

*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 6, Number 3

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# **The ALWAYS FIRST Brigade**

# DIPLOMATS



ADD



# WARRIORS

\$6.00

The last troops of the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) closed at Fort Campbell just after the April edition was ready to go. The division in Iraq lived up to the high traditions of the 101st and made me very proud to be a Screaming Eagle veteran.

The 1st Brigade, now with three battalions of 327th Infantry, was reported to have given an outstanding account of themselves. They were somewhat easier to keep track of initially because they had a reporter from the Clarksville Leaf-Chronicle and a photographer from the Nashville Tennessean imbedded.

Newspaper reports indicate that the 101st suffered the greatest number of Killed in Action of any unit in Iraq. Although that is a dubious distinction it certainly shows that the aggressive spirit of the 101 is still present and may have been the result of the division being tasked to do some of the more difficult and dangerous missions.

The Tiger Force controversy continues to bubble up. Pulitzer prizes have been awarded and the three-man team from the Toledo Blade were recognized for investigative reporting. I hope that better research will soon result in the revocation of that award.

Tom Willard [1/327 RECON Medic 7/65-11/65] is working on the Tiger Force story and will, hopefully, have a much different story than the one presented by the Toledo Blade reporters.

COL(R) David H. Hackworth [1/327 HQ 63-66] is in a battle with cancer. I would bet on him to win.

COL (R) Jerry Scott [2/502 B 7/66-7/67] is getting around the country and the world. He has a new van equipped for him to drive. He and Jody have been to Hawaii and has hosted a meeting of friends who came to Columbus, Georgia, to wish him well.

Kenneth Gormley, Sr. [326 ENGR A 7/66-6/67], 2651 SE 19th Avenue, Cape Coral, FL 33904-3250, (941) 574-8993 appeared in the April 2004 issue of the COMBAT INFANTRYMEN' ASSOCIATIONS magazine as a new member.

As usual, I ran out of magazine before I ran out of material I would like to publish. One casualty of this space shortage was photos of the STATIC LINE Awards Ceremony held in April. We did not have a great number from the 1st Brigade there but the quali-



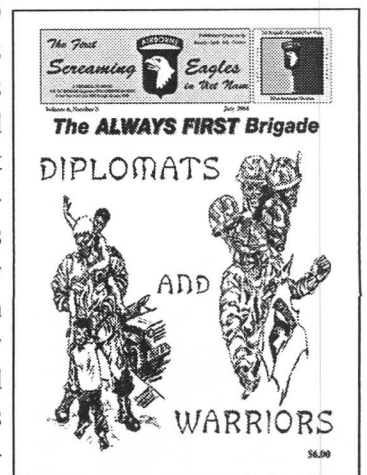
MAJ (R) Ivan Worrell with DMOR escort SGT Kenneth Snell [B Company 2/327], of Crossville, Tennessee, in the 1st Brigade area before the Distinguished Member Of the Regiment Formation. More information about the 327, Week of the Eagles and 101st Airborne Division Vietnam Veterans Association reunion in the October magazine.

ty was good. We had great briefings from the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) and the 82nd Airborne Division. As usual Don Lassen was a great host.

Do not forget the 1st Brigade reunion in Phoenix in September. Details are on page 26.

Remember your information and photos from Viet Nam, meetings of 1st Brigade Veterans and reunions are important to the magazine. Do not keep what you, or your unit, did in Viet Nam or any of your meetings a secret.

The DIPLOMAT AND WARRIOR cover of this magazine acknowledges the theory of BG Willard Pearson. He believed that highly trained paratroopers who were first class fighting men could easily revert to a civic action role when their primary task of closing with and killing the enemy was not being actively pursued. Sounds something like we are asking the troops in Iraq to do.



# RECONNAISSANCE BY WARD JUST

*Editor's Note: We are able to read the RECONNAISSANCE chapter from the book TO WHAT END by Ward Just because a reader sent me a heads up about a web site (see the e-mail from John Yeager). I ordered the book, wrote to Ward Just, he called me and gave permission to reprint the stories.*

*Ward later sent a disk with some of the photos. His Tiger Force story is great and I thank him for giving permission to reprint the material about him and the book. As I said in the book review, it is well worth buying and reading.*

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Dear Ivan: Below is a website containing Ward Just's story about being with the brigade at a bad time. Depending on copyright, maybe you could print it.

John.

<http://www.pbs.org/weta/reportingamericaatwar/reporters/just/reconnaissance.html>

## WARD JUST: Reconnaissance

In the summer of 1966 yet another monsoon offensive was predicted in Pleiku and Kontum provinces in the Central Highlands. American intelligence said the North Vietnamese were infiltrating from Laos into Pleiku and Kontum in battalion- and regimental-sized units, well fed, well trained and well and heavily armed. The theory of the enemy objective, which had been expounded in one form or another for two years, was that Giap's regulars would "cut the country in half," driving east from the Laotian border to the South China Sea. It was an implausible theory, owing as it did practically nothing to logic: the North Vietnamese did not have the men to hold a line across the waist of South Vietnam, neither did they have the weapons to ward off attacking American aircraft. Much more plausible was the theory that the North Vietnamese were invading to make the highlands so hazardous that the Americans would be forced to concentrate large numbers of troops there.

But everybody believed the scissors theory, probably because it made rich newspaper copy. An American general once admitted that what the command had in mind was that if the North Vietnamese cut the country in half they would have a marvelous propaganda victory. The reverse was also true, and therein lay the *raison d'être* for the theory. The operative line was given at a Westmoreland press briefing in 1966: "They tried to cut the country in half but we stopped them."

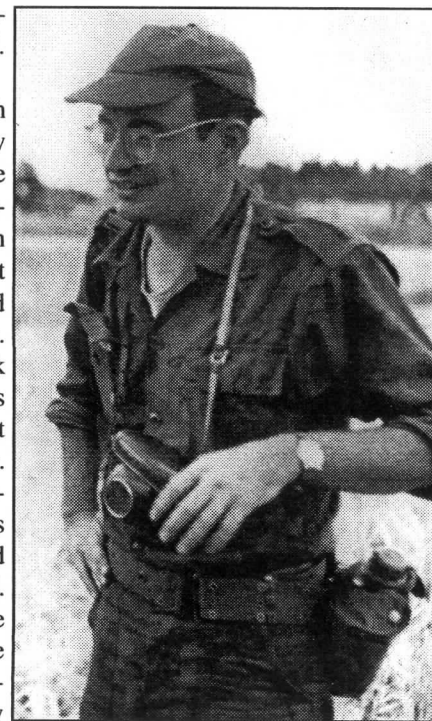
There were a few amateur strategists who insisted that the country was already cut in half, obviously so by the inability of an ordinary citizen to drive from Saigon to the Demilitarized Zone. But these objections were swept aside as the work of cranks. As far as the American command was concerned, the North Vietnamese went on trying to cut the country in half and the American Army went on stopping them. Thus was the territorial integrity of South Vietnam preserved.

No one knew what the strategy really was. Some of the military thinkers believed that all Ho and Giap had in mind was

sending as many troops as they could afford, punishing the Americans to the limit of endurance, and assaulting airfields and base camps until the allies quit from exhaustion. It was, as Westmoreland often said in 1967, a war of attrition; grand strategy did not as a practical matter exist. It was tactics that counted, and what was meant by tactics were the thousands of small-unit engagements from the Camau peninsula to the DMZ. The sum of these equaled the whole, or should have.

I flew from Saigon to Pleiku and then to the Special Forces camp at Dak To early in June, 1966. I had been told in Saigon that American intelligence officers had identified new North Vietnamese units prowling the highlands. The 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division was to move out into the jungles to find the enemy. It was regarded in Saigon as an important campaign: whatever the argument on whether or not the enemy objective was to cut the country in half, there was no doubt that the highlands themselves were imperiled.

It was the North Vietnamese who drew first blood: on the night of June 6, a battalion hit an American artillery base just north of Dak To and nearly overran it. Firing at point-blank range, the Americans had managed to beat back the attack. Following normal procedure, enemy troops had carried their dead from the battlefield. Only two bodies were left behind, but the artillerymen were confident many, many more had died. No one



*Ward Just in the field*



knew how many. What was surprising was the closeness of the engagement. "You could see the enemy," said one young artillery captain, in wonder. "They saw us and we saw them." It didn't happen that way very often, which lent an interesting and appealing tone to the opening of the operation which would be called Hawthorne, or the campaign for the control of the Central Highlands.

The commander of the 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry of the 101st Airborne Brigade, Major David Hackworth, was standing amid the ruins of the camp when I alighted from a helicopter in the company of one of the ubiquitous public relations men of the American Army. We had been flying for nearly an hour, trying to find the base which was neatly hidden in the crotch of two hills. It had been an unnerving ride, since the hills were nominally, or more than nominally, enemy territory. Hackworth briefly explained the situation, then said with a grin that he was sending one of the reconnaissance units ("recondo," in Airborne argot, meaning commando / reconnaissance) deep into the mountains to find the enemy base camp, and to try in the process to round up enemy stragglers. Hackworth was so cheerful about the prospect of heading into the mountains that I instantly asked to go along. He said fine, then introduced me to Captain Lewis Higinbotham, the commander of the 42-man Tiger Force, as the recondo platoon was known. "You'll like Higinbotham," Hackworth said. "He's a good killer."

Hackworth had words for the men of the Tiger Force, who were now assembling their weapons and gear, and the words went like this: "Goddamnit I want forty hard-charging fuckin' dicks. And if anybody ain't a hard-charging fuckin' dick I want him out."

"Fuckin'," muttered one of the men.

"Right," said Hackworth.

"Fuckin'," the trooper muttered again.

The English language, like everything else in Vietnam, became unreal after a time. Hackworth's words were - words. He might have appealed for forty soft-bellied capons or forty fine, aggressive young American soldiers, or forty draft dodgers, or forty journalists, or forty fat congressmen from Texas. As it was, he appealed for forty hard-charging fuckin' dicks. It did not matter. I unconsciously wrote the words in my notebook.

Then Hackworth turned to me, banging the palms of his hands together. Matters were looking up. "My God, we chased them for five days over every flipping hill in Vietnam. Five days! And they hit us back here. They kept one hill ahead of us. One hill all along the way. Well now they have had it."

The Airborne had that reputation.

A unit assembles its reputation from any sources, but mainly from its commanders. These were the commanding general, Brigadier General Willard Pearson, and the two battalion commanders, Lt. Colonel Henry Emerson, and Major Hackworth. There were others, but these were the principal ones. They were professional soldiers, none more so than Pearson, who

was the architect of the Brigade's bold and successful jungle tactics. Briefly, these were to probe as far into enemy territory as possible, make contact, then reinforce by helicopter. It required using small units as bait, which you could do only if your men were anxious to fight, and had proved it by signing on as paratroopers, for more money and prestige in the services. Pearson's reputation as a soldier was excellent, but he had strange lapses when dealing with men. Once approaching a particularly difficult mission, he promised a company of infantry a case of beer if the mission were successful. In those circles, a case of beer was regarded as barely adequate for one man, let alone 200. Pearson, the strategist who wanted to carry the war to the enemy on the enemy's terms, was regarded with a mixture of respect and astonishment.

Not so Hackworth and Emerson. They were quite simply admired, as men and as soldiers. Personal courage is a very attractive quality in men. It is the one quality, as someone said, which guarantees all the others. Hackworth had it, and so did Emerson. They were brave men, without being excessively reckless or self-conscious about it. Hackworth was especially appealing. He seemed to be amused at the whole apparatus of war in Vietnam; he knew that things were never what they seemed, and that you kept your sanity only by admitting a whole range of possibilities. That day, in the center of the artillery fire base, he strode around with a tiny riding crop, disheveled, unshaven and profane, and after a bet took Higinbotham aside to brief him on the mission.

Lew Higinbotham looked an unlikely killer. Slim, bony-faced Texas-accented, he was polite and grim, and the dirt deliberately smeared over his cheeks and chin did not conceal youth. He was in his middle twenties, unmarried, a career soldier. Higinbotham had been in Vietnam more than two years, most of it spent in the Delta south of Saigon as an adviser to Vietnamese troops. This was his first mission with the Tiger Force. It was an elite unit and Higinbotham was anxious to do well; he liked the Vietnamese, but preferred to work with Americans. The forty-two men under his command were a rugged and motely lot, bringing to mind one of those posses assembled from the worst saloons on Main Street in the Grade B horse opera. Unshaven, dirty, unlettered, mean, nervous; one was in flight from his third wife, another (so the story went) from the police, a third was in Vietnam because he liked to kill Charlie Cong. Some of the others had the spirit of buccaneers, fugitives from a safe society. They liked the adventure, and the weapons. One of them regularly sent the ears of dead Viet Cong to his wife, through the army postal system. Half the platoon was Negro. One of these, informed that a journalist would be along on the patrol, became *helpless with laughter*. He doubled up, face shaking with mirth at the madness of it all. "Sheet," he said. "Shee-it."

While the men got their gear together, checked weapons and gathered up food and ammunition, I prowled around the edges of the artillery base. There were dark streaks of blood where men had been carried off the night before. Part of a torso lay just beyond the security perimeter. On the top of a small rise I looked north, and saw high hills without signs of life. There were no villages in this part of Kontum. There were some







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

*US Army Photo by Sp/4 Oddvar Breiland*

Montagnard tribesmen, but nothing else. In the old days of the French occupation, the hills were often used for tiger hunts. We loaded into helicopters and were off.

The land north of Dak To was rugged and uneven, high hills and thick jungle laced with trails. It was cool as we were dropped at four o'clock in the afternoon in a high stand of elephant grass. The trees had two growths of branches, one about six feet up the trunk and the other about twelve feet. They blotted out the sun. The light appeared to come through a great green-glass bottle without rays or beams. Higinbotham and I moved beneath one of the trees, and waited until the rest of the forty-two were accounted for. There was another captain there, and Higinbotham introduced him as Chris Verlumis, a 27-year-old career man from Oakland, California. Verlumis was the commander of headquarters company to which the Tiger Force

was technically attached. It was Verlumis' first week in Vietnam, and his first patrol. Higinbotham was not happy about the arrangement, because Verlumis technically outranked him - or was, in any case, in command of a larger unit. If there was trouble, and there was bound to be trouble, Higinbotham did not want to have to worry about another captain. And he didn't want to be second-guessed. Higinbotham had told all this to Hackworth. But Verlumis wanted to come, and so Verlumis came.

We moved out along a trail north and west roughly in the direction of the Laos border. Right away we fell upon a two-man position carved into a bush. It was deserted. The trail was well-traveled, and almost immediately there was another smaller hut ("hootch," to American soldiers in Vietnam) and then a third. Then, as we wound up the trail, there was a small base camp, perhaps large enough to accommodate a squad of a dozen men. In Vietnam action usually comes without warning. All of these installations on the trail were signs, warning signals that enemy troops were there. Higinbotham knew it and the men knew it.

We were moving quickly, winding up the trail as the light faded and noting all the signs of enemy occupation. Then there was a burst of machine-gun fire, a shout, and all of the men flopped, and scurried off the road into the shelter of the trees and bushes. The firing had come from the rear of the column, three fast bursts and now it was silent. Higinbotham urgently radioed his rear squad. One enemy soldier was dead, but one of our own men was hurt.

Private First Class Richard Garcia was lying off the trail, blood leaking from a wound in his chest. Three men stood over him while the medic punctured his arm with a morphine needle. The men moved their feet and talked quietly to Garcia, although he was nearly unconscious. He had been hit by one of our own bullets; it is difficult to see in the jungle. No one knows where the enemy is, and the frightened man sprays with his weapon. He fires it in bursts, and none too accurately. One of these had caught Garcia in the lung. The medic was working frantically, muttering and cursing under his breath. Suddenly, Garcia stands up, and looked straight at the medic: "I can't breathe. I am going home. I am going to be OK." Then he was dead.

Fifty yards away, the men of the rear squad were looking after the dead Vietnamese. He had been shot in the chest, but that was only the most recent wound. His head had been bandaged, and so had his leg. Higinbotham, looking at the body, decided that he had been on his way back to the base camp for medical attention. He was probably one of those wounded in the attack on the artillery fire base the night before. Next to the body lay a battered, damaged AK-47 submachine gun. That was the standard weapon of the North Vietnamese Army, Soviet-designed and manufactured in China.

Higinbotham reported both deaths to battalion headquarters. "We've got a KIA, one of theirs and one of ours," Higinbotham said. The G-2 (intelligence officer) on the other end of the line warned him to be on the watch for more enemy. "Maybe a bat-



talion more," the G-2 said.

The light was going, almost visibly as lights dim in a theatre, and Higinbotham decided to stay where he was for the night. Garcia's body was taken down to the trail and three men prepared it for transport on a litter. His arms were folded on his chest, and his blouse pulled up tight over his face and head. Then the body, compact in the camouflaged uniform, hatless, was tied to the litter, and the pack was tied to the body; lying there that night Garcia looked comfortable. Higinbotham said it was possible he was killed by rifle fire from the Vietnamese, but most likely not; most likely he was killed from our lines. It was a matter of fire discipline. Higinbotham said; there was never enough of it, and too many people were killed needlessly. But you couldn't prevent all of it. With all the lead flying around, people got hurt; it was not a factor you could control.

The men arranged themselves in a star-shaped defense, three to a group. One man in each group stayed awake at all times. There would be no talking or smoking and the radio would be off. The jungle in Kontum goes dark before seven. The wetness comes as it grows black, and except for the chattering of the small birds and animals it is silent; after a while the bird and animal sounds become part of the silence. Because of the rot which turns the plants to phosphorous, the jungle floor is brilliant with light, enough light to see your fingernail or read the dials on a wrist watch. I had a small flask of whiskey, which I passed to Higinbotham and Verlumis and the radio operator, Terry Grey. We talked quietly of one thing and another, colleges, life on the West Coast, and then tried to sleep. I recalled a line from A. J. Liebling that when he was in an uncomfortable spot during World War II, and he was trying to sleep, he thought about women.

We awoke slowly and crawled quietly from beneath the bushes to stretch as daylight came. With it came the second omen. There was a shout, a rattle of gunfire, and we were all on our bellies in that awful initial confusion. Suddenly a sheepish private stood before Higinbotham. There were three armed Vietnamese, uniformed and not alert, the private said. They stumbled into camp, saw the Americans, and fled. The GI's, equally startled, had time for only a half-dozen rounds. The three enemy soldiers scampered across a small stream and disappeared into the bush. Higinbotham shook his head, and smiled. "Oh hell, they probably spent the night with us," he said. "They probably thought we were the 226th North Vietnamese Regiment, for crissakes." Higinbotham reported the incident to G-2, which received the information without comment.

