

*The First
Screaming*

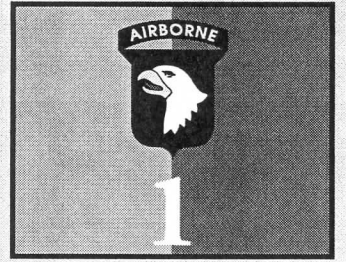
A HISTORICAL REVIEW OF
THE 1ST BRIGADE (Separate) 101st AIRBORNE DIVISION
in Viet Nam from July 1965 through January 1968



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*Eagles
in Viet Nam*

1st Brigade (Separate) Viet Nam



101st Airborne Division

Volume 5, Number 3

July 2003

The **ALWAYS FIRST** Brigade



SP6
Bill
Dolan

with the 101st ABN
"Operation
AUSTIN II"

RAIN

\$6.00

First Brigade (S) Viet Nam Tour March 2004

The world situation, SARS concerns, and weakened economy that led us to postpone the September tour have abated, and we expect the improved conditions will encourage those of you who are interested to join in our planned return to Viet Nam in March. By returning to Viet Nam with a knowledgeable, professional travel company, I look forward to seeing Viet Nam under totally different circumstances than my 1966-1967, all expense paid, visit there. This tour will combine the history of the U.S. in Viet Nam with a taste of Vietnamese history and culture while revisiting the diverse beauty and geography of the country.

I am sponsoring a comprehensive tour of Viet Nam in MARCH OF 2004 with emphasis on the 1st Brigade areas of operations. The land, or in-country portion, will cost \$1,950 that covers most expenses while in Viet Nam. Round trip airfare to Viet Nam from the West Coast is estimated to be in the \$1,200.00 range in March 2004, subject to airfares at the time of reservation. Domestic connecting flight costs will vary based on where you are coming from. Twelve is the minimum number needed to make the tour a go. Less than 12 would require a surcharge.

The tour leader will be Richard Schonberger who is a veteran of the First Brigade (S) and has led more than 10 tours to Viet Nam. He will include as many 1st Brigade sites of interest as possible in the March 8 - 24, 2004, visit to Viet Nam. Global Spectrum of Falls Church, Virginia, is the tour company with which Dick Schonberger is affiliated, so we will have the services of a 1st Brigade veteran who has been organizing and leading tours to Viet Nam since 1996, along with the support of an established tour company with a long record of satisfied customers, including the recently concluded Sons and Daughters in Touch (SDIT) tour of Viet Nam.

The 1st Brigade tour will include visits to Ho Chi Minh City, Cu Chi, Tay Ninh, Nui Ba Den, Mekong Delta, Kontum, Dak To, Pleiku/Camp Enari/Catecka Tea Plantation, An Khe, Qui Nhon, Tuy Hoa, Nha Trang, Marble Mountain, China Beach, Hoi An, Hue, DMZ/Camp Evans, Hanoi and Ha Long Bay. Extensions to other SE Asia destinations can be arranged for those desiring them. If you are interested in signing up for the trip contact me using the magazine address or contact Dick Schonberger c/o Global Spectrum, 5683 Columbia Pike, Suite 101, Falls Church, Virginia 22041, Phone 800-419-4446, gspectrum@gspectrum.com. Please notify us of your intent to participate by submitting a reservation form and tour deposit NLT 14 November 2003.

I hope you can join us on this exciting Return to Viet Nam Tour.

Ivan Worrell
Editor and Publisher



Brigadier General Willard Pearson, departing Commanding General of the 1st Brigade 101st Airborne Division looks at a photo album, compiled by the Brigade Information Section, containing pictures of many brigade events. Presenting the album is Major Ivan Worrell 1st Brigade Information Officer.

I ran out of magazine before I ran out of material this quarter.

I have material from LTC(R) Dave Campbell [2/502 B RECON 1/67-6/68], James D. Agins [326 MED B 7/66-2/67], Thomas Hughes [U.S. Air Force], Ernest Bridgers [2/502 RECON 3/66-5/67] and Barry F. Gayer [1/327 HHC S-3 5/66-6/67] that I plan to use in the October 03 issue.

I do not expect to attend the 101st Airborne Division Association Reunion in Reno in August so I am asking all of you who do attend to send photos and any other material that will be of interest to our 1st Brigade (S) veterans. Please get them to me as soon after the reunion as possible.

The 1st Brigade troops in Iraq are faced with many difficult decisions and are comporting themselves well. I know all of us look forward to their return to Fort Campbell. Captain Pete Lind, C Company Commander is going to the Advance Course at Fort Benning and then to the 75th Rangers.

There is no news about the 1st Brigade (S) 2004 9th Biennial Reunion in Arizona. I will contact COL(R) Gerald E. Morse [1/327 HQ 67-68], the designated reunion chairman, and attempt to have dates and exact location in the October issue.

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





Editor's Note: SFC (R) Hilliard Carter [2/327 A 12/65-9/66] was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross (second highest award for valor authorized by the U. S. Army) at a ceremony at Fort Campbell on Friday, February 21, 2003. See stories in the April 2003 issue on pages 32 and 33.

Vet Center Voice, Vol. 22. No. 1

Reunion rekindles quest for battlefield honor

by Gary Sorenson

Old U.S. Army comrades got reacquainted with Hilliard Carter during summer 1999—not Hilliard, Vet Center readjustment counselor, but former Staff Sgt. Carter, the man who, three decades earlier, commanded an infantry squad through Vietnam's central highlands. He served during the Vietnam War with 1st Platoon, "A" Company, 2nd Battalion, 327th Infantry (Airborne), 1st Brigade (Separate), 101st Airborne Division.

Folks working in Vet Center Regions 3-A and 3-B remember Hilliard Carter as a co-worker. So do members of the Vet Center Physically Disabled Veterans Working Group with whom he served. Carter worked at the Vet Center in Jackson, Mississippi, for 20 years after joining the center's original team in December 1979. He retired from his counseling position in October 1999 after touching many veterans' lives along the trail toward post-war recovery. The story documenting his path from combat veteran to readjustment counselor is a tale of wonder and resolve.

Carter survived the battle for Trung Luong village, a not-so-notorious but lethal four-day battle against North Vietnamese Army regulars which raged June 19-22, 1966. During vicious fighting at close quarters, he rose from squad leader to platoon sergeant and, finally, platoon leader as casualties mounted.

"We just walked into a hornet's nest," he said in his understated style. "We weren't expecting heavy action." Company A's 139 grunts or infantrymen, plus approximately 30 reinforcements, dwindled to 42 troopers before firing ceased.

A modest man, Carter is not prone to elaborating details of his combat exploits. He answers questions with short, matter-of-fact statements which, to non-combatants, might belie the life-threatening drama he endured and rose above. But others who served beside Carter relish an opportunity to explain how he touched his comrades' lives.

In June 1999, 32 "A" Company veterans gathered for a reunion at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, home of the 101st Airborne. The group met 33 years after the battle for Trung Luong. Part of the reunion program included presentation of a largely unknown Presidential Unit Citation awarded to 2/327th veterans in October 1968, "For service in a unit cited in the name of the President for extraordinary heroism in action.....," marking the first such citation authorized to an element of the 101st Airborne since World War II. A total of 34 veterans received the medal and citation: 32 in attendance and two posthumous awards presented to one veteran's surviving parents and another veteran's son — 30 out of 34 had been wounded at Trung Luong.

Closing lines of the citation read as follows: "The gallantly and indomitable spirit with which 2nd Battalion 327th Infantry engaged and destroyed the well-prepared, heavily armed and numerically superior enemy force were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit on all members of the Battalion who participated in this combat action." Former Staff Sgt. Carter, who served as keynote speaker for the 1999 reunion, harkened back to a more candid description of events which occurred at Trung Luong.

"Some of the time we were pinned down, but the NVA zeroed in on us with mortars so we had to keep moving, too," he said. "I remember seeing the guys laying around — KIAs and WIAs, severe wounds — a lot despair and a lot of anger. You didn't have time to think or really feel. You just had to react to situations as they happened. You just kept moving. You didn't have time to get afraid." While 2/327th emerged victorious, battalion troops suffered heavy casualties.

"People were falling all around," Carter said. "It was just the grace of God (some survived)." He talked about one soldier wounded in the shoulder. The injury looked like a million-dollar wound. "You're going back to the world," his comrades assured him. The next report on his status revealed the trooper had died. A small shrapnel fragment pierced his lung causing the organ to collapse. "He had been there joking and everything.....," Carter said, his voice trailing off. Survivors pulled back to base camp after the battle.

"I remember the NCO tent," he added, "it was sad times because of all the empty bunks." The sergeant who bunked next to Carter died fighting. Soldiers earlier had commandeered empty ammunition crates as foot lockers stashed under their cots, a place to store precious letters from home and a few personal items not useful out in the bush. Clerks sent to recover the dead trooper's personal effects took Carter's ammo crate by mistake and shipped its contents to the dead sergeant's wife. Carter never recovered his stuff. His comrade never saw the baby daughter his wife bore just days before he died. His wife never remarried.

Grunts flirt with tragedy in war, die hard, then live forever in the memories of survivors.

Weeks later, Carter sewed on another stripe after promotion to staff sergeant (E-6). He had arrived in Vietnam a seasoned non-commissioned officer with five years of Army service behind him. He volunteered for military duty in August 1960.

After the challenges of boot camp and infantry training at Fort Benning, Georgia, he transferred to Fort Campbell, Kentucky, for airborne school. He stayed at Campbell for three years and rose to the rank of sergeant (E-5) before shipping out for a year's duty in Korea. Carter returned to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in late 1964. He found himself in the Dominican Republic during 1965 political turmoil.

"It was like a little uprising," Carter said. "We received some sniper fire and had a couple of guys injured." He and fellow grunts earned the Combat Infantryman Badge.

The unit boarded a plane bound for Vietnam on Christmas eve 1965. He spent Christmas Day en route, arriving incountry at Phan Rang, a coastal city just south of Cam Ranh Bay.

"We never did return to our main base camp in Phan Rang," he said. "We left there in January 1966 and never did go back." He

spent most of his time in the bush west-northwest of Tuy Hoa in the heart of Vietnam's central highlands.

"We would go out as a company," he added, "the platoons would go out farther and the squads a little farther, but we were always in close proximity to the company." Carter's memories of bush life chime into the aria sung by grunts across time.

"You just gave up on being clean," he said. "That was something you did when you got back to the world. You didn't worry about it. You looked forward to your DEROS date (Army term: date eligible for return from overseas).

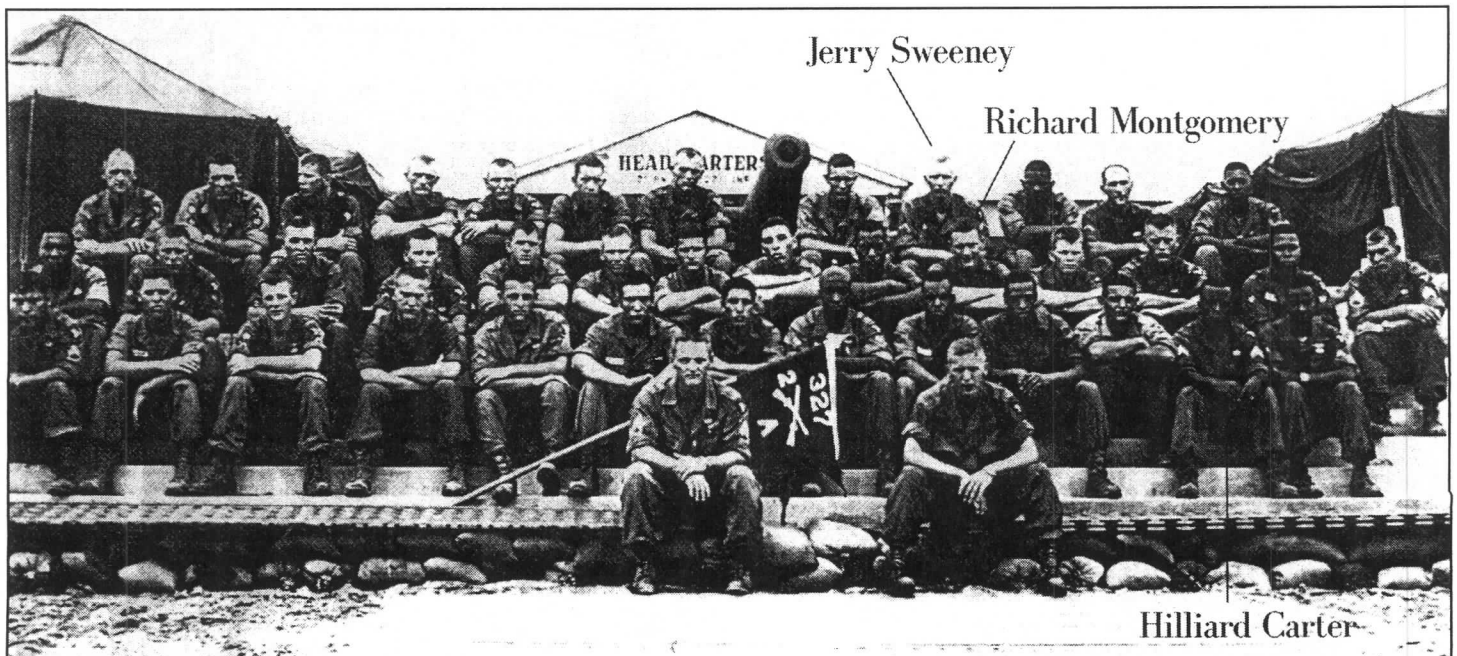
Carter never reached his DEROS. Three months after the battle for Trung Luong village, he lost an eye and both hands when a booby trap exploded. Company A commander Capt. Charles T. "Tom" Furgeson recommended Carter for a medal based on his actions prior to being wounded. He never got the award.

The two men met again 33 years later during the 1999 Trung Luong reunion at Fort Campbell. Furgeson asked Carter if he received his medal. He said no, so the former captain who retired as a lieutenant colonel, wrote another citation now being considered by Army brass. If approved, Carter will be awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, America's second highest award for valor.

"He was an individual who stood out as a leader," according to Furgeson who commanded infantry units during two Vietnam combat tours. He appreciated professional soldiers like Carter. "He was a role model for every officer and enlisted man. I can't say enough about the man; he was the epitome of an NCO. When that grenade went off I didn't think he was going to make it."

The dark, dreary, pre-dawn morning changed Carter's life forever.

"After he was wounded he was praying out loud, then he



Members of 1st Platoon, "A" Company, 2nd Battalion, 327th Infantry (Airborne), 1st Brigade (Separate), 101st Airborne Division, about two weeks before Trung Luong.

stopped to ask if his men were all right before he started praying again," Furgeson said. His voice softened. "I turned away because there was nothing I could do."

Medics labored over Carter while a field radio crackled out the call for an urgent dust-off (medical evacuation helicopter). Emergency medical treatment saved Carter's life.

"I can picture the hill and the scene," said former 1st Lt. John Dorsey, Alpha Company's executive officer or XO (second in command). "We were packing up. The company was spread around the hill." He talked with Capt. Furgeson and RTOs (radio telephone operators) as the company prepared to saddle up and move out.

"We heard an explosion and we knew what it was right away," he said. "We weren't more than 50 feet away. By the time we got there, four medics were working on him already, one on each extremity."

Lt. Dorsey turned to his RTO sending out the radio call for help. He surveyed the damage. Staff Sgt. Carter lay before him, hands missing, with major eye damage. Reality struck home.

"We expected him to die any minute," Dorsey said. "I called in a medevac and while we waited everyone just did whatever we could to help the medics."

The welcome sound of rotor whack echoed from the horizon 20 minutes later as the dust-off swept into view. Sgt. Carter struggled to survive as fellow grunts watched over him.

He never cried out, Dorsey remembers, he never screamed. He just prayed in a low voice, a memory which never left the former XO.

"I was amazed at his presence and his behavior at that moment," Dorsey said. "He appeared to me to be making peace with the Lord and getting on with the next stage of his existence beyond this earth."

Carter's faith and fortitude reinforced his resolve to stay alive, though he admits he felt himself slipping away at times. His memories of being wounded remain as vivid as the mental images which haunt his comrades.

"We were out on an ambush and it rained all night," Carter said. "We were coming back in at dawn." His squad discovered the near-fatal booby trap in a trench. "We could have avoided it and went on, but I was thinking somebody else would just have to deal with it later."

Enemy troops had pulled the pin on a hand grenade and hid it under a rock. If the rock moved, the spoon or lever which trips a grenade fuse would flip off and detonate the weapon. Standard grenades featured a five-second-delay fuse, but for booby traps enemy troops often substituted fuses from smoke grenades which exploded instantly. Carter warned his men away and picked up the grenade.



Ollie and Hilliard Carter

"I was going to put the pin back in or throw it somewhere," he said, "I had both hands around it at the time." Low light made seeing difficult. "My hands were wet and kind of numb because I had been wet all night long."

His grip slipped. The grenade exploded. Though blown off, his hands absorbed the concussion and protected his chest from shrapnel. Losing his hands may have saved his life.

"I didn't feel any pain," he added. "It felt like a shock or electric jolt went through me. I told people to wipe the mud out of my eyes. I didn't know what happened to me."

Grunts circled around and grew quiet. Carter realized he was in jeopardy.

