine time to make friends among the Vietnamese people, but a knowledge of what to expect and what is proper to do may save embarrassment.

The Vietnamese consider that a man's actions during Tet forecast his actions for the rest of the year. That makes it important to know what to do and what not to do.

The exchange of greetings and gifts is a part of the Tet observance just as it is for us at Christmas time. Appropriate cards are on sale. Greetings should arrive before Tet since any arriving later might be considered insincere.

Gifts to adults are not necessary, though a bouquet of red flowers would be appropriate for the wife of the family.

For children up to 15 years old, a Tet gift of special significance is a small sum of money in a small red envelope. The envelopes are usually available in shops.

Some gifts, such as medicines, vitamins, sharp objects, and anything not new, are taboo.

An appropriate greeting for the season is "Cung Chuc Tan Xuañ," "many wishes for the new Spring."

Tet brings many changes in normal activities. Everyone wants to start the New Year with new clothes so there will be a rush on tailor shops. As a result, Americans will find it takes longer to get tailoring done, and, if not urgently needed, should postpone tailoring until after the holiday.

Besides spending money for new clothes, the Vietnamese also buy food for special feasts, flowers, gifts, and other items. It's an expensive season for them.

By custom, Vietnamese workers expect to receive a Tet bonus. Following that custom, U.S. Forces will pay their Vietnamese employees a month's salary. Individuals should pay their employees a similar bonus.

The cost of services, transportation and tips, will increase during Tet to compensate those who are working while the rest of Vietnam is on a holiday.

Savings Bonds

UNIT	% PARTICIPATION
2/320	94.4%
Spt Bn	94.3%
1/327	92.4%
HHC Bde	90.6%
17 Cav	88.7%
2/327	87.7%
2/502	86.6%
326 Engr	83.7%
Bde Average	90.6%



SAVINGS BONDS — Activity is shown for the month of December. Units with 90% participation or higher automatically become eligible for award of the Minuteman Flag. The brigade is presently eligible to receive the Minuteman Flag. Only as long as 90% is maintained will the Minuteman Flag be flown.

Sales of U.S. Savings Bonds last year were \$4.9 billion, the highest annual sales in 10 years according to the Treasury Department.

At the same time, Series E sales in 1966 amounted to \$4.5 billion, the highest in 20 years. H Bond sales of \$410 million were four percent above 1965.

During December, E and H Bond sales represented a 12.8 percent increase over the \$329 million sold in the same month of 1965.

At the close of business in December last year, the cash value of Series E and H Bonds held by Americans set an all-time record high of \$50.2 billion.

Thank You, Men, For Being You

Note: Two beautiful young women, one Canadian, one Irish, have spent the past nine months touring the world in search of adventure. When they stopped in Vietnam for a 7 day stay they asked to see American soldiers in the field. For two and one half hours last Tuesday they talked and ate "C" rations with members of the 2nd Bn, 327th Inf. at their forward command post. The following letter is from the "adventurers."

Dear Men,

Words are so insufficient to express the beauty, excitement, reality and truth of an experience so human, all too many people would never understand.

After nine months of seeing the people of the world we can honestly say you are the most wonderful people we could ever hope to meet. Words of gratitude for the warm reception and the friendly atmosphere you created, in a place where hospitality was seemingly impossible, are just too unrealistic.

From two people, whose nations are not openly involved in this war we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks for giving us an experience which presented to us the all too powerful human aspect of the war ... you the American soldier.

Thank you, God Bless you and good luck,

Kären and Claire

PS: No Slack Thunderball

DIPLOMAT and WARRIOR

The DIPLOMAT and WARRIOR is an authorized weekly publication of and for the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division APO San Francisco 96347. It is printed in Saigon, RVN by Dong-Nam-A.

The opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the Department of Defense or any of the Service Departments. The Service News Departments, Armed Forces Press Service, Armed Forces News Bureau, and Army News and Photo Features augment local news.

- CG Brig. Gen. Willard Pearson
- IO Maj. Ivan G. Worrell
- OIC 1st Lt. Arthur Barnett
- EDITOR Sgt. Bob Barry

502d Trooper Sings Ballads For Visitor

KONTUM— He may be just another M-79 grenadier with C Company, 2nd Battalion, 502nd (Airborne) Infantry, but Specialist Four Glenn W. Whited is the only man in the brigade to have played his guitar for Army Chief of Staff General Harold Johnson.

Specialist Whited had his first contact with the guitar when his mother gave him one for Christmas in 1962. He taught himself solely from the lesson book included with the instrument.

Upon arriving in Vietnam, he brought a Vietnamese guitar and continued to play. During a battalion party in Dak To his singing came to the attention of the Battalion Commander Lieutenant Colonel Henry E. Emerson, who mentioned his talent to Brigadier General Willard Pearson, the brigade commander. When General Johnson visited the brigade last month, Whited was present

to play his guitar and sing three songs, two of which he composed himself. The songs he likes best are "Battle of Dak To," "The 502nd," and "The Long Wait is Over."

Whited is also a member of Charlie Company's "Hard Core Squad," a unit so named because of the outstanding combat record of its members, which is demonstrated by the many awards for valor that have been made to them.



KONTUM... HOPE IT HOLDS could be the thoughts of First Lieutenant Travis Crockett, Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 502nd (Airborne) Infantry, as he starts to cross a Montagnard footbridge. Many of these type bridges were found mountainous terrain north of Kontum during Operation Pickett. (US Army Photo by SSG Mike Mangiameli)

Cold...

(Cont'd from p-1, Col. 3)

early phase of the assault. The cold did not stop the leeches, but it did stun the snakes. One trooper sat on a 14-inch viper for 10 minutes before he noticed the deadly reptile.

As the man got up he noticed the snake and swiftly drew his machete and hacked its head off.

The cold-blooded snake was almost motionless because of the cool weather—a factor that may have saved the man's life.

Three days of maneuvering through the thick forests and hills brought the men to a new area drenched, not with rain, but with sunshine—a welcome change after searching "the hot steaming jungles of Vietnam."

Decision By SFC Saves Two Children

By 1st Lt. John Hensley

KONTUM— A suggestion by Sergeant First Class Paul Branson, first sergeant of the forward support element of the Support Battalion, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, saved the lives of two Montagnard children at Kontum recently.

The Sarasota, Florida native goes to the Minh Qui Hospital, near the "Screaming Eagles" command post, each day to do odd jobs. Last week it was mentioned to him that two children had a bad case of pneumonia and would soon die if oxygen was not made available. The hospital could not obtain the oxygen for the pupose.

The paratrooper sergeant offered the use of the bat-

alion's industrial oxygen, but no one knew whether it would work or not. They decided to try it for the children would soon die unless something was done. So, the nurses rigged an oxygen tent while Sergeant Branson went for the oxygen.

The improvised treatment worked. One child has almost fully recovered and the other has respond-

ed very well and is out of danger.

"We didn't know if this kind of oxygen would help or not," said the 101st sergeant, "but we had to take the chance."

Because of this chance the "Diplomats" of the 101st have helped to save another life for a growing country.

Snakes...

(Cont'd from P-1, Col. 3)

Rang.

The 101st paratrooper arrived in country with the brigade in July 1965. Then he decided he needed a hobby. "Something to keep me occupied," he explains. He decided that snakes were the thing.

He acquired his first serpent last July, a strapping ten-foot python. However his real drive to construct a serpentarium did not begin until late last September.

During one of his first aid classes at "P" School, Thibault was explaining all about snakes common to Vietnam, when one of the replacements said he would understand the instruction much better if he could actually see a few snakes. The rest of the class supported this view. Sergeant Thibault set out to expand his collection and utilize it as a training aid.

He immediately put out the word that he would accept all captured snakes. Thibault himself went out beating the bushes for "no shoulders."

He has everything from common bush snakes to the uncommon and regal looking python, with an even balance of both poisonous and non-poisonous snakes, totaling 22 in all. His "pets" are housed in a sprawling, galvanized hut and are displayed in either glass showcases or strong, well secured, chicken wire cages for the larger snakes.

Each new arrival to the 101st receives a thorough and comprehensive block of instruction on snakes from the reptile collector.

ROBRUCHA IN VIETNAM...

"YOU AND YOUR @###&&?# FRIENDLY GAME OF POKER WITH THE NATIVES."

NO. 11 AFNS

Honesty Pays Off Lost Money Helps

Kontum— In June and July of last year the brigade was operating near Dak To at the village of Duk Mot. During the operation, one of the paratroopers lost \$200.

A Montagnard villager found the money and turned it over to the area priest. The priest learned the 101st was now in Kontum and wrote a letter to the brigade chaplain, Father (Major) Francis Kovacic with the money enclosed.

