

*The First  
Screaming*

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



Published Quarterly  
January - April - July - October

*Eagles  
in Viet Nam*

1st Brigade (Separate) Viet Nam



101st Airborne Division

Volume 6, Number 4

October 2004

# **The ALWAYS FIRST Brigade**



# **C-RATIONS**

**\$6.00**

The 1st Brigade (S) Reunion in Phoenix was great! Reunion Chairman COL(R) Gerry Morse, 1/327 CO 7/67-2/68, and his wife Helga along with Roger M. John, 1/327 C 7/67-12/68, along with others who will be recognized in the January 05 magazine, hosted an outstanding get-together for 1st Brigade veterans.

I was not able to attend the 101st Airborne Division Association Reunion in Hampton, VA, because my grandson was married in Minnesota the same weekend. Reports and photos of that reunion have not been in abundance as you can see in this issue. Send reunion photos for the next magazine.

At the Hampton reunion COL Bob Jones stepped down as Chairman of the Board of the 101st Airborne Division Association and LTC(R) James C. Joiner, 2/327 B & C 1/67-1/68, was elected Chairman of the Board by the Board of Governors. Jim has served as association president and as a board member over the past several years and will be host for the 2005 101st Association Reunion in Tampa.

COL(R) Jerry C. Scott, 2/502 B 7/66-7/67, who was Chairman of the Reunion Committee for the 2000 reunion in Columbus, Georgia, is coping with lower extremity paralysis. He has had more therapy than anyone should have to endure and is now driving a specially equipped van and has made a trip to Hawaii. His wife Jodi keeps us informed of his progress and activities.

I have a new high speed e-mail address at home, [ivanworrell@charter.net](mailto:ivanworrell@charter.net) if you would like to send photos that comprise a large file you may wish to use that address. For best results in printing, photos should be scanned at 300 dots per inch (DPI). Photos that are sent at 72 DPI will print but the quality of the printed photograph is not very good.

I now have a very personal stake in the war in Iraq. My grandson is the S-3 of the 1/503 INF (Air Assault) and has been in country less than a month. He has already had one HUMV blown out from under him by a roadside bomb while on an orientation patrol with the Marine Corps unit his battalion has now replaced.

I have volunteered to be the host for the 2006 1st Brigade Reunion. The exact place, date and hotel have not been tied down. I hope to make an announcement about all three of these important reunion components in the January magazine. Stay tuned.

I was not able to publish a review of the book FLASH OF EMERALD by John M. Taylor, Jr., 1/501 SIG

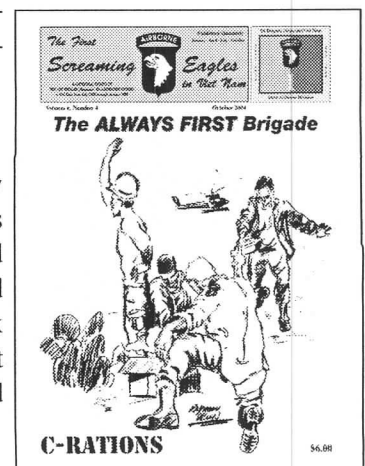


(L to R) MAJ(R) Ivan Worrell, INFO OFF 5/66-5/67 poses with Colonel Ben Hodges, Commander of the 1st Brigade, 327th Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, on June 18, 2004, following the Distinguished Members of the Regiment Ceremony. The DMOR certificate was presented on the parade field by COL Hodges a few minutes previous to the picture being taken.

Worrell served as the first Company Commander of Cobra Company 1st Airborne Battle Group 327th Infantry when the 101st Airborne Division was reactivated in 1956.

B 6/65-7/66. You can see more information about FLASH OF EMERALD [A Suncoast Thriller] at <http://flashofemerald.com> and review information about his new book BEHIND THE GREEN WATER [An International Thriller] at <http://behindthegreenwater.com>. I want to promote books by 1st Brigade (S) authors. If you have written and published a book please contact me.

The C-RATION delivery cover on this magazine is the artwork of Raymond Brown who produced many superb pen and ink and pencil drawings of 1st Brigade (S) activities and actions.



# FIREBALL AT DAK TO

DAK TO 1966, the personal account of SGT George L. Mercado [2/502 C 4/66-11/66]

A BALL OF FIRE Co C 2nd BN 502 Inf Strike Force

Before I tell you about Dak To, let me tell you a few words about myself. I joined the Army in 1959 at the age of 19. I volunteered for airborne training and was assigned to the 82nd Abn Div. During the first seven years in the Army I was stationed at Ft Bragg, NC, did a tour of duty in Germany with an airborne unit, and returned to the 82nd. In 1966 while stationed at Ft Bragg I received orders for assignment to the 1st Bde, 101st Abn Div in South Vietnam.



*That's me waiting to get into the hueys just before an operation. Is possible, but I'm not sure, it was for Operation Hawthorne in Dak To.*

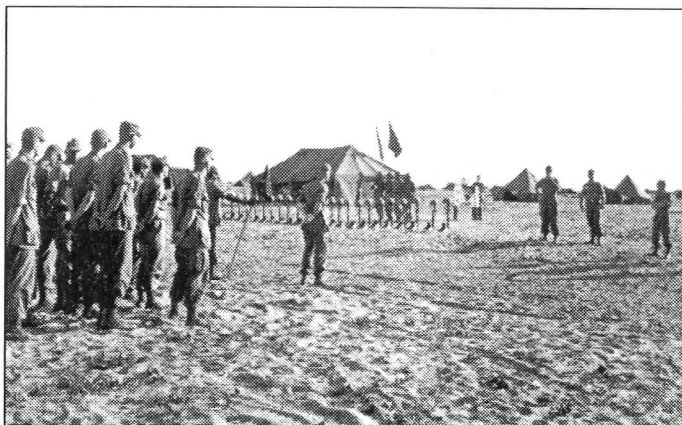
Sometime in mid April I arrived at Phang Rang, home of the 1st Bde, which I did not see again until I went on R&R six months later. Days later I was put on a Huey which took me to Phan Thiet where Charlie Co was operating. There I met 1SG [Walter] Sabalauski, at the time he was 55 years young and a hell of a soldier. I also met the Company Commander, CPT [William C.] Carpenter and BN CDR LTC [Henry E. (Hank)] Emerson. I was surprised to see Emerson, we recognized each other, he was my BN CDR back at Ft Bragg. The Battalion was known as the "Black T-shirt BN." I finally joined my Plt and became the Sqd Ldr of the 2nd Sqd. My Plt was the Weapons Plt, 81-mm Mortar, but we hardly ever acted as a Weapons Plt, almost all the time we acted as a regular Rifle Plt. We were designated as the 4th Plt.

During the next five weeks we went on numerous operations and contact with the enemy was minimal. We had some scrimmages with small size units or small groups of VC; everything was in our favor. Let me tell you what happened to me on my very first mission with Charlie Co. Today I think of it as a joke but at the time it was no joke. As you know, almost every time the first group of choppers gets close to the LZ, the machine gunners on both sides or the flank side, open up with machine

gun fire. Well, I was in the first group and I was sitting by the door, feet out ready to jump out of the Huey. As the choppers approached the LZ at tree top level the machine gunners opened up, the expended cartridges were hitting me in the helmet making a tapping noise. Some of the cartridges went inside my shirt and as you know they are as hot as an iron. The burning sensation on my chest and stomach made me believe that I was shot. My heart was beating faster than the machine gun was spitting out bullets and my ass hole was tight. It took me a few seconds to realize what was taking place. The chopper did not land, he just hovered and when I jumped I landed like a ton of shit.

A BALL OF FIRE ..... In late May or very early June, Charlie Co arrived at Dak To. I believe the place was a Special Forces camp with a runway long enough for a C-130 to land and take off, we got there on a C-130. Dak To is on the central highlands of Vietnam about twenty miles east of the three-border point made up of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. From the base camp we can see that the area is loaded with high mountains and jungle type terrain as far as you can see. In that type of terrain a lot of the times you can not see the sky, visibility on the ground is bad and movement is very slow.

We were there for a few days setting up camp and just before daybreak on June 6th we loaded the choppers and headed for the LZ. For us this was the beginning of Operation Hawthorne, we landed and nobody was there to greet us. We were looking for the same guy who was looking for us and both sides wanted to do bodily harm to each other. For the next two or three days Charlie Co moved from one area of interest to another.



*Memorial service after Operation Hawthorne with LTC Emerson talking to the troops.*

Every day the lead element was making contact with NVA soldiers in very small groups, one to three men. The enemy was spotted first and killed on the spot. On June 9th the Company stopped at the top of a small hill to take a break and eat, the time was about 11:30-12:00. We were there for about thirty minutes. After the rest period, the Co moved in a single file down the hill. In the lead was the First Plt, followed by the HQ



*George L. Mercado with his back to the camera. The boxing matches were put together by ISG Sabalauski.*

element. Behind was the Third Plt and bringing the rear was the Fourth Plt. The Second Plt was not with us (they were on a separate mission). At that point we had approximately 100 men with us, maybe a few more at the most. I was in the Fourth Plt and my spot in the formation was at the rear, there were two men behind me.