A long-range reconnaissance patrol cannot operate once its presence is known to the enemy. Twice the Tigers had been forced to fire. Now three Vietnamese had seen them and had escaped, and were certainly bound for their headquarters. None of this could have been foreseen, and there was nothing to be done about it. But it was terrible luck. Security, to the extent that there was any in the middle of a jungle in the middle of enemy territory, was compromised. It had to be considered compromised, although the mission itself was not in doubt. The mission went on. There was no place to go but forward, deeper and higher into the hills, discovering enemy base

camp and rounding up stragglers. The patrol was still well within the range of the brigade's artillery, and the operations officer was keeping careful check on our precise location. Word has been fed back that the enemy was known to be operating in the area; but Higinbotham knew that.

The objective now was to find a landing zone for a helicopter to come in and "extract" Garcia. Garcia was a burden and there was no room now for burdens. "I don't like any part of it," Higinbotham said.

Kontum that day was marvelously cool, and we crossed half a dozen small streams on our way up the hill. There was no movement except for an occasional exquisitely colored butterfly. The men moved very quietly and carefully. A clearing was found, and Garcia lifted out; the helicopter crew left a dozen cases of C rations behind. The men dug into the cases labeled, in the weird army phraseology, MEAL, COMBAT, INDIVIDUAL - like that, with commas. They were looking for cigarette packages and fruit. Each meal carton contained a little package of condiments: salt, pepper, sugar, powdered cream, coffee, gum, toilet paper, matches, and a package of five cigarettes; the brands were Camels, Chesterfields, Salems, Newports, Winstons, or Pall Malls. At least two of the large cases were untouched, so a hole was dug and they were buried. We moved out again.

The trail meandered into deeper jungle, with base camp following base camp. Higinbotham decided by one in the afternoon that his band had uncovered a staging area capable of accommodating a regiment of 1,000 men. The knowledge was not comforting. The men, in soft hats, their faces smeared with mud, carefully cradling weapons, kept silently climbing, turning their eyes off the trail and into the bush.

In two years in the Delta, Higinbotham had acquired a passable knowledge of Vietnamese. When his lead squad found a small arrow-shaped sign with the words Anh Ban Di Trang, he knew we were on the right trail, the pigeons among the cats. The words translated, "friends go straight"; it was obviously an enemy message. And with the Vietnamese talent for confusion, at the point of the sign the trail forked, with no clear indication which trail was meant. One branch led upward, along the small stream. The other moved left, down the hill. At the fork there were two huts where the command group waited: Higinbotham sent patrols down each trail. The first, led by Sergeant Pellum Bryant, almost immediately saw three enemy soldiers in the khaki uniforms of the North Vietnamese Army. Bryant opened fire with his M-16 gun, and began heaving grenades. Everyone in the command post was flat on his stomach, waiting. The firing went on for five minutes, then ceased and Bryant returned to Higinbotham. He had got one but the others had fled. Now from the other trail the radio crackled that there was resistance, that one Tiger was seriously wounded and the others pinned down.

Strung out in a long, thin line, the men moved down the trail and up to the ridge line. The patrol that had been hit was on the other side of the hill, which was not sharp but rolling, covered by deep jungle and ending in a steep ravine. At the top of the hill the men shed their packs, and a six-man patrol headed downslope to learn the American casualties and assess the





strength of the enemy. It was impossible to judge distances because of the thickness of the cover.

The patrol reported back that the enemy had moved out; there was no more firing. Higinbotham nodded and, leaving six men behind to guard the rear, began to move down the trail to the ravine. It was a two-foot wide trail that wound down and into a tiny cleft between the two hills. It then curled up the next hill. Edgy, edgy enough that a man snarled if you stumbled and stepped on his heel, the platoon moved down. There was a wounded GI in the crotch of the hills. He had been shot through the neck beside a cache of enemy rockets and grenades. The grenades were in a cave, carefully covered with tarpaulin. Four men went down to get the wounded man, crawling past the body of an enemy soldier whose head had been blown off in the firing ten minutes before. The wounded man was hurting, and scared. The hill was very steep, and the four found it difficult to slide down.

"You don't feel no pain, baby," the medic said, putting a needle into the man's arm. "You gonna be all right, baby. You gonna see that girl." The talk was all nonsense, meant to distract. The medic was wrapping a bandage around his comrade's neck. Another medic put a plasma needle into his right arm. The man's shirt was soaked with blood from the wound.

"I knew it," the wounded man said. "I knew that my chip was cashed in."

"We gonna get the MedEvac," the medic said.

"Well, that pilot better be there when I get there." Then, "You think I got a Stateside wound?"

The medic was worrying about the stretcher.

"Litter?"

"Litter!"

"Bring the litter, goddamnit."

"I wonder why my stomach hurts so much."

"Don't worry. This happens to everybody."

The wounded man, Private First Class Frank Wills, was at the base of a 45-degree incline. But the litter was there now, and the four men struggled and worried him up to the trail which led down from the ridge line.

It was very quiet, and no movement from anything. There were no birds or animals or butterflies, and the men were still and silent. Wills had become half-delirious from pain and fear. He asked again why his stomach hurt so much. Then he told the medic he had one hundred dollars in his pocket. "Take it and hold it for me," he said. Wills was thinking about going back home to Miami.

But the medic wasn't listening. No one was. Higinbotham was



WARD JUST IN SOUTH VIETNAM, 1966

Photo Credit: Ward Just collection.

worried about Wills and whether a landing zone could be carved out of the hillside. It couldn't, and Higinbotham knew that. He also knew that his patrol was deep inside enemy lines with no way to get out, except to walk out. The patrol had found what it had come to find; the problem was what to do with it now. Enemy troops were obviously all around, and they knew that the Americans were there. Higinbotham squatted on the trail and wondered what to do.

The trail wound down from the ridge line perhaps one hundred yards. There were foxholes and bunkers all along it. Six men were at the top, guarding the packs, six more at the base. Higinbotham, Verlumis, Wills, the radio operator, Terry Grey; and twenty-five regulars were strung out along about fifty yards of the trail. There were plenty of grenades and plenty of ammunition. But Higinbotham thought about the deployment, and shuddered. They were not enough, not nearly enough if the enemy attacked from the ridge line; and the assumption had to be that that was what they would do.

"Hey, Mr. Reporter!" It was the trooper who found my presence so mirth provoking. He began to laugh again, and so did I. It was an absurd predicament.

"You picked a great patrol," Higinbotham said.

"Mr. Reporter, how much you get paid for this?" the trooper asked.

"Not enough," I said. "Damn," Higinbotham said, looking again at his maps.

Higinbotham's worries were not mine. Since the death of Garcia the night before, I had tried to concentrate on journalism. I had worked at taking careful notes and photographs, and now reflected on the similarity of the soldier and the war correspondent, the basic text for which comes from Joseph Heller's novel, *Catch-22*. On the one hand, no one wants to get ambushed or to be where bullets are fired in anger. On the other, if nothing happens there is no story. If the patrol does not



meet the enemy, there is nothing to write about. It becomes a pointless exercise, a long walk under a hot sun. If the patrol does meet the enemy you are likely to be killed or wounded, or at the very least scared to death. Catch-23.

It was a bad catch. I worked at disbelief. You switch off, and pull all the plugs, severing connections. Your movements become slow and deliberate, and your consciousness seems to move back in time. The point is to maintain control. With forty-one men in the middle of a clearing in the middle of Kontum in the middle of a war, you are standing - nowhere. For distraction, think about women or squat down and pick blades of grass, chew them and put a film in the camera. Focus the lens. Make pictures of the American infantry. Transcribe dialogue:

"Sheet, I wrote her back she do anything she want."

"Well, we over here and they're there."

"Fuck that noise."

"Yeah."

"You hear Tomkins get killed?"

"Yeah?"

"Sheet, a mine blew him up and there was nuthin' left but nuthin'."

"Sheet."

"I tell you, Man, this is some kind of war."

"Sumthin' else!"

"Crise, I was in a platoon and there's nuthin' left of that platoon now. I'm the only one left."

"Gimme some fruit."

"Trayja fruit for some butts."

"Fuck you."

"Three butts."

"Whyn't you pick up the butts back there when we got 'em?"

"Cause I was on point savin' your ass in case old Charlie come along."

"Gimme the fuckin' fruit."

"Three butts."

"Sheet, man, I ain't got but half a pack."

"Goddamn I got to get this weapon fixed."

"Hey, Mr. Reporter. What the fuck you doing here?"

At two-thirty in the afternoon the first grenade crashed down

the ridge line. It went wide with a thump. Then thump! Thumpthump! Again, closer.

In the first fifteen minutes, three died and six fell wounded. The firing came from three sides, hitting the Americans at all points on the trail. The men guarding the packs at the top of the trail scattered under a hail of machine-gun fire. Only a few actually saw the enemy, who were maneuvering and firing as they maneuvered. Higinbotham at his command post halfway down the line knew the danger of the situation better than anyone else. He collected the first reports from his sergeants. The reports were only that there were a lot of enemy, and it was impossible to tell how many. Higinbotham called Hackworth at battalion headquarters and requested artillery fire and air support. It would come in the next four hours, 1,100 rounds of 105 and 90 rounds of 155 artillery. There would be air strikes, and the noise would be as if the world were coming apart.

No one knew then and no one knows now how many North Vietnamese there were. They did not have mortars, so the unit was probably company-sized or smaller. But they had grenades and small arms and automatic weapons, and good cover to shoot from. They fought from concealed positions and they had the element of surprise and knowledge of the terrain. It was, after all, their base camp.

American artillery shells fell in a wide semicircle just beyond the American positions. They were hitting at the ridge line and beyond, but the Vietnamese fire did not lessen. The planes attacked with a roar and without warning; because of the heavy cover they could not be seen. One fist-sized piece of shrapnel landed two feet from Higinbotham, but he did not cease talking into the field phone, precisely locating the positions of heaviest enemy fire. While the shells were landing, Americans were dying; a half dozen in the first half hour, another six in the five succeeding hours of combat.

In the command post, enemy rifle fire was hitting five feet high. We were all down, scanning the jungle and watching that part of the trail we could see. Behind us, down the line, men were maneuvering and shouting at each other. Higinbotham was superbly cool, talking quietly and easily into the field telephone which was the only link with safety. As long as the artillery held out the Vietnamese could not advance; that was our theory, desperately clung to. Meanwhile the rifle fire got heavier and closer. The bullets were sounding: Pop!

Verlumis had left the command post to crawl up the trail toward the heaviest fighting. Pellum Bryant, the senior non-commissioned officer, was below rallying *the dozen or so who had fallen* under his command. One of the other sergeants was dead. Bryant was the only unwounded man in his eight-man squad. Pinned down by an enfilade of fire, he had huddled in an enemy foxhole. When the fire slackened, he poked up his head and fired bursts. It was Bryant alone who was protecting the rear flank.

By four-thirty in the afternoon, after two hours of fire, the situation was almost lost. The fight had been following a rhythm, with heavy bursts of fire and then silence except for an occasional rattle of a machine gun. The Americans had been pushed



back into a tiny area about the size of a basketball court, with Higinbotham and the radio as its nucleus. Bryant was now fighting just a dozen yards to the rear. Hackworth, speaking with Higinbotham, said there was a full company of infantry a mile away. He was ordering them to reinforce.

"You've got to try it," Higinbotham said over the radio. For the first time, his voice cracked and became unsure. There was a 26-year-old advertising account executive or civil servant or department store clerk, or a good old boy at the night baseball game, but not a captain of infantry in the U.S. Army. "If you don't get up here soon, we're all gonna die. If you don't get up here soon, I'm gonna melt."

There was another crackling over the telephone; Hackworth had gone off. Then barely audibly, but precisely, as if he were reading from a piece of paper, Higinbotham said: "Dear God, please help me save these men's lives."

It got worse after that, and for Higinbotham it was the worst time of all. It was his first patrol with the Tigers. He didn't know the men, either their names or where they came from or how long they had been in Vietnam. Now he had gotten them into this. Higinbotham sat with the radio, his back against a tree, and prayed that it wouldn't be as bad as he thought it was.

The sniper fire came closer, nipping the tops of the branches of the bushes. The artillery seemed to be hitting indiscriminately, as Higinbotham called it closer to the American lines. But there were no lines any more. There was only a group of men huddled silently on a trail that led nowhere down from a ridge line that did not even show on the map. Bryant was on his own, and so was Verlumis. Higinbotham was worried about the artillery, and the tactics were taking care of themselves.

A wounded infantryman, his voice loud as a bullhorn, was calling from the left flank. "You've got to get me out of here!" He was repeating it. The voice was strong and deep, but it cracked with agony and pain. He repeated it again and again. As he screamed and moaned I moved forward. I went forward about five feet and then stopped, still safe. The wounded man was probably twenty yards away, although the jungle was so thick it was impossible to tell. I had the idea that I might save his life.

I looked around at the others and then the wounded man screamed, and was silent. I waited for a minute and then crawled back the five feet. I had spent twenty minutes deciding whether to get the wounded, who had been screaming and pleading for help. Now I didn't have to think about it. He was dead. Verlumis had given me a .45 pistol and now I took it out of its holster for the first time. I was lying on my stomach handling the .45, having dismissed the wounded man from mind. It was easier holding a .45 pistol.

Fifteen yards in front of the command post there was a dip that plunged almost straight down into the ravine. From that direction a voice came: "Airborne!" No one answered. Higinbotham and the radio operator and I looked at the spot where the voice came from. The radioman unhitched a grenade from his ammunition belt, and cradled it like an apple. The voice could belong to anyone, but the odds were better than even that it

belonged to a North Vietnamese. I thought of identifying questions to ask. The only two that came to mind was the name of the manager of the New York Yankees, and whether or not Marilyn Monroe was dead or alive. My mind wouldn't work. I thought of asking who wrote the Declaration of Independence, but then figured that a trooper probably wouldn't know the answer. Then I remembered that I didn't know the name of the Yankee manager. Stengel was dead. Or not dead, retired someplace. These thoughts were moving so slowly I could almost see them in my mind's eye. I was closest to the dip and now aimed the pistol straight at it, or just above it. The radioman had not thrown the grenade and all of us were in a state of suspended animation. But then a voice said, "Christ, don't shoot," and a sweat-drenched head appeared over the lip of the ravine. The head belonged to an American.

There were now seven in the command post, and a 360-degree defense. We had been joined by a young rifleman. Still inexplicably careful about journalism, I asked his name; it was Private First Class Sam Washburn, of Indianapolis. Washburn had dived over a bush and told Higinbotham: "I got two Charlies and the captain got one. The captain's dead. We were lying on the trail firing at the Charlies and I looked over and asked him how his ammo was and he was dead." Higinbotham said nothing, did not comment on Verlumis, and continued to talk the artillery in. "I don't think there's anybody else back there," Washburn said. "I mean, any Americans."

That meant that the command post, and the seven of us, were the front. There was no protection up the trail. The cries of the wounded were getting louder as the men pulled back into a tighter circle. The command post was filling up with wounded, those who could crawl back or who were carried back by the medics. I would hear only secondhand the horrors endured by the men up the trail; they had been under heavy bombardment for more than three hours. There was no firing from the command post because the enemy could not be seen.

But then came the grenades. They were coming closer, just off the mark. That was when the awful fear set in. It was the fear of sudden realization that the North Vietnamese were lobbing grenades and there was no way to stop them.

The faces were all drawn up tight, and there was no talking. A company of reinforcements was on its way, but had got lost. No one knew whether it would arrive in time. Hollow-eyed and distracted, the men moved slowly as in a dream; or perhaps it was me, clammed up and lying flat in that taut circle. In Vietnam if you are thirty years old you feel an old man among youngsters. I was thinking about being thirty, and holding an automatic pistol I didn't know how to fire, when Washburn leaned over and very quietly, very precisely, whispered "grenade." He probably yelled it, but I was switched off, half-deaf from the pounding of the artillery and the 500-pound bombs and it seemed to me that the warning came in a whisper. Then he gave me a push. There was a flash and a furious burst of fire; the grenade had landed a yard away.

I couldn't get my feet down. I was lying on my back, almost standing on my head, and my feet wouldn't come down.



Through the numbness and the red haze, I could see Washburn firing, although his hand was blown to pieces, and the radioman using his grenade launcher. Higinbotham was firing, too; but my legs wouldn't come down. Then they were down and I yelled for a medic. "I'm hit!"

"You're OK," Higinbotham said.

"The hell I am," I said. "I'm hit."

"I mean it," he said.

"Christ almighty there's blood everywhere," I said.

"You're all right."

"Goddamnit I'm not."

There was very little pain, just shock and a terrible feeling of relief. I was out of it. The terror was in the knowledge that you might lose control. You had to keep control, and you could feel it slipping away. You were half-crazy looking at the firing. The medic had scrambled up and I called for morphine. My arms and legs were shaking uncontrollably. The medic tackled me and punched the needle into my arm and began to bandage my head and back. The morphine restored the control. My hands and legs were still shaking but I was all right. Higinbotham was grinning. The medic said to take it easy. When the shaking stopped fatigue came.

"You're all right," Higinbotham said.

"I'm not all right, goddamnit," I said.

But we were both laughing, me from shock and Higinbotham from the fact that the attack had been thrown back. The grenades fired by Terry Grey, the radioman, had done it.

"Where are the VC?" I asked.

"We stopped the bastards," Higinbotham said.

I thought that line was in the best MGM tradition, and told Higinbotham so. None of it seemed real, lying in a godforsaken jungle in the middle of a godforsaken war. There were five dead North Vietnamese on the trail a dozen yards away. That was the point of farthest enemy advance. Higinbotham told me of this, and then the firing began once more. He ducked down to work the field telephone and I crawled off beneath a tree as



Wounded Ward Just waiting for medivac

the rat-a-tat-tat of explosions started again. I had lost the pistol and my pack, but I had the camera and my notebook. I thought it would be all right, and anyway I was out of it. There were nineteen wounded men and a dozen dead, and I was one of the wounded. The next two hours were very slow hours. Then the company of reinforcements arrived, crashing through the jungle with banshee whoops and rifle fire.

And that black humorist.

"Where's that newspaper fella?" he asked Higinbotham.

"He got hurt," Higinbotham said.

"Hurt? Sonovabitch."

I thought it would be all right until I saw the helicopters which would take the wounded out; some, like Wills, had lain on the jungle floor for five hours. There was no landing zone, so the helicopters hovered at 100 feet and lowered a T-bar. Strobe lights illuminated the jungle as arc lights illuminate a stadium. The first helicopter took three wounded. A man was strapped onto the T-bar and slowly lifted 100 feet. You ascended alone into the eye of the light, and heard the crack and thwup of bullets, and realized that the enemy, still entrenched on the ridge line, were shooting. They were shooting at the wounded men being pulled into the helicopter. You heard the bullets as you were rising and your body went stiff and you pulled out all the plugs. You gripped the T-bar and made a number of very difficult promises if God got you safely into the helicopter. But when you got there, you said instinctively, I made it. And over and over again, Jesus Christ.