Father Kovacic ran notices in the daily bulletins and tried other means of locating

the owner of the lost money, but no one claimed it. He then approached the 101st Civil Affairs Officer, Major Thomas F. Bligh. They decided to convert the money into piasters and return it to the priest for him to use in his parish.

The "Screaming Eagle" officers flew back to Dak To and presented the piasters to the French priest, whose parishioners didn't believe in the saying "finders-keepers," but did in "honesty is the best policy."

New Custom Laws You Need To Know

Congress has enacted broad legislation affecting the right of U. S. residents returning from overseas to bring with them articles of property acquired during their absence. Though a short summary of existing enactments cannot purport to cover all the detailed provisions of these laws, it may nevertheless provide an awareness of key provisions and alert interested personnel to seek more detailed guidance before stumbling blindly into customs and tax pitfalls upon their return to the States.

Alcohol and Tobacco

On March 1, 1966, a significant change to the laws governing importation of alcoholic beverages was effected.

While persons in the service of the U.S. returning permanently from extended overseas assignments many continue to import one wine gallon of alcoholic beverage, the following conditions must be met to qualify for such exemption:

The alcoholic beverages must accompany the employee or the member of his family making claim for free entry at the time the person arrives in the U.S. (and cannot, for example, be shipped as "hold baggage" or otherwise);

Each member of the employee's family must be 21 years of age or over to be eligible for the alcoholic beverage exemption (U.S. civilian or military personnel are exempt from the age requirement);

Three quarts of the one gallon must be distilled or otherwise manufactured and bottled in the U.S., Virgin Islands, American Samoa, or Guam.

There is no limitation on the number of cigarettes that may be imported for personal use. However, not more than 100 cigars are afforded tax-free importation.

Exemption from customs duty available to returning U.S. residents fall into two

categories, popularly referred to as the "official exemption" and the "tourist exemption." Availability of these exemptions depends on the combined factors of length of absence and classification of personnel involved.

Official Exemption

Congress has provided an "official exemption" according free entry for all the personal and household effects of any person in the service of the U.S. (military or civilian) who returns to the U.S. upon the termination of assignment to extended duty at a post or station U.S. territorial limits.

Those permanently returning under Government order at any time after leaving the U.S. for extended duty abroad of not less than 140 days (in other words, where such duty is terminated early by government orders back to the States); or

They are ordered by the Government from duty at one post abroad to duty at another foreign post, necessitating the return of their personal and household effects to the U.S.

However, a person in the service of the U.S. Government returning voluntarily on leave or for other personal reasons, before the termination of his assignment to extended duty abroad (with or without orders covering the return), is not entitled to the customs exemptions under this law.

This means, therefore, that persons returning to the U.S. on any type of leave (including emergency, ordinary, or "free" leave for those who voluntarily extend within Vietnam), prior to the termination of their tour are not eligible.



COLD MUCH WHO NEEDS A SWEATER

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Answer to Previous Puzzle

ACROSS

- 1-Cushion
- 4-Dim
- 9-Chart
- 12-Mohammedan leader
- 13-One borne
- 14-A state (abbr.)
- 15-Fined
- 17-Season of year
- 19-Avarice
- 21-Hole
- 22-Escape
- 24-Plunge
- 26-Swordsman's dummystakes
- 29-Ventilated
- 31-Republican party (init.)
- 33-Obscure
- 34-World organization (init.)
- 35-Openwork fabric
- 37-Dance step
- 39-Symbol for nickel
- 40-Allow
- 42-Armed conflict
- 44-"Ship of the desert"
- 46-Jag
- 48-Aeriform fluid
- 50-Boundary
- 51-Man's nickname
- 53-Take unlawfully
- 55-Cake mix
- 58-Commands
- 61-Native metal
- 62-Citrus fruit
- 64-King Arthur's lance
- 65-Prohibit
- 66-Transactions
- 67-Pigpen

- 3-Peril
- 4-Liberate
- 5-Helped
- 6-Cyprinoid fish
- 7-Recent
- 8-Journey
- 9-Entangled
- 10-Beverage
- 11-Equality
- 16-Color
- 18-Pinch
- 20-Excavate
- 22-Shortcoming
- 23-Seagoing vessel
- 25-Explosive noise
- 27-Fabric
- 28-Facial expression
- 30-Condensed moisture
- 32-Moccasin
- 36-Label

A	C	E	R	D	R	I	P	S	E	W
C	O	T	E	L	O	S	E	I	R	E
E	N	D	O	O	M	P	U	T		
T	E	F	R	O	M	P	A	C	A	
P	R	A	M	S	T	A	R	R	O	T
L	A	S	E	R	E	S	T	E	M	E
A	T	T	A	I	L	S	T	R	I	F
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P	A	T	A	P	E	S	A	R	C	A
A	S	H	P	O	R	E	T	I	E	R

- 38-Dinner course
- 41-Waver
- 43-Ethiopian title
- 45-Distance runners
- 47-Small child
- 49-Backless seat
- 52-Pinochle term
- 54-Sea eagles

- 55-Man's nickname
- 56-Macaw
- 57-Female ruff
- 59-Decay
- 60-Vessel's curved planing
- 63-Parent (colloq.)

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65				66						67

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THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM

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The editor and publisher reserves the right to edit all submissions for clarity and to meet space constraints. The editor and publisher has the right to refuse any article or advertisement that may, in his opinion, cause embarrassment to any veteran of the 1st Brigade (Separate), 101st Airborne Division. Deadlines for submissions are the first day of March, June, September and December.

This magazine is produced by and for veterans of the ALWAYS FIRST BRIGADE who served in the brigade from July 1965 through January 1968. The publication will chronicle the military history and accomplishments of veterans who served, as well as units that were assigned, attached or supported the brigade. The editor solicits material about the brigade for use in the magazine and for future publication in a book that will contain a comprehensive history of the brigade.

Another goal of the editor is to lead an initiative to place a monument, to honor members of the brigade, at the Wings of LIBERTY Military Museum at Fort Campbell, Kentucky (the museum will be located on the Tennessee side of Fort Campbell).

NEW 101st MONUMENT

Dedication October 31, 2002



The 101st Airborne Division Honor Guard dressed in uniforms of the wars the division has fought in stand by the new monument, at Fort Campbell, dedicated to all who serve and have served in the "Screaming Eagle" division. Photo furnished by Eddie Pissott Jr., Florida Gulf Coast Chapter.

2002 Holiday Greetings were received from:

LTC(R) Bliss W. "Zeke" Wilder and Edi
2/502 HHC 9/64-11/66

Douglas N. Field and Arline
2/327 B 4/66-12/67

Larry D. Anglin and Ionie
2/502 B 6/65-7/66

Peter S. Griffin and Brenda
2/502 A 9/64-6/66

SFC (R) J.C. Stewart and Tammy
41st ARTY E Atch 3/67-4/67

Johnny Velasquez and Lillan
2/502 B 66-68

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The following story about the prison raid near Tuy Hoa is by Charles A. McDonald [1/327 3/66 – 11/66] and is Chapter 11 of his book titled *IN THIS VALLEY, THERE ARE TIGERS*, which is now being reviewed by a publisher. The story is three parts and will conclude in the July 2003 issue.

Chapter 11

The Phu Yen Prison Raid (part two)

THE STARLIGHT SCOPE

The night was a mix of pyrotechnics and potential menace. While scanning for an unusual sound, I would freeze periodically, my hands cupped behind my ears, and rotate my upper body to focus reception on the particular sound. Gnats whined, and mosquitoes droned. It was not difficult to classify the sounds, because there was little wind. Changes in the normal sounds of the creatures of the night, or their vocalizations, or dead silence, were important to monitor because they foretold the intruding presence of others. I made a habit of enjoying the trilling, croaking song of frogs and toads. Once, I was briefly worried by the brief silence of the frogs. It was probably the other element arriving late and setting up for the night, not far from us. The frogs began to sing again. I smelled only the acid odor from our own bodies, and the sweet earthy scent of the wet grassland. I was responsible for this small, young platoon. I had to be prepared emotionally for anything to happen, ready to act and react.

The AN/PVS-1 starlight scope normally operated well off the given light of the stars, pale and small. At times, depending upon the phase of the moon, the scope worked much better than normal. Its main draw-back was its batteries, which didn't last very long. If illumination rounds were being fired anywhere in the distance, it worked beautifully.