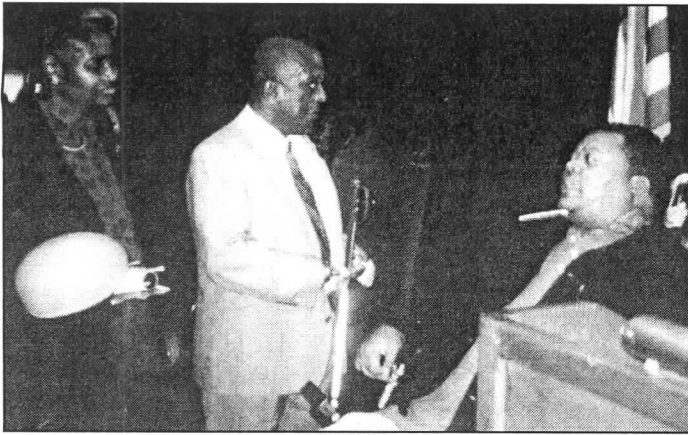
"I started repeating the Lord's Prayer over and over," he said. "I thought I was dying. Then the dust-off came in." Witnesses relived the scene for 33 years.

"Once we put him on that helicopter none of us expected to see him alive again," said Dorsey. "Just sheer personal fortitude must have pulled him through." Word filtered back to Alpha Company later saying Carter had survived.

Dorsey weaves a tale of respect as he describes the months he spent with Carter humping across the central highlands — a youthful band of soldiers thrust into warrior roles, laboring to complete the mission.

"Even as a young man, Sgt. Carter was one of those old-style NCOs who took care of his troops," according to Dorsey who, like his former company commander, pulled two combat tours during the Vietnam War, first as Alpha Company XO and his second tour as a company commander himself. Dorsey knows what it's like to lead infantrymen into battle and survive.

"We lost too many guys like Sgt. Carter through casualties and retirement," he added, "but when he was there, he was one of



Hilliard Carter (center) and his wife, Ollie (left), present an award to Brian Oaddams during a Veterans Against Drugs Ceremony in Philadelphia. Richard Montgomery serves as VAD coordinator.

those sergeants you knew you could count on to take care of his troops and give them the best shot at getting through alive."

Soldiers who survived the battles of Alpha Company still refer to one another by the rank each trooper held at the time — titles frozen in memories etched forever in veterans' thoughts. Dorsey retired from the Army as a lieutenant colonel but he answers to Lt. Dorsey without pause when the group reunites.

"It's much more of an honor to be called Lt. Dorsey by those guys than colonel," he said. "It's the same with Sgt. Carter. Everybody says that with a great deal of love and affection." Like his former XO, Carter reminisces about the men in his command with fondness.

"A lot of the guys in my squad were really young, 18-19 years old," he said. "I called them my boys. We were really tight." Carter had cautioned his troops not to take unnecessary chances. On stand down, they had laughed about taking risks. "You're going to be bucking for a promotion posthumously," was an old wisecrack within his squad.

The blast which vaporized Carter's future promotions exploded not far from Trung Luong where Alpha Company had shot it out with the NVA three months earlier. Never one to pass the buck, he fell while trying to minimize danger for his squad and others who followed. His sense of responsibility toward grunts who might tread later in his tracks overrode his risk-taking prudence that last, gloomy, bush morning.

The line between risk and responsibility wavers thin for grunts, especially when human lives balance upon a fine edge.

Richard Montgomery served in 1st Platoon with Carter. He also attended the Trung Luong reunion at Fort Campbell. Montgomery spent several months in Carter's platoon under what he called, "some very difficult circumstances." He talked about his comrade's leadership ability.

"I knew Hilliard as a guy who had the respect of his men, a guy you were glad to have with you and in a position of authority,"

Montgomery said with a somber note. "He knew what he was doing and he didn't hesitate—a guy who inspired confidence."

Montgomery helped organize the 1999 Trung Luong reunion at Fort Campbell. His own wounds from the battle hospitalized him for almost a year. He remembered Carter being lightly wounded at Trung Luong, but Montgomery was recuperating stateside three months later when the booby-trapped hand grenade ended Carter's Army career.

Decades after his own military discharge Montgomery joined the 327th Infantry Association. A group of "A" Company veterans had started forming. When Montgomery joined the association, however, he was the only veteran from Alpha Company, circa 1966, enrolled as a member. Most of his comrades had not spoken to one another in 30 years.

"The association sent me a list of members and there was no one else in our time frame so I put the list away and didn't think about it for quite awhile," Montgomery said. Two years later another "A" Company veteran, Bruce Masters, joined the association and saw Montgomery's name on the member list. Masters wrote him a letter, twice returned, because the address was outdated. Association head Dave Cook later supplied Montgomery's correct address. Ironically Masters and Montgomery lived a short distance apart in Pennsylvania.

"He works 15 minutes away from my house," Montgomery said. "A day or so later we got together. He came over and put me in touch with Capt. Furgeson and Col. Wasco (former company and battalion commanders)."

The reunion network spread and Montgomery learned Hilliard Carter worked in Illinois as a social worker for U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs. By the time Montgomery tracked Carter down, he had transferred to a counseling job at the Jackson, Mississippi, Vet Center.

The last time Montgomery saw Carter was during the June 1966 battle for Trung Luong village, a struggle he's still amazed they survived.

"We came in touch with one of the guys who flew our medevac," Montgomery said. "The biggest day was the 20th. They flew about 18 hours and went through four choppers."

Enemy machine gun fire mowed down Montgomery on day two of the four-day slug fest. Bullets shattered the bone in his left thigh. NVA regulars took no mercy on the injured.

"The wounded and dead were all together and they opened fire on us," he said. "My leg was twisted with my foot pointing backward and one of my friends turned it around for me. I just closed my eyes and wondered if I would ever open them again." Three medics died while working on wounded troops.

Montgomery had joined "A" Company as one of five replacements when he came incountry three months earlier. Three died, the remaining two were wounded. He marvels at the information vacuum surrounding the battle for Trung Luong.

"There was no media coverage," he said. "Some reporters flew in with a general after the fighting was over but what happened never really came out. It just passed. For me it was like Pearl Harbor. I expected Americans to wonder what happened. I saw one report that listed light casualties. Everyone I knew was wounded or killed and they called it light casualties. Nobody said anything about what really happened."

Three months after the battle, on Sept. 28, 1966, Staff Sgt. Hilliard Carter suffered his catastrophic wounds not far from Trung Luong. Today, he recounts his losses and his long, slow rehabilitation with modest precision.

"I lost my right eye but my vision came back in my left eye," Carter said. He recuperated at Walter Reed Army Medical Center near Washington, D.C. He worked with disabled children for 18 months after being medically retired from the Army in October 1967. His life seemed to be stabilizing.



Co-workers gathered for a retirement day send off at the Jackson, Miss., Vet Center. Pictured are (l. to r.) Marsha Darnell, counselor; Glenn Curtis, team leader; Billy Wince, support/outreach worker; retiree Hilliard Carter; Annie Grantham, office manager; Chris Lujan, Vet Center Region 3-B manager; and John Simpson, counselor. Lujan presented an appreciation plaque for Carter's 20-year service.

"Then my sight faded in my left eye and I went through the blind rehabilitation program at Hines VA Medical Center in Chicago," he said. Doctors damaged his cornea while trying to repair a cataract which had started clouding the vision in his remaining eye. An attempted cornea transplant later failed.

Carter earned a master's degree in rehabilitation counseling and went to work for VA in November 1976. Three years later he applied and was selected for a counseling position at the new Jackson Vet Center. He and his wife, Ollie, raised a son, Aaron, and three daughters, Carrie, Lynda and Hillary. His oldest son, Derrek, from a previous marriage, was born Sept. 12, 1966, just 16 days before Carter was wounded. Family support has played a strong role in his life since Vietnam.

Working as a Vet Center readjustment counselor meant talking about postwar reactions every day. Carter said after being retired for over a year he finds himself reflecting less upon war's aftermath. His thoughts turn toward positive recollections.

"I enjoyed the beauty of the land," he said, remembering

Vietnam's tropical tapestry. "Sometimes we flew and could see the rice paddies laid out below. I enjoyed the people. Sometimes just sitting around talking you forgot why you were there." Reality came screaming back whenever someone got hurt. The fight-or-flight instinct so useful in war permeated some veterans' existence, followed others home and persisted for the rest of their lives. Carter exudes compassion for fellow veterans with the same benevolence he practiced as a commander.

Jerry Sweeney started his Vietnam War tour in Carter's squad. He humped the squad's mortar base at first, a heavy metal disk used to support an 81-mm mortar tube. Later he took over as M-60 machine gunner. He recounted an unforgettable memory of his former squad leader.

"When I first arrived there as a cherry (new replacement), there was a lot of stuff going on," Sweeney said. "We were in several confrontations and I was shaking in my boots. Carter says, 'Sweeney, don't think about the future, think about one day at a time. If you start thinking too far ahead, your mind will get clogged.' It was a scary situation for me at the time. He said just do it one day at a time and you'll make it through."

Carter's advice served Sweeney well. He survived the Trung Luong battle, became a squad leader himself, saw his mentor get dusted off and, to his own amazement, completed his full 12-month combat tour without being wounded. He remembers how Carter stabilized people around him.

"I remember taking my squad out – we were up in the highlands – we had orders to set up an ambush," Sweeney said. "We were leaving and it was pitch dark, you couldn't see which way you were going." He complained to Sgt. Carter. "We're going to get lost out there," he groaned. "We can't see." Carter reassured his troops.

"He said, 'Sweeney, we're going to get there.' He took charge. He settled our nerves. He was a man in command and a good job he did."

Sweeney said despair settled over 1st Platoon the day Carter left for good.

"It was a real sad day when the explosion went off," he added. "You have good men and sergeants you really like. He was one of the best. He was a guy who was confident. He always seemed to have a cool head no matter what was going on. When he gave a command, he was stern, but he always worked with you. He was respected by his men and well liked."

The reverence Carter earned from his charges and superiors has withstood three decades. He set a life-long example for his comrades.

"What a remarkable man and what an inspiring man he is — the way he gave courage to men on the battlefield, and he continues to give courage and inspiration today," Montgomery said. "You see what he is able to do in spite of physical limitations. The obstacles we face in life, if we talk with Hilliard, our obstacles are not so large as we might think."

Montgomery volunteers as coordinator for Veterans Against Drugs, a Philadelphia group formed in 1988 to end violence

against children caught in the drug culture crossfire. Carter joined him to struggle against the entrenched brutality affecting all innocent victims, especially kids. The pair awarded medals to Philadelphia children who survived personal injury or loss of loved ones due to the drug war, thus extending veterans' long-standing commitment to community service.

Sons and daughters of Alpha Company veterans now carry the unit's Vietnam legacy into the future. Several veterans brought family members to the Trung Luong reunion at Fort Campbell.

"My oldest son went back with me," Dorsey said. "He's heard the story of Sgt. Carter. When we met him, my son already knew about him. That was really a thrill for me to have my son there to meet him and the others." He felt fortunate to reacquaint himself with Carter after the former sergeant's tortured departure from the Vietnam bush.

"It was a thrill to see him again and see how well he has done," Dorsey said. "I was most impressed at how he got through all that and still had such a productive life helping other people. You gotta' love a guy like that."

Veterans savored an opportunity to reconnect with other 2/327th comrades during the 1999 Fort Campbell gathering.

"The reunion was really wonderful, just terrific, magnificent," Montgomery said. He spoke in slow, short phrases, taking long pauses while he searched for the perfect words to describe raw emotion.

Sweeney said he didn't know what to expect when he arrived at the reunion. He wondered if he would recognize anyone after 33 years. He couldn't help noticing how much some of his former comrades had aged. He hooked up with Gary Housley who was his closest buddy in Vietnam. The two veterans had been in occasional contact over time and had talked by phone before arriving at Fort Campbell.

Sweeney took a pregnant pause and deep breath as he described his first meeting with Carter who had overheard him talking from a distance and recognized his voice before Sweeney spotted him.

"Sweeney, is that you?," Carter asked.

"Good God, you're here!," Sweeney blurted out. The moment sealed his doubts and reaffirmed his memories. "It meant a lot," he added. "I put a lot of closure on things from the past." Former comrades shared the feeling. The bounds of time and distance melted away.

"We really have a love for one another in our unit," Montgomery said. "We had a bond, a closeness. We went into the village of Trung Luong at least three times. I was wounded the second time. I think Hilliard was wounded the third time. We knew we were going up against a much larger unit and that we were outnumbered. We were given orders to advance. Looking back on it, I remember thinking these guys have courage like I've never seen in my life. It was our bond, our feelings for one another, that made us go forward. Some of those guys who were going forward never came back. I think

we compared to any battle throughout history. To see that citation, I really felt the award was appropriate."

No one who survived the battle knew President Lyndon Johnson had bestowed 2/327th with a Presidential Unit Citation for the battalion's courage and fortitude. The President's remarks stated, "The battle raged for hours with the enemy using anti-aircraft weapons at point-blank range.....," and the battle, "...ended one of the longest and fiercest engagements of the Vietnam War."

Veteran Bruce Masters discovered the medal decades later. World War II veterans earned the battalion's first citation fighting in the Battle of the Bulge (December 1944 - January 1945) near Bastogne in southeast Belgium. Awarding the medal to Trung Luong survivors served as a focus for Alpha Company's gathering at Fort Campbell.

"The best part of our reunion was seeing all the guys," Carter said. "In my wildest dreams I didn't imagine seeing those guys again." He used the word, seeing, as a figure of speech. Carter struggled with his blindness, wishing he could reconnect by sight.

"I couldn't see them," he said, pausing. "It took awhile to get over that. I couldn't recognize anyone. They came up and said, 'How are you doing, Sgt. Carter?' I wanted to see how they looked now. That was something I had to deal with. The reunion was emotional. It was a good feeling."

A small shrapnel wound from the battle for Trung Luong required a tetanus shot but did not limit his return to duty. He fought the good fight for three more months before his stare-down with death and ultimate return to the world. Tom Furgeson, John Dorsey, Richard Montgomery, Jerry Sweeney and other former comrades now wait for Army commanders to approve the Distinguished Service Cross which Furgeson sought on Carter's behalf 35 years ago. No one knows how long the review process takes or how the Army board will rule.

In the meantime, Hilliard Carter goes about life undaunted by the outcome. He favors retirement. He ponders Biblical scripture at a seminary near his home. He's been a minister since 1994 as a member of the National Baptist Convention.

"I'm studying for my own personal growth," Carter said. He helps those less fortunate by ministering at a local homeless shelter one day a week. His youngest daughter is 15 years old, so he and his wife, Ollie, remain active in church and community affairs. He teaches Sunday school and Bible class every week. Forever modest and forthright, he reflects on his combat experience with characteristic clarity and sincerity.

"My life was affirmed in the military," Carter said. "I came into what I wanted to be. Being a career soldier was my ambition." He served six years including one year of hospitalization.

Tom Furgeson, former commander, and other "A" Company and battalion officers are writing a historical account of the Trung Luong battle. When completed in 2001, authors intend to weave their chronicle into existing 2/327th historical data maintained at Fort Campbell. Several Trung Luong survivors,

including Carter, have been named distinguished members of the battalion.

"It never crossed my mind that I wouldn't come back (from Vietnam)," Carter added. "If something happened, it just happened. We were cautious but danger wasn't something that nagged at you." He never kept a short-timer's calendar because in the beginning his one-year combat tour stretched before him forever. He chose, like he told his troops, and later his Vet Center clients, to take duty one day at a time. "You did things in your power to get back home."

Perhaps his forward focus sustained him and today moves him to help others along the path to salvation. He said he liked a short passage he read recently that says a foolish man lives in the present; a wise man lives in the present but is future oriented.

Jerry Sweeney internalized the sage advice he received from his former squad leader back in Vietnam's central highlands.

"You enjoy every day you can possibly enjoy because you don't know what tomorrow will bring," Carter had told him. "He was a great man, and a well-liked man," Sweeney remembers. "He was everybody's confidant. He was a good soldier — a great soldier."

War drives combatants in one of two directions, Carter believes,

either filling veterans with bitterness, or obliging survivors to develop a more humanitarian outlook. He follows the latter path. Motivation, he says, comes from love for your fellow man.

"There were no heroes," Carter said. "A lot of things are done on instinct."

Life, like a battle, ebbs and flows. Courage moves life forward.

"Heroic action is not well thought out," Carter mused. "You just do it."

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Walking the walk without meeting

by Gary Sorenson

The fortunes of soldiers being swept along on the tides of war often wander between providence, fate and luck. Destiny hinges on being in the right place at the right time, or not, and every variation in between.

Chaplain Dick Heim had providence on his side in 1966. Misfortune prevailed, however, the first time Army commanders honored his mission carrying the military ministry to field troops. Heim stepped into hellish circumstances June 19, 1966.

He arrived in Vietnam in May and received an assignment as chaplain for 2nd Battalion, 327th, Infantry (Airborne), 1st Brigade (Separate), 101st Airborne Division. His inaugural trip into the bush came a month later when unfortunate timing dropped him on a landing zone near a small Vietnamese village named, Trung Luong.

"That was my first combat assault," Heim said. "We jumped off the helicopters and we saw all this wire from field telephones." The communication network which incoming troops discovered was not put in place by friendly forces. "We said, there's something here we don't know about, and then it all hit."