There is no real epilogue to the reconnaissance patrol of the Tiger Force. Its activities that day went unnoticed in the American press because that same afternoon, on a hill only two miles away, Captain William S. Carpenter called napalm on his position after his company had been overrun. Operation Hawthorne, which lasted the better part of a month, was said to be a success. The Americans claimed 1,200 enemy dead, to 250 of their own. In the succeeding twelve months infiltration would continue. Almost eleven months to the day after the opening round of Hawthorne, a battalion of the 173rd Airborne Brigade would get ambushed and badly mauled by a force of North Vietnamese infantry. Lew Higinbotham, who by then had transferred from the 101st to the 173rd Airborne, was operation officer that day. "How is it?" Higinbotham asked the platoon leader. "Good clean fun," the lieutenant replied. That was at 10 A.M. At ten-twenty the radio went dead; every man in the platoon was killed, or badly wounded. *The wire services* said the engagement took place a few miles north of Dak To, the Special Forces camp in Kontum province.

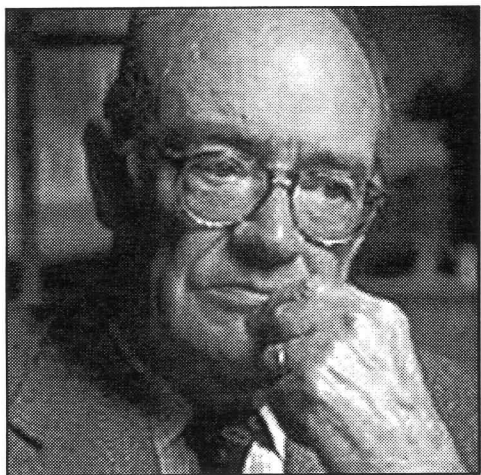
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From *To What End: Report from Vietnam* by Ward S. Just, published by Houghton Mifflin, 1966. Copyright ©, Ward S. Just. Reprinted with permission.





## WARD JUST: Getting to the Story



*Ward Just at interview*

You could write stories without going to the front. The trouble is, they wouldn't be very good stories. It was a war, after all, and you belonged at the front no less than war correspondents of earlier generations. You had to see how the thing was done. You couldn't get that out of the five o'clock briefing. The five o'clock briefing could give you numbers. It couldn't show you the way the battle actually went. And if you saw enough of these small actions, then you could add up in your own mind the actual way in which the war was being conducted? how the captains were doing it and how the lieutenant colonels were doing it and what had happened at the end of the day, when you looked at this plot of land and added up our dead and their dead? what did that mean? You couldn't do that without being there.

The American Army did everything in their power to get you anywhere you wanted to go. Typically, you'd arrive on the flight line at six o'clock in the morning at Tan Son Nhut Air Base having heard of a firefight somewhere, and you'd walk up and down the line until you found a Caribou or a Buffalo or a helicopter or a C-130 that was going in that direction. You'd say "Can we climb aboard?" and the skipper would say, "Of course. Get on. You want some coffee?" And you'd end up in Pleiku or Can Tho or wherever the action was. They'd take you where you wanted to go, drop you off, and bring you back, and they did this with the utmost good cheer, even in the later days of the war.

I was with a reconnaissance platoon, forty people, deep in the highlands of South Vietnam. We ran into a lot of enemy soldiers. They thought it was somewhere between a battalion and a regiment of enemy. And I think within the space of an hour we had twelve dead and over twenty wounded in this group. We were bunched in very close, with the enemy all around us. Artillery fire was coming in that, in effect, saved our lives; otherwise we would have been overrun in a minute. These were very tough characters I was with, but there were literally hundreds of them, and there were forty of us.

You find yourself in an ethical dilemma, to the extent that you can think about anything with shot and shell flying around. You really don't want to do anything to make their mission any more

difficult than it already is. You're nonessential cargo. You can talk about the public's right to know and the First Amendment all you want, but this is serious business. People are dying in front of your eyes. At a fairly high level, you want to stay alive yourself, but you don't want to do anything to get anybody killed. Particularly, you don't want to do anything stupid.

So, in my own case, a captain said to me, "You're gonna need this," and he gave me this .45 caliber pistol. Well, I'm a hunter. I used to hunt as a child with my father. I'd known about weapons. I didn't know anything about a .45. And the idea of all of a sudden picking up this thing - it's a huge gun, you know - and lying on the floor of the forest, waiting for some helmeted head to come up five or six feet away from me - I wanted to disappear. Because I knew that in terms of the army, I was combat-ineffective. I hadn't been trained to do anything like this. But I was goddamned if I was going to get in their way, either, meaning the Americans. So, thank God, no head appeared, so I didn't have to shoot him, or try to shoot him. And in due course, we were rescued by the medivacs [evacuation helicopters].

I've thought a lot about that. It's essential for things of that kind to be described for people at home, and to be described as thoroughly and completely as you can do it. They have a right to know that. But if I hadn't been along, would there have been another infantryman along? And if there had been another infantryman along, maybe things wouldn't have gone quite so badly - although I doubt it, to tell you the truth. But as a supernumerary on one of these missions, you really can't help but wonder if your presence somehow changes the action, and not in a favorable way, sort of like the Heisenberg Principle. Yet it must be done. It can't not be done. So you go ahead and do it, and then sometimes you think about it a little bit afterwards. TO WHAT END, by Ward Just is a revival of the book written in Ireland in the summer of 1967.

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### TO WHAT END

*Book Review by Ivan Worrell*

The title indicates Ward's skepticism that the war would achieve much of lasting value.

Although he was unsure that the war would accomplish the desired end, he was a great reporter in that he told the soldiers' stories of the actions he covered and did not add a personal or political viewpoint to his reports of men in combat.

The RECONNAISSANCE chapter (published with permission) tells a grand and detailed story about Tiger Force and bravery of that small unit fighting against overwhelming odds.

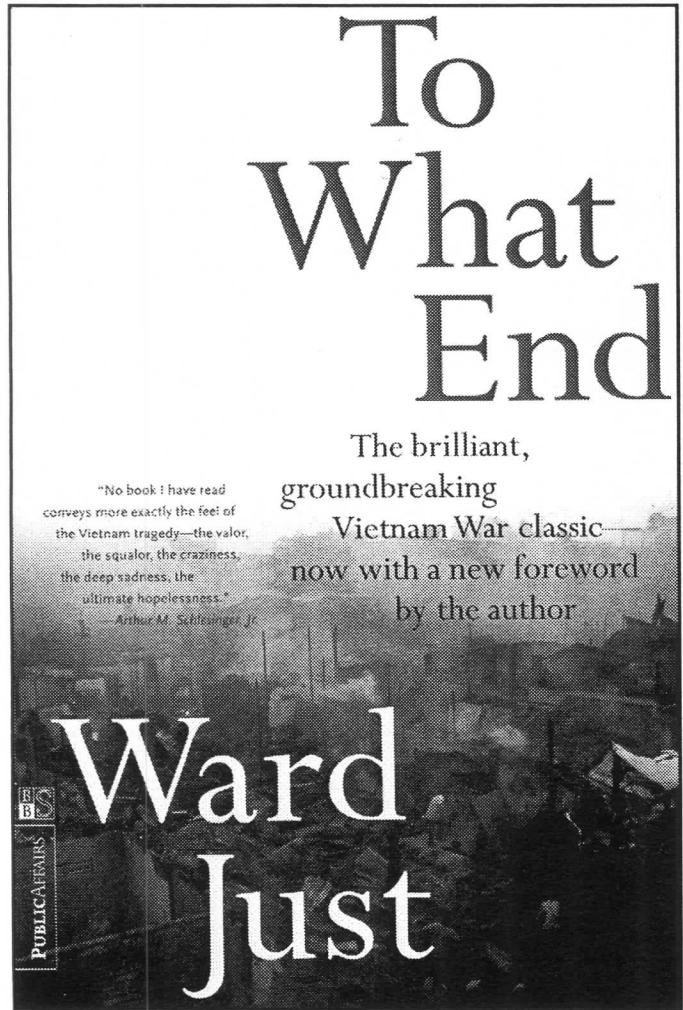
I am one of the ubiquitous public relations men he talks about but I was not with him. I do not remember which of the information specialists escorted him. I do remember, vividly, that he was wounded and that I visited him in the hospital shortly after he was medivaced.

The book will give you a reporter's insight into the MACV public relations organization and how reporters had to live off the land when they left Saigon.

For a completely new insight into the Vietnamese picture, when we were there, I recommend this book as a means to understand some of the politics and deliberations that had an enormous effect on what the 1st Brigade was tasked to do. He has written a new "Foreward" but nothing else is changed in the book, I recommend it!

Cost is \$12.00, ISBN 1-891620-77-0. I purchased my copy from <www.publicaffairsbooks.com> I believe it can also be found at <www.bn.com>.

For more information write to Public Affairs, 250 W. 57th Street, Suite 1321, New York, NY 10107.



## WARD JUST

An acclaimed novelist and short story writer, Ward Just began his career as a reporter, first for the Waukegan (Ill.) News-Sun, then Newsweek and later The Washington Post. As the Vietnam correspondent for The Washington Post, Just earned a reputation for fearlessness, venturing far into the field to report the war firsthand. Badly wounded during one of these missions, Just refused to be airlifted out until all the enlisted men who had been similarly wounded were taken to safety. This incident is portrayed in Michael Herr's book, "Dispatches" and in Just's own critically acclaimed memoir of the Vietnam War, "To What End?"



### ATTENTION 327TH/401ST MEMBERS REGIMENTAL DINNER

THURSDAY AUGUST 5, 2004

The dinner will be held on Thursday, August 5, 2004, at the Hampton Holiday Inn and Convention Center, 1815 West Mercury Blvd., Hampton, VA 23666. Telephone: (757) 838-0200. Cocktails will be served from 6 – 7 p.m. (cash bar), with dinner at 7:00 p.m. You are encouraged to bring an appropriate (?) prize for the after-dinner raffle.

The price of the Regimental dinner, which will be a four entrée buffet, is \$30 per person. Please send your payment to: Michael O'Connell, 11 Arrow Drive, Whitman, MA 02382. Telephone: (781) 447-5696. E-mail address: Michael.Oconnell@state.ma.us. The final date for accepting reservations is August 1, 2004. Unfortunately, no reservations can be accepted at the reunion.

Mike O'Connell/Walt Jackson  
327/401 Governors

### ATTENTION 502ND MEMBERS REGIMENTAL DINNER Thursday, 5th August 2004

Mark your calendar for the 502nd Dinner! Join fellow members of the Regiment for an evening of fun and camaraderie, bring a friend. All friends of the 502nd are welcome. These evenings always reflect the fellowship and traditions shared by those who proudly wore the 101st patch and the 502nd crest.

The Dinner will be held on Thursday, 5 August 2004 at the Holiday Inn and Conference Center (The Reunion Hotel). Cocktails – Cash bar will be served from 6 to 7 PM, Dinner at 7:15 PM. A choice of Prime Rib & Chicken Francaise will be served. Please indicate on your check.

Cost of the Dinner – per person = \$35.00

Any items contributed to our "After Dinner Raffle" will be greatly appreciated.

Since we need the number of people attending the Dinner, please send advance reservations as soon as possible along with your personal check payable to: Larry Anglin, 6 Lincoln Drive, Columbus, NJ 08022-2332; 609-291-5697; FAX 609-291-5698.

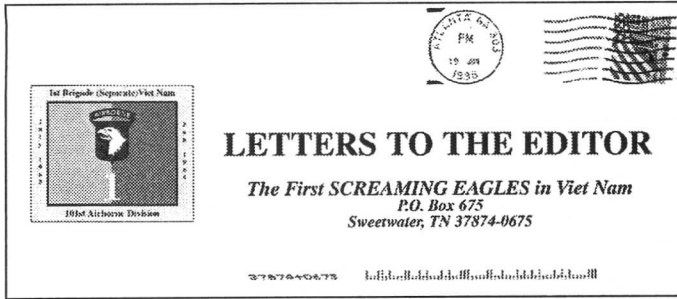
The final date for accepting reservations is 31 July 2004, unfortunately, no reservations can be accepted at the Reunion.

The Troops are home and we hope to have participation by active 2nd Brigade Members. Please indicate if you would be willing to sponsor participation of an active duty member of the Regiment by underwriting the cost of his/her Dinner.

I look forward to seeing you!

Larry Anglin, Governor, 502nd Regiment





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

DALE JORITZ  
c2502\_101@yahoo.com  
Homepage Title: Chargin Charlie  
Homepage URL: [http://www.geocities.com/c2502\\_101](http://www.geocities.com/c2502_101)

For those who served with C/2/502 from 1965 - 72. We have our own website. Please contact us. We would like to do what "the World" could never seem to do - Welcome You Home. Our numbers are growing and we would like to add you to our database.

Strike Force  
Dale Joritz "Motown" 68

---

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

I am looking for photos of a soldier in Co. A 2/502 who was KIA on 10/7/67. His name was Aldwin A. Ellis Jr., nickname was Sparky. I believe this man was either in the 1st or 2nd Platoon. It is my understanding he was killed while helping out a wounded M-60 gunner whose name I don't know. I'd like to hear from any in his platoon who remember this incident. If anyone has photos of this platoon taken at this time I'd like to have copies of them.

John

---

+ DAVE FLOOD, 2/320 FA A Btry 8/67-8/68  
P.O. Box 639, Northford, CT 06472-0639  
W (860) 613-2041 H (860) 647-1203  
Reddleg101@aol.com

Hello Ivan, Just stopped back in again. Met you and the other troopers in Fla this past Feb. You took a pic of me with 1/327 guys I shot arty support for. David Pillings of Texas saw my pic, contacted you, and he called me. It was really good to hear from him. Thank You, for all that you do for us to keep us together.

+ 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

I am looking for pictures of all 72 MIA's of the Viet Nam Screaming Eagles. I am putting together a book to travel with the Reunions. I have the information. I need confirmed pictures even if the soldier was returned.

James E. Samuel  
2-320th  
B-2/502nd 66-67

---

+ ED BONK, 2/327 B 7/65-6/66  
1800 Tomlinson Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19116-3850  
(215) 464-2294  
ebonk@erols.com

I was on the 'Eltinge' and served from July 65 to June 66 with Co. 'B' 2nd Bn. 327th Inf. and was 19 years old. I was restless on the ship and got into a fight and was not allowed off at Subic Bay as my punishment. I always think of that year in Vietnam and my buddies. I will never forget them.

When I got home I was assigned to Ft. Bragg with the 82nd Airborne Division in Fayetteville, NC. I was in Co. 'B' 2nd Bn. 325th Inf. and was honorably discharged in October of 67.

If anybody remembers me please write, I would love hearing from you.

---

WARREN KRAFT  
Utah  
kraftw@worldnet.att.net

I was one of the boat people. I was in 1st Brigade A/326 Combat Engineers 101st Airborne Division. Vietnam 65-66.

---

DICK ALLEN, 2/502 A 3/67-3/68  
6085 Pioneer Rd., Medford, OR 97501  
sargd47@charter.net

Served with A Company 1st BDE 2/502 Inf. March 1967 to March 1968. Tet Offensive 1968. Remember major battle August 25, 1967, Chu Lai.

---

+ JOHN YEAGER, JR., 2/502 C 66-67  
Law Ofcs of John Yeager, Jr.  
3312 West Street, Weirton, WV 26062-4610  
W (304) 797-1632 H (304) 797-1856  
able.counsel@comcast.net

Dear Ivan: Recently I was contacted by the family of a friend who was killed with the 1/327 when I was nearby. I asked a vet counselor exactly what I should tell them and he said it was



important to let them know that he didn't die alone. Remembering how close we felt to our friends who died made me think of Ernie Pyle's story "The Death of Captain Wascow." I copied it, but don't know if it will come through: See the Ernie Pyle column on the web site at <101stabndiv1stbrigade.com>.

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EDWARD G. SHELTON, 801st Maint 65  
1095 Johnson St., Idaho Falls, ID 83401  
HRESSF@WALLMART.COM

---

Looking for friends that went over on the boat in 65

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MIKE EATON  
W. Palm Beach, Florida  
MichaelBosMike1@aol.com

Served with HHC 2/502 from 4/64 - 7/66, Recon till 10/65. It was my pleasure to have served with the finest men, in the finest unit, God ever put on this earth. If I can ever help any of you, or just say "Hi," please contact me. Especially people who knew me.

---

## E-MAIL MESSAGES

+ LOWELL T. CRACE, 181 MI Det 9/66-9/67  
208 Addison St., Fayetteville, NC 28314-1253  
W (910) 432-6313 H (910) 864-5350  
cracel@soc.mil  
Subject: Brigade Honors

Received my latest copy of "The First Screaming Eagles in Viet Nam" and as usual am enjoying it. When I turned to page 18, I was very happy to see three of my Vietnamese partners. When I arrived at the 181st MI Det, I met these three gentlemen and two others not pictured. All of these men were great interpreter/translators. The names are correct but reversed. The names as stated should start from the Right to Left instead of Left to Right.

I can tell you some good stories about each of them. No lies, just the truth of course, ha.

In 1975 when all the Vietnamese were escaping from Vietnam and in all the refugee camps and the International Red Cross was looking to relocate them, I sent a message with all of their names and stated that I would sponsor or assist in finding a sponsor. I never heard anything. I still wonder if they made it through all the communist purges and re-education camps. I can only hope that they survived.

Also when I received my January copy I was more than a little surprised to see the picture from CWO Clay Barker! I called him on the phone and gave him names for several of the guys in the photo. I was absent from that picture because I was out on an operation with 1/327. We had some good laughs, played catch up on people and times. I plan on driving down to see Clay and have a toast to friends, here and past.

May you continue on with your work for many years to come.

Crace  
Interrogator  
181st MI Det

---

YANKEE JIM SIMCHERA, 2/327 A 9/69-9/70  
6542 Bill Lundy Rd., Laurel Hill, FL 32567  
(850) 689-1574  
yankeej@cyou.com

Subject: RE: John 2's letter to the ED: Prisoner Mistreatment In Iraq

Doug,

Long time Bro. Sharing your thoughts with the others.

NS/ATR!  
YJ

-----Original Message-----

DOUG D. LARABEL, 1/327 A 4/67-12/67  
2854 Woodward Ave., Wyoming, MI 49509  
dflarabel@juno.com

To: yankeej@cyou.com

Subject: Re: John 2's letter to the ED: Prisoner Mistreatment In Iraq

Jim,

Doug Larabel here. The prisoner abuse thing, I think is, as American as apple pie. Give any GI a camera and in any situation he will pose for photos, himself and his buddy's. It's been that way forever. If he is in the position to picture the enemy he can and should, just watch the History Channel. It is a form of documentation. Is not humiliation a part of defeat? Isn't there a sign at all military confinement facilities, that states among other things, "that no photography is allowed." Then these soldiers broke that rule. I don't think it is right to have women in a male detention area.