To the west, about a mile away from my position, the night sky suddenly blossomed into an incandescent brightness. Flares drifted slowly down, lighting the valley in peaceful silver. I made good use of my Starlight scope, scanning the area. The visual acuity of the scope was very clear. The problem was that if I used the Starlight scope very long, I lost my night vision for some time. For awhile, I was on edge, having heard a deer bark in the distance. The NVA often communicated in the darkness in this way. I listened carefully for answering barks, meaning they knew we were here. Nothing. The same deer barked again. It was a real deer after-all. While my men rested, I spent nearly three hours evaluating the night sounds for danger, until fatigue crept in. With eyelids drooping, I changed the watch. The night passed uneventfully.

Sometime later, my internal clock, awoke me as usual. The moon had gone down and the night was growing pale. I silently moved around, making sure all my people were awake. It was still more night than day, but the stars were fading as the eastern sky grayed. Finally there was just the pale predawn. To the west, the sky and the mountains were still dark, mysterious. Before long, the first streaks of crimson shone, and the gray mountains loomed up out of the dark. I studied the landscape. We remained

alert and hidden in the tall grass until the sun came up. The chilly morning air was thick with the damp, lingering scent of night. We were silent, watching and listening.

Daylight came slowly. The few gray, low-layered stratus clouds in the sky to the east were outlined in orange on the side closest to the bright red sun, and on the bottom. I looked over at the quiet mountains, growing more dramatic now as the light grew stronger. The low clouds misted the mountain like a blanket, an obscuring shroud making visibility poor for anyone up there. They would feel safe.

The coolest part of the day is in the early morning hours just before daylight. Many species of animals are most active at this time. The early morning sounds were good, reassuring and normal. A few songbirds were starting to trill nearby and many more were flying high, indicating that there was little wind. The weather would be good.

We stood up from the damp ground, stretching our stiff muscles preparing to move. Suddenly, I saw and heard the startled and noisy alarm of some small birds, taking flight in the distance. I quickly motioned with one arm while verbally giving a warning to get down. I felt the initial burn of gall at the back of my throat. Then there was the Tiger Force, not too far from us, standing up, looking at us and ready to go. My instincts were good, but I felt worn out. Link-up was completed. Looking up at our destination, the ridge, I could see the morning sun had finally warmed the air above the mist-shrouded timbered ridge. The slow shudder and dance of the mist was thinning and disappearing.

Saturday, 24 September 1966. As we quickly moved toward the recon element, leaving the shadow of a dark green trail through the dew-covered grass, I looked all around to see if there were other, similar trails of dragged or bent vegetation leading away from us. Although dew will re-inflate dry stems to their original position, the taller the grass, the harder it is to stand back up, and this grass was tall.

Such trails would give a clear sign that we had been followed and watched. There were none. Our fatigue pants were sopping wet. There was one good sign so far--the heavy early morning dew indicated that we would have good weather and no rain. Our uniforms would soon dry, the dew would be burned off by the sun.

The first thing we had to do that day was to get through the minefield safely. We knew that there was still no means for a swift search and elimination of mines, but luckily, ahead of us was an attached three-man mine sweeping team, from Company "A," 326th Engineers. They would clear only a narrow path.

The minefield.

As we slowly made our way through the minefield, looking for any discoloration of the natural earth or vegetation, variations in the vegetation, small depressions in the ground, or any old disturbance of the earth, we had to remember all that we had learned during our training. We made a good visual inspection that could provide clues to where something was buried, but we were on our own as usual. Needless to say, whatever appeared to



be the most natural trail would be the most dangerous to us.

I listened carefully for the sharp metallic "thip" sound of a mine being activated by someone ahead or behind. To stay alive in this war, you had to depend more on your brains than brawn, and had to smell, see, listen and step light-footedly, or the Devil would come knocking. As every infantryman knows, it only takes a few pounds of pressure to set a mine off. Depending upon the type, it could take off the foot or leg.

In the case of the M16 "bounding mine," you hear the click when you step on it. When you remove your foot, the projectile bounces up into the air, where it explodes between waist and chest height. I had an eerie feeling, knowing that death lurked in this tranquil setting. The casualty-producing radius would be about 35 meters, but the mine could still hit you at 200 meters. Despite all the advances in minefield technology, we employed the time-honored method of probing in the soft ground with a bayonet and hands at a 45-degree angle, covering a one-meter front to clear a footpath through the field. The search was conducted by several men. Appearing calm and confident, but inwardly frightened, we walked through that invisible doorway, leaving the relative safety of the open fields. We entered into the mountain range, the home of the 95th NVA Infantry Regiment, and knew that once again we were in great danger.

The outpost.

At its start, the trail was vine-entangled and rock-studded, but it soon developed into a high-speed trail up the mountain that appeared to be well-traveled. We could see the skyline above, and thought ourselves to be near the top. I was surprised that it favored us with so much cover and concealment. On the way up, I had expected a warning shot to be fired at us at any time, alerting the NVA to our presence. However, there was only silence. It led me once again to think it was a trap, that the NVA had indeed targeted the commander with this story and had deployed a guide to show the way to an ambush. Another large battle would result. We had just barely recovered from the last one, at Dac To in Kontum province in June.

We stopped near the first outpost on the trail, our uniforms sweat-soaked, our thighs burning, to relieve our altitude-aggravated shortness of breath. Several men from the Tiger Force checked a cave out and found it empty. We then continued to move until we neared the second outpost, and stopped again. We could now see that the skyline had proved to be a false crest. Although we were close to the top, we still had a ways to go. The smells of woodsmoke and cooking hung in the air. A narrow scent trail of smoke coming down the trail had given its warning. The enemy was close.

Sgt. Christian G. Girard, one of my close friends in the Tiger Force, came back and told me exactly what was going on with the delays. He had once been a member of the 2nd Platoon at Dac To. We had just finished talking when our ears rang with the vibrant shock of a rifle report. It echoed across the quiet hills. Our heads all jerked up. Members of the recon element had found an NVA outpost occupied by several guards. One of the younger members of the Tiger Force had shot one of the guards. With the lives of prisoners at stake, the inexcusable bravura of



STARVING PRISONERS OF VIET CONG RESCUED BY U.S. 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION

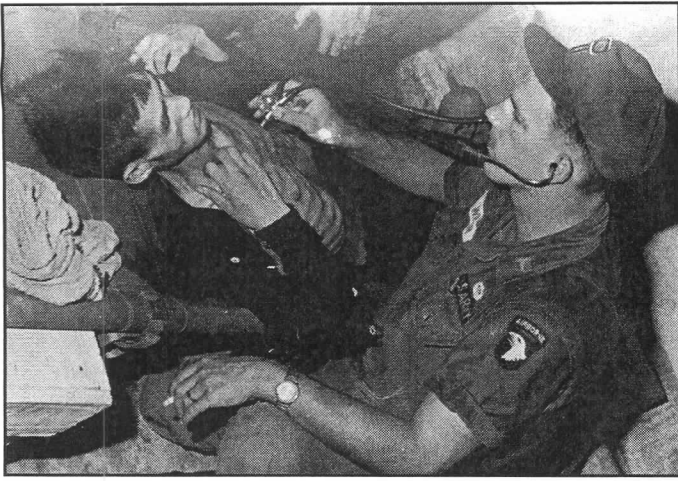
Mrs. Lam Thi Ao, 65, is reunited with one of her four sons, Private 1st Class Nguyen Thanh Hien, 25, member of the Regional Forces. She had been held a prisoner of the Viet Cong for more than a year. During that time some 70 other prisoners died of starvation and an additional 20, according to survivors, were beaten to death by the Viet Cong captors. Standing behind Mrs. Ao are her two grandsons, Nguyen Than Hoan, 3-years-old, at left, and Nguyen Thanh Hung, 4-years-old. Also shown is her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Le Thi Sam. Although ill and suffering from a severe infection caused by her mistreatment, Mrs. Ao received no medical attention during the year she was a prisoner.

25 September 1966
66-1530-B

an inexperienced young soldier was going to cost. That shot served as a warning, alerting the NVA. The decision was made to race toward the camp, still a good distance away. There was no deployment of our force. None was now possible. Still, we had to cover the distance as quickly as possible. We moved as fast as we dared, straight up the trail.

The reign of terror.

As the shadows lengthened and crept up the slopes, we reached the final crest, arriving at the prison camp late in the afternoon. We gained the top of the trail, disappeared into the trees, went a short way and stopped. The forest closed over us. The prison camp now lay before us.



TUY HOA, VIETNAM (101st -IO) – Battalion Surgeon, Captain Stephen Wilson, of the 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry, gives much needed medical attention to the tortured body of a Vietnamese liberated from a Viet Cong prison camp. The 1st Brigade 101st Airborne Division doctor, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, had spent tireless hours treating the twenty-three ex-captives, freed from the VC slave camp by an assault force from his battalion.