North Vietnamese Army regulars engaged troops from 2/327th ("A" and "C" Companies) during a four day battle resulting in high casualties. Chaplain Heim spent the next three days with "C" Company helping tend the wounded and evacuating troops. His efforts earned him a Bronze Star with "V" device for valor. "It runs through my mind that I missed very few combat assaults after that," he said. "Trung Luong was the most dramatic and it was my baptism by fire. The longer I stayed in Vietnam the more

of a blur my tour became in my own mind. It washed over me."

He never knew Staff Sgt. Hilliard Carter or the men of "A" Company who shared combat duty at Trung Luong. Many years later Heim became a Vet Center team leader and Carter a coun-



Chaplain Dick Heim (seated, front, l to r), Hilliard Carter and Ollie Carter pictured with others who attended the 1999 Trung Luong reunion.

selor, but their paths never crossed until June 1999 when battle survivors gathered at Fort Campbell, Kentucky. Heim, Carter and 32 other veterans received a Presidential Unit Citation originally presented by President Lyndon Johnson but never received by individual Trung Luong veterans who never forgot the hardship.

"I remember being right behind the senior medic who followed the Charlie Company commander," Heim said. Firing erupted and casualties mounted.

"I spent my time carrying or helping move the seriously wounded or terminally wounded," he added. He offered final prayers over mortally injured troops before loading them on medical evacuation helicopters.

"I was there for three days and then Lt. Col. Wasco (battalion commander) said, 'You ought to go back to the aid station and see those troops,' so I did, then I came back out."

Heim's memories of troops who fell in battle throughout his combat tour remain distinct. He wrote letters to parents expressing concern for soldiers who gave their lives. The compassion which drove him during the battle for Trung Luong continued for the remainder of his Vietnam tour and beyond. He joined Readjustment Counseling Service as Vet Center team leader in Fort Wayne, Indiana, during 1983. He spent the next 11 years working in Vet Centers.

"RCS was the best ministry of my life other than the Army chaplaincy," he said. In 1988 he transferred to Colorado Springs, Colo., as team leader. He later served in the same capacity in San Francisco, California, during 1991-94. He retired from the Army Reserves in 1987 and RCS in 1994 before moving back to Colorado Springs. Today, he's working part-time at the Vet Center Region 4-A manager's office in Denver, Colo., developing outreach plans for connecting with veterans service organizations and doing outreach at veterans reunions.

Heim met Hilliard Carter and other Trung Luong battle survivors at the 2/327th Fort Campbell reunion two summers ago,

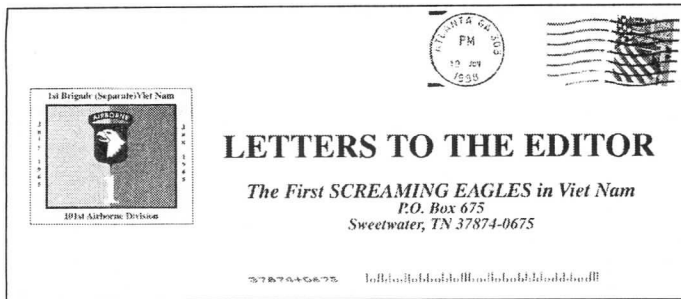
"That was totally new for me," he said. "We touched base a little. The reunion was emotionally overwhelming."

The previous 33 years melted away for veterans at the 1999 gathering. Dick Heim and Hilliard Carter never saw one another at Trung Luong in June 1966. The men never met during 11 years of mutual employment in Vet Centers. Retirement posed the first opportunity for a chance meeting.

Call the occasion providence, fate or good luck, but Trung Luong veterans of 2/327th are reconnecting and closing the circle opened on the battlefield over three decades ago.

Editor's Note: Chaplain (LTC) Richard Heim [2/327 HHC 5/66-5/67] died on June 7, 2002. Obituary letters were published in the July 2002 magazine.





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

GREGORY A. SCHON, RTO HHC 2/502 12/65-11/66
NO LOCATION
GREGORY.SCHON@MED.VA.GOV

Served as RTO HHC 2/502 ABN INF REG Dec 65 - Nov 66. The only name I remember is my Plat Daddy Alfonzo Jones.

EDWARD D. WENGLARZ, 6/67-6/68, Security Plat & LRRP
Dongola, IL
ewenglarz@yahoo.com

I served in the 1st Brigade from June 1967 to June 1968. I first served in the Brigade's Security Platoon and then with the "Old Foul Dudes" of the 1st Brigade's Long Range Recon Platoon. I was wounded on October 2nd 1967 and again on December 25th 1967. We lost quite a few Brothers and one who was very close to me, SGT Patrick Henshaw. They will all be missed dearly. Thank you.

GREG GODDARD, C Btry 2/320
Salt Lake City, UT
GFORCE2646@HOTMAIL.COM

I'm one of the original "Boat People" of the First Brigade that went over on the ship that left Oakland, California on July 8, 1965. I was with C Btry, 2/320 Artillery which supported the 2/502. I wonder how many of us are still alive today from that bunch? God Bless America. Airborne All The Way.

MICHAEL LONEWOLF (BRIAN) CAGLE, 42nd Scout Dog
524 Richmond St., Huntington, WV 25702-1929
lonewolf05@earthlink.net

I got out of jump school June 1966 and got orders to the 1st Bde., arrived in RVN in July, was assigned to the 501st Signal Platoon (Comm. Center), stayed there for about a month and transferred to the 42nd Infantry Scout Dog Platoon. Walked point for all the units in the Bde especially L.R.R.P.s/Recondos. My dog's name was Heidi 3X27. The reason that I worked with those units so much, was that Heidi would not bark or jump around under fire. I am hoping that some trooper out there can help me? A Public Information N.C.O. came out and took a bunch of pictures of Heidi. When I D.E.R.O.S.ed I got back here to the states and shipped out of San Francisco, put my duffel bag on the luggage rack and someone stole the bag with all of my pictures in it. I am hoping that I can find pictures of Heidi and some one will give me



a few. By the way Heidi and I never did lose a man on patrol. Thanks for any help that anyone can give me in this matter.



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



Just drifted in to say Hi to all and posting new email address:
bcb585@bellsouth.net
Airborne, Bill (Houdini)



JOHN CHAPPELL BAMBINO, 2/502 B 6/67-6/68
Atlanta, GA
chapjon@hotmail.com



B Co 2/502 June 1967 to June 1968



RONALD A. MARSH, SGM, USA, RET, Unit Unknown
Brunswick, ME
ronmarsh@blazenetme.net



Seeking Carl Davis, SFC, 1st BDE, 65/66 at Phang Rang. Abn



Editor's Note: In my database I have Carl Douglas Davis (ADMIN 65) 11647 Hamrick Place, Jacksonville, FL 32223; W (904) 346-1555; H (904) 262-6496. Hope this helps.



+ FRANK ROWE, 2/502 A 9/67-9/68
124 Monument Circle, Summertown, TN 38483-7637
(931) 964-4322
frankrowe@aol.com



Served with A Co. 2/502 67/68



BUNN CARLOS PATE, 1/327 A 65-66
Box 221, Saratogo, NC 27873
dcpate@bbnp.com



Co A, 1st BN, 327th Inf, 1st BDE, 101st Abn Div, ABU Above the Rest 1965-1966



+ KEN STUTEVILLE, 2/502 B 1/67-1/68
Rt. 2 Box 251, Meeker, OK 74855-9311
W (405) 202-1231; H (405) 275-9665
kwstutevll@aol.com



Want to hear from B Company 3rd platoon 2/502 and Medic named Payne from June 10, 1967.



JOHN H. PHELPS, HHC 2/502 10/65-5/66
Quinton, VA
johnandsharon@mindspring.com

HHC 2/502 Oct 65-May 66

E-MAIL MESSAGES

EDWARD FONTAINE, 2/502 A 66-68
1060 Geneva Way, Grand Island, FL 32735
FontaineE@lake.k12.fl.us

I'm a former boonie rat-60 gunner 1st Brigade 2/502 Inf. (1966-67) 101st Airborne patriot. I would like to send letters to my old platoon in Iraq. My pal, Bartgerger, sent me your address. Can you help?

My home address is: Ed Fontaine, 1060 Geneva Way, Grand Island, Florida 32735. Actually, I served in the dirty 1st Brigade from 66 to 68. I volunteered to go on 'the line' with A Company --Widow Makers--2/502 Infantry--3rd Platoon. My Lt. was Jack A. Rogers from Calif. He left 'the Nam' a Captain assigned to be a Ranger instructor. I'd give one of my kidneys to locate him!!!! Thanks for your help, AIRBORNE-!!!!!!!

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

Ivan, Do you have an e-mail or any info on a Jerry Grandroute(sp) from 2/320 Artillery, 1966 time frame. He was a captain then and I believe made general officer?

Editor's Note: Bob, I do not have anyone in my database that is even close. Can anyone help?

Subject: Searching for 101st mortar instructor
JIM WILLIS, USAF Phan Rang
639 Montgomery St., Albany, OR 97321
Jim.Willis@state.or.us

I found you through the 1st Brigade (SEPARATE) website. I have what I hope will be a simple request. In 1966-67, I served in the 366 Air Police Squadron at Phan Rang Air Base, RVN. While there, we had a heck of a time providing illumination for our K-9 troops during the hours of darkness. Leave it to the 101st to come up with the answer. A mortarman by the name of SSgt Thurston volunteered to teach some of us how to use the 81mm mortar which would allow us to fire illumination rounds in support of our K-9 patrols as well as our outposts. Once we learned how to use the weapon, he also helped us "acquire" some mortars and the necessary rounds. This weapon beat the heck out of the handheld "pop" flares we had been using. I never got the chance to thank SSgt Thurston for his help. I know that there are people alive today because he took his own time to teach us this skill. To my knowledge, we were the first Air Police Squadron in Vietnam to be equipped with this weapon, but not the last. The Commanding General of the 1st Brigade at that time was General Pearson, and Phan Rang was serving as a base camp for the Brigade. Any help you can give me in locating SSgt Thurston would be appreciated.

Best Regards,
Jim Willis
(Former SSgt, USAF Air Police
366 Air Police Squadron

Phan Rang AB, RVN)

Editor's Note: I do not have a Thurston in my database. Can anyone help?

+ CARL E. MIDKIFF, HHC AVN 12/66-12/67
810 Martin Ln., Radcliff, KY 40160
W (502) 624-1180; H (270) 351-1950
RedHatt13@aol.com

Ivan, The renewal check is in the mail. (OK, so you have heard that one before). I have just come across two issues of Diplomat and Warrior. They are Vol. 1 No. 35, Jan 23 1966 and Vol. 1 No 36, Jan 30 1967. I just did a doubletake and the year on No. 35 is printed 1966 which has to be a misprint. Will be glad to send them to you to copy or if you can't copy them I will donate them to you. One interesting article is headed "Bitter cold of Kontum presents new Enemy." I can remember how cold we got flying H-13s. We had left most of the doors back at Phan Rang and the doors we had we couldn't use because your breath would fog up the bubble and you couldn't see outside. Not a desirable state of affairs in a H-13. The cold must have been really tough on the troops living and fighting in the mountains.

Let me know about the papers.

Editor's Note: Thanks for your message! I would like to borrow the January 23, 1966 issue. I will scan and return it. I do have the January 30, 1967 issue and used it in the January 1999 and July 2000 issues. Again, Thank you for your interest and participation.

+ GORDON KENNEDY, 3rd BDE HHC FC 2/63-7/65
905 Normandy Drive, Clinton, MS 39056-3626
(601) 924-7234
gkennedy@mrec.state.ms.us

You may know John Pagel for he and I served together and we have been corresponding. I am looking for an address for then PFC William Nolan of Memphis, TN. I looked on the 327th web page and entered his name but found no listing. I may have not done it correctly but then again, he may not have sent his name to you. His picture is on the back cover of the January 2003 "The Always First Brigade." Thanks for your help. Thanks for serving in Nam and Welcome Home. Great magazine. I thoroughly enjoy it.

Editor's Note: I do not have any information about William Nolan. Sorry! Thanks for your interest and participation.

THOMAS HUGHES, unit and dates unknown
28901 Crosby Drive, Sun City, CA 92586
(818) 515-9607
SergeantTom@cs.com

Airborne! Sir. I noticed your email contained an image that didn't come through. Was it a cover of your magazine or newsletter? Regarding the material I have, mostly pictures, or snapshots, yes, sir I would love for 1st Brigade veterans to have them. Most of the images are pretty good, but the best thing to do is to send you these originals and allow you to copy them to insure a better qual-



ity. I will include a SASE and ask that you return them. It is not that terribly many now, I used to have hundreds that have disappeared over the years, but they are all of C Co. 2/502 during the period of Sept - Oct. 1966 under Capt. Silvasy and 1st Sgt. Sabulaski. I will end this by saying that I had taken hundreds of color photos from March 66 under Capt. Canary to June 66 under Capt. Carpenter and they were all lost in shipment to Japan for development. A treasure beyond words, lost. One more thing, I kept a diary in 2 notebooks from Mar 66 to Sep 66 which shows many many 1st Brigade names that you may copy if you wish. I only need a mailing address and a promise to return them as my life is empty without....my ghosts of Vietnam.

Editor's Note: The address is: Ivan Worrell, Post Office Box 675, Sweetwater, TN 37874-0675. No need to send Self Addressed Stamped envelope. I will return whatever you send by first class or priority mail. I look forward to seeing your photos and written material.

Subject: Honor Roll April 2003 Issue
 + JOHN.BOEDEKER, 1/327 B 9/66-9/67
 800 Ridge Pl, Falls Church, VA 22046-3630
 W (703) 305-8103; H (703) 237-6837
 John.Boeddeker@USPTO.GOV

I noticed in the list Gary Prather was listed as unknown unit. He was in B 1/327 1st Plt. He was killed in an ambush near Kontum in Dec. 66. We both carried radios for the Plt. I did not know him well but wanted to insure that someone remembered. Thanks Ivan for your efforts.

Subject: A Trp 2/17 Cav
 + WILLIAM K. BERGMAN, 2/17 CAV A & B 6/67-5/68
 NSA PSC 79 Box 264, APO, AE 09714
 (W) 011-322-708-8870; (H) 011-322-762-9581
 wkbergman@hotmail.com

Ivan, great job at helping us re-find our own! Your January issue



photo of 2nd Plat A Troop had so many familiar faces I have just such a shot from my Platoon, from that same stand-down, a rare rest stop at Phan Rang, fall '67? Before Christmas and Tet '68. The Platoon Leader, the LT, in the lower left, that's me. These photo(s) show the finest Recon warriors ever, the 2/17Cav. I did not write their names; to identify, ask your other readers. Other than for the annual ceremonies here in Bastogne, I am too far away for those 1/101st reunions. So I'll not see them again this side of that Last DZ, but this little group never leaves my thoughts. This photo has been with me ever since, through good years and a couple of rough ones, too. This photo sits on my desk in a green and gold coarse leather frame. Green for the light at that door that says "go! and don't bother looking back." Rough leather is what you see of these men on the outside; gold is their character. These men, then at the age of boys most of them, have continued to inspire me, when the trail got rough and the rucksack extra heavy. Never have I met such a group of ordinary men with such extraordinary qualities. All but one of us are just long enough in the Army to be wearing the basic jump wings. Our age averages just around twenty-one; few could have ordered a beer these peacetime days. These men taught me about humanity, though we led in body counts. They showed compassion for the weak, though we played at being the strong. Utterly professional, we left our business cards after successful customer service. They carried the grace of natural courage, in the face of death and maiming. Gentle with an adopted puppy, they were totally skilled in the application of violence. A discipline-focused gang of give-a-shit, give-it-all, selfless men. They cared about what they did, and truly believed that we did it to better the lives of the people there, and for those we loved back home. I taught them how to cross a hazard, a stream, how to negotiate that last kilometer before you're back in the perimeter. What they gave me in return, I've tried to teach my sons. I knew them never well enough, their background, where they went to school. We seemed at times like a handful of hoodlums. Yet they proved over and again in that ballet of war, in the crucible of battle, that they are the ones who define our concept of "noble." When I frequently think "may God have blessed their post-war lives" I really know that it's they who blessed others by what they were, by who they are. These airborne men are the American soldier, the finest that ever served the human race.



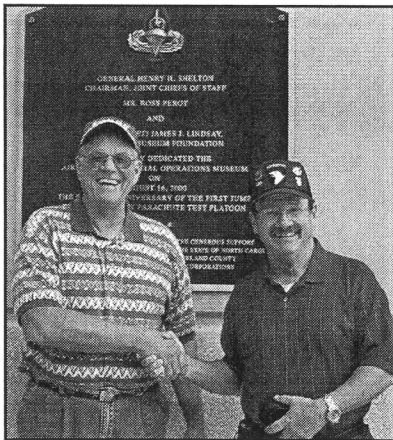
Subject: Donut Dollies
+ WILLIAM K. BERGMAN
wkbergman@hotmail.com

I forget: you've reported on the Donut Dollies? Ours were the greatest. A while back, one of them, Jan Sigurdson located me via the web. Married name McMullen, 6318 23rd St. NW, Gig Harbor, WA 98335-7525; tel (253) 265 8589. Tell her I sent you. With that photo I sent last mail comes also a story of her at my Platoon party.