JOHN D. WOLFE, 2/327 B 67-70  
1520 St. Rt. 213, Ulster Park, NY 12487  
(614) 331-5372  
lycan71@hotmail.com  
To: Yankeej@cyou.com  
Subject: nick berg

Hey Jim, Wolfe here. I made the huge mistake of viewing the beheading tape this morning in its entirety. That poor bastard suffered horribly before dying a bloody death. These Muslim radicals are truly Devils walking amongst us. It's really hard to feel much sympathy for "humiliated" Muslim prisoners in light of the sub-human behavior of which they are capable. I'm sickened watching one political circus after another unfold trying to undo the president so that the dems can enlarge their piece of the political pie.



Don't these bastards know this is a battle for our very survival?! Damn, I'm mad!

Wolfe

YANKEE JIM SIMCHERA, 2/327 A 9/69-9/70  
6542 Bill Lundy Rd., Laurel Hill, FL 32567  
(850) 689-1574  
yankeej@cyo.com  
Subject: RE: nick berg

Wolfe,

Most of us haven't seen it but I'm sick of seeing Lindy England's picture. The media's attempt to draw a moral equivalent between America's forces and these pieces of human feces is disgusting.

NS/ATR!  
YJ

---

JIM SIMCHERA, 2/327 A 9/69-9/70  
6542 Bill Lundy Rd., Laurel Hill, FL 32567  
(850) 689-1574  
yankeej@cyo.com  
Subject: Thanks Brothers

-----Original Message-----

+ KEN POTTS, 1/327 C 12/66-12/67  
1857 N. 185th St., Shoreline, WA 98133-4206  
(206) 546-8498  
Braveh1798@aol.com

Jim,

I have been overwhelmed with emails of support and kindness from the brotherhood. I thought I was a pretty hard guy but the brother's words of comfort brought tears to this Old Warrior's eyes. I tried to answer each one personally. I want to give something back and a token of my love and respect, not only for those who wrote but I am sure others that didn't, still supported me in their thoughts, etc. Any brother who emails me their home address I will send them a 101st Airborne Division flag (see pic). I know I don't have to but I want to. I fly one night and day in front of my house here in Seattle. I have one hanging on the wall back at my farm in Indiana. I gave some out at the Reunion in Reno too. Thanks Jim and thanks to you all.



July 2004

*The First Screaming Eagles in Viet Nam*

Ken Potts  
C/1/327 VN  
US Army (Retired)

---

YANKEE JIM SIMCHERA, 2/327 A 9/69-9/70  
6542 Bill Lundy Rd., Laurel Hill, FL 32567  
(850) 689-1574  
YankeeJim@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com  
To: "Bruce Swander" <bruceswander@hotmail.com>  
Subject: Need help with No Slack Brothers KIA 10/5/1967  
Organization: <http://screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com>

Brothers,

I have the following request for information from our Marine brother Bruce. Bruce has been very helpful in adding names to our Honor Roll and making corrections for those listed incorrectly. Please contact Bruce if you can be of service. Thanks for stepping up.

NS/ATR!  
YJ

-----Original Message-----

BRUCE SWANDER  
bruceswander@hotmail.com  
To: Yankee Jim  
Subject: 10/5/1967  
YJ,

Can you send this out to your members?

On 10/5/67, we show (4) KIA's with 2/327...but it doesn't match up to the Daily Logs and we need more confirmation as to which Company each was with. Please respond to BruceSwander@hotmail.com

Cpl Ronald Alvey, C Co; Pfc Martin Hester, A Co; Cpl Frederick Hoffman, HHC; Pfc Marshall Hunt, B Co

I'm especially interested in anyone that remembers Frederick Hoffman.

Thx,  
Bruce.

---

From: CHANTAL ESCOTO  
To: Joe Bossi

Joe,  
What's a DMOR?

Chantal Escoto  
Military Affairs Reporter  
The Leaf-Chronicle  
(931) 245-0216

13

+ CSM(R) JOSEPH M. BOSSI, 2/327 HHC 6/66-7/67  
2231 Pendleton Drive, Clarksville, TN 37042-5618  
W (615) 860-2026 H (931) 431-3657  
jbossi@sfa38.org  
To: "Chantal Escoto" <chantalescoto@theleafchronicle.com>  
References: <BCAC6042.887F%chantalescoto@the-  
leafchronicle.com>

Chantal, DMOR, is the highest honor that a former member of the Regiment can receive, it is done by a selection Board in the 327th Infantry. The individual must have served as an active duty soldier in the Regt, next they must be recommended for selection and why they should be honored by the Regiment. The Active Duty Commander, calls for a Board to be convened and the dates for packets to be received and the Board Date. The Board normally consists of the following members; Regiment Commander, in this Board it will be COL. Hodges; also the Honorary Colonel, is a member of the Board along with the Regiment's Command Sergeant Major and the Honorary Sergeant, that's me. All of the Battalion Commanders and their Command Sergeant Majors and the Honorary Adjutant, make up the Board. Candidates must receive a majority of votes for their selection. Upon selection those selected are notified by an Official Letter from the Regimental Commander informing them of their selection and the date and location that the induction will take place inducting those selected as a Distinguished Member Of The Regiment.

(DMOR).Bastogne!  
JMB

---

Subject: Heads up ABU The Torch is looking for you  
WILLIAM "Bill" R. SMITH, 1/327 A dates ?  
3545 W. Yorkshire, Glendale, AZ 85308  
W (623) 693-1749 H (623) 582-5862  
fasfence@aol.com

Hey fellow ABU troopers. God am I glad I found this site. It's been 37 years. I was so surprised when I logged onto 1/327th Roster site and found the pictures Jungle Jim Grainger has posted on Jungle Jim #1 & #2. I found myself in some of those old pictures. Especially the ones taken A serts @ Ben Hoa where James and I ended up on our second tour. James if you see this or anyone that knows how to contact Jungle Jim Grainger, man I have been looking for you a long time. I'm so happy to find out you're still with us. James, do you remember us escorting Sgt Joseph Artavia's sister up to Phu Bia Hue when she came over to Nam to meet all ABU troops, after the city of San Mateo adopted A Company. I remember that trip cost us our E-6 stripes. I've also been trying to locate Sgt E-5 Richard G. Kirk who was a squad leader in 4th Platoon. He took me under his wing on my first tour and taught me how to survive that place. Also groomed me to be squad leader when he rotated. Some of you 4th Platoon guys might remember me as "Torch." I loved to light 'em up with tracers. We had one platoon leader most of you might remember by his call sign "Rango." I can't remember the place, but we lost our Platoon Sgt to a Bouncing Betty and had a hell of time getting him on

Medi-Vac because of all the Bouncing Bettys. Would love to hear from any ABU troopers who were there from 67 to 69 from any platoon. I was so proud to have been afforded the opportunity to serve with such great men and comrades. The camaraderie has never been duplicated in my life. Thanks for being in that place with me at that time. God Love You All. I do and I have missed you all!! Please write!!

*Editor's Note: The message, above, was sent to me by Yankee Jim Simchera [2/327 A 9/69-9/70] who copied it from the 327th web site. He also sent it to Jim Grainger and Linda Paterson.*

---

YANKEE JIM SIMCHERA, 2/327 A 9/69-9/70  
6542 Bill Lundy Rd., Laurel Hill, FL 32567  
(850) 689-1574  
YankeeJim@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com  
Subject: Joe Bossi

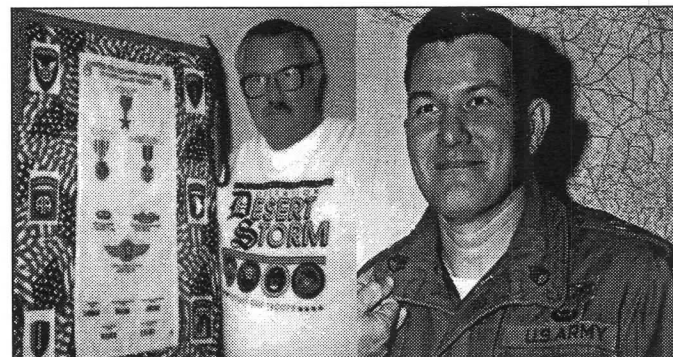


Dressed in World War II uniforms, Joseph M. Bossi, 65, and his son Joseph R. Bossi, 45, are greeted as they arrive before the start of the wreath laying ceremony at the 101st Airborne Division Memorial, Sunday, May 30, 2004 at Arlington National Cemetery. On the far right is (Ret.) Gen. Harry W.O. Kinnard, 89. (AP Photo/Pablo Martinez Monsivais)

---

Subject: Bob Lloyd  
+ JOHN YEAGER, JR., 2/502 C 66-67  
Law Ofcs of John Yeager, Jr., 3312 West Street  
Weirton, WV 26062-4610  
W (304) 797-1632 H (304) 797-1856  
john.yeager@comcast.net

Dear Ivan: I was fooling around on the internet last night and





ran across these pics on the "Paratroopers of the Fifties" site. A nice group of photos put up by Bob Lloyd, photographer in the field and lab tech at Phan Rang when we were all in PIO early to mid '67. That might be you pinning his SSG insignia on. "Robert Gordon Lloyd, served with the 11th Airborne's HHC, 188th ABG at Ft. Campbell and in Augsburg, Germany from 1955 to 1958. 1958 went to Beirut, Lebanon with the 24th ABN DIV. 1966, Vietnam with the 1st Brigade, 101st ABN DIV Combat Photographer. Also served with the 82nd ABN DIV and HHC XVIII ABN CORPS, G2 Section; Retired 1975. You can E-mail Bob at: <RLloyd6813@aol.com>. Robert had an unusual accomplishment in 1969, he earned the German Army's Parachutes Badge – Gem wings.

*Editor's Note: I am in the process of contacting Bob and hope to have much more about him in the October magazine.*

---

+ LTC(R) JAMES C. JOINER, 2/327 B&C 1/67-1/68  
6204 Spanish Main Dr., Apollo Beach, FL 33572-2433  
(813) 649-1628 • junglejim101@juno.com

31 May 2004

To: Colonel B. Hodges  
1st Brigade Commander  
101st Airborne Division (Air Assault)  
Ft Campbell, KY 42223

ATTN: 1LT Shaun Reynolds  
1st Bde. S-5  
Bldg. 3780 53rd Street • Ft. Campbell, KY 42223

Dear Sir:

It is my honor to submit this letter of recommendation for Honorary Colonel of The Regiment on behalf of Colonel Larry Redmond, USA (Ret) and former member of 2/327th (NO SLACK) and part of the current 327th Regiment. Larry and I served as Company Commanders in NO SLACK in 1967. You have his biography, which I do not, so I will not dwell on his many awards and decorations or the many units with which he served during his long and distinguished military career.

Upon his retirement from active duty, Larry continued to use his vast knowledge of military equipment and tactics over the next 20 years as a military consultant who offered advice and recommendations for improvements to our Special Warfare Community.

Colonel Redmond has served as a Governor on the Board of Directors of the 101st Airborne Division Association and he is a member of his Florida Gulf Coast Chapter's Board as well. This demonstrates his continued commitment and dedication to the welfare, enhancement and preservation of the history and tradition of the greatest division in history, (The Screaming Eagles).

I recommend, without reservation, this distinguished gentleman, Col. Larry Redmond, as a former member of the Bastogne Brigade to be The Honorary Colonel of The Regiment.

Sincerely,  
JAMES C. JOINER, LTC (Ret)  
B & C Company 2/327th 1967  
Past President 101st Airborne Division Association

July 2004

Past Board of Governors

*Editor's Note: I concur.*

---

+ HOUSTON D. WEDLOCK, 2/327 B 7/65-6/66  
7204 Sleepsoft Circle, Columbia, MD 21045  
W (800) 433-4362 H (410) 381-2712  
hwedlock@comcast.net  
Subject: Need Help to get Medals

I'm a paratrooper that served in the 1st Airborne Battle Group 327th and the 1st Brigade 101st Airborne Division from Jan 1962 to June 1966. During my tour with Co. B 2nd Bn 327th in Vietnam, I lost one man from my platoon in Feb or Mar 1966 near Tuy Hoa. His name was PFC William L. Hines and he drowned in a river. I have been looking for his wife and family for 38 years. Well I made contact with his brother and sisters yesterday and it was great to meet his family. I found out that the family never received any medals or awards. I would like your help in getting all of the medals, CIB and Parachutist Badge and any unit award he would have received. I can be reached at 410-381-2712 or hwedlock@comcast.net.

Thanks for your help,  
SFC Houston D. Wedlock RET

*Editor's Note: I sent him instructions on getting to the Army web site for information on replacement medals.*

---

+ TOM WILLARD, 1/327 RECON Medic 7/65-11/65  
1711 Valle Moor Dr., Bismarck, ND 58501-2579  
(701) 250-8903 • tomwillard@bis.midco.net  
Subject: Hack and the hot meal

We'd come down out of An Khe, eating c-rats for months. Hack took two choppers and some NCO's to a navy base. Hit the messhall, took all their food. Pork chops. Chicken. Mashed potatoes and gravy. Flew it to us. We didn't have mess kits. We'd gotten rid of those a long time ago. We took the boards from c-rat cartons, grenade cartons, helmets. That was our plate.

One of the spoons did a very disgraceful thing. He committed suicide right in front of us. I helped carry him out. Me and Ranger Crawford.

The thing I remember the most were the guys running their fingers through the mashed potatoes and gravy, getting every last drop.

They didn't eat it. They extended their hand to their buddies. They ate it.

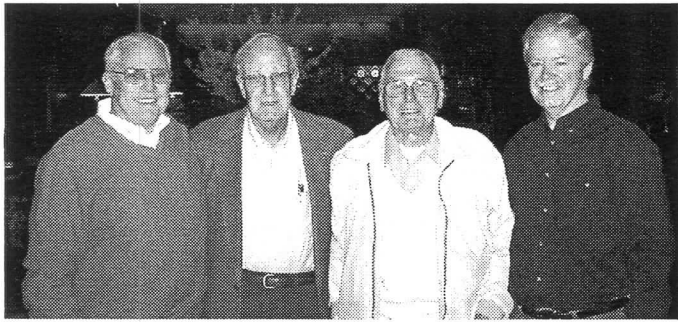
I asked Hack, years later, "What makes a leader?"

He said that's a simple answer: "You look after your people!"

Above The Rest!

PS... At my wife's insistence, I will be at the DMOR ceremony for you, John Hughes, et al.





Pat Noonan [2/327 A 10/65-10/66] sent this photo from a small reunion. Some of those who attended are (L to R) LTC (R) Charles "Tom" Furgeson [2/327 A & HHC 5/66-5/67], LTC (R) John W. Gilboux [2/327 HQ 66-67], COL (R) Joseph "Joe" Wasco [2/327 CO 1/66-1/67] and LTC (R) John J. Dorsey [2/327 A 6/66-5/67].

### FROM U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

+ JOHNNIE C. LINDSEY (1/327 HHC&C 8/66-8/67), 1028 Ellen Ave., Wake Village, TX 75501, (903) 831-5951 wrote: I just noticed that I am due for renewal. Hook me up for another year. Great work on the magazine, keep it up. I am looking forward to seeing you at our reunion at Ft. Campbell in June. Take care

+ LTC (R) WILLIAM (BILL) ROVAN (2/327 HQ&A 6/66-5/67), 1271 Hickory Cove Ln., #2, Orange Park, FL 32065-6964, (904) 269-5789 wrote when renewing his subscription: Once again, I commend you on the quality of "The First Screaming Eagles" magazine – organization, layout, paper, printing quality, pictures readily identified and can be seen and content. At the same time, I'm looking at the 101st Airborne Division Association paper – a cover that is blurry, a red-white-and blue "The Screaming Eagle" banner that is difficult to read and photos inside that are totally out-of-focus. You have it right, Ivan, thanks and keep up the good work!

P.S. Unfortunately I'll miss this year's 1st BDE Reunion. I'm going to Eindhoven in September to thank the Dutch for their loyal support and great appreciation to the 101st – their "liberators" – as they say — and to show my respect and gratitude to the WWII vets who set the standard for the "Screaming Eagles" who followed.

+ GEORGE W. AUX, JR. (2/320 FA HHB,A,B 1/67-8/68), 3514 Wood Pile Ct, Alexandria, VA 22310-3168, (703) 960-3024 writes: Keep up the good work and please renew my subscription. I keep thinking about a series of anecdotes to provide for your consideration – but never seem to find the time. I'll try again this year!

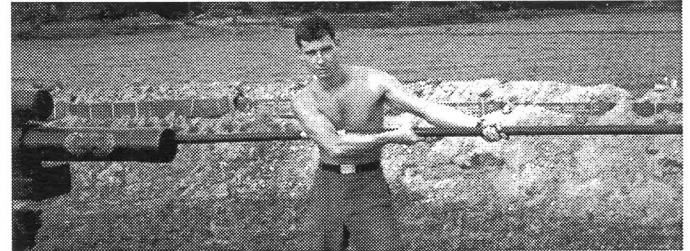
P.S. Do you have a Field Artillery Officer Charles (Charlie) G. Vaughn in your database? I have been trying to find him. He was my ranger buddy and later we were both Fire Direction Officers in 2/320th FA. He was from Gadsden, Alabama, but no on-line or Verizon database find him.

*Editor's Note: Vaughn is not in my database. Can anyone help?*



+ COL (R) EDWIN P. "TED" GEESEY (HHC 5/67-5/68), 10511 Hunting Crest Lane, Vienna, VA 22182-1521, W (703) 481-9101 H (703) 759-4868 when renewing his subscription requested information on LTG (R) Bob Yerks, Bde EX in 67 and Sgt Dewey Owens (1/327 5/67). Info on Yerks was sent although he is not a subscriber. Can anyone help with info on Owens?

+ ROBERT DICKSON (2/320 FA B Btry 7/65-8/66), Box 203, New Hartford, IA 50660, (319) 983-2777 sent the pictures below from his 1965-66 tour of Viet Nam. He writes, "I wish I could remember some of the exact locations but 40 years dulls the memory."



Dickson cleaning the barrel of his 105 howitzer somewhere in Nam in 1966. He was assistant gunner on #3 base piece. Note the airborne image on the barrel.



Dickson's outfit "B" Battery 320th Artillery crossing a river in Tuy Hoa in 1966. The guys in the jeep might be gun #4.



PFC Milton James from "B" Battery, taken in 65 or 66. Milton may have been from Chicago. The smoke might have been from choppers landing.



"B" Battery 320th on the move somewhere in Viet Nam 65 or 66.

+ = Current Subscriber



# Letter From The Prime Minister

Dear General Pearson,

The visit I have made on June 15th to your valiant Brigade allowed me a very short but very encouraging opportunity to be among your outstanding people. Such a trip is always very pleasant, for I can have a chance to shake hands and to talk with real fighting men who live and die for the noble cause of Freedom.

Believing in the final victory with the friendly assistance of the American people, I cordially wish you all the best and thank you for all the kindness and the finest you have reserved us in your hospitality.

Sincerely,

Air Vice Marshal NGUYỄN-CAO-KỶ

## The First Brigade

# DIPLOMAT AND WARRIOR

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

VOL. I, NO. 7

VIETNAM

JULY 8, 1966

### Exercise Your Voting Rights

**Saigon** — All eligible persons are encouraged to register and vote in the primary elections which are being held in 28 states during the next four months.