(101st - IO-143-11) US Army Photo by Sp/4 Oddvar Breiland

Streams of light painted a confusing mosaic through the leaves, making it difficult to take in the whole prison camp in one view. We fell motionless and silent. We were left expressionless and speechless. Then my eyes widened, bulging in surprise at what they saw. They strained before the full sad, subhuman, grotesque picture of human misery in the murky gloom. Everyone was silent. Most of the prisoners were already gone. Among those that remained, their faces were unmoving, with eyes distant and dead, sitting on deflated torsos. The prisoners had already slipped into passivity and resignation from their confinement-induced torpor. Our eyes narrowed to angry slits. A smell came to my nostrils. I detected a familiar stench.

The reek of death profaned the air. Nothing smells quite as bad as the sickening stench of rotting flesh in the early stages of decay. Our eyes became accustomed to the darkness and the obvious structures of the camp, and we saw the many elongated mounds around the camp's perimeter. They were for those who had already died here. The recent dead were wrapped and waiting to be carried to a shallow grave. Here in this isolation was an example of how and where the self-righteous communists enforced their vindictive rule over the people, repressing opposition of those who held contrary beliefs, and demonstrating their strength and lack of government control. Here was where communism, based on Maoism and Stalinism, was carried out to the extreme, without remorse, pity or fear, destroying all social fabric. This was the place where dissident re-education took place. After they had segregated the prisoners, debased them, humiliated them and slowly starved them with meager diets, inflicted pain, restricted their movement, and left them only monotony and a minimum of sleep, the NVA gained either compliance and collaboration, or fatally exhaustive labor. Starvation was slow. It takes a long time and is very painful. You could plainly see how it deteriorated their bodies and souls. Skeletal



and semiconscious, many were in a state not far from death, where their spirits were already leaving their bodies, where they would find it hard to come back.

One horrible example of this was **Le Van Than**, 23. He had been a former member of the Viet Cong forces that had defected because he did not believe in their cause. He deserted and returned to his family, but was made to work for the communists. After repeatedly refusing to become a Viet Cong soldier, the communists again came to his house in the night and put him into their prison system. Of all the prisoners in this camp, he had been here the shortest time; however, he had been treated the worst. The starvation, overwork and constant beatings had taken a great toll on his body.

For these communists' prisoners, their brutish daily existence, their sleep deprivation, their constant fear of their captors inflicting painful punishment, and their total dependency on their captors, was the key to confusing, bewildering and tormenting them to the point of long lasting personality changes and ultimate cooperation and confession of any subject desired by a professional interrogator. Psychopathic communist cadres terrorized them. The NVA used systematic and savage brutality to stifle opposition; extermination, long hours of forced labor from dawn until late night, torture by sexual psychotics and sadists, long stretches without water, strangulation, beatings, letting them die, hemorrhaging from too many blows. All this was perpetrated on defenseless people, who were treated like animals. No hope, no dreams, no promise of a future. I couldn't imagine what it would be like to look each day into the eyes of someone who hated you and denied you your humanity. This was where prisoners were forced to choose between cooperation and slow death.

One such woman, now before our eyes, was **Mrs. Vo Thi Han**, 37, an ordinary housewife. She had given up in the prison and was dying when we arrived. But the little nourishment we managed to provide her saved her life, and she experienced rebirth. This is what she had later told everyone from her bed in the hospital. Mrs. Han's prison duty was maintaining the prisoners' quarters. Her only crime had been that her brother worked for the Government Information Office in Tuy Hoa. Her brother had convinced her to move to the city for her own safety, and she had been captured enroute, without trial or any explanation, other than that she was considered an enemy follower. Her husband disappeared, never to be found. She had been a prisoner for eight months when liberated.

I saw Sgt. Girard again, and he explained to me what the rifle shot had been about. As we talked, we looked around. From the appearances and stench of the prisoners before us, you could tell that from this camp there was no return. They were very pale and drawn, a prison pallor. Their bodies shriveled, reduced to skin and bone from inadequate diet, and from the efforts of nature to rid itself of its sickness through their bowels.

There was **Nguyen Bo**, 48, a rich property owner, who served on the provincial intelligence staff, making himself a major communist target. He had been captured by the communists while making a map of his hamlet. He spent almost his entire imprisonment shackled. During the 13 months he was a

prisoner, his family disappeared, never to be seen again. The very air we breathed shocked our senses with its stench. I was stifled by the horrible animal smell these people exhaled.

A farmer, **Nguyen Hang**, 18, had been cutting grass when captured. Mr. Hang had been accused of passing information about the communists to the agents of the South Vietnamese government. He said he was closely watched and would be repeatedly beaten and kicked by the guards while making charcoal, if he was not working hard enough. Asking questions of the guards also brought the same treatment.

Another Popular Force prisoner, **PFC Pham Thang**, 39, was captured in his family home while on leave. Tried and sentenced by the communists, he had served for 18 months of his four year sentence as a prisoner when liberated. His only crime was being in the South Vietnamese military. At his debriefing in the hospital, his goal was to return to his unit.

Yet another Popular Forces soldier, **PFC Truong Tung**, 38, had been captured while on pass to see his family and had been a prisoner for nine months when we arrived in the prison camp. He was not permitted to work, and spent his entire time shackled. His hands were only freed to eat. The former prisoners later explained that in the prison system, they had been provided two meals a day, rice with salt. However, a food shortage developed and their rice ration was thinned and made into soup. They had been allowed to bathe only once a month.

Another surviving prisoner, the Ho Thin hamlet chief, **Nguyen Phu Xuan**, 34, had spent eleven months in this prison and later stated that he personally saw 75 prisoners die there, mostly from malnutrition. He knew of 10 others who had been shot trying to escape. During Mr. Xuan's time in the prison there had been 200 prisoners, whose only crime had been loyalty to the South Vietnamese Government. He had been captured in his home during the night and sent to this camp. Often beaten and kicked for not working hard enough, he had endured the forced labor and charcoal-making until liberated. He eventually returned to his wife and four children, who were moved to a more secure house. A Regular Army soldier and former paratrooper, **PFC Tran Van Dinh**, 38, was on his way for Special Forces training in 1965, enroute to Nha Trang from Nam Dinh when he was captured. A former refugee from North Vietnam, he was a prisoner for 14 months. Afterwards, in the hospital, his goal was to go to Nha Trang and complete training.

The remaining haggard prisoners in the camp were so skinny, wasted and weakened that their skeletal frames were ridging the skin. They could scarcely walk, their limbs swollen, their bones and joints racked with excruciating scurvy pains and weakness. I felt the now familiar pulse of a muscle at the temple. There was an aura of animal fetidity about them. But it was their sunken eyes that most struck me. The exhaustion of body and spirit showed across the eyes. Normally Vietnamese have dark almond eyes, but the eyes of these gaunt-faced prisoners, idiotic, glassy and preternaturally bright, remained fixed on the ground. There was only a terrible black emptiness to be seen in them.



HERBERT GARCIA- WAR HERO, CURATOR

Carl Nolte, Chronicle Staff Writer
Thursday, September 12, 2002

Herbert Ely Garcia [1/327 5/66 – 8/67], a decorated war hero, historian and a well-known museum curator, died of natural causes at his San Francisco home on Sept. 5. He was 74.

Mr. Garcia, who won the Silver Star for gallantry in action during service in the airborne infantry in Vietnam, was later executive director of the Society of California Pioneers at its San Francisco headquarters. Mr. Garcia, who retired in 2000, was responsible for moving the society's headquarters to a new location at Fourth and Folsom streets.

He also served as curator and director of a number of other museums, including the San Mateo County Historical Museum, the 25th Infantry Division Museum in Hawaii and the Presidio Army Museum in San Francisco.

Mr. Garcia was born in Oakland in 1928 to an old California family—his ancestors came to California during the 1849 Gold Rush.

He went to school at Bellarmine College Prep in San Jose and earned a master's degree in history at the University of San Francisco. He joined the Army as a private during the Korean War.

He obtained a commission after attending officer candidate school, and spent 20 years on active duty in a number of posts, including service in Korea, Germany, the Dominican Republic and Iran, where he was adviser to the Shah's Imperial Guard. Mr. Garcia served in all three of the army's airborne divisions and, as a Lieutenant Colonel, was a battalion commander in the 327th Airborne Infantry Regiment in Vietnam, where he was awarded the Silver Star.