All the Way
WB

+ JAMES E. SAMUEL, 2/320th FA HHB 10/66-10/67
15710 River Bend Trail, Lanexa, VA 23089-6048
(804) 966-1956
jamessamuel@cox.net

Cpt. Ben Melton, (on left) and Jim Samuel of HHB 2/320th meet again after 37 years. The two got together in Fayetteville, NC. The meeting took place at the Special OPs museum there. Both were attached to Headquarters Co. of 2/502nd and were wounded in the same sapper attack in September of 1967. It was the first meeting since both left RVN. The photo was taken by Ben's wife, Sue, and it was a pleasure to see the both of them. Strike Force



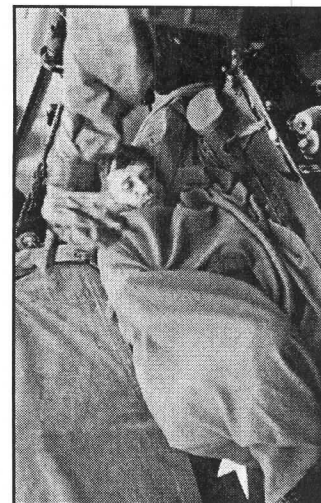
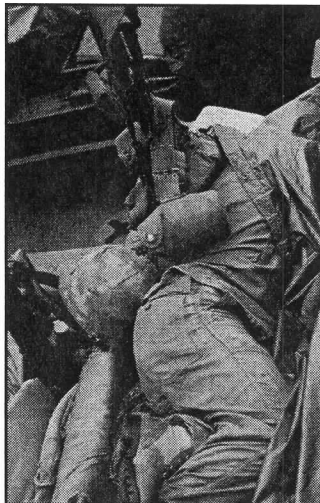
FROM U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

+ MICHAEL J. O'NEILL, 2/502 HHC Recon 6/66-12/67, 56 No. Broadway, Haverhill, MA 01832-2956 along with his subscription renewal and order wrote: I'm sorry I let my dues lapse for so long but things happen sometimes.

I hope you can find the time to once again add my name to the proud group of 1st Bde Nam Vets. In the future I will send my dues in on a regular basis.

I have been in touch with some of the guys I was with in the "Recondos" HHC 2/502 back in '67 and it has made my day! I hope to make it to the next reunion and hoist a few cold ones with these guys. I've never been before, I think it's time.

+ RAYMOND W. GERNER, 2/327 HHC 5/65-6/66, 1423 Oxford St., Slaton, TX 79364-2811 along with this subscription renewal wrote: Enclosed are two pictures that are yours to keep. They are copies made from 35 m/m slides. The date is Jan. 1966 aboard the Navy's LST USS Traveling County. We were sitting just off the coast of Viet Nam at Tuy Hoa. We had a broken screw and the sea was to rough for us to land. We sat like this for one week and then went back to Cam Rhan Bay and disembarked. During that week



you slept and rested the best that you could. I slept on a 2 - ton truck that was loaded with C-Rats. I wedged myself in a crevice and covered up with a poncho. If that LST was not bouncing up and down, then it rocked side to side or back and forth. A bunch of us got seasick. I don't remember who the two men were on the jeeps in the pictures.

+ SGT JESSE TALLEY, unit ? 7/65-1/67, 280 Stratton Ct., Brentwood, TN 37027 when renewing his subscription requested help in finding out what unit he was in.

Editor's Note: Can anyone help him with this?

+ MICHAEL AINSWORTH, 1/327 HHC&A 9/66-5/67, 210 Essex Way, Benicia, CA 94510-1512; (707) 746-5629 sent the following: Enclosed is my drawing of a "Combat Medic" at work. You did have an issue titled "Medevac," but that wasn't a true por-



trayal of the actual infantry platoon medic. I was a combat medic – never wore a red cross and carried an M-5 Field Aid Kit. All our medevacs did a great job as you know, but medical care started at the platoon level.

+ WILLIAM V. LARSEN, 2/327 B EIT 65-7/66, 442 Otisco Drive, Westfield, NJ 07090-2716, W (908) 233-5656; H (908) 233-2217 when renewing his subscription and purchasing a Viet Nam Odyssey and inside/outside decal wrote: One of my best friends in B Company 327th Infantry, Ray Lake, saw my name in the January edition and wrote me a great letter. Ray was an M-60 Gunner. We are going to try to get together soon. Your publication has enabled so many of us to re-connect. Thank you for doing this. As I've mentioned previously, I must have, at least, 400 35MM color slides spanning July 1965 to July 1966. I will try to either get them out to you or make print copies you can keep. My #2 of three sons is a professional photographer. He thinks he could put all of them on a computer disc which would be ideal. I also have a trove of 35MM black and white photographs taken in country. Keep up the great work Ivan – hope to meet you one day.

Above the Rest! - Bill

+ CSM(R) ROBERT A. YOUNG, HHC CSM 6/66-6/67, 2 North East Street, Green City, MO 63545-1024; (660) 874-5123 wrote: Thanks for your telephone call – enjoyed chatting with you. After which, I picked up the JAN 03 issue of “The First Screaming Eagles,” and took a close look at the address label, it says 4/03! Hell, I always wait for a statement of charges – but, will send \$20.00 to Renew without you prodding me. Ha Look forward to seeing you at the “Static Line” gathering. Airborne All The Way!

P.S. Sounds like the 101st and 82d and definitely the 3 Inf Div -- ARE KICKING ASS!!!

+ ROBERT DICKSON, 2/320 FA B Btry 7/65-8/66, Box 203, New Hartford, IA 50660; (319) 983-2777 sent the following: Here are some photos of my tour of Viet Nam. I have hundreds. Feel free to keep them. Here is a copy of our Christmas menu from 1965. I remember there was a mess tent set up with some decorations. Looking back at the menu it looks great but I can't remember if that is what we actually had. (It looks to good.)

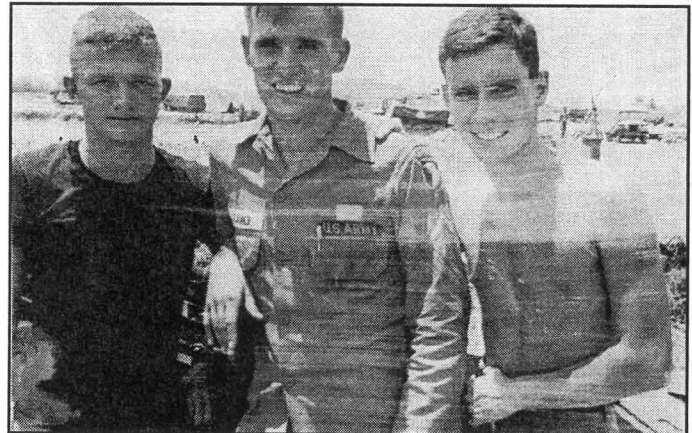
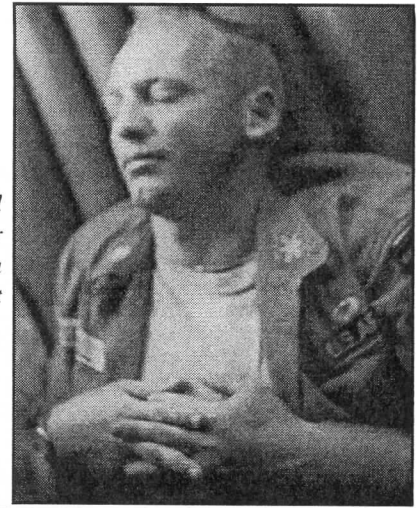
P.S. I remember jumping (3) three times in Viet Nam. A C130, a chopper and one where we just walked out the rear door, (no wind blast). I think it was a C119.



Bob Dickson “B” Battery 2/320th Arty, Tuy Hoa, Vietnam, March 1966, 101st Airborne



Capt. Robert Rudesill “B” Battery Commander 2/320th Arty, Viet Nam October 1965, 101st Airborne.



Left to right: Dillard Reed (Alabama), Harold Buckner (West Virginia), Bob Dickson (NJ). Tuy Hoa, Viet Nam, March 25, 1966, “B” Battery 2/320th Arty 101st Airborne.



Commander's Message

It is said that "joy is to be found in giving." There is no finer gift that one may provide than to give of his own that his brother might share what he, himself, enjoys. And, on this Christmas Day, this is what you are doing as you fight in support of the Vietnamese in their struggle to maintain their independence and gain freedom from terror. As we face the coming new year, may we each pray for success of our mission and lasting peace throughout the world.

W.E. Westmoreland
General, United States Army
Commanding

Almighty God, who does make us glad with the remembrance of the birth of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, we praise Thee for what His life has come to mean in the lives of men: Rescuer of the perishing; Comforter of the dying; Guide of the living. Grant that as we joyfully remember His birth, we may gratefully receive Him for our Redeemer, and worthily serve Him day by day. Make us humble, brave, and loving. Keep us loyal to the way He has shown us, that at life's end we have nothing of which we are ashamed and may be welcomed by Him into His kingdom of glory. Amen.

Christmas Day 1965

~ DINNER ~

Shrimp Cocktail
Crackers

Roast Turkey w/ giblet gravy Cranberry Sauce
Bread Dressing

Mashed Potatoes
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Buttered Peas

Hot Rolls Assorted Relish Tray Fruit cake
Butter Mincemeat Pie Pumpkin Pie

Assorted Nuts
Assorted Fresh Fruits
Assorted Candy

TEA

COFFEE

MILK

+ RAYFORD W. LATHAM, 2/327 C EIT 10/64-5/66, 1627 Delwood Circle, Scottsboro, AL 35769-4040, (256) 259-2842 along with his renewal wrote: Do you have any records showing where a PVT/PFC Messer was killed by an accidental shooting? I remember this soldier being killed by another while he was clearing his .45 after coming back from an all night patrol. We had to clear our weapons when we came back into the perimeter. This SP4 Johnson dropped his magazine out of his .45 then pulled the

trigger before he racked it back to eject the one in his chamber. It struck Messer in the chest. He died later. Thought you might have a record of it. I believe this happened at Cam Ranh Bay before we moved to the Central Highlands, July '65 (I think). Thank you for all you do. You are a great leader.

Editor's Note: Rayford, in my list of Brigade soldiers killed in Viet Nam I have: PFC Darryl Messer killed 8/23/65, from NM, Non Battle Death, Died Of Injuries [small arms fire]. I will put your request for information in the July issue. Thanks for your interest and participation.

+ RICHARD A. HISE, 1/327 Inf HHC 1/67-8/68, P.O. Box 327, Machias, NY 14101-0327; (351) 353-4501 along with his renewal wrote: Got a letter from Tiger Force. They want camo paint (sand, brown, black) and two gallons of whiskey. Tigers never change! So that we are not burying the postal service, let's donate items and cash to: THE FLAG FUND, P.O. Box 929, Ft. Campbell, KY 42223-0929. We have to support the troops. So let's make sure our troopers' families are taken care of. Two things come to mind from 35 to 40 years ago. "Wives and kids aren't issue, but if Mama is happy - I'm happy. Airborne! Above the Rest!"

BOB KARIG, <karig@sprintmail.com>, sent a set of photos (6) from an album to COL (R) Richard R. Maglin [2/17 CAV 6/66 - 6/67], <maglin@dicomm.net> with the following message:

"Thought you'd enjoy these."
Bob



Subject: Dick Maglin forwarded them to me (Ivan Worrell) with the following information (edited to exclude photos not used). Ivan, I believe these are the pictures that you were talking to me about. (This one is a) picture of me promoting 1LT Andrew G. Hudson, 2nd Platoon Leader, A Troop, 2/17 Cav to Captain in Sept 66 at Tuy Hoa. The individuals in the picture are: from L to R; 1SGT Michael F. Lynn, CPT Hudson and CPT Maglin.

Hope that this helps.
Dick

+ SGM(R) CHARLIE L. FRALEY, 2/327 A 3/65-6/66, 1532 Willow Way, Radcliff, KY 40160-2863 sent the following orders and photos taken around Christmas time at Phang Rang.

HEADQUARTERS
1st BRIGADE 101st AIRBORNE DIVISION
APO SF 96347

































SPECIAL ORDER 28 September 1965
NUMBER 60
EXTRACT

5. TC 322. Under the provisions of AR 672-5-1, following indiv this sta awarded BADGES as indic.

COMBAT INFANTRYMAN BADGE

FNI Co A 2d Bn (Abn) 327th Inf

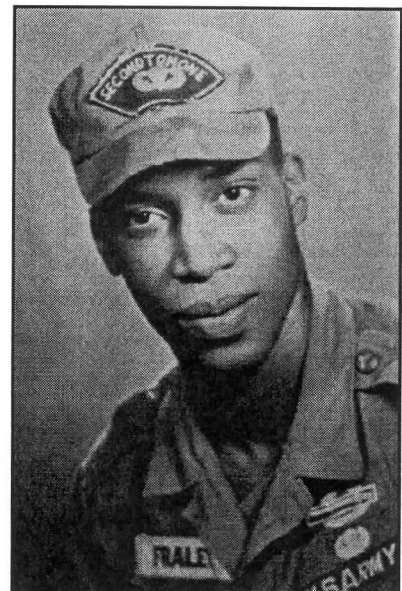
Heim, Bruce K	098754	1ST LT INF
Hutchins, Paul D	OS100780	2D LT INF
Lehowicz, Larry G	OF100868	2D LT INF
Martin, Jim I	OF100907	2D LT INF
Albert, George T	RA13776659	SP4 E4
Allen, Samuel L	RA14865430	PFC E3
Amos, John W	RA14861427	PFC E3
Arasim, Michael B	RA14884326	PFC E3
Banks, Dennis R	RA11437507	PFC E3
Barber, Daniel	US53389002	PFC E3
Barlow, Bill H	RA14860672	PFC E3
Barry, David	RA19740846	PVT E2
Bashore, Frank W Jr	US52598939	PFC E3
Beaver, Robert A	RA19751441	SP4 E4
Bishop, Charles E	RA19821732	PFC E3
Boffman, James R	RA13727098	PFC E3
Boone, Bernard F	RA11269937	SSGT E6
Borden, Melvin L	RA19785097	SP4 E4
Boseman, Alvin Jr	RA18680724	PFC E3
Bozarth, James L	RA19785110	SP4 E4
Bradley, Charles D	RA15713616	PFC E3
Britton, Willie III	RA14548307	CPL E4
Bruner, George V	RA18678894	PFC E3
Bunch, James S Jr	RA19786072	PFC E3
Burkes, Albert L	RA52549415	PFC E3
Campbell, John S	RA15704380	PFC E3
Crouse, Otis G	RA13838545	PFC E3
Cruse, Bobby L	US53394532	PFC E3
Dallas, Elmer L	RA14853888	SP4 E4
Deloach, Steve R	RA14774107	SP4 E4
Dixon, Wesley A	RA14861276	PFC E3
Doty, Robert H	RA23019797	SGT E5
Dukes, Oscar L	RA14534350	SGT E5
Dunn, Diamas A	US54351535	PFC E3
Ephriam, Bonner Jr	RA15672838	SP4 E4
Escontrias, John	RA18693639	PFC E3
Fraleley, Charlie L	RA14763153	SGT E5
French, Henry C III	RA18678606	PFC E3
Mc Henry, Daniel L	RA16809687	PFC E3
Ganczak, Edward W	RA16758487	PFC E3
Gates, James A	RA19785078	SP4 E4
Genereux, Joseph E	RA12444594	SSGT E6
Geral, Johnnie E	US51518624	SP4 E4
Gilmore, Tommy G	RA24488366	SGT E5
Gonzalez, Eduardo D	RA50164388	SP4 E4
Govan, George R	RA14486255	SP4 E4

 Griffith, James L	RA18396189	SSGT E6
 Haggins, Eli	RA15594147	SP4 E4
 Hamilton, Cleveland	RA53369112	SP4 E4
 Hart, Calvin J	RA13348390	SGT E5
 Heisserer, Edward J	RA17660828	SP4 E4
 Henderson, Brian G	RA51129299	SGT E5
 Hightower, Burnell	RA14659871	PFC E3
 Hill, Rick A	RA11442200	PFC E3
 Hill, Norman A	RA52530941	SGT E5
 Hilliard Roy C Jr	RA18692411	PFC E3
 Hon, Herschel W	RA22984727	SP4 E4
 Hudson, Albert Jr	RA17434481	SP4 E4
 Hunt, Wilford L	RA18690211	PFC E3
 Huntoon, Spencer	RA19764537	SGT E5
 Jackson, Albert L	RA18269763	SFC E6
 Jacobs, Dennis W	RA16759200	SGT E5
 James, Joseph L	RA14837891	SP4 E4
 Jenkins, James E	RA14826862	SP4 E4
 Johnson, Melvon L	RA12645058	SP4 E4
 Johns, Jerome R	RA13553833	SSGT E6
 Jones, Wiley N	RA14884074	PFC E3
 Jordon, Richard W	US51549346	PFC E3
 Kalama, Andrew K	RA29043957	SGT E5
 Koffler, Gary L	RA19758482	PFC E3
 Lafunte, Abelardo	RA18683091	PFC E3
 Leyro, Frankie	RA12723787	PFC E3
 Little, David E	RA17650676	SGT E5
 Lyden, John J	US51520330	PFC E3
 Maguire, Lawrence	RA12608947	SGT E5
 Martinez, Joe A Jr	RA19590333	SGT E5
 Martinez, Ernest G	RA18447103	SSGT E6
 Mc Aalia, James	US51520815	PFC E3
Mc Dougald, Edward	RA14854342	PFC E3
Mc Donald, David W	RA18560572	SGT E5

FOR THE COMMANDER:

OFFICIAL:
/S/ THOMAS W. DALTON
1st Lt, AGC

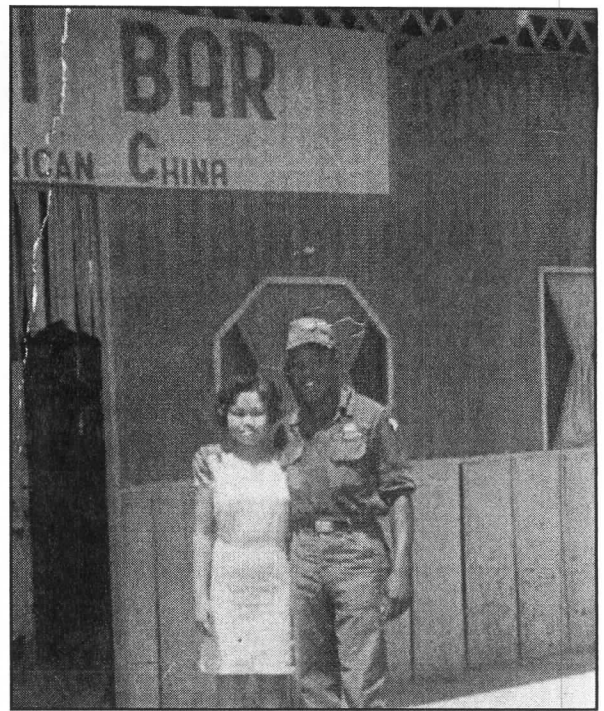
W. F. GOSS, JR.
Maj, AGC
Adjutant General
Asst AG



Sgt Charlie Fraley, Feb 66 Tuy Hoa, Co. A 2/327th



Albert Hudson, Jr., Co. A 2/327, Dec 65, Phang Rang



Sgt. Norman Hill, Jan 66, Phang Rang VN, Co. A 2/327th Inf Wpn. Plt.