Qualification requirements vary with most of the states and personnel are advised to consult DA Pamphlet 360-503, copies of which are available in staff sections.

Post card applications for absentee ballots are available at unit level.

The states and date of primary elections are:

STATE	DATE
Idaho	2 Aug.
Kansas	2 Aug.
Michigan	2 Aug.
Missouri	2 Aug.
Alaska	9 Aug.
Arkansas	9 Aug.
Utah	9 Aug.
Louisiana	13 Aug.
Montana	16 Aug.
Wyoming	16 Aug.
Delaware	20 Aug.
Wisconsin	3 Sept.
Iowa	6 Sept.
Nevada	6 Sept.
North Dakota	6 Sept.
Arizona	13 Sept.
Colorado	13 Sept.
Maryland	13 Sept.
Minnesota	13 Sept.
New Hampshire	13 Sept.
Rhode Island	13 Sept.
Vermont	13 Sept.
Virgin Islands	13 Sept.
Georgia	14 Sept.
Massachusetts	20 Sept.
Washington	20 Sept.
Hawaii	3 Oct.

The patriots of the Revolutionary War attained liberty. But it is not enough to attain liberty. It must be protected, nourished and maintained.

This basic truth has been the cornerstone of America from the very beginning of the Republic. It is because of this fundamental belief that Americans have shouldered arms in two world wars and Korea, and why we are here today.

However, it is not enough that we only fight, we also must vote intelligently.

Exercise your right to vote. It's as much a duty as bearing arms.



Troopers of the 101st at Tuy Hoa (Photo by Frank Faulkner)

## We're On The Road To Victory: 'Westy'

**SAIGON.** — Gen. William C. Westmoreland, Commander of U.S. Forces in Vietnam, announced we have begun to win the war against Communism.

Six month ago the General stated that the West had

not started to win but had stopped losing.

Today for the first time he said he was confident that the allied forces were on the road to victory.

«If the military aspects of this war could be separated

from the political, social and economic — and they can't — I'd say we have come a long way in a year,» he said.

«In a war in which individual courage is a consistent requirement and acts of heroism are a daily occurrence, I could not be prouder of the men our nation has given me the privilege of commanding in Vietnam,» Westmoreland told a news conference.

«They are fighters and doers — tough combatants one day and compassionate, helpful neighbors the next. They have displayed amaz-

ing ingenuity in all endeavors.

«The same description also fits our Free World allies who have rallied to the support of the courageous people of Vietnam. Likewise the Vietnamese Armed Forces have continued their long fight with perseverance and renewed confidence.

«Six months ago I stated we had not yet started to win, but certainly at that time we had stopped losing. Since then we have a string of victories to our credit, we have increased our forces and military power, and we have gained in effectiveness.»

### CA Team Moves Montagnards

**NHON CO.** — Terrified villagers watched as strange aircraft settled down near their jungle village. Years of Viet Cong torment had led them to expect anything, but their fears quickly subsided when they saw Americans climb out of the «Iron

Birds» wearing the «Screaming Eagle» patch. These were the men who had been bringing them soap and clothing, and had been treating their sick for the past several weeks — men of the 101st Airborne's 1st Bri-

gade.

Relocating a Montagnard village to a more secure location is just one of the projects initiated by the Brigade's Civic Action team.

Major Don E. Wilson from Fayetteville, N.C., said «This  
(Cont'd on p-4, Col. 1)



# DIPLOMAT and WARRIOR

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

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

CG . . . . . Brig. Gen. WILLARD PEARSON  
IO . . . . . Maj. IVAN G. WORRELL  
OIC . . . . . Lt. EDWARD SCHILLO  
EDITOR . . . . . Sp GIL B. VALLE

# 1/101 COs Shop-Talk With 10th Avn Zoomies

Commanders of the 1st Brigade, laid their helmets and rifles aside for one hour to fly in and fire the same armed 'Huey' gunships that gave them close air fire support during Operation HAWTHORNE. The 10th Aviation Battalion, 17th Group, provided the occasion and gunships while pilots of all three gun platoons, the 48th, 117th, and 129th Airmobile companies, commanded the aircraft.

(Below) Captains Walter Brown, (L to R), Walter Wesley, William Carpenter Jr., and 1st Lt. Larry Hudson, all of the 2d Battalion, 502d Infantry, listen as Captain James Mimbs of the 117th Helicopter Company explains the M-3 aerial rocket system to the officers on their visit to helicopter support units of the 10th Aviation Battalion during Operation HAWTHORNE.

The event introduced gun pilots and infantry commanders who had fought together in combat, reviewed lesson learned, and provided an opportunity for 101st commanders to fire armed helicopters on live air strikes.

These pilots encounter above us. They can bring 'smoke' with those weapons, but they are only as accurate as the directions we give them from the ground. Suggestions for close coordination were discussed by both groups.

The 48th «Joker» platoon hosted commanders of the 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry; 117th «Siderwinder» pilots welcomed 2d Battalion, 502d Infantry Commanders; and 129th «Cobra» gunpilots flew 101st Brigade staff members and Air Force liaison officers.

Captain Carpenter commented that, «The recommendation for gunships to communicate with us on our company frequency instead of battalion net was the best suggestion yet. This way, we can call them in where we need them.»

Each gun platoon presented tactical orientations of platoon and weapons capabilities, briefed them on armament systems at the aircraft, then flew each commander on a firing mission. The infantrymen commanding the M-16 rockets and machineguns, the M-5 rockets and grenade launchers, and M-3 rocket artillery system.

Field headquarters for the 10th Aviation Battalion arranged for the group orientations in preparation for future combat operations. «The suggestions from all units were excellent,» reported Major Francis D. Bettinger, the 10th assistant battalion S-3, «and I feel certain the results will be realized in future operations with the 101st.»

Captains Bill Carpenter and Wesley Brown, 2d Battalion, 502d Infantry, remarked on the orientation and firing runs. Said Captain Brown. «Now we have a better insight into problems

The 10th flew 2,035 combat hours in support of the 101st, airlifted 11,301 troops and transported more than a million pounds of supplies during Operation HAWTHORNE.



## LETTERS

Dear General Pearson,

With the coming of my departure from Vietnam, I want to wish you and all of the members of the brigade continued success in the coming months ahead. My thoughts will be with you and especially with the «Above the Rest» battalion.

I look back on my service with the brigade as the high point of my career. It was a great privilege and honor to work with the many truly fine officers, non-commissioned officers, and gallant men of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division. Their record, both past and future, will rank high in the history of the U. S. Army.

My best to you and the brigade.

Sincerely yours,  
Joseph B. Rogers  
Lt. Col. Infantry

The following letter was addressed to the men of the 1st Brigade through Chaplain (Captain) B. E. Masotti, a former instructor at St. Bernard College, from 395 students of the school in Saint Bernard, Alabama.

«We, the following undersigned students of Saint Bernard College, St. Bernard, Alabama, aware of the war that is being fought in Southeast Asia today, realize that it is not just «any» war, but «our» war as well as yours.

«We realize that thousands of American men are fighting with their lives in Southeast Asia so that many more thousands of Americans at home may live to enjoy essential God — given freedoms.

«We are 100% behind your efforts to stem the flow of world communism and are confident that our fellow Americans will WIN IN VIETNAM.»

Students of Saint Bernard College.

## D&W Editor Departs

Michael Haas the editor of the D&W, «Nuts», and the paper published on board the Eltinge is leaving his post as editor and heading home. He is returning to civilian life and to school after arrival in the states.

I wish to take this opportunity to wish him the best of fortune in his coming endeavours.

The Editor.



## 1st Brigade Honor Roll

The following individuals have distinguished themselves by displaying a high degree of professionalism and also by their heroic actions on the field of combat. They have been officially cited in 1st Brigade General Orders and as such deserve the respect and admiration of troopers everywhere. Their deeds are in keeping with the highest military standards and reflect great credit upon themselves, their unit, and the United States Army.

- ★ Staff Sergeant Bryant Pellum Jr. HHC/1/327
- ★ Staff Sergeant James F. Long A/1/327
- ★ Staff Sergeant Willie Harris A/2/502
- ★ Staff Sergeant Jose S. Laguna A/2/502
- ★ Staff Sergeant Thomas H. Maggart A/2/502
- ★ Staff Sergeant Wilmer D. Nelson A/2/502
- ★ Sergeant Lester E. McDonald HHC/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Clevon Lloyd A/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Glendon H. Sidwell C/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Oliver Ware C/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Cliffore Carter HHC/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Thomas Day HHC/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Douglas Hicks HHC/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Charles A. McDonald C/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four Francis F. Strausser HHC/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four Stephen B. Schmidt A/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four Margarito Valdez B/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four Simon P. Bolden A/2/502
- ★ Specialist Four George N. Kirtley HHC/2/502

# AVIATION SUPPORT

**DAK TO.** — «Boola-boola, boola-boola,» came the slightly excited call over the helicopter radio.

«This is boola-boola leader, go ahead,» answered the pilot.

«This is 86. Can you give us some help? That village we've been watching has sprouted a platoon of 'Charlies' and they're after us.»

«Rodge 86, what's your location?»

«I think I hear you up there, but I can't see out of this damn jungle.»

«OK, throw some smoke.»

«Smoke's on the way.»

«Yes, I see it. Confirm . . . red smoke.»

«Rodge, boola-boola, that's us. Hit fifty meters due north of smoke.»

«On the way. Out.»

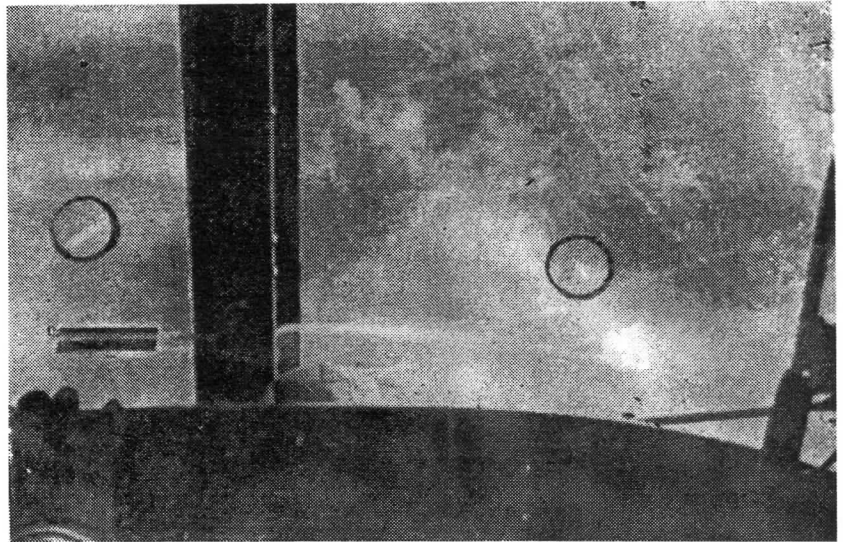
The gunships' original mission was to hit a Viet Cong village the 86 patrol had been watching, but that was changed when the VC found the recon element and went after them.

There were two gunships, one called a «Hog» because of the rockets it carried, and the other known as a «Frog» for the grenade launcher it

toted. They began their run on the VC position.

One at time the two ships bombarded the target area with their special armament and conventional machine-gun fire too.

«86, 86, how was that?» Asked Lieutenant Larry A. Jefferies, the boola-boola leader from the 117th Avn Company.



Aerial rockets (circled) can be seen streaking toward an enemy position; fired from a UH-1B piloted by Captain Gregg Bond, of the 117th Aviation Company. The gunship was supporting paratroopers of 1st Brigade on Operation HAWTHORNE. (Photo by Lt. John Hensley)

«Great, boola-boola, great. Keep it up, same place,» came 86's reply.

Twenty minutes later, the 101st recon patrol was picked up by two troop carrier «Slicks.»

The 10th Aviation Battalion composed of the 117th,

the 48th, and the 129th Aviation Companies has flown more than 800 gunship missions during Operation HAWTHORNE made 25 combat assaults, carried 11,000 troopers, and transported a million pounds of cargo for the 101st.

Captain Ron Brown said

of the helicopter units which have supported him on many of his ground actions. «These people are a big key to our successes. They have given us troop mobility, close air support and our lives many, many times over. I'm darned glad we got 'em with us.»



A view from the door of a UH-1B armed with rockets and machine-guns. The helicopter is referred to as a «Hog.» (Photo by Lt. John Hensley)

## GROUND ACTION

**DAK TO.** — An account of the 2d Battalion, 502d Infantry's 42 hours of action June 9th through 11th are given below as recorded by Lt. John Hensley.

**6:45 The evening of June 9, 1966:** «Saddle-up, we're moving out,» ordered the CO as he returned from the battalion CP.

**6:46** — The troopers of the 502d checked their ammo and grenades in the light of the dwindling dusk. The radio had said Captain Bill Carpenter's company was in trouble. The men knew it would not be easy but they were used to hard jobs.

**6:55** — The order to move is given. With the unit goes the company forward observer, Harvey Snowden, a lieutenant from Cincinnati.

**11:20** — The company punches a hole through the NVA envelopment and goes in to Carpenter's unit perimeter.

**11:21** — Lt. Snowden begins a radio contact that will last two days while he calls in artillery fire completely around the perimeter of his position. It will keep

the enemy at bay and prevent another attack.

**Noon of the 10th—Lunch.** A can of «C» ration turkey-loaf in one hand and the radio transmitter to his ear.

**4:05** — «Fire mission!» Harvey Snowden's voice could be heard day and night calling fire mission. Lieutenant Bill Hookham, the exec in the FO's company, summed it up, «Harvey was the key factor.»

**10:40** — Lt. Snowden's ear caught the sound of a mortar being fired in the distance, and before the rounds landed in his perimeter, he was shooting an azimuth and plotting on the map. He called the fire mission and four days later when the company covered the ground where he had directed the artillery, they observed the successful results of his call: several strewn mortars, crew, and ammunition.

**7 a.m.** The morning of the

**11th** — The second night with no sleep. He spent it up adjusting Smokey the Bear's flares... (that is an AF flare-ship.)

**9:35** — An enemy mortar began firing at a nearby unit. Pinpointing the gun by its sound, the Ohioan brought artillery in on it and closed down the NVA operation.

**2:30** — The company moved off the ridge to evacuate the wounded. Harvey Snowden stayed behind to cover the company's movement.

**12:45** — Moving down the mountain, the company heard a group of enemy voices 100 meters away in the jungle. A call to Lt. Snowden, Snowden to artillery, no voices.

Company commander, Captain Ron Brown said of his FO's work «He did a beautiful job, just beautiful.»



# 'Outstanding' A, 326th Engineers Win Itshner Award



DAK TO — Brig. Gen. Pearson presents the Itshner Award for the most outstanding Engineer Company in the United States Army during 1965, to Company "A", 326th Engineer Battalion. Company Commander Captain James Kimbro and 1st Sergeant Albert Monk accept the award. (Photo by Sp/4 Richard Houghton)

## QUIZ SPORTS

1. Who is credited with laying out the first true baseball diamond?
2. How many American League Rookie of the Year winners have been named Most Valuable Players later in their career?
3. How many National League pitchers were credited with more than 200 strikeouts during the 1965 campaign? How many in the American League?
4. Who were the first players elected to baseball's Hall of Fame in 1936?
5. What was the shortest National Football League game in 1965 from a time standpoint?

- ANSWERS**
1. Abner Doubleday, in 1839.
  2. None.
  3. Nine in the National League, Two in American League.
  4. Honus Wagner, Babe Ruth, Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson and Ty Cobb.
  5. The game was played Oct. 3 when the N.Y. Giants beat the Pittsburgh Steelers 23-13 in two hours and 13 minutes.

# Evil Root Offered

ARMY DIGEST, the revised and enlarged official Army magazine, is offering up to \$100 for outstanding unsolicited stories or articles which are published by the magazine. In addition, the DIGEST will pay \$10 for each original cartoon or cartoon idea with a caption humorous Army anecdote, or amateur photograph which it accepts and publishes. Send contributions to «At Ease» Editor (send stories to The Editor), ARMY DIGEST, Cameron Station, Alexandria, Va. 22314. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish to have unaccepted items returned.

## FORT CAMPBELL, Ky.

(ANF) — A little bit of Vietnam came to the Kentucky hills recently when the 101st Airborne Division conducted its six-day field training exercise called EAGLE PREY I. Military wives and children, and even the nearby radio station, pitched in to add realism to the recreated Southeast Asian atmosphere.



The exercise served as a division-scale orientation in the military operations and civic action programs being used in Vietnam. It also provided special training for the new Basic Combat Training graduates who are taking their Advanced Individual Training with the 101st.

GLAMOROUS GAMBLER — Ann-Margret takes her chances on Lady Luck as a gambler in a current movie. With her looks and talent we'd say her movie career is anything but a gamble.

# CA Team—

(Cont'd from page 1)

is a part of our work — enabling the Government to protect its citizens. We attempt to move as much of the peoples' personal belongings as possible and to cause a minimum amount of disruption to their daily lives.» The major added, «The troops of this Brigade are to be commended for their ability to maintain compassion for the civilian victims of the war, in spite of their bitter fight with the Viet Cong.»

The villagers, with their household goods and animals, were moved in 33 sorties by CH-47's. Paratroopers carried squalling children, squawking chickens, and squealing pigs to the aircraft.

Said one trooper after wrestling a pig for several minutes, «Now, I know why I'm getting combat pay!»

# Recondos Honored



TUY HOA — Twenty-two local Vietnamese officials stood in front of the formation of American paratroopers to present them with tokens of appreciation for «...bravely fighting and driving the communist hooligans from our hamlets.»

The officials were from the villages of the Tuy Hoa region where the men before them, troopers of the 2d Battalion, 327th Infantry, had remained on guard since the departure of the main Brigade element last March.

As their token of thanks on the Vietnamese International Assistance Day, the proud villagers presented Major John Gilboux, battalion XO, with local items of produce and manufacture.

A message of gratitude was read before the assemblage and read in part: «We sincerely extend to the officers and enlisted men of the Allied Armies our deepest gratitude and admiration; and we pledge to stand beside and combine with them to offer an example of annihilating the communists, with the aim of bringing peace back to our country, and to prevent world war.»