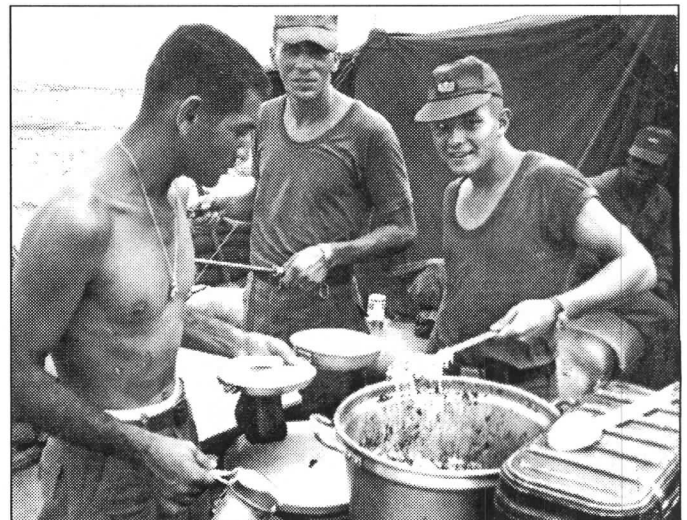
As we got to the bottom of the hill, we crossed a stream and started to go up another hill. The hill we were going up was hill 1073. Again close to the stream the lead element spotted and killed a few more NVA soldiers in khaki uniform. The vegetation was thick and the bamboo thicket made the movement real slow. At about 2:00 in the afternoon half way up the hill I heard small arms fire coming from my front. Right away I knew that we were in something big and serious. The volume of fire increased and now I could hear the sounds of automatic weapons. Up to this point in Operation Hawthorne I have not fired my weapon. Our Plt was told to move forward and come to the right of the First Plt who was in the lead. The Third Plt was to move to the left of the lead element. My Plt had traveled about 100 meters when we came under heavy enemy fire and now we were engaged.

They came at us with everything they had, including 50-cal machine guns. We immediately returned fire with every weapon we had. At this point you only react to the situation, you don't know what you just did, you just do what needs to be done to survive. We began to receive casualties. I have never been in a situation like this before. One of my men, three meters on my left was wounded, two of us moved him to a safer area behind us, there I saw two other members of the Plt who were wounded. The incoming and outgoing fire was so heavy that you could see bamboo falling like toothpicks. The battle was mano a mano, toe to toe. They were receiving casualties too. We knew where they were and they knew where we were. It is very hard to describe in detail everything that was taking place. We were somewhat pinned down, they were firing from better positions and we were in the open. One of my concerns was that we could run out of ammo.

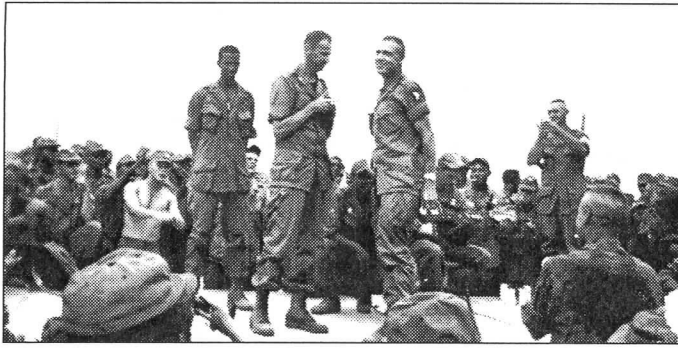
About twenty minutes have gone by since the first shot was fired, when I heard the sound of jet aircraft flying overhead. A few minutes later I saw this big BALL OF FIRE. It landed on the edge of the company line and rolled in the direction where the enemy was, I felt the heat. The strike stopped the incoming fire for a few minutes, which allowed the company to regroup, get organized again and form a perimeter from which to defend. The perimeter was very small, maybe less than half of a football field. We had to leave, outside the perimeter, three or four members of Charlie Co who we knew were killed and some equipment. Once things settled down we started counting heads to find out who was killed, wounded, or missing. I started looking for the member of my squad who was wounded at the very beginning but could not find him.

Today, not then, I can say that for all practical purpose the heavy part of the battle ended when the napalm landed. Now the mission was to get out of there with our dead and wounded. Of the hundred or so that the Co had, about thirty-five were wounded and twelve killed or missing. The number of those of us who were not wounded was not enough to carry the wounded and killed out of that location. We had to stay there, defend at all cost and wait for help. I will not describe in detail the condition of the wounded but I can tell you that some of the men were burned with the napalm strike, and I saw blisters the size of a baseball. We were in the monsoon season and it started to rain heavy, making everything more miserable. The holes we dug created mud because the ground was clay. The enemy tried to probe our positions on numerous occasions but we responded and they retreated. During the night just about every hour they fired mortar rounds into our position. The rounds landed close, some within fifty meters of the perimeter, but none landed inside. You could hear the round coming out of the mortar tube and you had no idea where it was going to land.

Company A was ordered to come to our position and help us get out. Sometime past midnight A Co walked into our position, the perimeter was made bigger and at that time I had no doubt that we were going to get out of there. The following morning some of us went outside the perimeter to recover the dead and the equipment left behind. In the process we recov-



*This is a clearer picture of George Mercado in the chow line.*



LTC Henry E. (Hank) Emerson (CO 2/502 65-66) before he left Vietnam and the new Commander for the 502nd, LTC Frank Dietrich (CO 2/502 66-67).

ered some equipment, one or two of the dead, but we lost, KIA, another soldier. We stayed at that location for another day, maybe because the LZ that we were going to was not secured. On June 11th we walked out with our wounded and dead to a location where some Chinooks were waiting for us. The press was there. We loaded the dead and wounded into the Chinook, after that we walked about a mile to an LZ, got picked up by Hueys who took us home. Once everyone was out of the area, B-52s came in and saturated the area.

After the B-52s strike the area; we went back mainly to recover the bodies of the three men we left behind. As you know, we try very hard to never leave anyone behind even if we lose another man in the process. We followed the smell of death and it took us to the area. We located the three bodies and at the same time took a look around the area. The enemy was no longer there; we saw many dead NVA soldiers in the open and some in shallow graves. We returned to our home base and for us Operation Hawthorne ended.

1SG Sabalauski returned to the 2/502 a few years later to be the BN Command Sergeant Major. He retired from the Army at the age of 62. The 101st AIR ASSAULT SCHOOL at Ft Campbell, KY, was named after him.

CPT Carpenter left Charlie Co soon after Operation Hawthorne to become aide de camp to GEN [William C.] Westmoreland. He later went on to become a three star general.

LTC Emerson "Gunfighter" went on to become a three star general. I saw him again at the end of 1966 while he was



Memorial service after Operation Hawthorne with LTC Emerson talking to the troops.

assigned to the Pentagon and again in 1977 when he visited Ft Dix, NJ, as Commander of 18th Airborne Corp.

My opinion on the controversies surrounding Operation Hawthorne:

I believe that the major reason why people disagree is credit and recognition. Charlie Co received most of the recognition by the fact that they wrote articles about the napalm strike in Life Magazine, Time and Newsweek.

Did the napalm strike save Charlie Co?----I'm sure that Carpenter did not call for a napalm strike, he called for air support AND the only thing immediately available was those aircraft who happened to be flying close by and only had napalm with them. The strike stopped the battle and gave us that needed time to regroup. If the strike did not happen, I think that more of us would have been killed, some become POW, some MIA, and some would have survived. YES, I BELIEVE THE DROP SAVED THE BUTT OF THOSE WHO SURVIVE and some were killed because of it including, PFC Edward Garcia, the member of my Squad, who was wounded at the very beginning. I finally found him inside the perimeter on the first night about 9:30 PM, he had blisters the size of baseballs. He died a few hours later.

Just about every unit who participated in Operation Hawthorne had its own battle with the enemy and did well. They also deserve credit and recognition. During Operation Hawthorne 48 men were KIA and 239 WIA.

Used with permission of  
George L. Mercado  
C/2/502, 101st Abn Div  
Strike Force



DAK TO, VIETNAM (101ST-IO) – Brigadier General Willard Pearson, of Clairton, Pennsylvania, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division Commanding General (right) discusses the battle of Tou Morong with Captain William Carpenter of Springfield, Pennsylvania. Captain Carpenter with his company had just fought his way out of a North Vietnamese Army encirclement. He has been recommended for the Medal of Honor for calling an air strike on his own position to prevent being overrun. Both men retired with the rank of Lieutenant General. (STARS AND STRIPES PHOTO)

# MOM



(L to R) Jason Proctor, "Terry" Kurth and "Son" SGT Francisco "Frank" Bermudez (B Company 1/327th Infantry) after the presentation was made to "Mom."