+ = CURRENT SUBSCRIBER

New Decal - Wow!

**Tim Swain, HHC S-2 65 • 111 E. Morningside Dr. • Peoria, IL 61614-2131
W (309) 637-1700; H(309) 692-7301 • timswain@airborneranger.us**

Ivan: Thanks for the decal which I received Friday and put on my 1996 Vette driver's side/rear window. It joined 4 others, i.e. 101st Airborne Vietnam Vets; U.S. Ranger Today at the post office, a stranger asked if was in Germany in the Army, his son The point being, that BIG 101st, 1st background is a real eye-catcher. decal that can be affixed either (which I used) of the window. because I am proud to be a more important is that in my YOUNG MEN, WITH THE TO WANT TO SERVE IN DIVISION, AMERICA'S impact and influence we have it is there, as it was with us. As South to Florida from Illinois, I entrance to Fort Campbell the "Screaming Eagle" and legend Division." That was a definite factor in mary, EVERY MEMBER of this associa-Nam, should acquire and affix our decal to It is our patriotic and loyal duty to America and the



Asso; NRA; Band of Brothers, Life Member. I was in the 101st. It turns out that while he was with the 101st in Desert Storm. Brigade, decal with it catchy white And, I have never seen such a nifty from the inside or on the outside The reason I show the decals is member of such elite units, but mind I AM RECRUITING POWER OF SUGGESTION, THE 101ST AIRBORNE BEST!!! We never know the on the younger generation, but a kid when we would drive remember on Route 41 at the large sign with the phrase "Home of the 101st Airborne my desire to be in the 101st. In sum-tion, The First Screaming Eagles in Viet their vehicle's window and publicize the 101st. 101st Airborne. Ivan, thank you for all the fine work and dedicated leadership that you continue to provide.

Hang in there...Airborne!
Tim Swain - Peoria, IL

This four (4) inch diameter round decal is manufactured so that it may be used both inside and outside. The patch is full color. Price is \$2.50 each postpaid. See order form on page 28.

Paratroopers Hit NVA in Wheeler

CHU LAI — The Screaming Eagles of the 101st Airborne battered NVA elements operating west of here during Operation Wheeler when the paratroopers air-assaulted into positions surrounding the 2nd NVA Division headquarters.

After three weeks of fighting the Screaming Eagles had killed 396 enemy and captured 131 weapons.

The paratrooper bout with the NVA division actually began during Operation Benton, Aug. 13-28, when the brigade pounced on the 21st NVA Regiment southwest of here, killing 303 enemy.

Indications were the 2nd NVA Division was building up in the Song Thu Bon and Song Tranh valleys, confiscating rice as it

was being harvested and staging for offensive actions against Free-World Military Forces operating on the coastal plain.

On Sept. 11, the brigade carried out heliborne assaults into the Song Tranh valley. The surprise action flushed the enemy into seeking consolidation with other insurgent forces in the area, but more importantly, set off a chain reaction of movement that proved to be his demise.

With the 101st back in the 2nd NVA territory, there was a flurry of communication between enemy units and efforts to exfiltrate to the main base area. The enemy, augmented by local VC elements, moved on all trails and roads. The paratroopers occupied positions

of observation and killed scores of hurrying enemy in the first two weeks. All the while, intelligence data mounted and pinpointed the location of the 2nd NVA Division headquarters and its supporting elements.

When this information jelled into sufficiently confirmed data, the brigade acted quickly.

On Sept. 27, the three battalions mounted an offensive. Elements of 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. and 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. conducted heliborne assaults into blocking positions west, north and south of the suspected enemy headquarters. The 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf. launched a ground attack from the west, pushing the enemy toward the two blocking battalions.

Sept. 28 witnessed the brigade killing 23 enemy in several small contacts. While the body count was significant in terms of the sporadic encounters, the intelligence gleaned from the equipment captured was most significant.

The morning of Sept. 29 saw the brigade in contact almost from the first light. A Co. of the 2/327 engaged an unknown size force killing one and capturing an SKS rifle. Minutes later B and C companies of the 2/502 engaged the enemy, killing 10 and capturing three AK-47's, a Russian light machine gun, Chinese-Communist grenades, as well as the bi-pod and baseplate for a 60mm mortar. Numerous mortar shells also were captured.

By 9:30, Charlie companies of the 1st and 2nd Bns. were engaged. A day of battle had begun.

Throughout the day the airborne soldiers hammered away at the NVA and VC units. Ammunition re-supplies were accomplished in the midst of battle and adverse weather. "Dust-Off" crews responded to repeated calls. Helicopters were a continuing target for the enemy gunners, 16 were fired upon, five were downed.

When night fell elements of the 2/327 and 2/502 were in contact.

The body count for the day indicated 29 enemy had been killed, 25 of which were NVA. Eight more enemy dead were discovered the next day.

The

Screaming



Eagle



Donald Lenc
5240 Windfall Rd.
Medina, OH 44256-8750

Vol. 1, No. 7

1st Bde, 101st Abn Div

November 1, 1967

'No Slack' Battalion Conducts Combat Assault



Paratroopers of B Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. have leaped from helicopters of the 176th Aviation Co. before the choppers touch the ground. (Photo by Staff Sgt. Mike Manglameli)

NBC-TV Films Documentary on 101st Sergeant

CHU LAI—An NBC-TV news team headed by Frank McGee recently filmed a one-hour color program about a 101st Airborne platoon sergeant during Operation Wheeler. The documentary showing the paratroopers in combat will be presented to a nationwide audience by NBC-TV at 10 p.m., EST, Friday, Dec. 1.

Focal point of the news story is Platoon Sgt. Lewis D. Larry, Chicago, a member of the 1st Platoon, C Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. during search and destroy actions.

McGee, familiar to the television audience for his weekly "Vietnam Report" and special events coverage of the Apollo Program, elections and other

dramatic news events, developed the general concept of the documentary last January.

"In no war in the past history of the U.S. has the Negro soldier been permitted to perform as he has here in Vietnam," McGee explained. "He has destroyed the myth that Negroes don't lead."

With this guidance, NBC-TV producer Tom Tomizawa and a film crew arrived in the Screaming Eagle forward base camp in search of a Negro squad leader or platoon sergeant who satisfied the requirements. Six outstanding NCO's were interviewed.

"When we talked with Sgt. Larry, we knew we had found the right man," Tomizawa said.

"Larry encompassed all the qualities we sought."

After McGee met the veteran paratrooper, he echoed the producer's opinion: "Sgt. Larry is an outstanding man and soldier. He's perfect for the program we want to do."

The program was filmed as it happened. The story is combat and leadership.

"We want the American people to see the war as it really is," said McGee. "We want the audience to feel the weight of the pack on the paratroopers back... to smell the sweat-soaked soldier as he does his job... to see and feel his tension in battle... to share his rest when the battle is over."

To get this story, McGee and his team lived with the platoon in the field.

"I never realized how much you paratroopers walked," said Charles Austin, director of photography. "I was ready to collapse the first day, yet the troopers kept humping the hills."

The news team learned how to prepare their meals and found Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol rations were luxuries. "LRRP's are really great," grinned Tomizawa, digging his spoon into a bag of hot beef and rice. Other NBC personnel nodded in agreement.

McGee is the first prominent correspondent to live for an ex-

tended period with the combat elements of the brigade. He also is perhaps the first prominent correspondent to make a combat assault. Following an assault and the unit's first firefight, McGee said he found out something about himself: "I'm not afraid."

After sharing the hardships of war with the paratroopers, McGee summed up the Screaming Eagle: "He's exceptional. He has a spirit and eagerness for combat with the VC, a desire to fight I have never experienced, or even heard in five years of my own service in World War II. I was stunned by the aggressiveness of these men."

4 NVA 'Zapped' In Jungle

CHU LAI — A paratrooper platoon from the 101st Airborne fought a pitched battle in dense jungle with an NVA force during Operation Benton near here and came out without a scratch while killing four enemy.

The platoon from Charlie Co. of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. was moving slowly through heavy underbrush and matted vines when the enemy opened up with automatic weapons.

"The jungle seemed alive with bullets and exploding grenades," added SFC David J. Harper, Columbus, Ga. "I yelled for one of my squad leaders to get his fire team around the enemy's flank."

But the squad leader, Sgt. Robert Pourier, Ogden, Utah, had problems.

"I couldn't move sideways, up or forward without having bullets cut the bushes around me," explained Pourier. "I heard Harper yell, tried to move and bullets—six or seven—hit in front of my face, scattering dirt in my eyes. I wasn't sure what to do, but I knew I had to get out of there and fast!"

Pourier managed to get a grenade from his belt, throw it, fire a long burst from his weapon, leap up, dive forward and roll sideways.

"At this time," continued weapons squad leader Staff Sgt. Russel Cress, Phillips, Wis., "the enemy was really pouring it on."

Cress called for machine gunner Spec. 4 Gerald A. Soileau, Ville Platte, La., to bring his gun forward and place flanking fire on the NVA position. However, Soileau was pinned down with the rest of the platoon and couldn't move.

Soileau did the only thing he could do. He grabbed up his machine gun and overran the enemy position, his M-60 blazing away. Other paratroopers followed.

Four enemy were dead. The enemy position was blood spattered and trails of red led into the deep elephant grass. One paratrooper had a sprained ankle and Soileau fingered six bullet holes in his rucksack.



'No 'Charlies' Here Now'

Tunnel rat, Pfc. Steven Woodson, San Diego, finds only a basket left behind this time. His buddy is Pfc. Tim Carey, Los Angeles. Both are members of C Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf.

(Photo by Staff Sgt. Art Campbell)

Aids 3 Wounded Men

Paratrooper Learns Fast On First Jungle Patrol

DUC PHO — A squad of 101st Airborne paratroopers climbed the steep, rocky trail in search of Viet Cong. A rapid burst of fire struck three of the troopers. Another burst, longer in duration, caused half the squad to withdraw 10 meters to take cover. The Viet Cong had been waiting.

The squad element poured heavy fire into the thick underbrush. No enemy could be seen.

Three wounded troopers lay on the trail while a fourth, Spec. 4 John Yeager, Wierton, W. Va., crawled toward them. Bullets smashed into the dirt around him.

"I was scared," said the 20-year-old trooper of C Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf. "But I knew I had to reach the men on the open trail. It would have been suicide for the medic to try to reach us."

This was Yeager's first patrol. Yeager crawled through the brush, firing his rifle on full automatic. Whenever he cut loose with a long burst, the enemy fire stopped.

"I couldn't see Charlie," explained Yeager. "But I knew I was firing in the right direction. He pinned me down twice and I thought I'd had it. The only thing I could do was to spray what I thought to be the source of fire."

"Charlie was hitting a few feet above us and to the right. I bandaged the engineer first,

gave him my rifle and told him to watch the trail. Then I went to work on the other two men."

Yeager knew a little first aid. "I didn't know exactly what to do," he said later. "I'd never seen a wounded man before. It scared me, but one thing stood out in my mind. I had to stop the bleeding."

The two men had bullet wounds, neither serious.

"After I stopped the bleeding I went back to the engineer. He was hit the worst. Just as I reached him, the enemy opened fire again."

"I hit the ground and kept tightening the man's bandages. He was really hit bad. I kept yelling for the medic. Then the

fire got heavier."

When the Viet Cong opened up, the other half of the squad pinpointed Charlie's position.

"I heard a volume of fire and then three figures crashed through the jungle to within a few feet of me."

The three figures were members of Yeager's squad.

Other paratroopers helped Yeager make litters and carry the wounded to an LZ where a "Dust-Off" lifted the men to a hospital.

"The engineer died and I felt badly about it," said Yeager. "But the company medic assured me there was nothing I could have done. He had been hit too badly."

'Mine! 'Medic! Survival

By SP4 Dan Stroebel

DUC PHO — When Spec. 4 Marvin P. Harrigan, Wilmington, Del., hears a mine explode, he fears for the worst.

"One mine can injure many men," says Harrigan. "I treat the men most badly wounded first."

"Choosing makes my job hell."

Harrigan, a medic with the 101st Airborne, speaks from nearly two years of experience in Vietnam. He has treated many combat wounds, but the device he fears most is the anti-personnel mine.

As Harrigan's platoon of B Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. moved along a jungle trail one morning, an explosion shattered the calm. The blast raised dust while the noise and billowing black smoke scattered a column of paratroopers.

Cries of "Medic!" filled the air. Five men were hit — one who detonated the mine and four others hit by shrapnel.

Harrigan raced up the trail towards the injured men, ignoring the danger of other mines. He scrambled to the man who had stepped on the mine. Quickly he began treatment.

"You have to get the man hit the worst," said Harrigan. "Then you go to the others."

Nearby, paratroopers at the company command post, heard the explosion and Spec. 5 Luther Ambrose, Chicago, another medic, reacted quickly. Seeing Harrigan busy, he rushed to aid the other wounded. Treating the more serious cases first, the two medics went from man to man — stopping the bleeding, bandaging and administering morphine.

Within minutes, a "Dust-Off" arrived and the wounded men were evacuated.

Medics Harrigan and Ambrose watched the chopper rise.

The boy who stepped on a mine might not survive, they thought. The others would be okay.

Decorations

TAM KY — South Vietnam's vice president, Nguyen Cao Ky, presented the following paratroopers of the 101st Airborne with the Gallantry Cross with Bronze Star for actions during Operation Hood River:

- Plat. Sgt. Robert P. Sherman, 2/502; Lt. David V. Booth, 2/502; Plat. Sgt. Clark Cook, 2/502; Sgt. Nathaniel Fells, 2/502; Lt. Robert A. Clifford, 2/502; Plat. Sgt. Edward E. Garrett, 2/502.



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- Commanding General BG S. H. Matheson
- Information Officer MAJ Billy E. Spangler
- Officer-in-Charge 1LT Barry C. Hana
- Editor SP5 William P. Singley
- Photo Editor SP5 Robert G. Lloyd



New Look in PX

Bright lighting, shelves you can see over and pleasant, colorful displays marked the re-opening of the PX in Phan Rang recently. Lt. Gregg N. Hollinger, exchange officer, hosted Lt. Col. Thomas M. Brennen, Cam Ranh Bay exchange officer and Maj. B. J. Maynard, support battalion S-3, cut the ribbon during the ceremony. Onlooking paratroopers quickly moved inside to see the major changes initiated by Hollinger and SFC Evan Young, exchange manager. More items are promised as the volume of sales increases. (Photo by Spec. 5 Robert Lloyd)

Extraction—101st Airborne Style



A company of Screaming Eagles signals a covey of 176th Aviation Co. helicopters during a recent extraction. The paratroopers were air-lifted to another area of operations. (Photo by Staff Sgt. Mike Mangiameli)

Attack Recalled By NCO

CHU LAI — Sergeant Major George E. Kerner, Cincinnati, will remember August 13 as the night he could have died.

The 37-year old Army veteran of 21 years, now serving his second tour in Vietnam, sat on a rock atop a mountain west of here as he recalled the incident.

Kerner's unit, the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th, 327th Inf., air-assaulted with other elements of the 101st Airborne into an area controlled by the Communists since 1954, launching Operation Benton. None of the paratrooper units made significant contact during the afternoon, although abandoned huts bore evidence of recent use.

"We had selected a high ridge as the location for our battalion command post," said Kerner. "We were digging in when night fell."

"About 8:30 p.m. our position was attacked by an enemy force of unknown size. Mortar shells were falling all over, and two of our boys were killed immediately."

Kerner was moving among the foxholes, caring for wounded and encouraging his paratroopers when he was hit by a mortar round.