**Mail The D&W Home**  
(Does not meet requirements for "free" mail.)

**From:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**To:** \_\_\_\_\_

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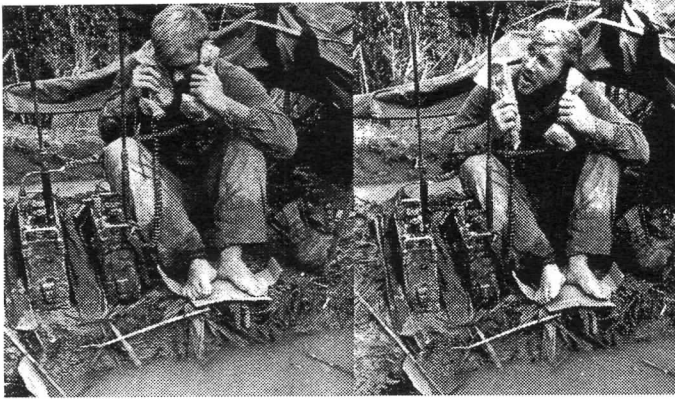
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Place Stamp Here

(8 cents Airmail)  
(5 cents 1st class)



## GARY A. PATERSON GETS MEDALS



GARY A. PATERSON, 1/327 C & HQ 7/67-7/68, 1100 McDonough Rd., Gold Hill, OR 97525-9626; (541) 855-9356 sent the following. These two pictures were sent to me by UPI. The photos must have been taken around Nov 1967. They are of C Company C.P. 1/327 BN 1st Brigade (Separate) 101st Airborne Division. CO was Roger M. John. That's Captain John's foxhole behind me. 1/327 CO at the time was LTC Gerald E. Morse. That's me, Gary A. Paterson, in the pictures. I was SP4 RTO for Captain John. One radio is C Company and the other is BN. We must be getting re-supplied because we never take our boots off.

Also enclosed are a letter and poem by Joseph Verstappen. I was moved by what he told me the day he looked up and saw freedom falling from the sky. It was the 101st (Market Garden) landing all around. He was a young boy at the time in Holland. He said he fell in love with the 101st from that day on. I met him at a VFW meeting in Medford, Oregon, in 1985. When he found out I was 101st he came right over to me and started telling me all these stories. He said the Screaming Eagles would always be in his heart. He sent me this letter and poem. I remember when I began to read it I only got so far before my eyes turned to tears. Hope you will use it in the magazine.

Above the Rest, - Gary A. Paterson

*Editor's Note: Space could not accommodate use of the letter and poem from Joseph Verstappen*

RON WYDEN - OREGON  
UNITED STATES SENATE  
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20510

May 15, 2004

Dear Mr. Gary Paterson:

I am pleased to have this opportunity to congratulate you on the honored occasion of your medals presentation. You are to be commended for your years of dedicated service to these great United States.

Veterans know the price of freedom. Each has a story of sacrifice - of families left behind, of brothers and sisters lost in battle, of battle scars that often dwell far beneath the skin. Yet Americans serve, as is inscribed at Arlington National Cemetery, 'Not for fame or reward, not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity, but in simple obedience to duty...'

We can never fully repay our veterans for their service, but we must continually honor their willingness to put themselves in harm's way to protect our country. I believe that the very least we can do for our brave veterans, like you, is to make sure they receive the medals and commendations they earned while in service to America.

Your service in Vietnam from 1965 through 1968 in the United States Army is to be commended. I am pleased that you have been recognized for your heroic actions as the RTO in the 101st Airborne Division, 1st Brigade-Separate, 327th Battalion and part of Charlie Company. In particular, you have been awarded the Bronze Star for your meritorious and heroic achievement in connection with military operations against a hostile force. I am thrilled and honored to help present these special awards to you today.

We owe our Veterans a great debt of gratitude and I feel privileged to be a part of your important day. Please accept my sincerest gratitude and appreciation for your service to our nation.

With Warm Regards,  
Ron Wyden - United States Senator

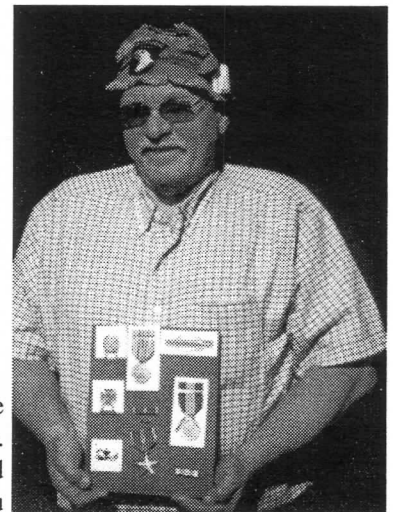
Roger M. John  
700 W. Harbor Dr. #1204  
San Diego, CA 92101

May 7, 2004

Gary A. Paterson  
1100 McDonough Rd.  
Gold Hill, OR 97525

Gary,

I was really happy to see you at the reunion in Reno. You really looked good and it appeared as though you and Lee were becoming good friends.



Gary Paterson with medals

Lee called to tell me of the awards you never received for your service and super performance while in C Company, 1st Battalion 327th Airborne Infantry, 1st Brigade (Separate) 101st Airborne Division. I am sorry that I will not be there for the presentation but even more sorry that I was unaware that your service to your country had not been recognized at the appropriate time.

Be assured that I appreciated your service and that I believed your service definitely was deserving of the recognition you will be receiving on the 13th. You are a good person and a super Airborne Trooper.

Above The Rest  
Sincerely,  
Warmest Personal Regards, Gary!  
Roger!

# TIGER FORCE ACCUSED OF ATROCITIES

+ CSM (RET) JOSEPH M. BOSSI, 2/327 HHC 6/66-7/67  
2231 Pendleton Drive, Clarksville, TN 37042-5618  
W (615) 860-2026 H (931) 431-3657  
jbossi@sfa38.org  
To: don@donbendell.com  
Subject: Kerry, Tiger Force and My Lai

As a Vietnam Veteran, like you, I agree with your stand on Kerry. His killing of the wounded VC makes him a War Criminal. But I don't agree with putting the Tiger Force, from the 1st Battalion 327th Infantry in the same light as LT. Calley's Platoon in the Americal Division. The charges made against the Tiger Force have yet to be proven. As the Honorary Sergeant Major of the 327th Infantry the charges of "The Toledo Blade" story have not been proven and as a Noncommissioned Officer promoted to Sergeant in 1958 and a professional soldier, I got more than my fair share of the War in Vietnam. Since the charges have been made all that has been confirmed is a couple of members of the platoon had heavy trigger fingers and both of them are dead. There is no way a unit can kill hundreds of innocent victims without other platoon members or the Chain of Command knowing about it. Having served 33 years, I was asked by many people why I was not a basket case like members of their family who had served in Vietnam. I know why, and I like you, will not allow another Wall be constructed in Washington with the names of our sons, daughters and grandchildren carved into it without those names being honored for what they have accomplished. They all are the real heroes and not the politicians in Washington. Welcome Home Brother and thank you for your service.

Bastogne!  
Joseph M. Bossi, CSM (Ret)  
Honorary Sergeant Major 327th Infantry Regiment  
Vietnam 1965, 66, 67 and Laos 69 and 1970

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+ COL(R) DAVID H. HACKWORTH, 1/327 HQ 63-66  
P.O. Box 11179, Greenwich, CT 06831-1179  
(203) 629-0288  
teagles@hackworth.com

Dear Ivan,

The "Toledo Blade" series about the alleged atrocities involving the Tiger Force has really activated that wild hair at my six. Remember, I'm the dude that kind of gave birth to that brave warrior outfit in the autumn of '65.

It's hard for me to believe that the Blade's reportage is true.

But I must say, I felt the same way over My Lai. I remember saying when the My Lai rumor was running amok in Vietnam, that "American soldiers just don't act like that."

Man, was I ever wrong.  
One thing for sure is that the Blade's story—true or untrue—



has dishonored the Tigers, the 1/327 and the 101st. For example, I was interviewed yesterday by a reporter from Australia who asked: "Do you think the Tigers have also committed atrocities in Iraq?" Did I ever give him a blast from the past.

I want to take a hard look at this story. From reading your magazine I get another point of view of what happened in 1967 which seems totally opposite to the stuff found in the Blade series.

It seems most of the Blade's star witnesses suffer from post-combat stress syndrome and are on the VA dole as a result of their "war injuries"—a fact not revealed by the Blade—which strays a long way from professional journalistic standards. It's kind of like not reporting that the robber that just hit the local bank was recently released from prison for armed robbery.

Also, based on my dealing with Blade reporter, Joe Mahr and reports from others who've been interviewed by him, he did not come across as being "fair and balanced." For example, a number of folks that he spoke to have told me that he seemed to have an axe to grind and a previously drawn conclusion to prove. Meaning, he was not objective or fair-minded. Nor did he have a clue about the military or the military culture. For example, he mentioned Tiger Jim Gardner "winning" the MOH. I told him that combat wasn't a Lotto game—brave men don't win zilch.

Would appreciate very much if you would run this letter. I would like to hear from members of the Tigers—no loony-tunes please—who served in the 1/327 during the period of the alleged massacres.

Please have them contact me at teagles@hackworth.com and put "Tigers" in the subject line.

Keep up the great work and keep the Eagle Screaming,

ABOVE THE REST,  
Hack

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Subject: Tiger Force Member during alleged Crime

+ CSM(R) JOSEPH M. BOSSI, 2/327 HHC 6/66-7/67  
2231 Pendleton Drive, Clarksville, TN 37042-5618  
W (615) 860-2026 H (931) 431-3657  
jbossi@sfa38.org

Investigators of the alleged crime reported by the "Toledo Blade" newspaper, James Cox, contacted me today, about the alleged murders committed by the Tiger Force in VN. Cox, who was a Pvt, was assigned to the Tiger Force and challenges the story reported by the "Toledo Blade" as untrue. Pvt. Cox was assigned to the unit during the complete time line reported. Mr. James Cox can be contacted by phone at (435) 245-6536; his mailing address is: James Cox, 278 North-675 West, Hyrum, UT 84319. Mr. Cox is prepared to talk to any Board from the Federal Government on the charges reported by the Blade.

Above The Rest, No Slack, Battle Force and Bastogne!  
Joseph M. Bossi, CSM (Ret) Honorary Sergeant Major 327th  
Infantry Regiment

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+ COL(R) LARRY A. REDMOND, 2/327 A 5/67-2/68  
336 Crystal River Dr., Kissimmee, FL 34759-5212  
(863) 427-3727  
A327NoSlack@aol.com  
To: jbossi@sfa38.org  
Subject: Re: Account Tiger Force

Joe,

Interesting. I wonder who the CPT was that was in charge of the Tigers? Didn't Tigers have an LT in charge? As for Morse directing all this, how does a 19 year old medic, in country only a short time, know that?

Hope you are well.  
Larry

+ CSM(R) JOSEPH M. BOSSI, 2/327 HHC 6/66-7/67  
2231 Pendleton Drive, Clarksville, TN 37042-5618  
W (615) 860-2026 H (931) 431-3657  
jbossi@sfa38.org

Sir, each answer this guy gives -- his story turns into more Du-Du.

Bastogne!  
Joe

---

+ MSG(R) DEWEY E. SMITH, 1/327 B 7/66-7/67  
3395 Early Avenue, Lima, OH 45801-1164  
(419) 225-8933  
dksmith@wcoil.com

To: + MICHAEL A. WILLEY, Brigade PIO 9/66-10/67  
32176 Chester, Garden City, MI 48135-1742  
(734) 458-1501  
photog1011@comcast.net

Doc:

I was reading the April 2004 issue of "The First Screaming Eagles in Vietnam" and came across your email to Ivan Worrell concerning the articles written about the Tiger Force by the "Toledo Blade."

First off, let me introduce myself. My name is Dewey Smith and I served in the Weapons Platoon, B Company, 1/327 from July 1966 until July of 1967. I enlisted in the Army specifically so I could become Airborne the same as my Dad and my uncles. I pulled three back to back tours in Vietnam although my first tour with the 101st was the only one in which I was in the boonies all the time. I have nothing but the greatest respect for any man that spent time in Vietnam with his behind in the grass and the utmost admiration for the men of our Tiger Force. Those men have to have cajones made of brass to do the job that was asked of them there in the jungles of Vietnam.



Like the men of the Tiger Force and us grunts that read these stories printed by this so called news-paper I was extremely upset by them for several reasons. I found it very hard to even conceive of the idea that we might have had men in our brigade that would think of doing anything like mentioned in those stories let alone actually doing something of that nature. I also find it very hard to believe that if anything like that had happened that word of it would not have gotten around to the rest of us through the grapevine. Besides, the rest of the line companies were pulling patrols (squad, platoon & company size) through the same area in which the Tigers were operating and I can not fathom them being able to hide evidence of killings of that magnitude from the rest of us.

The one man you mentioned as giving some of these stories to reporters of the "Toledo Blade" was Dennis Stout. This is where I really find myself in a quandary. Although I have difficulty believing these stories about the Tiger Force, I also have difficulty believing that Dennis Stout would lie about seeing something like that.

Dennis came into country about three months after I did and was assigned to B Company's Weapons Platoon. SSG Kalu was our Platoon Sergeant at that time and he put Dennis with me to get him acclimated to surviving in Vietnam. I found Dennis to be a very friendly, moral man that took the business of being a soldier very seriously. I believe that he may have found killing distasteful due to his religious background but by the same token he was entirely faithful to his wife the entire time that I knew him (there weren't many married enlisted men that could say that) and he was no more prone to getting plastered when we were in the rear area than any of the rest of us.

When we were out in the field I could think of no one that I would rather have had covering my backside than Dennis. As a matter of fact I might not be here emailing you if it weren't for Dennis. As to how Dennis came to be a reporter, that was my fault. We were in Kontum, coming down some God forsaken mountain and Dennis was the next man in front of me in the line of march. We were going downhill in a small ravine and I accidentally dislodged a small boulder a couple feet across. Before Dennis could get out of the way it smashed into his right leg. He had difficulty with his right knee after that and as a result was made a reporter for the brigade paper. Whether he had any stories published in the brigade paper or the "Stars and Stripes," I have no recollection.

In May, when we were at Duc Pho, Dennis was still serving as a reporter. He went out on patrol with our platoon several times and there was still no fault with his bravery or his ability as an infantryman. The only thing he ever talked about with me at that time which might have brought dishonor on our unit was something that occurred with another line platoon. A little later I did hear talk from other guys about this incident but never did hear anything about what corrective action might have been taken by command.

I have only had one occasion to talk to Dennis after he got out of Vietnam and that was sometime around 1968 or 1969 when he was stationed in Arizona. We went horseback riding in the



desert outside Phoenix and we had the opportunity to talk for quite awhile. At that time he refused to talk about anything that had happened in Vietnam except for actions in which he and I were both involved. I know he was extremely troubled about something at that time but he would not open up to talk about what was bothering him or to ask for help. Shortly after that he got out of service and moved to Hawaii and I haven't heard from him or his wife, Martha Ann, since.

So, I am sure you can see why I have a very difficult time deciding which way to jump on this issue. I would really like to be able to talk to Dennis about these allegations concerning the Tiger Force. If you, by any chance, know where he is living at present or how I can contact him the information would be greatly appreciated.

Above The Rest - Dewey Smith

*Editor's Note: In my database, although he is not a subscriber, we have him at Dennis Stout, 11327 9/66-67, 4718 N 35th Way, Phoenix, AZ 85018-3419; (602) 957-2077.*

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+VENTURA LEAK, 1/327 T.F. 8/67 - 1/68  
145-32 Lakewood Ave. #2R, Jamaica, NY 11435  
W (917) 325-4425 H (718) 291-8025  
ventura11@mac.com  
To: <pappy117@sisna.com >  
Subject: BREAKING STORY (TIGERS) CHANNEL 13 NY

Hello Dan,

Just a quick note to let you know there was a story on Tigers on Channel 13 last night (April 2nd). I didn't get a chance to see it. But there should be a repeat. (I was told a lot of horrific allegations) Further my picture seems to be popping up all over the place as I've been told. The graphic you spoke of in the Blade story is my image. Below is a link to the stories around the world:

[http://www.highbeam.com/library/search.asp?q=tiger%20force&refid=nyt\\_search\\_text](http://www.highbeam.com/library/search.asp?q=tiger%20force&refid=nyt_search_text)

Thanks for the feed back you sent, I will return with my thoughts on this matter soon. I need to monitor this very closely as I did work with the team up or into maybe the first two months of the alleged months in question, but it was sometime during that early period I was medivaced out of the field. (there were no such crimes going on at that time)

VENTURA

DAN CLINT, 1/327 A TF 5/67-5/68  
21 Paseo de Aguila, Santa Fe, NM 87506  
pappy117@sisna.com  
To: Yankee Jim  
Subject: Fw: BREAKING STORY (TIGERS) CHANNEL 13 NY

Hey Jim,

Ventura Leak is one of the great Tiger Force members who recently got in touch with me via David Markham's selfless

and diligent web site. Ventura has been, post Vietnam, a member of the well known musical group, "The Drifters" on their circuit, and Ventura has always certainly embodied his own form of "very cool."

So Ventura requested a copy of the "Toledo Blade" special edition, which I sent, along with some of my Tiger Force photos. You and Patti deserve to look over our shoulders here, since you too are a very great part of a supporting cast of heroes, demonstrating true and honest support of the U.S. soldiers, not just in reference to the Vietnam veterans but a true support for the soldiers in general, and it is appreciated that you are countering the garbled message of we're trying to support the soldiers by bringing them home (with dishonor) which is actually at it's core an "anti-American" rhetoric. A nation divided is known to be a dangerous thing. The armchair quarterback it appears, easily gravitates toward "Peace at All costs" as an ideology but for those of us who know what it's really about, we know that to grasp this chance to avoid conflict may actually represent the really tragic cost of the loss of one's country.

You see, for me, we have a political process that has been established by our founding fathers. (This is the heart of the American system and what is actually threatened) I for one, didn't elect someone of Patricia Blair ('s soft and cowardly posture as a response to threats) to any political office or position of power. I do not honor her recommendation of the placement of troops. I find the people who are attempting to usurp the power of our elected officials without really doing any clear homework but instead appear to gravitate toward utopian ideologies in response to Muslim terrorists who want us dead, represent a tenuous, dangerous, highly inadequate solution.

Further, there has been much reportage on the culpability of George Bush as President and his entering into war with Iraq. I find it most interesting that the reportage completely neglects that Saddam Hussein had every opportunity to avoid this confrontation. The long arduous diplomatic discussions, the votes upon votes, the weapons inspections, the opportunity toward compliance... All of these things would have given a reasonable person enough clues to negotiate a settlement. Ok. Saddam didn't want to lose face. That was his fault, not our President's. In the end, there was a powerful lesson. Let future rulers understand that if they are going to threaten the United States, either verbally, or by engaging in anti-American activities, and by giving the impression of supporting terrorists that they may lose face in a much more severe way, aka Saddam fast forward a year later. Dan

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+VENTURA LEAK, 1/327 T.F. 8/67 - 1/68  
145-32 Lakewood Ave. #2R, Jamaica, NY 11435  
(718) 291-8025  
ventura11@mac.com  
Subject: Blade Article/Tigers

Hello Ivan,

In response to your recent e-mail relating to the Blade article, it's a nice piece of sensationalism and I stop just short of say-

ing gutter journalism. It is very strange to me that some of the negative activities mentioned I never saw with my own eyes and if this was the case I must of been quite blind. I was in Nam for about six months and was extracted out of the field sometime around the end of January of 1968 after contacting hepatitis. This I remember because I was in Nam for only one Christmas stand down and that was 1967. Our CO then was Captain McGaha who was killed 1/21/68. So the time line for me coming to the platoon must have been around August of 67, the exact day or week escapes me at this time. Now two to three months after being assigned to the platoon I was hit with shrapnel from a grenade during an ambush after medevacing a Tiger out of the field. But I returned to Tigers about three weeks later. For this action I received the Purple Heart. I was definitely there during the Chu Lai operations near Tam Ky were those famous photographs of myself, Wyman, Helms and Brocky were taken by photographer Ben Croxton. The graphic the Blade uses on the fifth page of the article is me taken from those photos. This period is so long ago in my opinion is clouded by clouded minds who have crossed facts with fiction. During the heat of battle any and everything can happen.