When 'Operation Iraqi Freedom' began in Iraq, like many of us, Ed and Terry Kurth of New Jersey, began sending 'care' packages of cookies, baby wipes, socks, eye drops, etc. to our soldiers on a regular basis. Each box she shipped contained several smaller packages to be distributed among the troops. Terry wanted every soldier to know that we supported them regardless of what the media might report. So she began writing personal notes and putting one inside each of the individual packages. They went something like this, "Dear Soldier, we don't know each other and we most probably will never meet, but I want you to know how very proud we are of you and how much we support you. I feel like you are my son or daughter, and I pray for your safe return. Love, Mom."

Terry realized that our troops were extremely busy and so, did not expect a reply. She was happily surprised one day to get a response from one of the troops and even more surprised to see that it was signed, "Your Son, - Frank." Terry continued to write to Frank, but was at a loss what to write about since she knew nothing about him. She decided she would write letters as if writing to her own son so she told him about her family, her daughter's prom, and day to day activities, signing each letter, "Love, Mom." Frank replied, letting her know how much he and the guys looked forward to her letters and packages. He told Terry about his family in Puerto Rico, that he had graduated with honors from school, his fellow soldiers, the Iraqi people, etc. signing his letters, "Your son, Frank." Terry responded with photos of her family and home, and so the letters and care packages contin-

ued. This spring, Frank returned to Fort Campbell along with his 101st Airborne brothers and the correspondence continued.

Terry told Frank that in June she and her husband Ed would be attending an annual reunion of the 101st Airborne Vietnam Vets in Crossville, Tennessee. Ft. Campbell is about 190 miles from Crossville, but on Saturday, June 26, Frank and his buddies drove to Crossville to finally meet his adopted Mom. There he presented her with a token of his appreciation for her constant support. It is a statue of a kneeling soldier atop a wooden base with a plaque engraved saying:

Ed & Terry "Mom" Kurth  
A small token of my appreciation  
And that of the men from  
Bravo Company 1-327 INF,  
For being the guiding and unwavering  
Light that brought us home.

SGT Francisco "Frank" Bermudez

I was one of many attending the reunion who had the great privilege of witnessing this meeting of 'Mom' and 'Son' and the honor he bestowed on her. America needs more "Moms" like Terry. HUA!

Ali Hansen

*Editor's note: This material was e-mailed by Dale "Hannibal" Hansen (2/327 D 8/68-8/69) and was obviously written by his wife Alene, "Ali." The principals in the story, Theresa "Terry" Kurth and her husband Ed Kurth (1/327 B 11/66-2/68) show what each of us could do to support these magnificent present day "Screaming Eagles."*



Close-up of the inscription on the memento of gratitude of the men of B Company 1/327th Infantry.

The following story is by CWO4(R) Charles A. McDonald (1/327 C 3/66-11/66), 5 Bayard Rd. Amberson Towers #518, Pittsburgh, PA 15213-1905; (412) 683-0952 and is Chapter 9 of his book titled IN THIS VALLEY THERE ARE TIGERS, which is now being reviewed by a publisher. The story will run in three or four issues.

Passing through  
Silent and empty forest  
Then shadows moved  
Time stopped  
Death's angel saw it all  
Author

### Chapter 9 - Tou Morong

There is an old Asian saying, "If you plan to ride the tiger, then you must go where the tiger goes." Known for good reason as the "Assassins," we were heading for another rendezvous with destiny. In early June 1966, we were loading into the rear of a long-range C-130 Hercules assault transport aircraft. This medium Air Force transport could fly into strips that would make you shudder. I quickly tore open a letter from my beautiful and kind Japanese wife in Sacramento, California, one which I had not had time yet to read. Her letters always had a red rose in the upper left corner. As always it began "Dearest Charles." She had just returned from class at the college she attended, and expressed her joy at receiving a letter of mine after not hearing from me for so long. There was the welcomed petty gossip of her family in Japan and mine in Sacramento. Most important, there was much needed spiritual support, always to be found in her many letters. She promised to continue to write me often. I was overcome with emotion. Her letters kindled a soft feeling in my heart that lasted throughout the war, because of this eventual promise of a renewed life. She went on to tell me not to worry about the timing, that whenever it was time for my R & R she would be there waiting at the door for me in Japan.

The pilot made a typical gut-wrenching assault landing with the aid of reverse-pitching the props. The aircraft taxied and parked, then an explosive silence rushed in as the aircraft shut down. The plane's ramp went up, like the steady, foeboding sound of our inevitable doom, threatening our existence. We were part of a multi-battalion force of U.S. and Vietnamese troops, being flown into the rugged western highlands to the Special Forces camp at Dak To, some 35 miles north of Kontum, the provincial capital. This airstrip is overlooked by 4,593 foot mountain, located near the junction of the northern and southern Cambodian borders. We were about to initiate "Operation Hawthorne." The Vietnamese would call it Dan Tang 61. It was here that the sore and weary paratroopers of Company C, 1st Battalion, 327th Airborne Infantry, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, were going to search for the elusive phantom, the 24th North Vietnamese Army Regiment. They were thought to be hiding in the remote areas of these nearby mountains waiting for us to get tired and walk into the wrong place. The 1st Brigade also had the mission of withdrawing the Special Forces camp of Tou Morong back to Dak To.



Troopers of the 101st Airborne Brigade fight the attacking Viet Cong from artillery crater during Operation Hawthorne near Tumorang Province, Kontum. 7 June 66/Photo by: SGT Bernie Mangiboyat, Pictorial A-V Plt, 69th Sig Bn (A)

Since the 1st Brigade arrived in Vietnam on 29 July 1965, it had conducted operations on 294 of its 321 days in Vietnam, killing 1,898 by body count of the enemy in action. The People's Army of Vietnam tactical doctrine was to fight positional warfare whenever its regular or main force units had adequate strength, weapons and sufficiently trained personnel to do so. Regular or main force units would conduct a maneuver attack whenever they were capable of achieving surprise on a vulnerable position. Elements of the North Vietnamese Army had reportedly moved into position for their monsoon offensive in Kontum Province. The well-camouflaged PAVN regiments had reportedly moved into their newly assigned area of operation in November 1965 and had spent seven months digging in preparation for a knock-down, drag-out fight. Unreported was the fact that after early 1966 the communists were sending 100,000 men south each year. Our present mission was to seek out and destroy this unit before the monsoon season started and before the NVA had time to mass their indirect fire weapons on the ridge known as "Rocket Ridge" above Dak To. Whoever controlled the Highlands controlled Vietnam.

Dak To was situated below an impressive sweeping mountain ridge, above an equally long, wide green valley surrounded by a vast forbidding wilderness of black-green mountains almost 6,000 feet tall. The low clouds of the coming bad weather would limit the time that fixed-wing aircraft and helicopters could operate, or ground them altogether. The few existing roads would wash out in some places and become mud pits in others and limit the use of supporting light and heavy vehicles. It was a beautiful area with numerous large pine trees on the ridges, though the terrain raised concerns about the M-16 rifle and its lack of penetration in moderate to heavy cover. The weather was good. The rainy season had not started yet. The strong summer southwest monsoon, from the Indian Ocean that dominates the climate, blows from mid-May to mid-October and drenches the region west of the Annamite Mountains with heavy rain. A month or so of unsettled weather would exist in the western highlands at each end of this time period, but the rain storms had not set in early.

## Digging In

When we first arrived at the airstrip at the Special Forces camp at Dak To II, we dug our defensive positions in deep on the north side of the airstrip from the camp. The Special Forces camp was on a bluff overlooking the Dak Poko River to its immediate south. On the north side of the airstrip, Communal Route 512, which starts at the town of Kon Hojao about 5,000 meters to our east, ran westward past the airstrip to Dak Mot Kram. Dak To was dominated by a high 3,085-foot ridge immediately to the north. Our early patrols left from the airstrip on foot and worked up the immediate higher ground to Suim Ngok Tu, overlooking Dak To. A lonely and hard country, its beauty was terrifying, for it was here that the ugliest of realities and our fate would be determined, whether we were to live or die. It was over a 4,000-meter straight-line distance from Dak To to the top of the ridge. With all the ups, the downs and the arounds, it was a long move. At least the intermittent streams had good water in them. We searched day and night and found nothing on the mountain, then returned to the airfield.