"The shell struck my steel helmet just above my left eye," he said. "Fortunately, the round was a 'dud,' but the impact cut a gash over my eye and knocked me down. My helmet went one way, my weapon the other. For a few moments I was stunned."

A medic bandaged the cut and Kerner went back to rallying the men. While running from foxhole to foxhole, he sustained minor fragment wounds in the chest, arm and hand.

"The enemy broke contact 30 minutes after the attack began," Kerner said. "We radioed for a 'dust-off' to lift out our wounded."

Kerner was one of 12 paratroopers evacuated to the 2nd Surgical Hospital here.

The combat veteran rubbed the scar over his eye, recalling the action:

"I've had a lot of experiences in the Army, but that was one night I'll always remember."

Paratroopers Win Mine Duel

CHU LAI — "Mine!" yelled the 101st Airborne paratrooper. "Clear out!"

The platoon of paratroopers moved to cover. Spec. 4 James D. Sullins, Lawndale, Calif., the combat engineer attached to the 1st Plat. of C Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf. from A Co. of the 326th (Abn) Engineers, hustled to the paratrooper.

"He was standing on a bouncing betty," said Sullins. "I told him to stay still and everything would be all right."

Spec. 4 Theodore Carlow, Paris, Calif. followed instructions. He remained calm as Sullins dug around the mine to check the best way of disarming or destroying it.

"I had just dropped my rucksack and walked toward another position when I felt the three metal prongs sink beneath my foot," said Carlow. "I knew right away it was a mine."

Staff Sgt. Harvey C. Reynolds, Orlando, Fla., now joined Sullins and Carlow.

"It's either a dud or a pressure-release mine," said Reynolds. It won't explode until his foot comes off."

Sullins now was ready to begin.

"I'm going to cut your boot up the middle," he told Carlow. "If I stick you with my knife, grin and bear it. Don't jump up."

"I understand," said Carlow. Reynolds held the boot as Sullins began to cut. He cut away the laces, removed the boot's tongue and cut away the back of the boot until the sole was the only part left.

"We'll keep pressure on the sole," said Reynolds. "Ease your foot away and get those two rocks over there. Place them on the sole and make damned sure you don't slip."

Sullins and Reynolds slipped their fingers under Carlow's foot, keeping pressure on the sole. Carlow eased his foot away, picked up the largest rock and added it to the other.

With the weight of the rock on the boot sole, Reynolds and Sullins removed their hands. Sullins told Reynolds and Carlow to take cover while he prepared an explosive charge to blow the mine.

"We'll know by the explosion and hole it leaves if it was a dud," said Sullins, as he placed the charge, lit the fuse and took cover.

With everyone behind cover, the charge and mine blew.

"The explosion was deafening," said Carlow. "There was a hole four feet deep and five feet across where the mine had been placed."

"That," said Sullins, "Was no dud."

Snipers Zapping 'Charlie'

CHU LAI — Three paratroopers of the 101st Airborne lay hidden in the tree line beside an open valley.

A lieutenant and two sergeants were acting as a sniper team for B Co., 2nd Bn (Abn), 502nd Inf. The officer checked each target with a powerful scope, the sergeants fired with deadly accuracy.

"There's a guy in black pajamas," whispered Plat. Sgt. Robert E. Jones, Colorado Springs, Colo., as he looked through his four-power scope on an M-16 rifle.

Lt. Ted S. Orvold, Atlanta, swung his 25-power scope in the direction of the suspected enemy.

"He's clean. No weapon, no military gear near him. Let him pass," said Orvold.

Twenty minutes passed. "Two men in grey uniforms walking near that far tree line," said Sgt. Charles N. Mitchell, Lemont, Ill.

"They've both got weapons. Fire them up," said Orvold.

"Both paratroopers drew careful beads — Mitchell on the lead man and Jones on the second.

Two shots rang out. Seconds later the two figures dropped along a rice paddy.

"You got them," said Orvold. "Call in the report."

"They don't believe we got two at 800 meters," Mitchell told Orvold. "They're sending a chopper to check it out."

Five minutes later a call came over the radio.

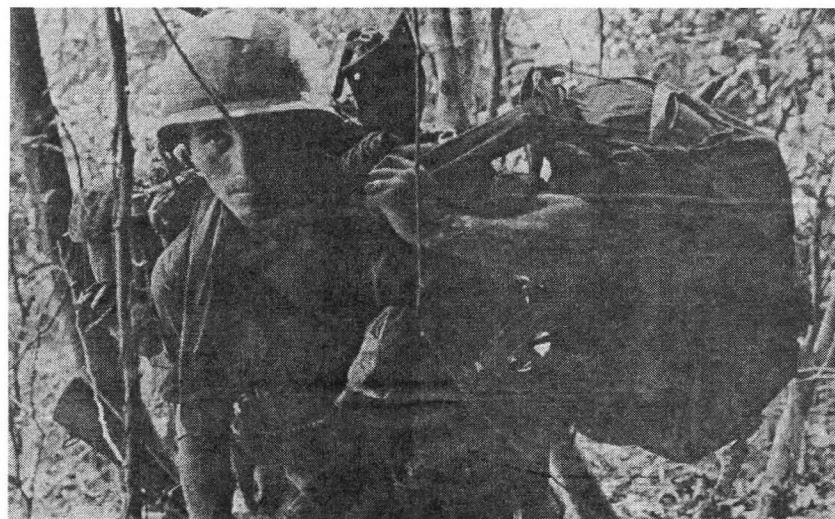
"They say congratulations — on accuracy and the distance," Mitchell said to Orvold. "They confirmed two Viet Cong shot through the chest."

Suddenly Jones sighted three figures wearing gray khakis and carrying weapons.

The officer lifted his scope. "They're Charlies," he said. "Quick before they reach the trees!"

Two rifles barked, but the distance was too great. Quickly Orvold called in artillery.

"The first round fell short, but the second got them," said Orvold.



Helping a Wounded Buddy

Pfc. Dorsey Brown, Yulee, Fla., a paratrooper with C Co. of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf., carries a rucksack for a wounded friend. (Photo by Staff Sgt. Mike Mangiameli)



"The Lord is My Shepherd . . ."

Father (Maj.) James J. Murphy, Montgomery, Ala., leads paratroopers of B Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. in prayer during a mass held in the field. (Photo by Spec. 4 Dan Stroebel)

Screaming Eagle Briefings

'Lucky' Shot

Lt. James M. Hayes, Santa Fe Springs, Calif. and his radio-telephone operator Pfc. John H. Hannah, Jacksonville, Fla., were with the lead element as the 2nd Plat., of C Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf. set up on a hilltop for the night.

Searching the valley with binoculars, Hayes sighted a VC below, wearing a rucksack and two Chinese Communist grenades strapped to his chest harness. He called for Hannah to report by radio to the company commander and subsequently artillery.

Suddenly the enemy soldier began running toward a wood line.

"Now we've lost him," said Hayes. "He's more than 300 meters away — out of range."

Hannah quickly removed his radio, aimed his M-16 rifle and squeezed off three desperation shots as the VC reached the tree line.

The figure dropped from the brush and toppled over a rice paddy dike.

"Nice shot," said Hayes.

"Lucky," said Hannah.

Partita on Job

"I'm hit!" yelled the 101st Airborne paratrooper after a Viet Cong grenade exploded near his position.

The medic, Spec. 5 Jesse S. Partita, Austin, Tex., quickly ran to the downed paratrooper of C Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf.

Checking the trooper, he failed to find any wound.

"Where were you hit," asked Partita.

"I don't know," replied Pfc. Vernon Garel, Manhattan, N.Y. "But what knocked me down?"

Partita looked around, then picked up Garel's M-16 rifle. A piece of shrapnel had struck the front sight and was wedged there.

Later a wound did develop. A sliver of steel in his little finger.

VC Dots 'i'

A Viet Cong dotted the "i" in machine gunner but failed to claim a prize for his marksmanship.

Spec. 4 Frank J. McCloskey, Johnstown, Pa., was firing his machine gun during a 101st Airborne operation when a Viet Cong jumped behind him and sprayed his position with a pistol.

"Something slammed into my head," said McCloskey, of the 1st Plat., C Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. "It drove me against a tree and I guess I must have blacked out for a second. When I turned around the VC was aiming at some other guys."

McCloskey grabbed his machine gun and fired. The enemy soldier died before firing another shot.

After the enemy force broke contact, McCloskey picked up his helmet. Imbedded above the letter "i" in the printed words "machine gunner" was the enemy bullet.

VC Lose 31

Enemy losses in a battle with A Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. during Operation Benton were reported by a wounded VC prisoner as 31 killed or wounded.

Second platoon Sgt. Phillip G. Shaw, Detroit, saw the forward element of the VC force moving across an open rice paddy. Lt. Robert N. Riviello, Table Church, Va., maneuvered the platoon into blocking positions and opened fire.

As the paratroopers engaged the enemy small arms fire, air and artillery pounded the surprised enemy.

Sweeping the area, the platoon found numerous blood trails, but did not learn the effectiveness of their fire until the wounded prisoner had been interrogated later.

Poncho Water

Field expediency by a 101st Airborne platoon leader made possible a water resupply without giving away his position to the enemy during a recent operation.

Operating in the hot, dry mountains, the paratroopers of the weapons platoon, B Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. were short of water. Normally each man's eight or nine canteens last for two days but on the third day they had to hold a blocking position and there was no water

source nearby.

"Fortunately the skies darkened," said Lt. William Hughes, Lexington, Va.

"We rigged our ponchos between trees. Two hours later it started to rain."

Within an hour, the paratroopers were resupplied — without disclosing their position to the enemy.

Indian Trooper

Spec. 4 Carson Walks-Over-Ice, a paratrooper formerly with B Co. of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf., is recovering from a leg wound at the Fitzsimons Army Hospital in Denver.

Wounded May 18 during Op-

eration Malheur I, the Crow Indian from Hardin, Mont., is undergoing orthopedic care. He spent two months in a hospital in Japan after evacuation from Vietnam.

Recently his family — in full Indian costume — visited him at the hospital. His grandmother was outfitted in a near ankle-length dress, doeskin boots, leather belt and long braided hair.

The paratrooper comes from long life of warriors. His great-grandfather was a scout for General Crook against the Sioux Indians and his father was in the Army Air Corps during World War II.

Clerics Serving Troopers

CHU LAI — Five officers tend to the spiritual needs of paratroopers of the 1st Bde, 101st Airborne Div. as Operation Wheeler is conducted near here.

All are airborne style chaplains — they live with the paratroopers in the field.

Father (Maj.) James J. Murphy, Montgomery, Ala., is the senior chaplain of a team which contains four captains: Thomas R. Thompson, Anderson, S.C.; James L. Burham, Carrollton, Ga.; Reynold B. Connitt, Florida, Ill. and Roland R. Torer, Cleveland, Ohio.

Each chaplain is attached to a battalion-sized unit, but moves throughout the brigade conducting services. Fathers Murphy and Torer are Catholic priests attached to the Brigade Headquarters and the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 320th Arth, respectively.

Reverends Thompson, Burnham and Connitt are Protestant clergymen attached to the 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. and the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf., respectively.

Services, counseling and confessions are conducted in the field whenever the situation permits. Services always are held on Sunday mornings at the battalion command posts and Brigade Headquarters.

Sgt. Garza Survives Land Mine

CHU LAI — Perspiration beaded the face of Plat. Sgt. Paul Garza, Killeen, Tex. For 20 tension-packed minutes the paratrooper of the 101st Airborne had been standing motionless with his left foot atop the trigger mechanism of a "Bouncing Betty" land mine.

Earlier Garza had stepped on the mine while moving down a trail. He looked down with horror and saw the device. Now combat engineers were piling sand bags next to his leg and all around the mine. First one layer, then another.

Capt. John P. Lawton, Washington, D.C., commander of A Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., insisted he be the one to push the sandbags over the mine as Garza pulled his foot away.

Lawton knelt beside the mine and picked up two sand bags, his face taut. He looked up at Garza, started to say something, then changed his mind.

Forty-six paratroopers buried their heads in their arms, waiting for the blast.

"Go!" yelled Lawton.

Garza leaped wildly away and crawled for cover. Lawton dropped the sandbags over the mine, turned and rolled for safe ground.

A hundred ears waited for the shattering explosion. Seconds crept by. Nothing. Heads were uncovered, cautiously, and necks strained so eyes could see what happened.

"It's a dud," whooped an engineer. "It's a dud."

A sigh of relief escaped Garza's lips as he slowly came to his feet. Lawton also rose and walked towards Garza. Strain and nervousness left their faces as they smiled and shook hands. Their encounter with death was over.



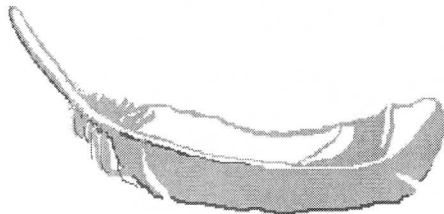
Face of Friendship

Clutching a roll of candy and a can of food, a tiny Vietnamese girl shows her affection for a paratrooper of the 101st Airborne.

(Photo by Staff Sgt. Art Campbell)

Kenneth B. Taylor [2/327 C 6/66 – 6/67], 1611 Anelope Trail, Harker Heights, TX 76548-2189, has written a series of short essays about his experiences in the Army, particularly in the 1st Brigade in Viet Nam.

On Eagles Wings



By

Kenneth “Teddy Bear” Taylor

AIRBORNE UNASSIGNED

There wasn't any one incident I can recall as the sole reason for wanting to be a paratrooper. Many little factors, alone insignificant, prompted me to pursue an effort I knew very little about. As a small child I knew nothing of the world around me. Television was in its infancy and only a few neighbors had black & white models. I didn't read yet and hadn't been to many movies, so I knew little about wars and world affairs. All I knew was I loved the little brown paratrooper boots I got for Christmas. A small silver parachute was pressed into the band of leather buckled over the lacing on each boot. With these boots and fueled by knowing one of my uncles had been a paratrooper, I repeatedly jumped from the front steps of our house. About ten years later, as an adolescent, another of my uncles joined the Army and went Airborne. By then I had graduated to jumping out of second story windows or off the roof of the house. It wasn't hard to accept when a high school friend asked me to enlist in the Army with him and go “Airborne unassigned.” We enlisted at the same time but didn't elect to use the “buddy” system where we could stay together. The next time we saw each other was after our discharge from the Army.

Upon high school graduation there weren't many choices. Eligibility for the draft made it impossible to find a job earning a living wage. Employers knew if we were drafted while in their employ they were obligated to reemploy us, with all salary increases, as we returned. If I had waited two weeks I would have been drafted anyway, but there is satisfaction in making your own choices. The recruiter didn't waste any time finding some papers for me to sign when I told him I wanted to enlist in the Army and leave in two weeks. The only significance in the short time span was that my friend was leaving about then, and it would give me all the time I needed to get my affairs in order. We were instructed not to pack any extra clothes because uniforms were issued and that was all we were going to wear for a long time. Unfortunately, I left wearing only jeans and a light jacket and there was still a lot of winter left in New Jersey in February.

The Fort Dix in-processing station was not a hospitable place. We stayed in old wooden barracks. There was a large bay area in each building with bunk beds running down each side of a center isle. The first few weeks we were herded from place to place for processing, receiving a battery of intelligence tests, and issued clothing. I got very cold standing in formations until issued uniforms. Each morning before going to the mess hall we stood, freezing in the snow, and waited for our turn to eat. The interior of the dining facility was cold and the ceiling dripped water into our food. The food tasted bad and usually was cold by the time we carried it to the table. We ate from metal trays that had compartments for food instead of dishes. Even though the food was bad we were not given much time to eat, and had to eat all we were served.

Compared to the two week in-processing station, the eight weeks of Basic Training was better. We still slept on bunk beds in wooden barracks, but we now had clothes more suitable to the climate and were kept busy learning military skills such as marching, weapons qualification, physical training (PT), and military rank structure. We pulled details—guard duty and kitchen police (KP), which are unpleasant but part of the military lifestyle. One of the biggest fears during training was the possibility of being recycled. This meant if you failed segments of training you would have to start all over again. I feared starting Basic Training over when I caught the flu. Even though I tried to hide it, my Sergeant told me I looked sick and needed to report to the hospital. Luckily, the week it took me to recover didn't interfere enough to stop me from graduating. I had, however, waited so long to seek medical help that I was really sick. When I stood up I got dizzy and had laryngitis so bad I lost my voice. The hospital was a sterile place not designed for pleasure. No matter how sick the patient was, he had to get out of bed each morning, sweep and mop the floor, make the bed, and then get back into it. I was grateful to be well but I was happier to be out of there and back on track again.

After Basic Training, the soldiers separated and went to their respective advanced training schools. Each branch of the service has its own “schoolhouse” such as Armor at Fort Knox, Kentucky, or Infantry at Fort Benning, Georgia. I was Infantry but I went to Fort Gordon, Georgia. My Advanced Infantry Training (AIT) was geared to soldiers going on to Jump school, and was eight weeks with extremely grueling PT.