Was any of this that they report systematic during the time period I was there? Hell no...I knew all of these guys and particularly Sgt. Trout second in command who I have a great admiration for and I praise his leadership and if we had to do it all over again I would be the first to step up to the plate beside him.

Now for this analogy with My Lai because of local on the map I think is stretching quite a bit. It is reported that Tigers killed indiscriminately men, women and children, but where are the bodies and exactly how many? But in the case of My Lai there was evidence of systematic killing and defined body count.

I remember once a farmer wondering in to our camp late in the night and he was killed and this was because some kid, I remember, didn't set up intrusion devices to protect that particular side of the perimeter after I instructed him to. But his demise was not intentional. Things like this always happen in the fog of war.

What you learn in basic training and in peacetime goes out the window in real-time situations. You live by your wit and instinct if you want to survive.

Any way Ivan I think you said you have my address but here it is again: *Ventura Leak, C/O 145-32 Lakewood Ave #2R Jamaica, New York 11435, Tel-917 291 8025 home, 917 325 4425 mobile*

Website: Non Military Related <http://homepage.mac.com/ventura11/mysite/officialbutchleakwebsite.html>

Note: I will send you some pictures soon as I can dig them out of storage, but many of them you can find on the web except for the one I exclusively own.

All the best  
Ventura Leak



### Close Call

Pfc. Ventura Leak, New York City, holds an M-79 round which deflected an enemy bullet from his leg during a recent operation. Leak is a member of Tiger Force, 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. (Photo by Spec. 4 Ben Croxton)

### Lucky 'Tiger'

## M-79 Shell Deflects Bullet

PHAN RANG — Big game hunters know it takes skill and cunning to stop a tiger. The same is true of trying to stop a Tiger from 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., 101st Airborne Division.

During a recent operation north of here, an element of Tiger Force, a reconnaissance unit, moved cautiously through the lush jungle toward a cluster of huts nestled in a clearing. Smoke curled up from the huts into the misty morning air.

**Squad Maneuvers**  
Sgt. James R. Barnett, Loreta, Tenn., maneuvered his forces to cover both entrances to the tranquil community. Pfc. Dennis Evans and Ventura Leak, both from New York City,

approached one entrance while Barnett's element covered the other.

Suddenly two VC dashed out of a hut, their weapons blazing. "I yelled for my men not to fire because the VC were running toward Evans and Leak," said Barnett. "I didn't want to risk wounding one of our own men."

**Evans Opens Up**  
Evans, a machine gunner, saw the two VC running toward him. "When I opened up, it really surprised those two 'Charlies,'" Evans said.

As Evans and Leak dropped the two insurgents, a third came out of another hut, weapon in hand.

"I could see him firing at me," said Leak. "Then I felt a hard slap against my leg and I went down."

**No Blood**  
Spec. 4 David Cousey, San Antonio, a Tiger Force medic, ran to aid the fallen paratrooper. "I couldn't see any blood, so I asked him where he was hit," recalled Cousey. "Leak pointed to his leg."

Still unable to find the wound, Cousey searched through Leak's trouser pocket.

"I found an M-79 grenade round," said Cousey. "It had a deep dent in the side of the casing where the bullet hit and ricocheted."

The Tigers gathered around Leak to congratulate him on his luck. "It wasn't a bad morning," said Barnett. "Three confirmed VC and a bruised Tiger."

+ TOM WILLARD, 1/327 RECON Medic 7/65-11/65  
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tomwillard@bis.midco.net  
Subject: Recon and Tiger Force

To Tiger Force:

It appears that my math was wrong. Understandably, since I flunked math in high school. Maybe that's why I quit high school and joined the Airborne. For many years I have represented myself - now a misrepresentation - of being the first medic of Tiger Force. I thought that was the truth. The math now says otherwise.

In 1965, at Fort Campbell, I broke the chain of command and went to the recon platoon sergeant, SFC Phil Chaisson, and asked to be his medic. He said recon is not allocated a medic. Before becoming a medic, I had been an infantryman. Expert with M-14, M-60, .45 and M-16. I pointed out that an extra good gun might be helpful in a tight spot. He agreed. Then he chewed my ass up one side and down the other.

I pulled a lot of KP and guard duty for that. It was worth it.

But, I went over on the boat as the Medic for 1/327 Recon.

From that would become Tiger Force. Special. Elite. Lots of medics.

It has been pointed out to me that my departure from recon to Abu company does not allow me the right to claim being the first medic of Tiger Force. Joe Connelly deserves that distinction.

As he said to me, "Tiger Force Medics are special." So true, as all members were.

But, he added... "The first medic in the history of recon 1/327... is unique."

That makes me feel very special.

ABOVE THE REST!

---

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This is a sad case of Journalism. In case you didn't know my wife spent 12 years in Army Public Affairs. She received two Thomas Jeffersons while at Bragg and Jackson. She is appalled on the methods used by the TOLEDO BLADE in gathering this story. I cannot believe the Pulitzer committee is aware of the methods used to deceive the guys that were interviewed. I'm not referring to the subject, just the means.

As one who was there at the time, I'm also appalled on this subject. No one in the "real world" ever understands what troops go through in combat and if they did there wouldn't be any wars.

Carl



**1ST BRIGADE (S) REUNION**  
**SEPTEMBER 17 – 19, 2004**

The reunion will be held at the:  
**Hilton Phoenix East/Mesa**  
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16-19 Sept the negotiated price for rooms \$97.00 per night - very good rate significantly below published rates.

For more information or to receive a reunion registration brochure write or call: COL(R) Gerald E. Morse, 11327 HQ CO 67-68, 10914 E. Twilight Dr., Sun Lakes, AZ 85248-7926; (480) 895-0826.



## OBITUARIES

The following was sent by Benny L. Hamby (326 ENGR A 2/66-2/67), 147 Barrington Place, Rockwood, TN 37854-4269; W (865) 882-2545 H (865) 354-9707.

"To all the good and gallant guys who fought for this country in Vietnam; and the back of my hand to the punks, professors, and preachers who ran about ranting that they were careless killers of women and children in a no-good war," S.L.A. Marshall 1968. Maybe SSG Holladay and other members of the 101st Airborne's most rewarding experience in their military service was the Liberation of the People at Tuy Hoa. The 101st (Diplomats and Warriors) stayed there longer than any place else. We heard with our own ears a thank you from their lips.



Private Bill Holladay 1961

We saw with our own eyes the appreciation in their eyes when they were given back their animals, farms, crops and a taste of freedom that lasted nine years. In previous years the Viet Cong had reaped approximately eighty percent of their harvest and freedom. Maybe some of the Vietnamese people at Tuy Hoa, thirty eight years later, sometimes think back to the years 1966 through 1975 and wonder if those Americans appreciate all their freedom in the United States of America. Are they doing all they can to protect it?

Benny L. Hamby, 2004

### A Screaming Eagle's Journey

William L. (Bill) Holladay volunteered for the Army on December 13, 1960. From North Little Rock, Arkansas, after basic training and artillery training, he volunteered for Airborne Jump school in July 1961. Then he was assigned to the 320th Artillery, 1st Brigade and 101st Airborne Division at Fort Campbell, Kentucky. After serving three more years, in June 1965 the 1st Brigade was alerted for duty in Vietnam. They arrived in Vietnam aboard the USNS General Le Roy Eltinge at Cam Rahn Bay on 28 July 1965.

On August 4, 1965 the artillery battery fired the unit's first fire mission of the war on a suspected Viet Cong position. Vietnam provided several firsts for the 320th Field Artillery Regiment and the Army. From Cam Rahn Bay, the 101st moved to Nha Trang on August 26, 1965. The 101st moved to An Khe to secure a base camp for the soon arriving 1st Air Cavalry. On Oct 1, 1965 the 101st moved to Quin Nhon. From July through November the 101st had no base camp. November 11, 1965 the 101st (Nomads of Vietnam) moved to Phan Rang to secure a base camp of their own.

On November 29 they were called for a mission to Bien Hoa and Ben Cat. On December 19 they returned to Phan Rang to spend Christmas and New Year's to finish their base camp. Jan 66 they moved to Tuy Hoa. While there the 320th Artillery received a valorous unit award. The Meritorious Unit Commendation and Campaign Participation Credits for Defense Counter Offensive and Counter Offensive Phase 2. On April 12, the 101st (minus 2/327h Infantry Battalion) moved south to Phan Theit, not since the defeat of two French regiments at the hands of Vietminh in 1954 had the town seen a foreign military unit.

On April 23, 1966 the 101st moved Northwest to Nhon Co, a thick jungle with leech stream only a short distant from the Cambodian border. In one night the 320th Artillery fired 2000 rounds. While at Nhon Co a great disaster descended on the 1st Brigade. A Ch-47 Chinook helicopter crashed killing 21 paratroopers, including the Chaplain. On May 20th, the 101st moved north to Cheo Reo. The largest battle fought there was the heavy rains. On June 2, 1966 part of the battle

Continued on page 34



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Wayne J. Prokup HHC 1st Bde 6/67-3/68 - 4/05 6110 Westwind Rd. Jackson, MS 39206-2213	Anthony Saucedo 2/327 B 7/66-7/67 - 4/05 4419 SE 33rd Ave. Amarillo, TX 79103-7315	Charles M. Sullivan 1/327 C 5/66-5/67 - 4/05 4606 Palm Ave. Des Moines, IA 50310	MAJ(R) Fred M. White 2/327 C&A 8/67-8/68 - 1/05 3 Fairway Drive Elizabethtown, KY 42701
Jessie F. Qualls 2/502 B 64-7/67 - 4/05 431 N. Locust St. Florence, AL 35630-5507	William E. Schieman 1/327 HHQ 12/65-12/66 - 4/05 4838 Autumn Lane Brooklyn, OH 44144-3151	SGT Jesse Talley 1/327 A 7/65-1/67 - 1/05 280 Stratton Ct. Brentwood, TN 37027	David Williamson 2/327 C 1/69-1/71 - 1/05 139 Francois Road Malvern, AR 72104
Peter T. Ramirez 2/320 Arty B Bty 7/64-8/66-4/05 1771 Smoketree Drive El Centro, CA 92243-4130	CSM(R) George M. Sekerak 1/327 B 6/67-7/68 - 4/05 7224 Godfrey Dr. Fayetteville, NC 28303-2405	William G. Tay 1/327 A 10/67-10/68 - 4/05 1327 Beverly Lane Bloomington, IL 61701-6931	James A. Wilson 2/327 B 9/66-8/67 - 4/05 2538 Alder Glen Dr. Lodi, CA 95242-4601
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Roderick C. Wolfe, Sr.  
1/327 C 3/64-7/66 - 1/05  
513 Aspen Drive  
Herndon, VA 20170-5309

Randolph Worrell \$  
2/502 C 6/67-6/68 - 1/05  
120-19 222th St.  
Cambria Heights, NY 11411-2043

Terry L. Wren  
2/327 A 4/67-2/68 - 4/05  
5622 N 13000 W Rd.  
Custer Park, IL 60481-9026

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### Memorial Donation

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HHC TF 1/67-8/68) for Tim  
Gugelemoni, KIA 1967 RVN

## Address Corrections

March 3, 2004 through  
June 1, 2004

William C. Brightman  
3/506 B 10/67-10/68 - 1/05  
2 Vista Lane  
Levittown, NY 11756

Sterling R. Chapman, Jr.  
3/506 B 10/67-10/68 - 1/04  
815 W Market St., Unit 609  
Louisville, KY 40202-2691

Edward W. DeSimone, Jr.  
SPT C 1/67-3/68 - 1/05  
23 Meadow Ln., Apt 3  
Bridgewater, MA 02324

SFC(R) Floyd W. Flynt  
501 SIG HHC 5/67-4/68 - 4/05  
P.O. Box 857  
Prairie Grove, AR 72753

Charles R. Gant  
2/502 A&D 12/67-12/68 - 1/05  
4306 Filmore Rd.  
Greensboro, NC 27409

Edwin "Ned" Holster  
1/327 ABU 7/65-5/66 - 1/05  
1042 Streamway Drive  
Spring Lake, NC 28390-1966

Bob Jacobs  
1/327 HQ T.F. 5/66-2/67 - 4/04  
PMB# 5236  
P.O. Box 2428  
Pensacola, FL 32513

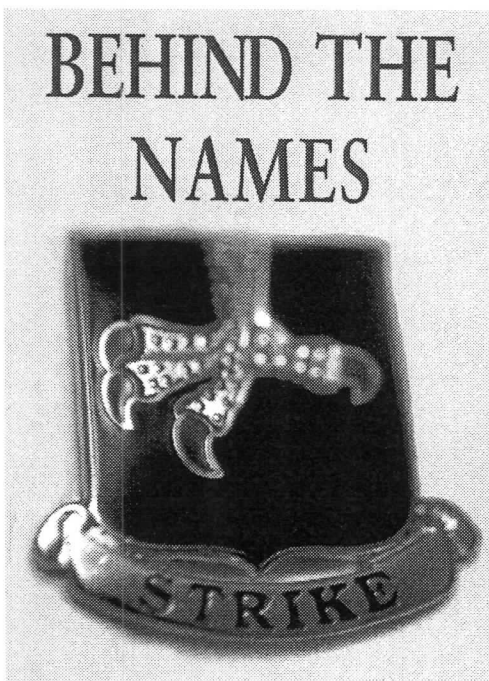
Otis C. Le Compte  
2/502 HHC&B 10/66-5/68 - 4/05  
84 Bond Road  
Clayton, AL 36016

John E. Pasquale  
2/502 B 12/65-2/66 - 1/05  
15 Indian Point Est.  
Wheeling, WV 26003

Richard I. Porter, M.D. (COL) Ret.  
2/327 HHQ 4/67-4/68 - 4/04  
5224 S. Sweetbrair Ct.  
Sioux Falls, SD 57108

Mike Pritchard  
2/17 CAV A 12/66-12/67 - 10/04  
78244 Rainbow Dr.  
Palm Desert, CA 92211

Harry A. Waldron  
326 MED HQ 12/67-2/69 - 1/05  
315 S 3rd St.  
Albia, IA 52531-2329



UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
MIDDLE DISTRICT OF GEORGIA  
120 - 12TH STREET  
P.O. BOX 117  
COLUMBUS, GEORGIA 31902-0117

CHAMBER OF  
G. MALLON FAIRCLOTH  
U.S. MAGISTRATE JUDGE

AREA CODE 706  
TEL. 648-7840  
FAX. 648-7888

May 20, 2004

Ivan Worrell  
P.O. Box 675  
Sweetwater, TN 37874-0675

Dear Mr. Worrell:

I have just discovered your Publication *The Diplomat And Warrior* and find it a wonderful magazine. The copies I was furnished do not go past 2002. Is the Magazine still being Published. If so, I want to subscribe.

My brother SSGT. Johnnie W. Faircloth was killed in Operation Gibraltar, September 18, 1965. I have researched that engagement for several years and finally last December I had it published for the benefit of the VVA Scholarship Fund. It has been a pretty good hit with Vietnam Vets, especially the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne, which has led to my being furnished a considerable amount of additional material about the battle. So it looks like I need to do a 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition revision and add to the little book a copy of which I am sending you as a gift.

I have made many good friends from the 1/01st who were there and who helped with the material. In a 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition of *Behind The Names*, I would like to use some material from your Magazine that adds so much to the account, with your permission. I realize how much information I missed. Of course, I would fully credit the sources, as I have done in the first edition, and the proceeds will continue to go to the VVA Scholarship Fund.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,  
G. Mallon Faircloth



### About the Author:

Mallon Faircloth was born and raised in Cordele, Georgia, and attended The University of Tennessee where he majored in History in the College of Liberal Arts. He was also graduated from Tennessee's College of Law, but returned to Georgia and practiced law for thirteen years when he was appointed Judge of the Superior Courts of the Cordele Judicial Circuit by Governor George Busby in 1981. He served in that capacity without opposition until he was appointed United States Magistrate Judge for the United States District Court, Middle District of Georgia, Columbus Division in 1999. Among his regular duties, he exercises limited judicial jurisdiction at Fort Benning Army Infantry Center, a federal installation adjoining Columbus.

He lives in Columbus with his wife, Kay Hatchell Faircloth, a Savannah native. They have daughters in Baltimore, Maryland; Destin, Florida; Albany, Georgia, and a son in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Judge Faircloth invites contact either at P. O. Box 117, Columbus, GA, 31902, or by e-mail at [gmf88khf@earthlink.net](mailto:gmf88khf@earthlink.net).

Brentwood Academic Press  
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### Editor's note

Judge G. Mallon Faircloth [Family – Johnnie W. 2/502 B KIA 9/18/65] is one of our newest subscribers. Shown are the front and back covers of his book about the battle of An Ninh. It was written to honor his brother SSG Johnnie W. Faircloth who was a squad leader in B Company of the 2/502 and was killed at An Ninh on September 18, 1965 and the other 19 soldiers on the VIETNAM WALL representing that action. The 77 page book *BEHIND THE NAMES* is a different approach to the history of the battle of An Ninh. A great account is in *ABOUT FACE* by COL (R) David Hackworth [1/327 HQ 63-66] and a short account in *VIETNAM ODYSSEY*. The only source for this book is to order it from Judge Faircloth. Cost of the book plus packing and shipping is a \$10.00 donation to the Vietnam Veterans of America Scholarship Fund. Make a \$10.00 check payable to VVA Scholarship Fund and send, with your address, to Judge G. M. Faircloth, P. O. Box 117, Columbus, Georgia 31902. If you have information about the battle of An Ninh I am sure he would like to hear from you at the above address or by e-mail at [gmf88khf@earthlink.net](mailto:gmf88khf@earthlink.net).