After his military career, he settled in San Francisco, where he embarked on his museum career and also wrote on historical subjects. "He was dazzling and brilliant," said Charles Clerc of Stockton, a longtime friend. "He was a renaissance man—a decorated combat veteran who was also a museum director." Mr. Garcia's wife, Erika, predeceased him. He is survived by his sister, Delores D'Accardo of Modesto, two cousins and a number of nieces and nephews.

Mr. Garcia will be buried in the Presidio of San Francisco military cemetery. A memorial service is planned for later this month.

Contributions in his memory may be made to Bellarmine College Preparatory, 850 Elm St., San Jose, CA 95126, Attn: Rev. Jerry Wade.

Editor's note: Herb Garcia's death was reported in the January – February issue of THE SCREAMING EAGLE magazine with no obituary. This obituary is from the San Francisco Chronicle.

In THE STATIC LINE, January 2003 issue, David S. Cook's (1/327 C 5/65-7/66) column reported the death of SFC(R) MARION D. CALVERT (2/327 A 12/65-12/66) on October 31, 2002.

101st Marks Year of Hard-Fighting in Viet



Men of the 326th Engineers, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Div., are lowered into the jungle north of Dak To, Vietnam, to cut out a landing zone for evacuation of wounded paratroopers on Operation Hawthorne.

By LT. JOHN H. HENSLEY
USA Photos

DAK TO, Vietnam (IO)—From the coastal plains of Tuy Hoa, Phan Rang, and Phan Thiet, to the highland jungles of An Khe and Dak To, the "Screaming Eagles" of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Div. have roamed Vietnam the past year carving a place in history for themselves—and especially with the Viet Cong.

Landing at Cam Ranh Bay last July 29 the paratroopers began operations almost immediately with their first major action at An Khe clearing a base camp for the 1st Cav. Div. Heli-lifting into the midst of a Viet Cong main force battalion the troopers left 600 dead Viet Cong behind.

It was October before the paratroopers found a home as they set up a base camp at Phan Rang. But base camp life was short lived as the brigade moved out for another operation to return on Christmas Eve.

On Jan. 16 the brigade left its base camp for Tuy Hoa and hasn't returned since. Its Tuy Hoa mission was to guard the

surrounding rice harvest and in the process, harvest its own crop of Viet Cong.

In their three months at Tuy Hoa the 101st mauled elements of the 95th north Vietnamese Regt., killing 516 by body count, thereby denying the Viet Cong badly needed food supplies.

During the Tuy Hoa operations the brigade changed command as Brig. Gen. Willard Pearson assumed command from Col. James Timothy.

Leaving the 2d Bn., 327th Inf. at Tuy Hoa to continue guarding the rice bowl the brigade moved to the II Corps—III Corps boundary at Phan Thiet for two weeks—then to Nhon Co near the Cambodian border.

Using his "Recondo Checkboard" tactics, Lt. Col. Henry Emerson's 2d Bn., 502d Inf. "Strike Force" met the 141st north Vietnamese Regt. along the Ho Chi Minh Trail completely routing them as the 101st killed 101 by body count.

The next operation launched by the paratroopers was the highly successful Hawthorne north of

Dak To—the biggest battle fought yet by the brigade.

Shortly after the 1st Bn., 327th Inf., led by Maj. David Hackworth, relieved the beleaguered Tou Morong outpost heavy fighting broke out lasting for seven straight days.

On the morning of June 7 a north Vietnamese battalion attacked engineer—artillery—infantry positions but the enemy was boldly forced to withdraw leaving 86 dead behind.

In pursuit of the enemy the following day all three companies and the "Tiger Force" of 1st Bn., 327th Inf. engaged in separate, but heavy battles with north Vietnamese units. Immediately the 2d Bn., 502d Inf. began a sweep toward the battle area and they too met heavy enemy resistance.

It was during this now infamous battle that company commander, Capt. William Carpenter Jr., called for napalm strikes on his own position to save his company from being overrun. The West Point football hero has since been recommended for the Medal of Honor for this action.

The fighting had no sooner quieted from Operation Hawthorne when the 2d Bn., 327th Inf. under the command of Lt. Col. Joseph Wasco, still at Tuy Hoa, contacted a new north Vietnamese battalion and in four days of bitter fighting left nearly 600 enemy dead on the battlefield.

The record compiled by the brigade includes 1,682 enemy killed (body count), 951 tons of rice, and 204 enemy captured. Five-hundred of the weapons have been taken by the brigade creating a remarkable 4 to 1 body count to weapons captured ratio.

But statistics are only numbers and do not tell of the vast civic action projects initiated by the 101st. Nor do they reflect the more than 14 moves they have made earning them the nickname, "Nomads of Vietnam."

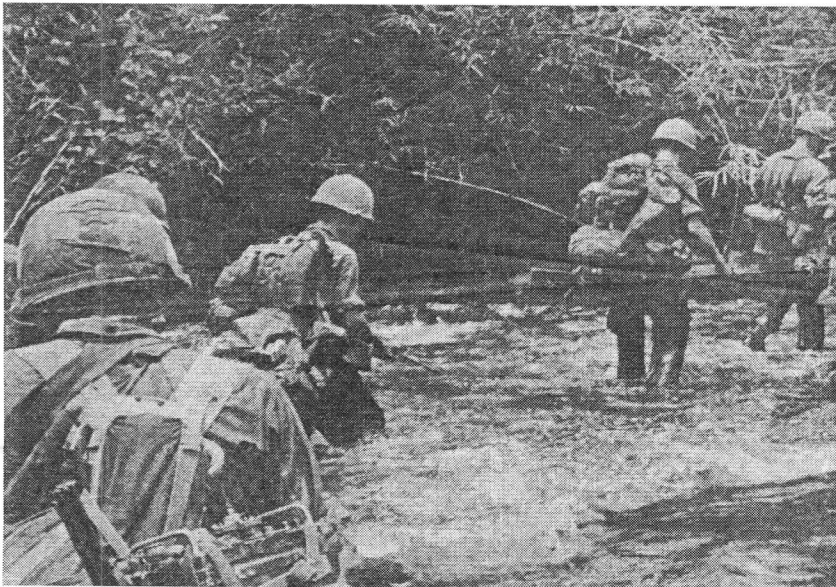
With only 19 non-combat days since they have been in country, the paratroopers are preparing for another year in their fight against the communist invaders—and in the 101st Airborne tradition they are sure to succeed.



Brig. Gen. Willard Pearson, commanding general, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Div. "Screaming Eagles," stops briefly in a battle zone near Tuy Hoa, Vietnam, to chat briefly with SP4 James White, New York City, N.Y., a member of the Brigade's 1st Bn., 327th Inf.



General William Westmoreland (right), commanding general, U.S. Forces, Vietnam, looks over captured Viet Cong equipment as Lt. Col. Hank Emerson (center), 2d Bn., 502d Inf. commander, and Brig. Gen. Willard Pearson brief him on details of the capture.



Paratroopers of the elite "Recondo Force," 2d Bn., 502d Inf., 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Div., move downstream on a patrol during Operation Hawthorne. Shortly after arriving at Cam Ranh

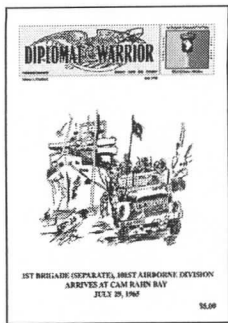
Bay, the paratroopers were heli-lifted into the midst of a Viet Cong main force battalion, leaving 600 dead Viet Cong behind in what was their first major action in Vietnam.



A trooper of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Div. introduces a Vietnamese boy to American chewing gum during a presentation by the 101st of gifts and food to a local orphanage.