Our battalion commander, Colonel David H. Hackworth, inspired great confidence in all the infantrymen who served under him. This charismatic commander was one of the few officers I saw in the war who really led the way. Under his leadership, the mountains were no longer a place that offered sustenance and a peaceful place to rest to the North Vietnamese. Colonel Hackworth, being patient and persistent, used a strategy of small-unit patrolling to saturate the mountains in a pattern looking for the NVA, who were spread out and concentrated in small isolated pockets.

The night before our operation was to begin, I noticed far across the darkened sky in the distance the brief brightening under cumulus clouds, underlit with bright-tinted flashes, and thought a storm had come early. Then I felt the slight tremble of the earth, indicating a B-52 strike. Carpet-bombing.<sup>1</sup> I was watching the flickering, eerie half-light reflection in the clouds of the bomb strike. The NVA would not see or hear the aircraft from the ground. Over three hundred bombs were falling, silently; five seconds before the bombs were to impact, the scream of the falling bombs would be heard, but it would be too late. It would be the last thing the PAVN would hear. The three bombers would disgorge their bombs in 30 seconds. In a B-52 bomb strike, the landscape erupted in an area one-mile long and a half-mile wide, leaving permanent craters thirty feet deep. Bunkers located one-half kilometer away would collapse on the NVA.

It was a thick-misted morning. We flew northwest of the mountain top Special Forces outpost of Tou Morong (Tu Mo Rong), some twenty-five kilometers, for our initial insertion by helicopter. The name of the map we were operating on was KON HO'NONG, map Sheet 6538 I, named for a non-existent village in the Ta Kan Valley. The map covered a virtual wilderness area of no roads, except one far to the south. I watched the map closely as we flew over high, steep, rugged, infinite mountains. There were eight of us. I realized that I was living with darkening prospects. The immense valley of fallow ground lay unfurled in startling clearness below, all the way toward the horizon. Soon the silent loneliness of this great wilderness would be broken. I had a feeling of doom, a fear that I would

never get back home. We flew along cool, serene mountain ridges of shady mountain pines. It seemed wild and grand from up there. I saw part of a silvery ribbon of a stream below, a magnificent panorama of endless forests of mountain range upon mountain range, appearing purple in the distance. The nearest ridge was covered with pine trees. I looked at the great space before me and shivered--not from cold, but from fear.

In one valley we found signs of the ancient presence of man, forgotten by time--long-unused bronze pots or drums that were very large, laying right out in the open. Somehow, they seemed more significant than our impending battle. Along the side of a ridge we found signs of a more recent presence, bamboo animal traps placed periodically in an opening along a staked fence, and in the streams there were 4-foot-long conical fish traps made from rattan palm strips. The fish traps placed along the edges of streams had very limber twigs that allowed a fish to enter but prevented its leaving. All had been woven with great skill.

In a thick brushy area among the trees, I managed to brush a vine or limb on the ground that triggered a huge red ant ball in a tree to fall directly on me. I had to hurry a few feet ahead and tear off my equipment to get my jacket off and shook out. I had help in brushing them off myself, but they bit, emitting a strong formic acid that everyone could smell. They stung like hell. Agricultural evidence of the presence of man was found in the form of a very large pineapple grove that covered one side of a semi-open ridge. The pineapple was not yet quite ripe enough to harvest, but it was still sweet and we were starved for it. We were always starved for fruit. In the bottom land in the wet areas of a creek were the large-leafed taro plant, the tall cassava plants, and sweet potato plants. This hidden agricultural area had been under cultivation for sometime. After my earlier years in country, I had learned to recognize the plants that were cultivated for food. The elephant ear shape always gave away the taro plant. Its underground tuber was rich in starch and gave those who ate it a lot of carbohydrates. The leaf helped account for the white teeth of those who ate it. The tall, 5-foot high, slender-stalked cassava plant was grown for its large, fleshy, tapering roots filled with milky juice. All these cultivated plants meant that troops were close by.

Generally, with experience and teamwork, we could usually speculate where the NVA could be found, based on surrounding cover and geographical terrain. However, we were spent and discouraged, suffering from too little to eat while constantly staying on the move with great caution and finding nothing. We slept when we could on the cold, dry ground. We were wet constantly from the dripping dew or perspiration. All we had found was some of the most spectacular scenery in these Central Highlands. I had also seen one of the great spectacles of nature, which we carefully avoided: a colony of large red ants on the march. Always curious, I would have liked to see how far their column stretched and how far they went in a day. We later moved our search further northeast into the wilderness of mountains around the Special Forces camp. While insects generally agitated and attacked us mercilessly in the lowlands, the mosquitoes were almost absent from the dry forest of the highlands this time of year. However, I was peri-





odically sick, experiencing real discomfort. I needed rest and was greatly fatigued.

### Forest Creature

One night, when the silence of the forest was broken only by the rustle of the wind sighing through the trees. I gradually became nervous, then suddenly fully alert. I knew I had felt a sound rather than hearing it. Perhaps it was only the breeze rustling the branches. My pulse quickened, as I tried to put an image and a name on whatever was there. I could see nothing, but my sensitive early warning system was working. I must be hallucinating, I thought. I could smell something. Then I heard it clearly, a sound just ahead. The soft pad of broad feet and softer exhalations. Something walked within the night--something huge. Slowly a liquid shadow congealed at the limit of my vision in the black of night. The stillness was broken by a slight snuffling sound, closer and closer. The wind had picked up. My heart skipped two beats. There was a slight movement at the edge of my field of sight. I tried to focus. The shadow's form sharpened, an enormous black silhouette against a lighter background in the dim light. I saw and smelled a huge, round, lumbering animal, dark in color--the shadow of the great Asian bear. The beast was only scant yards away. It looked immense. I heard the effortless suck of its breathing, the snorting, snuffing, grunting grumble at the back of the large creature's throat. I could make out the sound of heavy, furry, soft-padded paws making contact with the dry hard ground, the low snorting sound, sniffs and a cross growl as he rooted around. I wondered if the smell of our bodies had attracted the bear. Its large snout was close to the ground, picking up our scent, possibly thinking we were just more dead bodies laying around. The creature drew closer, snuffing and pawing. It stopped. Its huge head started swiveling eerily back and forth. I could now smell it and just make out the white V on its neck and chest. Then someone made a very slight sound. It suddenly stopped grunting in ravenous anticipation, grumbled at the back of its throat and quickly lumbered from the area. As quickly as it had risen, silently like a spirit, it had disappeared. The next morning I asked those closest to my position if they had heard or seen any movement during the night. It turned out that I was the only one. I kept my silence about the bear.

Meanwhile, on 3 June, "B" Battery, 2nd Battalion, 320th Field Artillery had been inserted into an abandoned, burned out Montagnard village designated LZ Lima Zulu on the map, to support the infantry.<sup>2</sup> The 320th artillery position was out of range of any other American and Vietnamese artillery positions, therefore no preplotted concentrations were registered. The location and lack of a planned fire support system literally invited an attack. The men quickly erected their fighting walls where the gun crews could defend their position, should the PAVN penetrate their position. After seeing them into position, their commander, LTC Braun, kissed them good-bye, boarded a helicopter and flew to Brigade headquarters near Dak To. He was letting them act as a target of opportunity for the PAVN, leaving them in extreme danger. Unknown to the 320th FA, a special reconnaissance unit was observing them. During the daylight, the PAVN were making detailed sketches of the position. At night they made verification of sentry positions and recorded close-in measurements for their future approach during their planned night attack.

### Sick

During our fruitless search through the mountains, my flu-like symptoms returned. I was experiencing severe headaches, fever, intense chills, sweating and then my body would ache. I vomited and defecated. I alternately perspired and shivered. I periodically had a high fever, the shaking chills, severe headache and could barely keep anything in my stomach. I fought to keep my muscles relaxed. I passed mucus and blood. It didn't seem to matter which end it came out. I had to split the seat of my jungle pants because the attacks came fast. Sometimes it came out of both ends at the same time. I couldn't get enough water to drink. Each cycle of these symptoms would come and go, and now they were attacking me every other day. I was just praying that we would not be in heavy enemy contact when I came down again because it was affecting my ability to think. My mental state was now very weak. Each day now required a supreme effort; there was little time for the blessed unconsciousness of sleep. The fundamental act of walking became a mesmerizing narcotic that numbed my mind.

Our strong bonds for each other were often demonstrated in sharing what little food we had with each other. Yet I knew if I couldn't eat and keep something down, I was on my way to the grave. I had heaved up again and again what little my stomach held, until there was nothing left but the spastic, wrenching seizures of dry heaving. My platoon would donate their own needed solid items of tinned food, such as cheese, peanut butter and crackers, to me. It kept me going, though we were all now exhausted. I was almost accidentally shot twice by my own men, because of the noise I made in my small watery elimination's during the dark.