Infantry training concentrated on individual weapons use from the machinegun to hand-to-hand combat. Another skill learned was land navigation with a map and compass. Our navigation skills were tested on an “Escape and evasion” course. Military vehicles inserted us in the middle of a swamp, at night, in two man teams. Somewhere along a five mile compass course the “enemy” waited for us. If caught, we were taken to a prisoner-of-war camp and mistreated until given the opportunity to escape. My partner and I navigated the course, occasionally swimming, wearing combat boots and packs on our backs. Staying away from any other people, our compass course led us straight to the pick-up point without incident. Other soldiers told us stories of being caught and ordered to crawl through mud and getting rotten eggs broken on them.



Soldiers confronting difficult training experiences sealed friendships forever. We got to know each other better than we knew ourselves. Some soldiers were given suitable nicknames, which stuck with them through combat. Mine was "Teddy Bear." It came about during a prank the others played on me. Each training day started between three and four o'clock in the morning so the only way I could stay alert was to go to bed early. The other guys stayed up late and paid for it when caught sleeping in class. Early one evening, while sound asleep, my friends put shaving cream in my hand. When they tickled my nose I reached up to push away whatever it was, and smeared the shaving cream all over my face. I awoke and looked through my fingers to see soldiers standing around my bed laughing. In retaliation, I scraped the shaving cream from my face and threw it all over them. My nickname came from one of my friends saying I looked like a Teddy Bear as I slept.

The last day at Fort Gordon before going to Fort Benning for Jump School included an Airborne PT test. Each exercise from deep knee bends to push-ups was closely monitored and repetitions personally counted by a tester. I started each exercise by smiling at the tester in defiance. Each time, my smile disappeared as I was required many more repetitions than necessary in the time limit. It was painful but fun to show off my physical stamina. Some of the people did not pass the PT test and never got to go to Jump school. Later, I thought that strange because some of the school attendees admitted from military

units were not in very good physical condition. By that time I could do twenty, one-arm push-ups and many more chin-ups. I could do sit-ups all day long. Consequently, the physical part of our three weeks of Jump School was not as challenging as striving for perfection in every move and sequence of activities we were taught. I distinguished myself to the point that I was given a white helmet to wear when I jumped. This signified that I was being considered for honor graduate and everything I did was scrutinized. Two soldiers were selected as honor graduates from our class and I was fortunate enough to be one. At the time, it was an achievement but not necessarily my goal. I only wanted to do the best I could. I was inspired by all the wonderful people around me willing to push to the limit and continue to do more. I remember leading a formation of soldiers to make the last of five jumps required for graduation. One of the soldiers in the formation was limping and I asked what was wrong. He ignored me and straightened as if I had imagined it. I later found he injured his foot on an earlier jump and kept jumping anyway. After his last jump he was hospitalized with broken bones; but he graduated. Upon completion of our fifth jump we met at an assembly area to turn in our parachutes, and we were presented our silver jump wings. A General Officer congratulated each of us and pinned the wings through our uniforms straight into our chests. I had two punctures in my chest for weeks and didn't think much about it. I found out years later that it was a meaningful part of the ceremony and not just an accident.

Ken Taylor



+ ROBERT EDSON, 1/327 B 3/67-3/68, P.O. Box 461125, Papillion, NE 68046-1125 sent the following: Found this picture in some of my stuff. Wish you would publish it. I remember all of these guys but can't put a name to a lot of them. Would very much like to hear from some or all of these guys. I believe the picture was taken in late '67 or early '68, probably at Camp Eagle in Hue, but don't know for sure. Sure enjoy your magazine. Keep up the good work. (E-mail: robert.edson@cox.net)

Front row kneeling: Unk, (SGT Twirl ? spelling) Unk, Unk, Ron Egan (holding flag), Robert Edson, Unk, Unk, Marco Vega, Plt Sgt ? (KIA)

Middle row: Lt Fletcher, Unk, Unk, Henson?, Richard Gerhard (Pop), Unk, Hefty?, Unk, Tex?, Unk, Unk, Sgt Martin

Back row:

Unk, Unk, Unk, George Klink, Unk, Unk, Unk, Unk, Unk, Unk



Article received from Richard Davis, Foster, WV

THE WASHINGTON POST

Thursday, Dec. 8, 1966

Airborne Troops Devise 'Semi-Guerrilla' Tactics

By Ward Just

Washington Post Foreign Service

TUYHOA, South Vietnam, Dec. 7 – When the four star post-mortem is conducted for American military campaigns in the year 1966, Operation Geronimo in coastal Phuyen Province is unlikely to loom large.

Begun by the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division on Oct. 31, it ended 34 days later, last Sunday.

Only 150 of the enemy were slain, no territory gained or regained, and the most that could be said was that the 5th Battalion of the 95th North Vietnamese regiment was, in the words of the 101st Commander, Brig. Gen. Willard R. Pearson, "mauled so severely that it can no longer be considered an effective fighting force."

Little seems changed in Phuyen as a result of the operation. The area west of Tuyhoa is marginally more secure, the highway south to Nhatrang marginally safer. Pearson expects more returnees under the Chieuhoi (Open Arms) program.

Yet the battle was a minor classic of its kind, reflected in part by two statistics: 111 small arms and 31 machine guns and mortars were captured; 76 prisoners, many of them carrying weapons, were taken.

A third statistic is familiar but relevant: the "kill ratio," by the most conservative estimate, was 15 to one, theirs to ours.

The extremely high weapons count (higher than in the celebrated Operation Hawthorne in the Central Highlands just last June, when the 101st claimed more than 450 dead North Vietnamese regulars) and the inordinately large number of prisoners – 37 of whom were taken in a single afternoon by a Battalion commanded by Lt. Col. Frank L. ("Gun Slinger") Dietrich – was the result of a new brand of infantry tactics called "semi-guerrilla."

The tactics are those of Pearson, who more than any other American general has adapted the technique of the guerrilla to battalion-sized operations. His theory is that the American problem in the Vietnamese War is not killing the enemy, it is finding and fixing him.

Phuyen does not contain large enemy troop concentrations. Its unit is the 5th Battalion of the 95th North Vietnamese Regiment.

When American battalions maneuver, the normal procedure is for the commander to hover aloft in a helicopter. The assault landings are made by day, with heavy artillery preparation of the landing zones. At night, fresh, hot food is brought to companies in the field. Radio contact is continual. Units move mostly in 150-man companies.

Pearson's brigade departs from this pattern on several counts.

Helicopters, including his own, "stay the hell out of there," as Pearson puts it. The landings are done at night, after a reconnaissance unit has secured the landing zone. Each man has four or five days supply of rations (rice and powdered soup sometimes substituted for the heavy C-ration containers). Radio

contact is subdued. Units move by platoons.

Not least, each battalion has its own volunteers-only reconnaissance teams – called "Recondos" in one battalion, Tiger Force in another – whose job is to find the enemy, not to engage him if it can be helped. It seldom can be helped, which accounts for high casualty tolls in the Recondos and Tigers.

There are two more principles, both rare in American units: to the extent that it is possible, the men move at night, and stay low in the daytime; artillery fire is kept to a minimum.

The typical tactic on the ground was developed by battalion Commander Lt. Col. Henry ("Gunfighter") Emerson, now at the Pentagon in Washington, and is called the checkerboard. The principle is to leapfrog by helicopter an area marked off like a checkerboard, with platoons responsible for each square and a strategic reserve held waiting to reinforce when contact was made.

The single sizable engagement of the 34-day Geronimo campaign came on Nov. 11, when a Recondo unit from Dietrich's battalion ran into heavy fire on a finger-shaped hill in an area called "The Hub" west of Tuyhoa. The hills were rugged and steep, leading off into elephant grass and jungle. It was raining almost continuously.

At first, Dietrich maneuvered platoons in an attempt to collect the estimated 100 enemy in a vise. A second, finally, a third company were brought up by helicopter into positions surrounding the hill.

A second battalion was installed to the north, in a blocking position.

Dietrich commanded first aloft (once contact is established, the helicopter becomes invaluable), then from the ground, and finding both these unsatisfactory, finally climbed a tree – where, with radio, and watching the movement of elephant grass he was able to bring his platoons to bear on the well-dug-in North Vietnamese.

The fighting was so close that an air strike was called in, then canceled when the first load of bombs came uncomfortably near American positions (although there were no casualties).

Maneuvering occasionally by helicopter, but mostly by foot, Dietrich brought his entire battalion into an area scarcely larger than one square mile. In heavy jungle, it is a trick requiring enormous skill and luck.

In three days of the closest fighting, the paratroopers killed 41 North Vietnamese. On the day of the heaviest fighting, two surrendered – and within 30 hours their pictures had been taken and affixed to a psychological warfare leaflet which was dropped into the fighting zone. Then a local Vietnamese made appeals over a loudspeaker.

There were 45 more prisoners who emerged from foxholes and trenches as the Americans closed the ring over the hill.

In the final days, Dietrich thought he had a new scent (there was contact with the enemy on both Saturday and Sunday) but the authorities at Saigon had other plans and today the entire 101st Brigade packed up to leave Tuyhoa.

Editor's Note: This clipping from the Washington Post was sent by Richard Davis [21502 B 9/66-9/67], P.O. Box 87, Foster, WV 25081-0087, (304) 369-1472, e mail, <gdavis@newwave.net>.



This is the final, of three installments of Chapter 11 of the book **IN THIS VALLEY THERE ARE TIGERS** by CWO4(R) Charles A. McDonald [1/327 C 3/66-11/66] 5 Bayard Road, Amberson Towers #518, Pittsburgh, PA 15213-1905, (412) 683-0952. This chapter of his book focuses on the prison raid near Tuy Hoa in September of 1966.

Chapter 11

The Phu Yen Prison Raid (part three)

PRISONERS

The prisoners were not even aware that they had been liberated, and continued to work, producing charcoal with a detached and visible indifference. They didn't cry, laugh or indicate that they even saw us. You could tell from the prisoners' actions that they had a long traumatic experience with fear and physical hardship. Their humanity and dignity gone, their actions showed a loss of motor function and psychological changes. Like zombies, they made no attempt at communication of any kind. No emotion was shown on their faces, save for depression and apathy. They were just too tired. Pinched and emaciated their faces were etched with lines of starvation. Their cheekbones protruded sharply beneath the skin, and their ribs stood out like stripes on their chest.

The only function that this camp had was to serve as a factory; to use these enslaved prisoners to produce charcoal until they died. At least a hundred men and women had died here. We found a sewing machine and lots of blue and gray cotton cloth, the kind supplied by the Chinese, for the prisoners to make their own prison uniforms. Much else of what had been used in the camp had been supplied by China: the ammunition, weapons, medicine and Chinese troops. The Chinese soldiers wore PAVN and Viet Cong uniforms. The Chinese Communist supplied three-quarters of the total military aid given to the People's Army of Vietnam (PAVN) during the war.

The prisoners had been deprived of all human dignity, insulted, starved into their weak condition, and eventually left to grow sick and die of disease. The grim efficiency of their communist guards was apparent. Subsisting on a diet that would not sustain life, broken down physically, these prisoners were no longer capable of escape on their own. I wondered if these prisoners were people who the communists considered to be collaborators or informers. The longer I looked at the graves, the uglier their deaths got in my mind.

Everyone stopped and listened. We could hear Vietnamese shouting. We didn't need a picture drawn for us. We realized that it was the guards shouting at the prisoners down the trail. When they evacuated the camp, the guards had taken those strong enough to walk and were now driving them like animals further into the mountain forest. We all knew that someone had to go after them, and fast, but we were also aware that we had been ambushed too many times before while moving recklessly along the trail. The NVA guards were now moving some forty prisoners away from us as fast as they could.

When silence returned, I was told to go down the trail with my men and see if I could catch up to them before it got dark. Thin-lipped and with white knuckles gripping the pistol grips on our rifles, we started moving down the trail. We all knew the open



trail was now very dangerous, so we kept our silent, easy movement at a slow, fluid pace. I knew that if I hugged the inside of the curves as I moved, using the brush and tree-lined bends for concealment, the NVA would not hear me as quickly, and given only a short field of straight-away vision, they might miss seeing my movement altogether in the low light. My eyes constantly moved from place to place. I moved a hundred yards, two or three steps at a time. The trail was siding downhill in a southeasterly direction. I stopped to listen.

An instinctive uneasiness came over me, I waited and listened in the fading light to the voices still far ahead. While pivoting my head to search the surrounding terrain, I eased silently forward, a few feet at a time, looking, listening and watching as I went. I could smell their passing. Just ahead and to the right, I heard a faint rustle of leaves. I sidestepped to the left slowly, a step at a time. My educated thumb had instinctively put my rifle on full automatic without a thought. It was in the ready position, three-quarters of the way to my shoulder. I had grown used to the feeling of being watched over the years as my eyes quickly scanned the immediate area. I now felt other eyes upon me with great intensity. I was looking down the top of the barrel for a target, knowing I was already one myself, as I was standing in the open trail. I was again being too rash. A movement and a low black object appeared at the side of the trail. I froze in a low crouch, holding my breath. My index finger tightened on the trigger. Then it was clear--the shoulders and head of a black clad figure. I stared for a long moment.

It was a dropout: a prisoner who was too weak to keep up and had been left. I had almost shot him. I knew that if it had been an enemy soldier, I would now be dead. I moved up and stopped by the black-clad prisoner, who turned out to be a Vietnamese woman. The woman was Lam Thi Ao, 65, a housewife who maintained the cages and grounds. She would be reunited with a son in nearby Tuy Hoa, and eventually with the rest of her family. I ordered one of the men to carry her back to the camp on his back. I could see he was happy to go. I had to be more cautious. I glanced up at the top of the opposite side of the narrow canyon. The shadows cast by the sun indicated that no matter how tense I felt, no matter how the minutes seemed like hours, time was flying by.

I moved a little further down the trail, and again felt the eyes. I felt as if any moment I would be dead. Then, there was another prisoner dropout right in the middle of the trail. Again, I had almost fired on a helpless person. A farmer, Nguyen Huong, 23, who had decided to move with his two brothers to the nearby town of Tuy Hoa because of the repeated communist pressure to join their army. Enroute to the city, they were stopped by the communists. Knowing that the best time to escape is when first taken, his two brothers escaped by jumping into the nearby river. He told a story of being repeatedly beaten and kicked, while performing hard labor for five months.

As I continued to move, I was wondering if those two prisoners had snuck off from the main body as it passed, waited until it was gone, and then came back to the trail, or if it was a kind of trap, that the next figure would be a North Vietnamese Army soldier waiting for me. The NVA would not allow themselves to be run down without an effort to strike back. They would lay an ambush soon, or one was already in place close by. I ordered



**STARVING PRISONERS RESCUED
FROM VIET CONG BY 101st AIRBORNE**

Mrs. Lam-Thi-Ao, 65-year-old grandmother who was held prisoner by the Viet Cong for a year, is served a meal prepared for the eleven prisoners shortly after they arrived at the Tactical Command Post.

Eleven prisoners were liberated from the Viet Cong horror camp by paratroopers of the 1st Battalion 327th (Airborne) Infantry, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division. - 66-1531 D

another soldier to carry the second dropout back to camp. Realizing my force was now quite small, I moved extremely slowly, even though I knew that the main body of prisoners was getting even further away. Again, I looked around the tightening canyon and to the tops of the ridges without seeing any rays of sunlight. I knew that the sun was already going down behind the mountains to the west. The terrain about me harbored deep shadows, black and ominous. Time was running out. I cocked my head, listening. Not a sound from the prisoners ahead. In the distance to the west, higher up the ridge, I heard a swarm of bats, all lifting up before sunset. Far above, I saw dark silhouettes of trees shutting out the night sky. As the insects whispered their night song in the fading light, I made the decision to return to the camp. My 2nd Platoon was moving too slowly to catch up with the main body of POWs and it was finally getting too dark to see. To this day, I still think about that decision and feel very bad.

Our own bellies cramped with hunger, we collected what little canned food and water we had on us, and distributed it through the medic out to the prisoners before we left the camp for the return trip. Other soldiers set about opening the containers for them. The prisoners, stomachs aching for nourishment, seeing our intent to give them food, began to fight and quibble with each other for the food in slow motion, and then to manhandle the medic in the same way. Although their voices were weak and inaudible, the intent was clear. Staggering on wasted muscles and almost falling from dizziness, they had to be separated so that the food could be individually given out. The prisoners hungry eyes followed every movement of the soldier handing out the food. Clawed hands received their ration. These poor people were subsisting on two hands full of rice daily. Their monotonous diet was less than 1,200 calories a day. Bare subsistence is 1,600 calories a day. It was a good thing that we didn't have much food, because they were not used to eating, and eating too much would have ruptured their stomachs and killed them.



We liberated twenty-three helpless prisoners who had only a faint will to live. The NVA had left behind only those too weak to walk. All the prostrated prisoners suffered from exposure, pneumonia, malnutrition, and dysentery. More than likely, they also suffered from respiratory infection, infectious hepatitis, beriberi and perhaps typhus from the lice they carried. They could only remain on their feet briefly without help. We got them on our backs and started carrying them out of the mountains. This part of their life, with its prolonged suffering, was over. We left the prison camp intact. The pervading aura of human suffering and misery still persisted, emanating from the structures. It made my skin crawl. The cicadas and other insects were already singing their congregational night song. It pervaded the air.

Like a black mantle, nightfall swallowed us up. Things grew quiet as we moved back down the trail. Soon we turned off the trail and entered the semi-dry creek bed of a gully. The creekbed, a confusion of large boulders, was difficult to negotiate in the dark. We scrambled awkwardly around and over the slippery boulders and rocks. We spent part of the night moving until the moon came up, when we finally had to stop and rest. When we were far enough away from the trail to put us out of hearing range, we stopped along a solid wall of limestone. We were no longer so afraid that the NVA would find us. They would expect us to take the easy way out, on the trail. The moon-blanching treetops were serene and full of silvered light, which filtered down to the forest floor in places. Once the moonlight soothed me--no more.