August 14th, 1966

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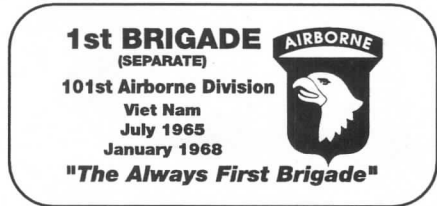


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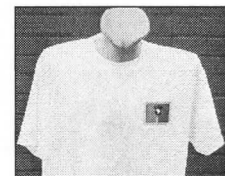
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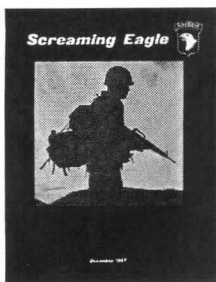
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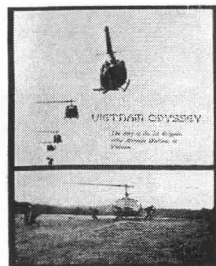
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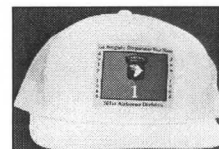
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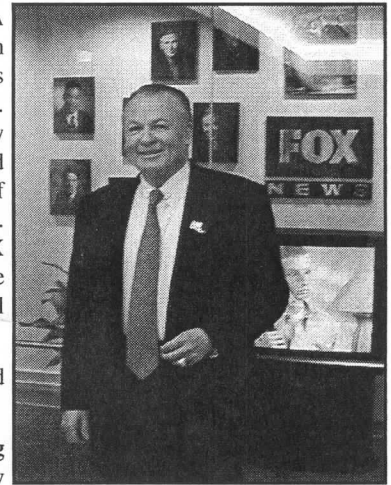
1st Brigade (S) Vet is FOX NEWS Analyst

MG(R) Paul E. Valley [2/327 A 1/66-6/66] is very prominent on FOX NEWS as the United States moves closer to war with Iraq. He serves as Senior Military Analyst for FOX NEWS and shares his opinions on many of the news and comment segments. For those who watch FOX NEWS he is a very familiar face and voice. The biographical sketch he sent is shown below.

Paul sent this message before I asked him for additional information:

Ivan: great job you are doing Keep it up. Just sent in my renewal! Keeping busy as the Senior Military Analyst for Fox News Channel. A 2/327th 66.

Hack [COL(R) David H. Hackworth, 1/327 HQ 63-66 who is also a FOX NEWS military analyst] and I have done many shows together.



*Paul Valley in the
FOX NEWS studio entrance.*

Military Biography - Major General Paul E. Valley (Ret)
1515 Jefferson Davis Highway 1101 • Arlington, VA 22202
P: 703 416 2253 e-mail: paulvalley@vzavenue.net

Paul E. Valley retired in 1991 from the US Army as Deputy Commanding General, US Army, and Pacific in Honolulu, Hawaii. General Valley graduated from the US Military Academy at West Point in 1961 and served a distinguished career in the Army. He served in many overseas theaters to include Europe and the Pacific Rim Countries as well as two combat tours in Vietnam. He has served on US security assistance missions on civilian-military relations to Europe, Japan, Korea, Thailand, Indonesia and Central America with in-country experience in Indonesia, Columbia, El Salvador, Panama, Honduras and Guatemala.

General Valley is a graduate of the Infantry School, Ranger and Airborne Schools, Command and General Staff School, The Industrial College of the Armed Forces and the Army War College. His combat service in Vietnam included positions as infantry company commander, intelligence officer, operations officer, military advisor and aide-de-camp and after Vietnam, positions as Battalion and Group/Brigade Commander. He has over fifteen (15) years experience in Information Systems/Management, Special Operations and Civil-Military Operations.

He was one of the first nominees for Assistant Secretary of Defense for Special Operations under President Reagan. From 1982-1986, he commanded the 351st Civil Affairs Command that included all Special Forces, Psychological Warfare and Civil Military units in the Western United States and Hawaii. He was the first President of the National Psychological Operations Association. His units participated in worldwide missions in Europe, Africa, Central America, Japan, Solomon Islands, Guam, Belgium, Korea and Thailand. He has served as a consultant to the Commanding General of the Special Operations Command as well as the DOD Anti-Drug and Counter-Terrorist Task Forces. He also designed and developed the Host-Nation Support Program in the Pacific for DOD and the State Department. He has recent in-country security assistance experience in Israel, El Salvador, Panama, Columbia and Indonesia in the development of civil-military relations interfacing with senior level military and civilian leadership.

General Valley is the senior military analyst for FOX News Channel in New York and Washington, DC and is a guest on many nationally syndicated radio talk shows.

He is married to former Marian Hatch of Oakland, California and they reside in Bigfork, Montana and Arlington, Virginia. They have two children, Dana in Boulder, Colorado and Scott in Los Angeles, CA.

VIETNAM SOLDIER GARNERS HIGH HONOR AFTER 37 YEARS

RETIRED SERGEANT GIVEN DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

By CHANTAL ESCOTO

The Leaf-Chronicle, Clarksville, Tennessee
Saturday, February 22, 2003

Being a hero never crossed Staff Sgt. Hilliard Carter's mind as he led his squad one September night in 1966 through enemy territory in the Vietnam jungle.

But when the soldier in front of the squad hit a booby-trapped grenade, Carter pushed him out of the way and dove to absorb the entire blast, ultimately losing his arms and eyesight. While medics tried to save his life, his only thoughts were, "Are my men OK?"

That one incident was a pivotal moment in Carter's life again Friday when the Army's second highest award - the Distinguished Service Cross -- was presented to him for his heroic actions on that day.

Retired Lt. Col. C. Thomas Furgeson, Carter's company commander in 1966, said Carter was getting his award 37 years later because it was assumed he had already received it. But when Furgeson found out a few years ago that Carter didn't have the award, he pushed it through Congress with the help of Mississippi Sen. Trent Lott.

Carter said getting the cross pinned on him in front of the 2nd Battalion, 327th Infantry Regiment, at Fort Campbell -- the same unit he served with when injured -- made the award even more special.

Both Carter and Furgeson traveled from out of state for the ceremony.

"When you react, it's instinct. In that reaction you can save lives because of the love that you have for your fellow soldiers," Carter said to the 1st Brigade soldiers, who wore desert camouflage uniforms and will themselves soon be leaving for war in the Middle East.

"That's the situation you're going to have to react to. The love for your fellow man -- that's what makes a hero," he said.

Despite the award's lateness, the event sparked an added sense of pride and security among the soldiers who watched.

"It helps with morale," Pfc. Andrew Walters said. "It's nice to meet with people that have been in a situation that I'm going into."

Lt. Col. Chris Hughes, 2nd Battalion commander, said Friday's ceremony reinforced the Army's commitment to soldiers.

"Getting to have him come here and what the officers did -- they never forgot their men," Hughes said.

Chantal Escoto covers military affairs and can be reached at 245-0216 or by e-mail at chantalescoto@theleafchronicle.com.

Originally published Saturday, February 22, 2003



Chantal Escoto/The Leaf-Chronicle

Lt. Col. Chris Hughes, 2nd Battalion, 327th Infantry Regiment, commander, congratulates retired Staff Sgt. Hilliard Carter for receiving the Distinguished Service Cross because of his heroic actions during the Vietnam War. Carter was assigned to the 2/327th when he lost his arms and eyesight shielding fellow soldiers from an explosion.



Chantal Escoto/The Leaf-Chronicle

The Distinguished Service Cross is the second-highest honor for military service.



SFC (R) Hilliard Carter 2/327 A 12/65-9/66 with his family in the 1st Brigade Dining Area. They are (L to R) his daughter Hiliary Carter, Wife Ollie Carter and SFC (R) Carter.

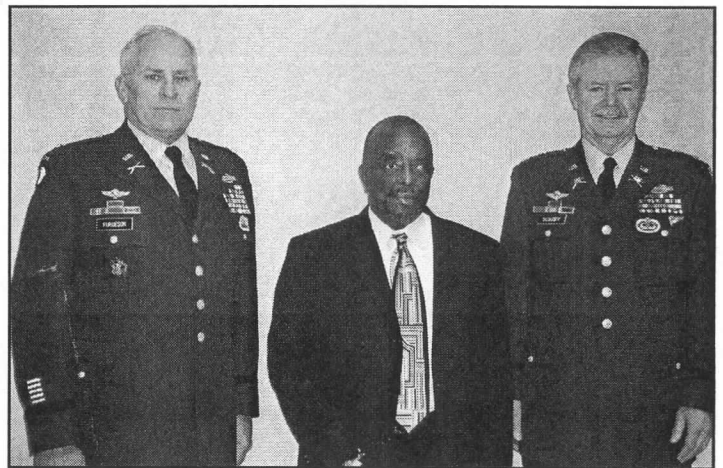


It is now official! (L to R) 1st Brigade Commander Colonel Frederick B. Hodges has pinned on the Distinguished Service Cross and SFC (R) Hilliard Carter 2/327 A 12/65-9/66 is wearing the 2nd highest U. S. Army decoration for valor that he earned in 1966, his company commander LTC (R) Charles T. (Tom) Furgeson 2/327 A & HHC 5/66-5/67 applauds, Honorary command Sergeant Major of the 327th Infantry Regiment still holds the presentation tray and Carter's company executive officer holds the DSC citation and certificate.

Soldiers of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) and the 2nd Battalion 327th Infantry honored SFC (R) Hilliard Carter 2/327 A 12/65-9/66 with a ceremony for his award of the Distinguished Service Cross (DSC). SFC Carter earned the nation's second highest award for valor as a squad leader in Company A 2/327 Infantry in Viet Nam in September of 1966. His valorous action, covering an enemy grenade with his body to protect the soldiers in his squad, resulted in loss of his sight and both arms.