I remember once during a stream crossing, I waded them on and stopped in agony to clean myself. I squatted in the lukewarm water of the stream to wash the bloody stool dripping from my bottom and fell asleep in that position. Luckily I awoke and found myself all alone in that position in the middle of the stream. My heart began to race. It was like a terrible dream to wake up and see myself all alone and understand what I had been doing. I looked at the position of the sun. It looked the same. I checked my watch and with some relief realized that only about 10 minutes had passed. The platoon worked slowly, and I knew they wouldn't get too far. I worried about getting shot by the rear security. Their legs had cut deep depressions through the grass, which made my way easier. I stopped twice and turned around and squatted, waiting. I listened and watched for the sounds and a glimpse of anyone dogging our back trail. I followed their trail slowly and caught back up. No one knew what had happened, and I was too sick to tell. The rear security had not been alert to anyone behind him. I would speak to him later about what could happen if he wasn't closely watching the rear of the formation.

On 6 June, dawn broke red over the North Central Highlands. The 2nd platoon of Company "C" 1-327 Infantry led the way, heading southeast, until we came out of the mountain onto a dirt road in the low ground. We then turned southwest and moved up the road of a long finger ridge, higher and higher, getting a good view of the area we had been searching so hard, without success. Finally, at the top, we reached a bend in the



road and stopped. A road spur to our left led south immediately into the entrance of the small, isolated Special Forces camp of Tou Morong. Although the camp was named Tou Morong, it was just one more unmarked place on the map. The Special Forces personnel and their CIDG were unable to pull out of this camp site due to the presence of the NVA. The CIDG also had their women in this camp.

The North Vietnamese had been attacking Tou Morong since May, but with little effect, because there was only one way into the camp, which was by the road entrance. The other three sides of the camp were steep drop-offs. The day before, elements of a South Vietnamese unit, elements of the 42nd Army of the Republic of Viet Nam Infantry Regiment, had attempted to come up this road and had been ambushed and had taken some 23 casualties before withdrawing.

This day I felt tired but a lot stronger. It was here at Camp Tou Morong that our battalion commander, Col. Hackworth, received the information as to where the enemy was located. The information came from an old mountaineer tribesman. Col. Hackworth, on point with my platoon, was now pointing us to move over the top and use the road for speed. We had to move fast, some 14,500 meters through the mountains toward the Dak Ta Kan River Valley and Landing Zone Lima Zulu. Moving in the open, on a road through the mountains filled with "Little Brown Motherfuckers" waiting to kill you is not easy to think about or do when you are actually doing it. Evidently the PAVN were all bunkered up on the mountain ridges, because we were not ambushed once.

We passed by the overlooking dangerous high ridge of the 4,852 foot high Ngok Hroe Mountain on our left flank to our immediate south without any incident. On the afternoon of 7 June, we arrived on foot in the Ta Kan Valley 320th FA position at grid coordinates ZB 089347, overlooked by the finger ridges of Hill 872.

One of my men, P.F.C. Wordlow, had been severely stung about the head by the large black bees that inhabited this country and could not see out of one eye. I told him to wait until we linked up with the artillery unit and he could receive medical attention and evacuation if needed. When we arrived, we held up short of their position while our unit commanders conferred. I told my severely stung Wordlow to go to the artillery aid station. In a very short time he returned to me, looked at me for a minute, and then said, "Sgt. McDonald, I'm staying with you. There isn't anything over there except dead people, body fragments and shell casings." These bodies were seen all over the perimeter. Unknown to us, earlier that morning of 7 June around 0230 hours, a North Vietnamese battalion-sized unit of the 24th NVA Regiment had conducted a surprise night attack just after midnight and overran our only supporting artillery unit. The artillery unit was "B" Battery, 2nd Battalion, 320th Field Artillery (FA) commanded by Captain Don Whalen.

We asked the Redlegs what had happened and were informed that a few days earlier, on 5 June, their unit had been lifted into the valley at a site called LZ Lima Zulu. The CH-47 Chinook helicopters landing zone (LZ) positioned them on the north side

of the road just above where Dak Djram stream ran into the Dak Ta Kan stream.<sup>3</sup> Everything had been fine until early this morning, when one of the artillerymen had heard a muffled noise at his gun position and looked over the waist-high sandbag parapet into the faces of several NVA sappers preparing their charges for his position. The sappers had passed through the infantrymen guarding the artillery position without being detected. The battle then started from the inside and developed all around the artillery position at the same time with NVA mortar fire. As the firing started inside the perimeter, the NVA infantrymen fronting 502nd infantrymen could be heard blowing bugles and whistles to coordinate their assault. The PAVN attacked through their own mortar fire and quickly passed through the thinly defended outer 502nd defensive perimeter.

Meanwhile, during the early morning at 0200 hours at Dak To, "B" Battery, 1st Battalion, 30th Field Artillery (FA), hearing on the radio the 320th FA call for help, immediately loaded their trucks in anticipation of orders to relocate their six gun positions forward. The strong, young men labored mightily, loading ammunition. Each 155mm round weighs 96 pounds. The towed 155mm battery, commanded by Captain Joseph Toth, was prepared when the orders to move their guns came.

The 320th had lost two of their gun positions to the PAVN. Both had been retaken after a prolonged small arms fight. Some 100 NVA were killed in this fight. The American Infantry unit and artillery men suffered greatly in the two hour battle. The Devil had already knocked at our door.

Carefully camouflaged, these commandos had moved down from the north to link up with their reconnaissance personnel. They had watched it all. During the daylight hours, they followed parallel to the Dak Sia stream, up the hill and over the top overlooking the American position, the artillery site. As the sky darkened in imperceptible stages, the PAVN carefully observed their objective, the 320th FA. For days, the PAVN had been taking note of where and how the sentry system was placed. Dark and silent the men stripped themselves of unnecessary equipment, the order came, and the assault unit moved forward.

Alert and ever cautious, they felt a sense of relief, as they started their methodical advance. It was right after dark, at 7:15 p.m. It would be a long, slow journey, to maintain absolute silence. At the perimeter, they waited for the moon to come up to have enough light to infiltrate through the defensive perimeter. After careful examination of the ground immediately within reach, the NVA would creep a foot forward before freezing to listen again and repeat the slow process over and over again, until they were at the perimeter. They initiated their attack from inside the American perimeter and the higher finger ridges of Hill 872 immediately to the 320th FA front. The PAVN knew that their artillery could not be effectively used. The NVA had every intention of annihilating the men manning the artillery position and securing the five 105mm howitzers' gun-positions.

### Baptism in Blood

The PAVN had completely surrounded the artillery position. Their main approach had been from behind the hill. The early warning tripflares and listening posts were easily avoided,





making the use of command-detonated claymore mines useless. They had laid above and just outside the artillery position quietly watching and listening. The PAVN knew that the Americans would feel better and see better once the moon came up around ten. By 2 o'clock in the morning, the poor noise discipline and finally the lack of movement from dozing guards told the sappers everything they needed to know. Six hours had passed. The Americans were unaware that death was coming quickly and without warning. With enough knowledge of the gun position, the PAVN now set about achieving surprise by moving into the defended position with great stealth. The main suicidal attack was initiated on the 320th FA in the area of their number six gun position located at the base of the hill. The night suddenly erupted with enemy fire, explosions and the scrambling of feet. The sappers, once detected, utilized small charges as a prearranged signal to receive supporting mortar fire. The PAVN now delivered highly effective fire on the men in the Howitzer positions. This forced the shocked young infantrymen to take cover. The well-coordinated night attack achieved tactical surprise, and the NVA moved rapidly in among the battery, destroying artillery and infantrymen with grenades and automatic weapons fire at close range. When their fire support element fired into the American positions, the sappers continued their attack through their own mortar fire. The battle intensified and the disciplined NVA quickly gained fire superiority, their momentum and weight in numbers carrying a second wave into the defensive line and reaching the gun positions. The night came alive with the rattle of machineguns, rifles, mortars and exploding grenades, as well as shrill voices on both sides of the wounded and dying. The staccato roar of battle was terrifying. The air was thick with smoke, flames, dust, screams and flying lead. Men briefly silhouetted in the dark from the explosions were quickly fired upon. The Americans were dying hard.

The cannon-cockers, were momentarily stunned. The bright-white light of exploding grenades and rattle of blazing automatic weapons at close quarters in the dark was blinding. Smoke from the ChiCom grenades was drifting about everywhere. The firing, heard everywhere, continued at a terrifyingly hectic pace. However, the fear quickly passed. The brave men and their commander did not collapse under the stress. The PAVN troops were now inside the perimeter, everywhere in the dark. The ultimate terror filled everyone. The Americans

had to be careful about individual movements and stay low to the ground. The faintest movement brought fire directed at you. Any upright and skylined movement brought fire. Sweeping, suspicious eyes questioned every motionless man in the shadows: PAVN or friend? On both sides, many were afraid to make a movement that would betray them. A flaeship arrived overhead and started orbiting the area, dropping flares. Faced with a superior enemy force, the artillerymen counter-attacked in short rushes.