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



Issue #20



Issue #21



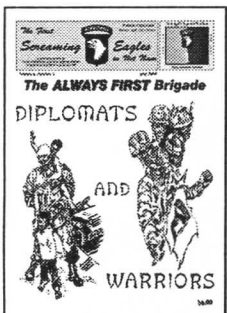
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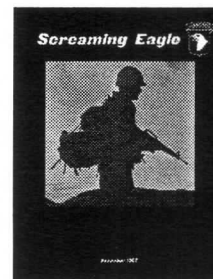
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Viet Nam Odyssey History of the 1st year 108 pages 4 pages color



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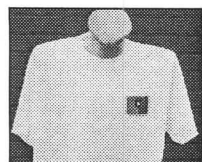


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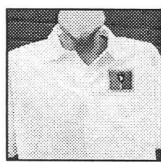
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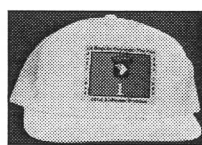
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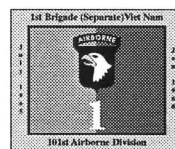
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# Be sure to order your caps and shirts well in advance of this year's Reunion - September 17-19, 2004

## Akbar Status

From: Hodges, Frederick B. COL  
CO 1st Brigade (327th Inf) 101st Airborne Division

Gentlemen,

Many veterans have asked me about the status of the court-martial of SGT Akbar, the soldier accused of conducting the hand grenade attack on our First Brigade headquarters sleeping tents at Camp Pennsylvania, Kuwait on 23 March 03. The notice below is something I recently received from the Army's prosecution team which lays out the revised time line and I wanted to share it with you.

Key info is that trial date is now set for 25 October this year. Some preliminary hearings have already been held.

In a related note, we recently conducted a Memorial Day ceremony here in the Brigade area, next to our 327th Inf Regt monument, to honor the 14 soldiers who were assigned to the Bastogne Brigade Combat Team and died during Operation Iraqi Freedom. These 14 included four infantrymen, two artillerymen, an engineer officer, four aviators, an MI officer, an Air Force officer, and a company chemical sergeant. As almost all of you know, CPT Chris Seifert, the Bde Assistant S2, and MAJ Greg Stone, the Brigade Air Force liaison officer, from the Idaho Air National Guard, were the two officers who died as a result of that attack at Camp Pennsylvania. Some family members of our fallen comrades, as well as several veterans, attended our ceremony.

The Army's Military Intelligence Center at Fort Huachuca, commanded by MG "Spider" Marks, hosted a beautiful ceremony two weeks ago to dedicate a child services building there on post in honor of CPT Seifert. Several hundred people attended, including CPT Seifert's wife, Teri, and her son Benjamin. MG Marks' wife, by the way, is the daughter of the late BG Tallman who was killed in Vietnam as a Brigadier General. He had commanded 3rd Bde of the 101st at one time.

The several men severely wounded in the grenade attack have made dramatic recoveries, testimony to their personal strength and determination.

I will keep you posted on any other changes or updates we may get regarding the court-martial which is being held at Fort Bragg.

Vr Bastogne 6

-----Original Message-----

From: Benson, John CPT

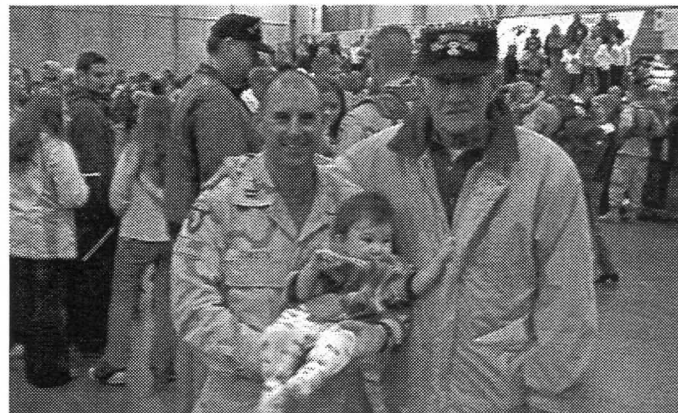
This email is to inform personnel close to the U.S. v. Akbar case of new developments and important dates associated with the case. You will be receiving similar emails periodically, primarily when there are new developments. This email is not a substitute for answering questions that you may have but rather a way to update you on significant dates and developments. If you have any specific questions please contact CPT John Benson or CPT Rob McGovern

On 24 May 04 there was a motions hearing at Ft. Bragg. During this

hearing several important dates were announced. Trial Date 25 Oct 04; Additional Defense Motions Due 12 Jul; Next Open Court session 2 Aug; Forum and Plea Due 7 Sep.

Finally, SGT Akbar or his attorney may make a statement to the media this week. I want you to be aware that you might see something about this.

The Prosecution Team  
U.S. v. Akbar



*Captain Joseph Cimato, Company Commander of C Company (Cold Steel Cobra) 1/327 holding his daughter poses with CSM(R) John R. "Russ" McDonald [1/327 C 1/64-7/68] at a return from Iraq welcoming ceremony at Campbell Army Airfield. Russ McDonald served as 1st Sergeant of Cobra Company in Viet Nam. (Photo by Joe Bossi)*



*Major General David Petraeus, prior to the official Welcome Home and the uncasing of the 101st Colors, being briefed by Major Kenneth Romaine, former 327th Infantry Regiment XO wounded in the grenade attack in Camp Pennsylvania prior to the start of Operation Iraqi Freedom. As a side note, Major Romaine was wounded and lost most of the use of his right hand. He recovered at Fort Campbell, redeployed in July of 2003 again taking over the duties he had prior to the war. Currently Major Romaine, is assigned to the G-3, Operation's Section of the Division. An example of a Real American Hero.*

Bastogne - JMBossi CSM(Ret)



Continued from page 26

harden troopers of the 101st returned to Phan Rang base camp to get ready to rotate back home. The others moved North to Dak To. Holladay went to Phan Rang, he had been a field artillery operator and intelligence assistant.

At Dak To Operation Hawthorne was about to begin. The 101st was directed to relieve the beleaguered mountain outpost of Tou Morong. Intelligence reports received at Brigade Headquarters indicated a major enemy drive was under way to overrun the central highlands. At 0230 hours on the morning of June 7, 1966, an estimated North Vietnamese Army Regiment savagely attacked SSG Holladay's former artillery battery position in the valley west of Tou Morong, the position was manned by Battery B, 2nd Howitzer Battalion 320th Artillery, Co A, 2nd Battalion, 502d Infantry and elements of Co A 326th Engineer Battalion. The enemy launched an intense mortar, grenade and automatic weapons attack against the artillery position. The enemy broke through one section of the battery perimeter, overran the fire direction center and pushed in toward the Howitzer.

The battle that had the winner take all climax saw the 101st troopers secure their weapons and fire point blank into still charging North Vietnamese Army Ranks. One of the 105-MM gun positions (gun No. 6) was twice lost and recaptured by the troopers. Two more fights took place for the Army and the 320th Artillery during this battle. Gun number 3 was turned toward gun number 6, firing a Howitzer in direct fire with the first use of the beehive projectile in combat. The beehive or XM546 Projectile was filled with over 8,000 Flechettes. Then the artillerymen turned and fought as Infantry. General Pearson Commanding General of the 1st Bde 101st Airborne Division had a gut feeling that we may have bitten off more than we could chew and immediately contacted M.A.C.V. and requested additional troops.

All he got was a company from Tuy Hoa and a tongue in the cheek promise if we ran into more than we could handle the 1st Calvary would probably come in and give a helping hand. General Pearson asked for volunteers from the Phan Rang Base Camp. Staff Sergeant Bill Holladay was one of the volunteers. General Pearson titled them "Task Force Schroder." All the volunteers were paratroopers who had survived their tour and were waiting to go home. Combat assaulting onto the high ground above the encircled companies, the volunteers drove off the NVA entrenched on the ridge crest and established a small landing zone, holding it until the besieged survivors struggled uphill and were extracted. Nine of the volunteers were wounded, but through their courageous efforts their comrades were saved from annihilation.

Gun No. 6 became a relic with the tube bearing the scars of more than 500 bullet hits. Operation Hawthorne was one of the most viciously contested battles of the Vietnam War. Day and night the battle raged moving from bunker to trench line, to spider hole, to bamboo thicket to streambed. Dak To was a lot of fireworks to see. Smokey the Bear (C-130) came over and began dropping flares. Puff the Magic Dragon came flying up the valley. This C47 mounts three 7.62 MM Mini guns. He unloaded 20,000 rounds. The Jolly Green Giant (Air Force Rescue Ship) was there along with the UHI gun ships and tracers, they lit up the path. On the morning of June 13, 1966 while the morning mist was rising from the valley, 24 waves of B-52 bombers created a maze of craters below to bring down the curtain on this ongoing show.

At the conclusion of Operation Hawthorne, the 24th North Vietnamese Army Regiment was rendered ineffective as a fighting unit. By comparison, 101st casualties were 48 dead and 239 wounded. All of the volunteers who went to Dak To should have received a Bronze Star. In the heat of the battle and overlooked paper work, some did not.

SSG Holladay's military awards included (Marksman Badge Rifle M-1), Expert Badge Rifle M14 & M16, Parachutist Badge, Vietnam



Service Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, Vietnam Cross of Gallantry with Palm, Good Conduct Medal. His unit also received The Presidential Unit Citation (Army) Streamer embroidered Dak To 1966 2nd Battalion, 320th Artillery cited: DA GO 59, 1968. SSG Holladay left the Army in 1967.

He took a civil service test and was offered one of four counties in Tennessee to be a wild life officer. He chose Roane County, Kingston, Tennessee, where he served for over 30 years. We are glad he did. Holladay passed away on Feb 1, 2004. He enjoyed coon hunting and fishing. He released doves at local weddings; he assisted in fishing rodeos for kids. Be it on the battlefield or on the lakes and backwoods of East Tennessee, he was known as a good, honest, and fair man by all that knew him. His family, friends, and Band of Brothers of the 101st Airborne sadly miss him. Survivors include wife, Marcia Holladay of Kingston, TN; sons and daughter in laws, Mike and Mary Lou Holladay of Kingston, Brad and Jennifer Holladay of Knoxville, TN; granddaughter, Keira Lynn Holladay of Kingston. Brother Archie Holladay, sister Alice Powell both of North Little Rock, Arkansas. All 101st Airborne personnel may salute SSG Bill Holladay at Kingston Memorial Gardens as you travel I-40 through Kingston, TN, 355-mile marker east bound.

By Benny Hamby Co A, 326th 1st Bde 101st Airborne Feb66-Feb-67.

**Terrance K. Stanosheck**

Terrance K. Stanosheck, (2/502 RECON 67-68) 56, Omaha, Nebraska, died Tuesday (4/20/04).

Survivors: sons, Kevin, Kyle; brothers, Tom, Colin; sisters, Kathleen Logan, Maureen Miloni, Patricia Hupka, Sheila Burgard, Rosemary Boyer, Bridget Ostrand; four grandchildren; nieces; nephews.

Mass of Christian Burial: 10 a.m. Saturday, St. John Vianney Catholic Church, Omaha. Springfield Cemetery. Visitation: 5-8 p.m. Friday, 7 p.m. vigil, Bethany Funeral Home, LaVista.

Memorials: Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund, 900 Ohio Drive S.W., Washington, DC 20024.

Published in the **Lincoln Journal Star** on 4/22/2004.

**Scott Valley**

To all our friends:

As many of you know, Muffin and I lost our son Tuesday morning in a training accident at Ft Bragg, NC. He was well on his way to becoming a Green Beret in the US Army Special Forces. We will miss him dearly. He was a greatlooking soldier and dedicated American. The Military service and Burial will be held at St Catherine's Rectory in Bigfork, MT. Donations in lieu of flowers can be sent to the Scott Valley Soldiers Memorial Fund, C/O Flathead Bank, PO Box 308, Bigfork, MT 59911. May God be with him forever...

A special tribute will be made this evening on the Rita Cosby Show airing at 9 PM Eastern on Fox News Channel. A tribute will be paid to Scott and Pat Tillman.

God speed!  
God Bless the USA <<http://www.foxnews.com/>>We Trust Fox News

MG(R) Paul E. Valley - Military Analyst Fox News Channel  
2/327 A 1/66-6/66  
P.O. Box 1596 • Bigfork, MT 59911-1596  
H (406) 837-0749 • Mobile: 202 285 5327  
paulvalley@centurytel.net

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

### *Gruesome Resupply*

Every five days we planned to move to a place where we could be resupplied. Each person was self-sustaining in terms of weapons, ammunition, food, water, toilet and sleeping equipment. With a map and compass we could be airlifted anywhere in Vietnam and live for 5 days with what we carried on our backs, and never get lost. We filled our canteens with water as we crossed streams or rice paddies, but canned food (C-rations) was distributed by helicopter.

We discovered the best way to set up our rucksacks on our own. I placed a green Army sweater against the back of the pack to protect my back from the hard metal cans. My five meals were taken from their cardboard boxes and stacked neatly against the sweater. The pack was then laced closed and the cover flap buckled after depositing extra ammunition. The pocket in the cover flap contained shaving gear. Three pockets were located around the outside of the pack. One held four hand grenades and a trip flare. The other pockets each held a canteen of water. The pack was strapped to the highest point on the metal frame to keep the weight high on your shoulders. Rolled and attached beneath the pack were a poncho and a poncho liner. An entrenching tool to dig foxholes and cat holes was hooked somewhere so it wouldn't catch on tree limbs and vines. One white C-ration spoon went in my pocket to use over and over until the next resupply. Suspenders and web belt worn under the rucksack held ammunition pouches and two more canteens of water. Needless to say, our load was heavy for a few days until some food was consumed.

One of our resupplies was planned where a whole company of us would meet on the top of a large open rolling hilltop. The perimeter of foxholes around the area was quite large because of the number of soldiers and the size of the hilltop. The most discouraging part of selecting this location was the dead bodies lying around. About a day earlier our soldiers and the enemy had a firefight on the hilltop and we always left the dead enemy in place. It was a little gruesome to live with all the flies and smell for the two-day period we stayed there.

A platoon of long-range recon soldiers met us in the same

place for their resupply. A little old Vietnamese lady, found earlier in a cave by the Recon platoon, sat nearby. She was left to fend for herself in the middle of the perimeter until they could airlift her out. My platoon leader didn't like her squatting in the grass near him. He said, “SGT Taylor get this old woman away from here.” I immediately walked over and grabbed her by the arm to move her to another place in the field. She resisted and looked at me with such a frightened face that I stopped to think. She went with me after I placed my rifle by my pack and returned unarmed.

The morning of the second day, helicopters started bringing in C-rations and even some hot food. Mashed potatoes, roast beef and green-beans were served to us in the field. The thin paper plates and plastic silverware gave it a picnic atmosphere until a helicopter took off. The wind from the rotor blades blew sand in our food and collapsed the paper plates. However, the wind blew the flies off our mashed potatoes. The dead bodies were attracting many of them.

In the afternoon of the second day I was busy moving from my men on perimeter to the helicopters for supplies when movement caught my eye. I swung around and aimed my rifle at something threatening me. It took a second to compute what was happening before I could settle down. One of the dead bodies moved. As I stared at the face it began to change expression. Luckily, I realized the flies and maggots inside were moving the skin just before I shot it again.

It wasn't more than a few minutes later and I heard shots fired by the Recon people. They saw some Vietnamese walking down the hill next to us and killed them. They went outside the perimeter to check out the bodies and found one was a woman. It didn't make too much difference what the gender was when they were the enemy, but I still had a hard time getting used to it. Human beings may have a right to never get used to things like that, but we had to. Having women involved in war is hard on both the good guys and the bad guys, and makes it hard to define which you are.

Ken Taylor

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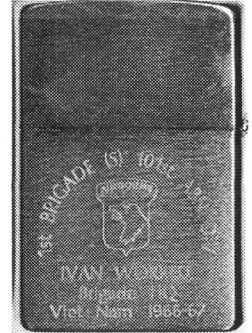
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This magazine is produced by and for veterans of the ALWAYS FIRST BRIGADE who served in the brigade from July 1965 through January 1968. The publication will chronicle the military history and accomplishments of veterans who served, as well as units 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).

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**INSIDE FRONT COVER**

General news of happenings that concern veterans of the 1st Brigade (S) along with information about the front cover.

**RECONNAISSANCE by Ward Just . . . . .PAGES 1 - 10**

A chapter from the book TO WHAT END by Ward Just written in 1967. His story of an operation with Tiger Force.

**UNIT DINNER INFORMATION . . . . .PAGE 10**

Information about the 327 and 502 dinners at the 101st Airborne Division Association reunion in August.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . . . .PAGES 11 - 16**

Letters, messages and photographs from readers and from those who do not subscribe to the magazine. Included is material from the 1st Brigade (S) web site, e-mail and the U. S. Postal Service.

**DIPLOMAT AND WARRIOR . . . . .PAGES 17 - 20**

Volume 1, No. 7 published on July 8, 1966. This newspaper was published soon after the major actions at Dak To were completed. Note the small amount of space given to recent ground actions against the enemy.

**GARY PATERSON GETS MEDALS . . . . .PAGE 21**

Photos of Gary Paterson in combat and with his medals along with letters from his Senator and Company Commander in Viet Nam.

**TIGER FORCE FLAP . . . . .PAGES 22 - 26**

More information from a wide range of sources on the accusations of Tiger Force atrocities in late 1967.

**OBITUARIES . . . . .PAGE 26 AND 34**

Please send obituaries of our 1st Brigade (S) veterans when you see them so they can be published in the magazine.

**SUBSCRIBERS' LIST . . . . .PAGES 27 - 30**

These pages include lists of renewing subscribers, new subscribers and address corrections for subscribers.

**BEHIND THE NAMES . . . . .PAGE 30**

Information about a book written about the battle of An Ninh by the brother of SSG Johnnie W. Faircloth who was killed there on September 18, 1965.

**ITEMS FOR SALE . . . . .PAGES 31 AND 32**

Items for sale are pictured on pages 31, 32 and 36. The order form for all items is on page 32. The ad for AIRBORNE SALUTE, the recording of airborne songs was dropped because of space limitations. The disks and tapes are listed on the order form. If you are going to the Reunion you should order your shirts and caps soon.

**ACTIVE DUTY 101ST . . . . .PAGE 33**

Material about the homecoming of the 101st from Iraq.

**ON WINGS OF EAGLES . . . . .PAGE 35**

Continuing the series of Viet Nam experiences by Kenneth B. Taylor [2/327 C 6/66-6/67]. This installment is called "Gruesome Resupply."

**PUBLICATION INFORMATION . . . . .PAGE 36**

General information about the 1st Brigade (S) magazine along with notices of upcoming meetings, a change of address form and a form that can be used to send the name and address of a fellow 1st Brigade (S) veteran who is not a subscriber or who may not be listed in the data base of 1st Brigade (S) veterans.

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*Long Range Recon Team of 1st Brigade, 101st ABN DIV., prepares for "Operation Harrison" near Tuy Hoa, RVN. The troops will be moved by helicopter into Viet Cong territory to gather vital information needed for the success of the operation. SGT Philip Chassion (Clarksville, Tenn) conducts final briefing prior to departing on mission.*

27 February 1966 U.S. Army photo by SP4 Robert C. Lafoon (USA Special Photo Det., Pacific)

Photo from the collection of CPT(R) Charles "Jim" Apodaca [2/502 B 5/66-4/67]

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