Hidden in the rocky cleft, we managed to find a little seepage of water dribbling in the overhang with which to satisfy our thirst. We avoided stagnant pooled water, full of flat, parasitic flukes which would eventually bore into your bloodstream, causing much misery before making you a statistic. After drinking, we silently sat in the dark on the rocks of the dry creekbed and listened to the night sounds, waiting for daylight. A silent chill came from the dark and impenetrable gloom of the forest. The cicadas had ceased to whisper their melancholy night song. The only sound to be heard was the familiar, feeble, high-pitched clicking "Awk Oooo" of the small green gecko lizards, darting on their urgent errands, catching mosquitoes. I had watched them many times in the past, as they licked their eyes, moistening and cleaning them with their tongue. This tiny, climbing insect-eating, creature was so named for its call. They can't close their eyes.

Every set of eyes strained into the dark. The long hours dragged by. Sometime during the night, the grunting of wild pigs, foraging far below us, could be heard. We waited. During the early morning hours, looking up through breaks in the trees, I watched the stars glow like diamonds in the black sky overhead. Then, ever so faint, to the east came a finger of light--the first sheen of dawn. Finally our long vigil was almost over. The moon had long since set. The stars slowly faded. Dawn wasn't too far distant. We continued to watch and listen. There was a welcome light growing in the east. As we picked up and moved downward, we felt a breeze fanning our faces.

The dawn light crept across the eastern sky and lit up the top of the opposite ridge with shafts of gold. Deep in the shadowy dark canyon, we picked up our few liberated emaciated prisoners and moved slowly, quietly, downward. We knew that any sound

would carry a long way. We listened intently to the jungle chorus of silvery bird calls, while other birds chirped and squawked, to the accompaniment of dripping dew from the canopy above. Thousands of insects chattered and clicked. Others were buzzing. All was well nearby. To the east, the canyon rim was orange with light. I could now see plants sprouting from every visible rock cranny--a wild tangle of plants growing upon plants. Black, foot-long centipedes, an inch wide, with bright orange legs, clung to the sides of the huge moss-covered boulders and rock walls of the creek. Finally, we reached the bottom of the narrow canyon. Staying among the taller straight trees at the bottom, we came to the winding stream. It gleamed bright where it was touched by the sun. The morning was cool, sweet and fresh. The red sun, presaging a hot day, gilded the rising morning mist that sifted above the stream in the warming air, giving the area a surreal appearance.

We wove our way among the large trunks, northward along the creek. Light penetrated the thick, dark foliage of the old forest, shining in vertical shafts like strips of translucent gauze. Our eyes concentrated on nothing but took in everything, as we made our way to the mouth of the canyon. Finally, the liberated prisoners, bruised and covered with running sores, were assembled and evacuated to our 1/327th headquarters by helicopter. Flown to freedom, they were administered and checked by one of our units' doctors, Captain Stephen M. Wilson, the Medical Platoon leader, and fed a nourishing soup. Before being moved on to a hospital in Tuy Hoa, Gen. Westmoreland and Gen. Willard Pearson, the commanding general of the 1st Brigade, were able to see and talk to them.

I know that one of the malnourished men, Le Van Than, 23, died in the hospital. Mr. Than had not been able to furnish much information, because he had not always been coherent. I often wondered if the spirit of the other prisoners had been able to stand the test of strength and willpower required to live. I have already seen and experienced how easy it is for many to give up and die. The hard part is fighting to live, especially under the strain of post-traumatic stress disorder, which would follow them the rest of their lives.

I led my dirty, ragged, and weary mud-stained infantrymen, back across the open fields to our camp. They were suffering from too much stored-up fatigue and tension. I could see it in the way they moved. There were no thanks when we returned to the company. No, "Well done." There was a near physical indifference by our command structure for what we had done. But the platoon didn't really need it: we were back with the unit and alive. However, I couldn't help but ponder what must have been a nightmare existence for those many who filled those graves around that prison camp, now sadly forgotten. I knew that most of Asia is eclectic in its faith, and the majority of Vietnamese have traditional shamanistic beliefs. In Vietnamese culture, the people seriously attend to the dead, believing that their ancestors will otherwise unhappily roam the land as lost souls. Eight of the prisoners, in critical condition, were further evacuated to a hospital in Saigon, where doctors records from Tuy Hoa and Saigon estimated that they had lost 30-40 percent of their original weight. In Saigon, the prisoners came in contact with the media. It was reported from an interview in the New York Times on 5 October 1966, on page eight, that one of the two suspected NVA soldiers that reportedly walked in and fur-

nished the information for this raid was actually one Private Hoang Kim Chinh, a 31-year-old member of the national militia. He had been sentenced by the communists to nine years in the prison system for working for the South Vietnamese Government. He further related during interrogation that prison guards were all local men; some of them were known to him, and a few had been his friends.

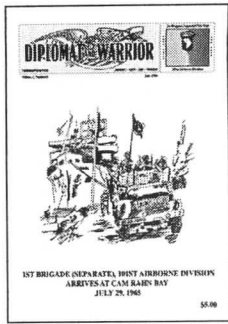


TUY HOA, VIETNAM (101st- IO) – Specialist Five Ned Rice of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania examines the wounded leg of a Vietnamese liberated from a Viet Cong prison camp, at the forward command post of the 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry. The Vietnamese was shot by the Viet Cong during assault on the horror camp by elements of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division which resulted in the liberation of this man and twenty-two others.

(101st-IO-L43-5) - (US Army Photo by Sp/4 Oddvar Breiland)

Years after I retired from the service, the American media was full of distraught relatives wanting their prisoners, their fallen sons and husbands who were dead and missing returned, or at least accurately accounted for. I decided to call an acquaintance of mine at the Pentagon and inform him of this camp's location. I also wanted to suggest that the great number of graves surrounding this camp should be checked out, and that they should be opened and identification should be attempted. We agreed to meet one day, and he signed me into the Pentagon. He led me into his office. The correct map was found. Looking at it he said: "Show me." I got a sharp pencil and pinpointed the exact spot. He then went to the correct file and pulled an after action report on this raid. The only Americans listed as having participated in this raid were the names of the Tiger Force personnel. About two months later, he called to tell me that it was verified that a camp was reported to be in that area. That's where I thought it ended.

I also communicated this story to another friend of mine, Garnett Bell, at his office in Thailand. He was then serving on the "Joint Casualty Resolution Team," responsible for locating and recovering the missing prisoners. I learned that the Joint Casualty Resolution Center/Joint Task Force-Full Accounting had assigned to me source number 2920.



Issue #1



Issue #2



Issue #3



Issue #4



Issue #5



Issue #6



Issue #7



Issue #8



Issue #9



Issue #10



Issue #11



Issue #12



Issue #13



Issue #14



Issue #15



Issue #16



Issue #17



Issue #18



Issue #19



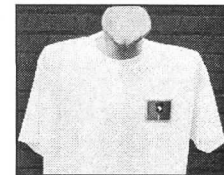
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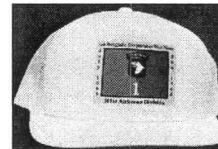
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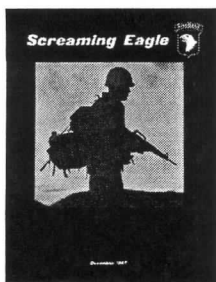
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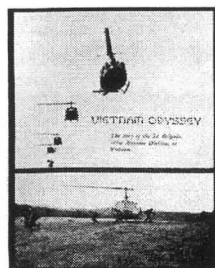
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8th BIENNIAL REUNION, 1st BRIGADE (SEPARATE), 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION, 12 – 15 OCTOBER 2002, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

1. (L to R) LTC (R) Carlos J. Melendez [HHC AVN 66 – 67], MG(R) S. H. Matheson [HHC CG 1/67 – 1/68], COL (R) Jerry Scott [2/502 B 7/66 – 7/67], pose for a photo during a pause in the Air Show. [Worrell pix] **2.** Reunion Chairman Kenneth V. Arnold III [HHC AVN 10/66 – 10/67] and his wife Mary pose at the Reunion Registration sign in the lobby of the Radisson Hotel in Fort Worth. [Worrell pix] **3.** COL(R) Larry A. Redmond [2/327 A 5/67 – 2/68] and Mary in the ballroom before the Reunion Dinner. Larry is the point man for the 327 Dinner at the next Association Reunion. [Worrell pix] **4.** COL (R) Manfred Kelman [1/327 XO 67 – 68] and his wife Janice in the ballroom before the Reunion Banquet. [Worrell pix] **5.** Lowell M. Fleenor [2/327 A 6/66 – 4/67] and Reba are ready for dinner at the reunion banquet. [Worrell pix] **6.** Richard A. Hise [1/327 HHC 1/67 – 8/68] and Karen in the Reunion Hospitality Room at the Radisson Hotel. [Worrell pix] **7.** Waiting for the dinner program to start (L to R) Patricia Matheson, CSM (R) Joseph M. Bossi [2/327 HHC 6/66 – 7/67], MG(R) S. H. Matheson [HHC CG 1/67 – 1/68], BG(R) John W. “Rip” Collins III [HHC 67 – 68]. [Worrell pix]

FRED L. BATTLE, 2/327 B 7/65-6/66, 9310 Whitley Rd.,
Louisville, KY 40272-2256; (502) 368-2598 sent the following:

HEADQUARTERS
2nd Battalion (Airborne), 327th Infantry
Ft. Campbell, Kentucky

SUBJECT: COMMANDERS NOTES #3 2 February 1964

1. OFFICIAL BATTALION SONG. The following is the official battalion song of the Second To None Battalion 327th Infantry. It is based on a chorus known to paratroopers since the first airborne platoon was formed at Ft Benning over twenty years ago. The words represent the first and last verses only. All personnel are encouraged to write individual verses describing the deeds of our battalion and submit them to a board which will determine whether or not they are acceptable. Personnel submitting acceptable verses will be awarded a three day pass.

(Tune: Battle Hymn of The Republic)

SECOND TO NONE BATTALION

First Verse:

We started out in February Nineteen Sixty Four
They said make a battalion that is Airborne to the core.
So we jumped and jumped and trained and trained
And took our daily run.
Now they call us Second To None.

Chorus:

Gory Gory what a helluva way to die
Gory Gory what a helluva way to die
Gory Gory what a helluva way to die
And we ain't gonna jump no more

Last verse:

All the way, above the rest
Here's to the First Brigade
The 101st, the 18th Corps
We really got it made
For we're the Bastogne Bulldogs
And when all is said and done
We'll still be SECOND TO NONE.

Chorus:

(As Above)

2. All paratroopers of our battalion will know the Battalion Song.

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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

Phone: (931) 431-6686

In the April magazine a letter from CSM(R) Ed Burkhalter [2/502 A 3/67-5/68] states: "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."

This Biography and photo was pulled from the internet.

Lieutenant General James B. Peake
2/502 A 5/67-5/68

The Surgeon General, U.S. Army Commander, U.S. Army Medical Command

LTG James B. Peake became the Army's 40th surgeon general and took command of U.S. Army Medical Command in September 2000.

He received his bachelor of science degree from the United States Military Academy and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Infantry. LTG Peake graduated from Cornell University Medical School, New York, N.Y. He is also a graduate of the United States Army War College.

LTG Peake has held a wide variety of important positions culminating in his appointment Sept. 22, 2000, as Army Surgeon General and Commander, U.S. Army Medical Command, Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Previous key assignments include Commander, U.S. Army Medical Department Center and School and Installation Commander, Fort Sam Houston, Texas; Deputy Commander, U.S. Army Medical Command, Fort Sam Houston, Texas; Commanding General, Madigan Army Medical Center/Northwest Health Service Support Activity, Tacoma, Wash.; Commanding General, 44th Medical Brigade/Corps Surgeon, XVIII Airborne Corps, Fort Bragg, N.C.; Deputy Director, Professional Services/Chief, Consultant, Office of the Surgeon General, Falls Church, Va.; Commander, 18th Medical Command and 121st Evacuation Hospital/Command Surgeon, Seoul, Korea; Deputy Commander for Clinical Services, Tripler Army Medical Center, Honolulu, Hawaii; Assistant Chief, Cardiothoracic Surgery, Brooke Army Medical Center, Fort Sam Houston, Texas; Staff General Surgeon/Chief, General Surgery Clinic, DeWitt Army Hospital, Fort Belvoir, Va.; and General Surgery Resident, Brooke Army Medical Center, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.



Lieutenant General James B. Peake

LTG Peake is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, Fellow of the Society of Thoracic Surgeons, Fellow of American College of Cardiology, Honorary Member of Korean Medical Association, Member of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, Member of the Society of Medical Consultants to the Armed Forces, and Member of the American College of Surgeons. He has been honored with the Order of Military Medical Merit; the "A" Professional Designator; and the Medallion, Surgeon General of the United States. LTG Peake has authored a number of publications, presentations, exhibits and motion pictures. Awards and decorations that LTG Peake has received include the Distinguished Service Medal, Silver Star, Defense Superior Service Medal, Legion of Merit (with three oak leaf clusters), Bronze Star with "V" device (with one oak leaf cluster), Purple Heart (with one oak leaf cluster), Meritorious Service Medal (with two oak leaf clusters), Air Medal, Joint Services Commendation Medal, Army Commendation Medal with "V" device (with one oak leaf cluster), Humanitarian Service Medal, the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, Combat Infantryman Badge, Navy Meritorious Unit Commendation, Joint Meritorious Unit Award (with one oak leaf cluster), Senior Parachutist Badge, Pathfinder Badge, Ranger Tab, and Army Staff Identification Badge.



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.

1SG Raymond E. Benson, CO. C 2/327th Inf
PFC Peter Cogill, Co. A 326th Engr
PFC Leroy F. Delgado Jr., Co. A 2/17th Cav
SSG Earl K. Easterling, HHC 2/502nd Inf
SP4 John H. Flynn, Co. A 2/327th Inf
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PFC John O. Welsh Jr., Co. B 1/327th Inf
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PFC Clarence L. Way, Co. B 2/327th Inf

This Honor Roll from the AG Casualty Listed dated 13 May, 1967.

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).

ATTENTION
327th/401st MEMBERS
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Thursday, 14 August, 2003

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

Contact **Walter W. Jackson, 743 Wickham Fen Way,**
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Material to be published in the
October 2003 issue of The First
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INSIDE FRONT COVER

Information about the March 2004 Return to Viet Nam Tour.

SFC (R) CARTER'S SERVICE

TO VETERANSPAGES 1 – 8

Story of A Company, 2/327 in Viet Nam and of Carter's valor, recovery and service as an employee of the Veterans Administration.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORPAGES 9 – 16

Messages that include text, photos and drawings from veterans of the 1st Brigade in Viet Nam.

NEW INSIDE/OUTSIDE

1ST BRIGADE DECALPAGE 16

Letter from Tim Swain with favorable comments about the new decal.

THE SCREAMING EAGLEPAGES 17 – 20

Copy of the November 1, 1967 issue of the 1st Brigade newspaper published in Viet Nam. The original belongs to Donald R. Lenc [2/320 FA HHB 6/67-6/68], 5240 Windfall Rd., Medina, OH 44256-8750.

AIRBORNE UNASSIGNEDPAGES 21 – 22

Story by Kenneth B. Taylor [2/327 C 6/66-6/67] about his adventures from the time he enlisted until he completed jump school.

PLATOON PHOTO B Co. 1/327PAGE 22

Photo sent by Robert Edson [1/327 B 3/67-3/68].

WASHINGTON POST STORYPAGE 23

Story by Ward Just who was later wounded with Tiger Force sent by Richard Davis of Foster, WV [2/502 B 9/66-9/67].

PHU YEN PRISON RAIDPAGES 24 – 26

Final of three installments of chapter 11 of the book **IN THIS VALLEY THERE ARE TIGERS** by CWO4(R) Charles A. McDonald [1/327 C 3/66-11/66].

ITEMS FOR SALEPAGES 27 – 28

Illustrations of items for sale and order blank. Every 1st Brigade veteran should display the new inside/outside decal.

SUBSCRIBERSPAGES 29 – 31

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

8TH BIENNIAL REUNION PHOTOSPAGE 32

More photos of those who attended the Fort Worth reunion in October 2002.

OFFICIAL BATTALION SONGPAGE 33

Original Commanders Notes with the Second to None Battalion song sent by Fred L. Battle [2/327 B 7/65 – 6/66].

SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMYPAGE 34

Official photograph and biography of LTG James B. Peake [2/502 A 5/67 – 5/68] who is also a new subscriber.

HONOR ROLLPAGE 35

Honor roll from the AG casualty list dated 13 May 1967 originally published in "The Screaming Eagle" magazine in the July – August 1967 issue.

PUBLICATION INFORMATIONPAGE 36

General information about the magazine along with some notices, change of address form and form to order the magazine for a friend.

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TUY HOA, VIETNAM (101st -IO) – A paratrooper stops at a deserted village and takes time out for a refreshing drink from a coconut as the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division blankets the Tuy Hoa area during Operation Seward to protect the Vietnamese rice harvest. (Photo by Sp/4 Oddvar Breiland)

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