Initially, the Americans realized that reinforcements or supporting fire from another battery were out of the question. Captain Don Whalen, pleading for support over the radio, was told he would have to fight on alone for the time being. His anger, born of frustration, was quickly overcome as he now applied himself to the defense of his artillery position. He sent a radio message to Brigade Headquarters monitored by the 30th FA. The 30th, anticipating their next order, starting preparing to move. This meant loading a great amount of ammunition and equipment. No other American or Allied unit was within range. They had to make a dangerous night move without security. Brigade Headquarters was to provide fire support for the 320th FA at LZ Lima Zulu. With several miles to go in the dark, Captain Toth ordered the vehicle lights turned on, and the unit hauled butt up the road as fast as they could.

The NVA pressed the attack on the 320th FA and after a hotly contested fight, captured the number six gun.<sup>4</sup> The artillery men, fighting and dying, quickly recovering from their shock. They fought back valiantly to keep the NVA from capturing the number three gun. All sense of time was lost in the struggle. A series of hand grenade duels and counterattacks for the number three gun surged back and forth. The tide of the battle began to turn when the area around LZ Lima Zulu erupted from the fiercely crashing 155 mm shells. The incoming artillery was directed at the facing rugged slope and finger ridges overlooking LZ Lima Zulu. The NVA, after lobbing their stick-handled, potato-masher grenades, would rush while firing their assault rifles and take the number 3 and number 6 guns.

Then the Americans buried their fear. In many, the anger turned to rage. Small groups of artillerymen lobbed their M-26 grenades and, firing their M-16s, rushed the Howitzer positions. They would take them back. Both sides, amid the screams of pain, locked into a fight to the death, executed stunning displays of personal courage. The 105mm howitzers exchanged hands twice.

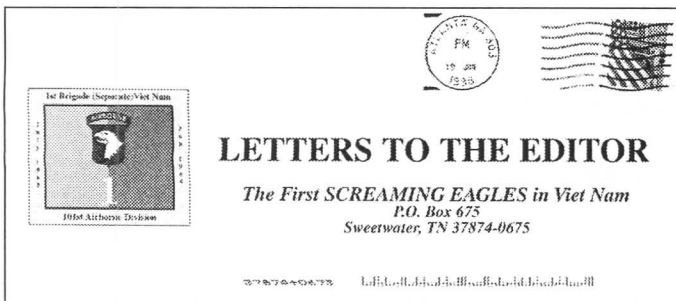


1 Carpet bombing was used for close air support in ground operations against troop concentrations and enemy base camps. The standard formation of three bombers would fly at 30,000 feet, each carrying a load of 108 conventional 500-pound bombs.

2 The 320th was reinforced by a platoon from Co. A 2/502nd Infantry, under the command of Lt. Karl Beach, and elements of Co. A 326th Engineer Battalion.

3 In Vietnamese, "Dak" means stream.

4 Gun number six was fought over and lost twice. It was recaptured each time. The near 600 hits by rifle rounds on the 105-MM gun attest to the viciously fought battle.



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

+ JOHN D. MULLANEY, 2/502 B 7/65-11/66  
1938 Cardinal Harbour Rd., Prospect, KY 40059  
(502) 228-7057  
mullaney63@aol.com

Very young at time in Nam. Think of my brothers often. God bless all of you.

---

PAUL T. FERRANTE, 1/327 A & E 9/67-8/68  
19 Dalewood Rd., Clifton, NJ 07013-3401  
(973) 472-0979  
Paul.Ferrante@GE.com

I just wanted to say hello again and God Bless America. Served proudly with A Co/E Co 1/327 Sept 67 to Aug 68.

---

DORSEY W. BROWN, 2/502 C 7/67-7/68  
P.O. Box 1745, Yucee, FL 32041  
dwbhd98@aol.com

Served with "C" Co. 2/502nd '67-'68 as RTO for Capt Anderson (Co. Net) with Richardson and Prescott. Very proud to have served with the best soldiers and friends a man could ask for. I have had many "friends" in the past 37 years but none that could win the total trust of a few comrades in arms when everything was on the line. Thank you brother troopers of the 1st Bde for all you did and all you continue to do. We never forget!!!

---

JOSÉ G. RAMOS, 3/506  
6322 Bright Ave., Whittier, CA 90601-3626  
wlcmmveterans@aol.com  
Homepage Title: WELCOME HOME VIETNAM  
VETERANS DAY  
Homepage URL: <http://www.whvvd.org>

IF WE REALLY CARE, WE WILL MAKE IT HAPPEN  
by José G. Ramos

On May 15, 2004, I left Whittier, CA, on what was to be the most emotional and mental "roller coaster" bicycle ride of my life. I fully recall the feelings I had as I rode my bicycle down the roads of Vietnam back in 1998 and they will always be



unforgettable memories. However, this ride across America, where I had the opportunity to visit every major Veteran's medical center in every state we rode across, was truly a life long experience. I don't know if anyone has ever done this but I had the chance to visit with hundreds of Veterans in every hospital we visited. We spoke to them in Vet-Centers, clinics, groups, waiting rooms, wards, waiting for prescriptions, etc. But they were there, each one a warrior, each one a Veteran. It was so great. They wanted to hear about the Welcome Home Vietnam Veterans Day project we were on, they wanted to see our bikes, wear the helmets and so on. But most of all, every single Veteran I met, regardless of what era they served in, all agreed it was about time to fix that old wrong. It is time to Welcome Home our Vietnam Veterans. When we arrived in DC we worked out of Congresswomen Grace Napolitano's and Linda T. Sanchez's office along with their wonderful staff members for two days. We made appointments, we did walk-ins to other Congressional Offices, we phoned, we stopped congressional folks in the hallways, elevators, cafeterias, etc. We talked and worked for two days in the Halls of Congress and we raised a lot of awareness as to what needed to be done with the Welcome Home Vietnam Veterans Day Bill {H. Res # 485} and about our faulty VA Medical system. We also asked all we spoke with to support Bill H.R. 2318 the mandatory funding bill for our VA Medical Facilities. This insures that our warriors who are out there now will have a VA system that will be here for them when THEY NEED it. This is not only about Vietnam Veterans, this is about our men and women who are out there NOW, TODAY. I am including all the information I could gather to share with ya'll cause now it is up to us, the regular, everyday Americans to back up our talk that we "love our Veterans." Now is the time to show that love and appreciation. Let's get our politicians to do the right thing. It is time to make it happen. All it takes from us is the honest desire to see an old wrong corrected and to really have it in our hearts that we need to thank and Welcome Home the new Veterans as well as the Veterans of the Vietnam War who did a tremendous and honorable job during their time of service. It's in Congress now, all we have to do today is push the Bills, and push our local Reps to support them. If you go to this site on the net [<http://mygov.governmentguide.com/mygov/issues/bills/?billtype=H.R.&billnumb=2318&congress=108>] you can actually see the wording on the bills and who the sponsors are. I hope this information makes it easier for all of you to make this very important phone call and understand what you are calling about.

God bless you my friends and it is really important that you and all you know who care about Veterans call their local Congressional Representative and ask them to support Bill H.RES. # 485 "Expressing the sense of the House of Representatives that a "Welcome Home Vietnam Veterans Day" should be established."

Also, Bill # H.R.2318 "To amend title 38, United States Code, to provide for assured adequate level of funding for veterans health care."

My team and I have done what we can to raise awareness. It is up to us and the rest of America to make this change happen.

Share this with everyone so they can call their congressional leader anywhere in the States. PLEASE MAKE THE CALL AND MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

Thanking you again in advance for your efforts, love and support of our Veterans.

José G. Ramos  
Founder/Team Coordinator  
Welcome Home Vietnam Veterans Day  
<http://www.whvvd.org/>

"FOR ALL WHO SERVED"

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MARCIA NEWTON  
(Warren Newton, 1/327 A 2/63-2/66)  
8746 Oriole Ave., Saint Louis, MO 83147-1610  
NewtonM@stlouiscity.com

My husband, Warren Newton died in 2000. He was in the 327th. He was tormented by flashbacks until his death. Know bits and pieces of what happened July 65-Spring 66. God Bless You All.

---

CURT CARTER  
ccarter02@earthlink.net

I am trying to locate anyone who may have served with my father, Sergeant Ardon William Carter, died February 4, 1966 in Vietnam.

He may have been a Jump Instructor while with the 101ST, at least that's what some of his remaining family believe.

Any information you can provide will be appreciated; his unit, company, battalion, and so forth, will help me in getting a copy of his military records.

And, if you knew or served with him, I would very much appreciate being able to contact you regarding some questions I have. Be assured that I will call only once, and will not continue to call as I have heard some veterans say what happened to them when they contacted family members.