SFC Carter has recently retired from the Veterans Administration where he had an illustrious career as a counselor for veterans who were attempting to overcome physical handicaps. Since his retirement he has been ordained as a Baptist Minister.

His company commander, LTC (R) Charles T. (Tom) Furgeson 2/327 A & HHC 5/66-5/67, when he learned, a few years ago that SFC Carter had not received the award which he had submitted in Viet Nam, reconstructed the material needed and shepherded it through channels to approval.



Principals in the action for which SFC (R) Hilliard Carter 2/327 A 12/65-9/66 earned the Distinguished Service Cross are (L to R) A Company Commander LTC (R) Charles T. (Tom) Furgeson 2/327 A & HHC 5/66-5/67, Carter and A Company Executive Officer [and subsequently Company Commander LTC(R) John J. Dorsey 2/327 A 6/66-5/67]. This photo was taken at the hotel before the DSC ceremony.

The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress, July 9, 1918, (amended by act of 25 July 1963) has awarded the Distinguished Service Cross to

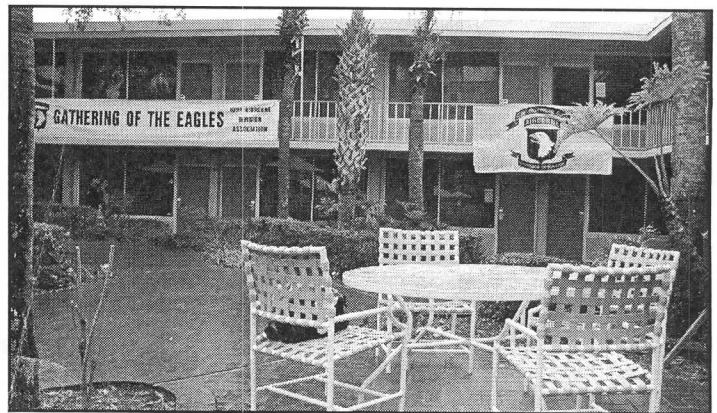
**HILLIARD CARTER
(THEN STAFF SERGEANT, UNITED STATES ARMY)
for extraordinary heroism in action:**

Staff Sergeant Hilliard Carter, RA14738881, SSN 262604223, Company A, 2d Battalion, 327th Parachute Infantry Regiment, on 28 September 1966, distinguished himself while engaged in military operations involving conflict with an opposing foreign force. Throughout the night of 27 through 28 September 1966, Staff Sergeant Carter and members of his squad conducted an ambush in the vicinity of Troung Loung, Republic of Vietnam. There was evidence of a large enemy force in the area, since Company B had been overrun on the night of 25 September 1966 suffering numerous dead and wounded. While returning, before dawn, to friendly positions, the point man hit a booby trapped grenade, disregarding his own personal safety and possibly sacrificing his life, Staff Sergeant Carter pushed the point man away and dove for the grenade absorbing the entire blast. In so doing he saved his men from possible death and wounds. Staff Sergeant Carter lost his hands, arms and eyesight in this act. Throughout the entire time the medics and executive officer were administering first aid to save his life, all he kept asking was "are my men ok?". This gallant deed was truly above and beyond the call of duty and is in keeping with the finest traditions of the military service and reflects great credit upon himself, the 327th Parachute Infantry Regiment, the United States Army, and the United States of America.

SNOW BIRD

The following 1st Brigade (S) veterans, or subscribers were listed as having registered for the Snow Bird Reunion in Orlando, Florida at the Ramada/Gateway Hotel February 6-9. This list does not account for those who registered and did not attend or those who were walk-ins and did not register in advance. Bill Haupt, President of the Sunshine State Chapter was our host.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Dick Allen & Donna
2/502 A 3/67-3/68 | LTC(R) James C. Joiner & Michele
2/327 B&C 1/67-1/68 - 4/03 |
| Larry D. Anglin & Ionie
2/502 B 6/65-7/66 - 4/03 | Phil Kallas
1/501 A 69-70 - 4/03 |
| CSM(R) Joseph M. Bossi
2/327 HHC 6/66-7/67 - 4/03 | Ronald S. Martin
2/327 Att. 5/66 - 7/66 - 1/03 |
| Larry E. Cole
501 SIG B 62-65 - 10/03 | Roger A. Phillips, Sr. & Linda
1/327 T.F. 4/66-4/67 - 4/04 |
| Billy C. Colwell, Sr. & Ester
326 ENGR A 4/66-4/67 | Fred Ranck & Ellen
1/327 A 12/68-1/70 - 10/04 |
| R. J. (Bob) Corey & Carmen Llia
2/502 HHC 10/65-11/66 - 7/03 | COL(R) Larry A. Redmond & Mary
2/327 A 5/67-2/68 - 4/03 |
| 1SG(R) Eugene Dean
326 ENGR A 66-67 | LTC(R) William (Bill) Rován
2/327 HQ&A 6/66-5/67 - 4/03 |
| Elmer Galloway & Theresa
2/502 12/67 - 12/68 | Richard C. Schonberger
2/327 HHC 7/66-7/67 - 4/03 |
| Frank P. Griffo, Jr.
3/506 HQ 67-68 | Johnny Velasquez
2/502 B 66-68 |
| James E. Hembree
1/327 HQ 67-68 | CW4(R) Terrell R. Wallace & Angela
426th S&S B 64-71 |
| Joseph Hennessy & June
1/327 HHQ T.F. 3/66-7/68 - 4/01 | Michael F. Wilson
2/327 A&C 6/67-3/68 - 10/03 |
| MAJ(R) Walter W. Jackson
1/327 C 7/67-6/68 - 4/03 | MAJ(R) Ivan Worrell
INFO OFF 5/66-5/67 |



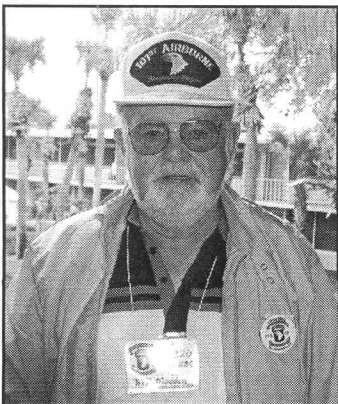
The patio and pool at the Ramada/Gateway Hotel was decorated to welcome the 101st veterans and their families.



The hospitality room was a great place to review memories. Combat stories flow as (L to R) LTC(R) James C. Joiner 2/327 B&C 1/67-1/68, Michael F. Wilson 2/327 A&C 6/67-3/68 and COL(R) Larry A. Redmond 2/327 A 5/67-2/68 discuss Viet Nam. Both Redmond and Joiner commanded A Company while Mike Wilson was assigned to the company.

I asked William M. Madden 2/320 CO 65-66 to relate his most memorable experience while serving in the 1st Brigade (S) in Viet Nam.

My most memorable recollection is seeing those young, energetic troopers thoroughly enjoying doing their work. They were most efficient at it by being expert gunners, taking pride in what they did and as a result we probably had a kill ratio between us and the other guys that was outstanding. Our equipment was good, moral was high and they were the best troops that I ever had experience with.



I asked Bill to speak about a battery that was almost overrun shortly after General Matheson

became Brigade Commander.

He said: It was A Battery and they were attacked by an estimated battalion of VC and probably some NVA as well. They repelled the attack by using, what we called, a beehive round. The bee-

hive round bursts just beyond the muzzle of the gun and has small objects like nails. Once it was fired the attack stopped. There was a retreat with a lot of blood trails. We found out later that in the woodline there was another battalion prepared to attack the battery. Battalion SOP called for fire from all guns while we were under ground attack. After the fire into that treeline, that battalion decided not to attack and that probably saved the day. The courage, fortitude, and professional ability of the battery, its leaders and all the soldiers showed heroism and true professionalism. The battery was guarded by an understrength infantry platoon along with a Vietnamese RFPF platoon. They were having a hard time getting rations. One day while flying into the firebase I saw three head of cattle in a valley. This was considered Viet Cong territory so I suggested to the pilot that we herd these three cattle into the battery position so the Vietnamese soldiers could slaughter them and have something to eat. That was an interesting herding operation. They would kill one and wait until it was getting ripe and then kill another. It became SOP that when we found cattle that were near a firebase where we had RFPF troops we drove them to the position. They seldom were supplied with food and they did not like our food and we did not have enough food to feed them. Sometimes the units amounted to 75 to 100 troops.