Thank you for any help you can provide.

Curt Carter  
phone (336) 513-0177

P.S. (If you reply to this GuestBook, please also include a copy to my email address [ccarter02@earthlink.net]. I am totally blind and going to any GuestBook can sometimes be frustrating with the software I am using to read the screen. Many thanks.)

---

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

Just wishing my "Always First" pals a restful, peaceful Memorial Day! Remember and pray for all our deceased

brethren! A\*I\*R\*B\*O\*R\*N\*E !!!

Sincerely, Paul Grimes (HHC 2/502nd 66-67)

---

## E-MAIL MESSAGES

+ SFC(R) KEN PACE, 2/327 HHC 3/67-3/68  
4312 Meadowview Ct., Colorado Springs, CO 80918-4314  
W (719) 447-4742 H (719) 599-3128  
Kenepace@aol.com  
Subject: Death of a 1st Bde Separate Trooper From The 101st Airborne  
Date: Tue, 29 Jun 2004 23:00:59 EDT

Dear Ivan:

I am writing to let everyone know about the death of Terry Stanoscheck (see July 2004 issue, page 34) a trooper who was with the 502 from March 67-March 68. He and I were in Airborne AIT at Ft. Gordon, GA, at C-8-3 and Jump School together. Terry was a wonderful person and very down to earth. The incident I will never forget was during tower week and having to be dropped from the 250 foot tower. Terry was standing there minding his own business when a Black Hat looked over and said "You there, You are first, report over to get ready to be dropped." I'll always remember the look on Terry's face as to say Oh S..., Why Me? I went back to Ft. Benning this past 19th of June, parked across from the tower and walked the grounds. I was with my wife and told her about the training that took place and what happened to Terry there. I had lost contact with him until getting the 1st BDE Separate Magazine. Someone gave his e-mail address and I wrote him and reminded him of how I could always remember how he was picked to be dropped first.

Terry took a while to answer back. He told me his wife of several years had past and this was the reason it took so long for his reply. He shared that he had told the same story but people would not believe him and now he had written proof. I would call him from time to time and we would talk about our days in Airborne AIT at Ft. Gordon, GA, at C-8-3 and jump school. I called tonight to tell him I had been back to Ft. Benning and was going to talk and laugh about the good old days. The number had been changed and I called the one given for the change. A male voice answered and I asked if it was Terry. The party on the other end shared that he went into a hospital in Feb 04 to have something looked at and died, stated he bled to death. We have lost a fine trooper and a friend. I am grateful to have known him and deeply saddened by his death.

I hope you will share this in the next issue.

---

Subject: The Fifth Triennial Symposium  
+ LTC(R) LOUIS M. MCDONALD, 2/327 B 5/66-10/66  
3950 E Midas Ave., Rocklin, CA 95677-2420  
(916) 624-1916 • [loulista@sbcglobal.net](mailto:loulista@sbcglobal.net)

All:

The Texas Tech Vietnam Center is conducting a symposium

and is looking for written works. Please read the below and send info you deem necessary concerning our Brigade Operations. It would be nice for them to have info of the 101st Airborne Division during 1966-67.

Lou McDonald  
The Fifth Triennial Symposium  
March 17-19, 2005  
Holiday Inn Park Plaza, Lubbock, TX

#### Call for Papers

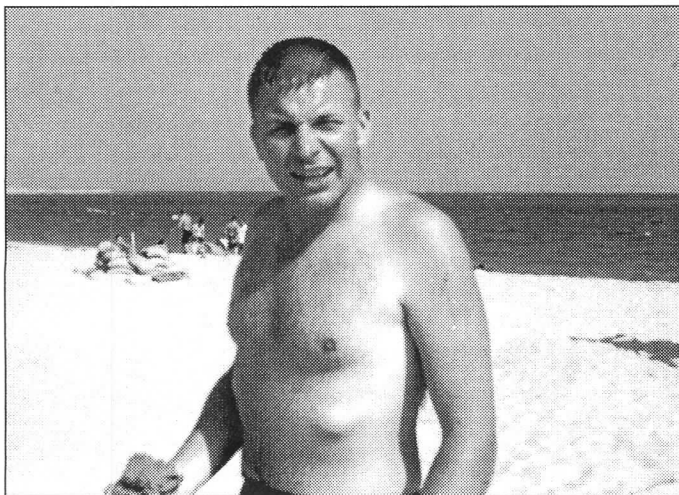
The 5th Triennial Vietnam Symposium is scheduled for 17-19 March 2005, and will be held at the Holiday Inn Park Plaza, the hotel where the 1st through 3rd Triennial Symposia were held. The Center has already begun preliminary planning and has issued a number of invitations for key speakers for the program.

There are three key Vietnam-related anniversaries in 2005: The 40th anniversary of the first major commitment of US ground forces to Vietnam; the 30th anniversary of the end of the war; and the 10th anniversary of the normalization of relations between the United States and Vietnam. Our symposia traditionally are open for papers examining any aspects of the American involvement in Vietnam and we encourage anyone interested in presenting a paper to submit a one-page proposal to the Vietnam Center. These anniversaries, however, suggest topics that participants might wish to explore. As always, graduate students are encouraged to submit proposals.

Submission Deadline: 15 January 2005. Submissions should be formatted to resemble an abstract, with title, thesis/purpose, and main points, in a maximum of 300 to 500 words. Include your full name, title/affiliation, and contact information. These may be submitted electronically by e-mail to [vietnam.center@ttu.edu](mailto:vietnam.center@ttu.edu), by fax to (806) 742-8664, or by mail to: James R. Reckner, Ph.D., Director The Vietnam Center, Texas Tech University, Lubbock, TX 79409-1045.

-----Original Message----- YJ

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



From: Murphy Neil [mailto:MurphyN@Urbahn.com]  
Subject: Horwath.jpg

YJ: This is a photo I took around May of 67 of Bill (Horwath) the Lieutenant who was the Platoon Leader, 1st Platoon, B Co., 1/327, 101 ABN.

*Editor's Note: Last name in parentheses is my addition taken from the "Subject."*

---

+ RICHARD "RICK" ANDERSON, HHC ADMIN 7/65-12/65  
9436 NE 138th St., Kirkland, WA 98034-1822  
W (425) 828-4600 H (425) 821-1872  
[rick@lakeshore-mortgage.com](mailto:rick@lakeshore-mortgage.com)

Major Worrell,

Thank you for sending the January issue after receiving my late payment. It is the most important issue you have sent me because the inside cover contains a photo of a friend of mine, Frank Faulkner, together with a 1Lt Arthur Barnett and you. Frank was one of the 101st's two division artists at Ft. Campbell and he was very good at his craft. I suspect he drew the caricature of the dandy displayed behind you in the photo. I have looked for his name in "The First Screaming Eagles in Viet Nam" renewal list and have yet to see it, but due to that photo, I looked a little harder and found a credit to him (and Steve Van Meter, another guy I've wondered what happened to) in the promo on your web site for "VietNam Odyssey." They contributed photos which means they got out of there alive. (If you still have a copy of the Odyssey, let me know and I will send you a check.) When I think of Frank, I always regret not sending his folks a thank you card for bringing me into their lovely home in Springfield, MA, for a wonderful Christmas leave in 1964. And I regret not staying in touch with all of them. This dumb farm boy from Washington State didn't know what a thank you card was. If you could reply with Frank's email address or snail mail address, I would be grateful. I was the brigade's postal "clerk" at AG Postal and probably handed you your mail if you ever came into the Post Office at Cam Rahn Bay or Phan Rang in 1965. Frank worked in AG next door and my impression was that he, Major Wilfred Goss and 1st Sgt Poole did about 99% of the work over there and we had them to thank for getting all of us paid, kept track of, and otherwise adjutanted. My best memory of Nam was when Frank and I spent a week of R&R in Saigon. It was a great week; he attracted good-looking women like a rock star. I hope you got to know him as well as I did.

I appreciate the great work you are doing.