HONOR ROLL — IN MEMORIAM

To the Screaming Eagles of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, who have given their lives in Vietnam to preserve the freedom and dignity of man.

Pfc. Dennis L. Bunting, Co B 2/327 Inf
SSG Leonard Burrow, HHC 2/320 Arty
Pfc. Stephen E. Burton, Co B 2/502 Inf
MSG James M Hargrove, Co B 2/327 Inf
SP4 James A. Lockwood, HHC 2/320 Arty
Maj. Joseph B. Mack, Jr., Co B 2/327 Inf
Pfc. Ronnie L. Noseff, Co B 2/502 Inf
2nd Lt. Alan J. O'Brien, Btry B 2/320 Arty
1st Lt. Geo. B. Pearson, III, Co B 2/327 Inf
Pfc. Donald R. Robinson, Co B 1/327 Inf
SP4 Elias R. Rodriguez, Co B 2/502 Inf
SP4 William F. Siegert, Co B 2/327 Inf
Pfc. Atlas J. Smay, Co B 2/327 Inf
SP4 Phillip E. Taylor, Co C 1/327 Inf
Pfc. Kenneth O. Alfstad, Co B 2/327 Inf
SSG Herbert C. Phipps, Co A 1/327 Inf
SP5 Darius E. Brown, Co A 326 Engr
SP4 Horton S. Coker, Jr., Co C 2/502 Inf
1st Lt. Denis W. Galloway, Co A 326 Engr
Pfc. Michael E. McCullough, Co B 1/327 Inf
Pfc. John A. Means, Co B 1/327 Inf
Pfc. James R. Wilson, Btry B 2/320 Arty
Pfc. David E. Threadgill, Unknown
Pfc. Robert J. Donovan, Co B 2/502 Inf
Sgt. David K. Deen, HHC 2/502 Inf
SP4 Otis E. Jackson, Co B 2/502 Inf
1st Lt. Michael G. Doyle, Co B 1/327 Inf
Pfc. Randle Kinney, Co B 2/502 Inf

Pfc. Jerry L. Ruiter, HHC 1/327 Inf
Pfc. William L. Cyr, Co C 2/502 Inf
Pfc. George E. Bryant, Co B 2/502 Inf
Pfc. Carl L. Falck, Jr., Co C 2/502 Inf
Pfc. John K. Thompson, A Trp 2/17 Cav
Pfc. Vincent R. Torres, A Trp 2/17 Cav
Pfc. Ronald W. Parker, Co A 2/502 Inf
Pfc. Reinaldo L. Delgado, Co B 2/502 Inf
Capt. Samuel D. Freeman, III, 101 MI Det
Pfc. Robert W. Barton, Jr., Co C 2/502 Inf
Pfc. Vennie L. Smith, HHC 2/502 Inf
Pfc. Alan D. Whitlock, Co B 2/502 Inf
Pfc. Henry J. Stuckey, Co B 2/502 Inf
SP4 John H. O'Brien, Co C 2/502 Inf
Pfc. Norman W. Vincent, Co C 2/502 Inf
1st Lt. Larry D Earls, 2/502 Inf
Pfc. Dennis G. Nicola, Co C 2/502 Inf
SSG Ernest Kelly, Jr., Unknown
SP4 Ralph L. Henderson, Co C 1/327 Inf
Pfc. James E. Elder, Jr., Co C 1/327 Inf
Pfc. Gary W. Prather, Unknown
Pfc. Jarel W. Ayers, Co C 2/502 Inf
SP4 Charles Williams, HHC 1/327 Inf
Pfc. Michael R. Brown, Co B 1/327 Inf
Pfc. Elmer L. Jucket, III, Co C 2/502 Inf
Pfc. Wilbur L. Kohr, Co C 2/502 Inf
SP5 Giacomo J. Cintineo, HHC 1/327 Inf

This Honor Roll from the AG Casualty List dated 10 January 1967.

101st Airborne Division Association Screaming Eagle Magazine March – April 1967 page 10

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Some Airborne Organizations of interest to 1st Brigade veterans

STATIC LINE

Don Lassen
Box 87518
College Park, GA 30337-0518
Phone: 770-478-5301
FAX: 770-961-2838

101st Airborne Division Assoc.

P. O. Box 929
Fort Campbell, KY 42223-0929
Phone (270)439-0445

101st ABN DIV Vietnam Vets

P. O. Box 7709
Texarkana, TX 75505-7709
Phone & Fax: 903-831-5951
E-Mail: RMED1@aol.com

327th ABN INF Assoc (Vietnam)

David S. Cook
12 Lakeshore Dr.
Winthrop, ME 04364
Phone: 207-377-2186
E-Mail: cooksdmg@mint.net

187th ABN R.C.T. Assoc "Rakkasans"

Buddy Hardaway
685 Brummitt Rd
Castillian Springs, TN 37030
Phone: 615-374-9471

THE AIRBORNE QUARTERLY

COL (R) William E. Weber
10301 McKinstry Mill Road
New Windsor, MD 21776-7903
Phone: 410-775-773

Fort Campbell Historical Foundation, Inc.

P.O. Box 2133
Fort Campbell, KY 42223-2133
(931) 431-6686

**The 1st Brigade (S) Return
to Viet Nam Tour scheduled
for September 2003 has been
postponed until March 2004.**

ATTENTION

327th/401st MEMBERS REGIMENTAL DINNER

Thursday, 14 August, 2003

**Deadline for requesting tickets has
been extended to August 1, 2003.**

[See page 5 of the January magazine for particulars.]

Deadline

Material to be published in the
July 2003 issue of The First
SCREAMING EAGLES In
Viet Nam is Due June 1st, 2003

C 2/502 AT DAK TOPAGES 1 – 7

LIFE Magazine story of Bill Carpenter's company in Operation Hawthorne

LETTERS TO THE EDITORPAGES 8 – 15

Messages and photographs from the brigade web site, e-mail and the U. S. Mail.

8TH BIENNIAL REUNIONPAGE 16

Photos of those who attended the reunion in Fort Worth, Texas, in October of 2002.

DIPLOMAT AND WARRIORPAGES 17 – 20

Reproduction of the January 23, 1966 issue of the weekly troop newspaper published for the soldiers of the 1st Brigade (S) in Viet Nam.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE MAGAZINEPAGE 21

This page also has a photo and caption of the 101st Airborne Division Memorial Dedication and a list of those who sent holiday greetings.

PHU YEN PRISON RAIDPAGES 22 – 25

Chapter 11 of the book IN THIS VALLEY, THERE ARE TIGERS by Charles McDonald. This is part two. The final part of the chapter will be published in the July 2003 magazine.

OBITUARIESPAGE 25

STARS AND STRIPES STORYPAGE 26

End of first year in country story and pictures of 1st Brigade (S) activities by Assistant Information Officer 1LT John H. Hensley (sent by Paul M. Smith).

ITEMS FOR SALEPAGES 27 – 28

List of items for sale and order blank. The inside/outside decal is relatively new and has been well received.

SUBSCRIBERSPAGES 29 – 31

Alphabetical list of new subscribers, renewing subscribers, changes of address and bad addresses.

PAUL VALLELYPAGE 31

Information about MG(R) Paul E Vallely [2/327 A 1/66- 6/66] who is senior military analyst for FOX NEWS.

DSC FOR HILLARD CARTERPAGES 32 – 33

Story from the LEAF-CHRONICLE, Clarksville, Tennessee, along with photos of the ceremony and text of the citation. More on SFC (R) Carter in the July magazine.

SNOWBIRDPAGE 34

List of attendees at the annual Snowbird Reunion in Florida along with two photos and an interview with Bill Madden [CO 2/320 65-66].

HONOR ROLLPAGE 35

Honor Roll from the AG Casualty List dated 10 January 1967 published in "The Screaming Eagle" magazine of March – April 1967 page 10.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADDRESSESPAGE 36

Change of address form, subscribe for a friend, or send the address of someone you know who has served in the Brigade. Names and addresses of some airborne organizations deadline for material for the July issue of the magazine and announcement of the postponement of the Viet Nam tour.

FIRST RENEWAL NOTICE

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DAK TO, VIETNAM (101ST – IO) – Captain Lewis Higinbotham, Commander of the elite “Tiger Force,” 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division talks to a wounded North Vietnamese Prisoner in the jungle near Dak To on operation Hawthorne. The prisoner was given first aid and then evacuated to the Brigade Command Post for medical treatment and interrogation.

US Army Photo by Sp/4 Oddvar Breiland

The 1st Brigade (S) Return to Viet Nam Tour scheduled for September 2003 has been postponed until March 2004.

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