Thanks again,  
Rick Anderson  
AG Postal  
APO 96347  
HHC Admin 7/65-12/65

*Editor's Note: I sent Rick the address I have for Frank Faulkner (21502 C & HHC 6/65-4/66, 192 Springfield St., Springfield, MA 01107-1230, W(413) 733-3976, H(413) 732-8119). Steve Van Meter is not in my data base.*

---

-----Original Message----- YJ  
ADAM T. DUNAWAY, 1/327 HHQ 61-66  
1040 Irwin St., Belmont, CA 94002  
W (650) 723-1507 H (650) 532-1978  
adunaway@stanford.edu  
Sent: Wednesday, July 14, 2004 9:59 AM  
To: yankee Jim  
Subject: Ranger School Photos

Don't know if you are aware of this site, you have been for all the other ones I send in. But here are some class photos of Ranger schools from the past. I'm shown in class 9 in 1964, back row fourth from the right. Other Rangers may find themselves all except Hannibal, his mug broke the camera. hehehe

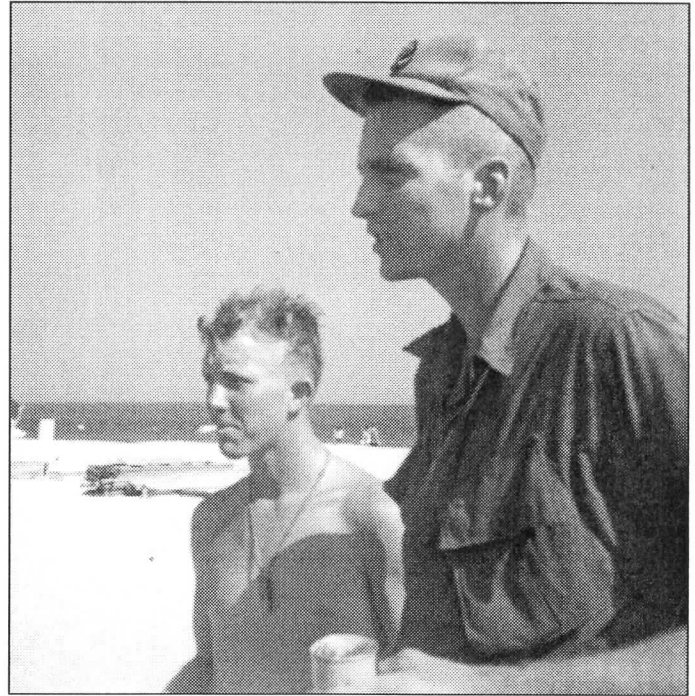
<http://www.benning.army.mil/rtb/RANGER/photo/photo.htm>  
Adam, 1 & 2/327th 61 - 67



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-----Original Message----- YJ  
From: Murphy Neil [mailto:MurphyN@Urbahn.com]  
Sent: Monday, June 14, 2004 10:09 AM  
To: YANKEEJ@CYOU.COM  
Cc: JOHN.BOEDEKER@USPTO.GOV

YJ: This is a photo I took around May of 67 of Kim Bowlin, on the left and John Boeddeker both of whom were in the 1st Platoon, B Co., 1/327, 101 ABN, RVN.



---

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

I just received the July issue of the "First Screaming Eagles in Vietnam." I found an error on page 23 that I would like for you to correct, if you would please. It is a copy of an email that I sent to Michael Willey, PIO 9/66-10/67. At the beginning of that section you show me as being a retired MSG. Such is not the case. I was only in the army for 3 1/2 years and was discharged with the rank of SSG. If you could take care of this for me, I would appreciate it.

ATR/NS  
Dewey Smith, B 1/327 7/66-7/67

*Editor's Note: Done*

---

+ ALTON E. MABB, JR., 2/502 Recon 70-71  
P.O. Box 15141, Jacksonville, FL 32239  
(904) 744-8429  
DeuceRecon@aol.com

1st Annual 2/502 Recon Reunion

The first reunion of the Reconnaissance Platoon of the 2/502nd Infantry was held April 23-24, 2004 at the Holiday Inn, Melbourne Beach, Florida, in conjunction with the 17th Florida Vietnam and All Veterans Reunion.

Approximately 40 members, who served with the platoon from 1965 – 1971 and their wives attended.

Point men for the affair were James P. Brinker [2/502 E 12/69-11/70] and Jim Gould [2/502 HHC Recon 4/66-3/67].

A very intimate dinner was held Saturday April 24, at 6:30 p.m. in the penthouse of the hotel with a 180-degree panorama view of the Atlantic Ocean. Following invocation a very sumptuous buffet was served. Guest speaker was General James Thomas Hill, Commanding General of the Southern Command. General Hill served as a platoon leader with 2/502nd Recon in 1970 as well as A Company's Commanding Officer. His speech centered on why soldiers do what they do. The floor was then opened up for individual members to recount their thoughts or experiences while serving with the platoon.

Two former platoon members Clarence Cogdell and Terry Stanosheck who had planned to attend were remembered by their peers. Both recently passed on.

After dinner was concluded, a group picture was taken and many stayed in the penthouse to reminisce and watch dusk settle on the calm Atlantic. It was a long way from Vietnam.

Plans are underway for a similar reunion involving the entire Strike Force Battalion to be held next year same time, same place. Details to follow at a later date.

Tony Mabb  
2/502 Recon 70-71

I don't know all the names in the pictures but here is what I do know based on what Jim Brinker gave me. The sign in book is off somewhere.

Left to right first row: General Tom Hill, unknown, unknown, fourth little guy in is Charles Kinsey, unknown, Buffalo Bob



Cory in Indian garb, unknown, John Briggs (he's holding a photo of his grandchild), Dave Hageman, directly behind him in beret is Mike O'Neill, next to him going back right to left is Tom Bailey, then Jim Gould, don't know the names of the others for sure. Back Row from right to left: Guy with beret Roy Hill, then Jim Brinker, guy with white hair is Bruce Falconer, next unknown, next Tony Mabb, bald headed guy next to me is Dan O'Dougherty and the short Mexican guy next to him is Hector Martinez, not sure of the next couple.

*Editor's Note: Thanks Tony for the try to identify those in the photo! Hope those who were not identified will let me know they are part of the picture.*

---

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

+ DALE HANSEN, 2/327 D 8/68-8/69  
133 Colonial Dr., Mabank, TX 75156-7261  
W (817) 831-7880 H (903) 451-5084  
hannibal@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com  
To: Jim Simchera  
Subject: NS Battles

YJ,

Would you mind putting the word out that we need the poop on any significant battles fought by the NS Battalion? I want to get them all posted.

Thanks bro.  
Hannibal  
<http://screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com/>

From: "Yankee Jim" <YankeeJim@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com>  
Subject: No Slack Web Master needs your help

No Slack Brothers,

Our (327th) web master Dale "Hannibal" Hansen is trying to collect your eye witness stories of the battalion history. Please contact him [hannibal@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com] with your accounts of any significant battles No Slack was involved in. Let's preserve the history you wrote before it is lost.

No Slack!  
Yankee Jim

---

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

From: JASON WAYNE <thegunshow6@yahoo.com>  
At: 7/29 17:30

Sir,

I just wanted to take a second to thank you for the drinks and the conversation in Times Square the other day. My NCO's and I appreciated your thoughts and support. Its especially nice to talk with an old 502nd vet. Everyone in the regiment knows it's the deeds those who have already had their "rendezvous with destiny" that pave the way for the Strike soldiers of the future. I'm sure my soldiers and I will be back down in the city again before we leave if you ever want to get together for a few drinks. Thanks again.

Sincerely,  
Jason R. Wayne  
1LT, IN  
B CO 3-502D INF REGT

---



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

Ivan, I was working my way home this past Tuesday night thru Times Square and saw three guys in fatigues. When I got closer I saw the 101st patch. I walked up and shook their hands (1st Lt., Sgt E-7, Sgt E-6) and handed them some \$\$ for a drink and they asked me to join them. NOW you probably have access to today's soldiers frequently but I don't. I JUST HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW IMPRESSED AND PROUD THESE THREE Screaming Eagles made me feel. They're smart, articulate, and could be making a decent living "on the street." The fact they make these personal sacrifices in the defense of our freedom is truly spectacular and deserves ALL our respect and appreciation! These guys are leading a 30 man platoon at WP training the cadets. Maybe you can post this on our site as I want all the "old troopers" to feel the pride and respect I do for those guys who continue to replace us in one of the finest Army divisions in our country's history! All the best, Ivan, and A\*I\*R\*B\*O\*R\*N\*E !

Sincerely, Paul Grimes

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### FROM U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

+ RICHARD DAVIS, 2/502 B 9/66-9/67, P.O. Box 87, Foster, WV 25081-0087; (304) 369-1472 when renewing his subscription wrote: Very sorry you had to send a reminder for subscription fees.

Your web site and publication are simply the best. Finding long-ago friends, reading where we were and what we did is priceless.

Thank you for your efforts.

---

+ CWO4(R) CHARLES A. MCDONALD, 1/327 C 3/66-11/66, 5 Bayard Rd., Amberson Towers #518, Pittsburgh, PA 15213-1905; (412) 683-0952 wrote: Thank you for the reminder concerning my subscription. I must have gotten one earlier but it just slipped my mind.

I'm trying to cut down the size of my manuscript "In This Valley There Are Tigers." Am finishing//working on a novel at the same time, "The Redemptioner" or "The War Trail" about the adventures of a German immigrant during the 1754 period. Keep up the good work.

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+ LTC(R) WILLIAM KARL BERGMAN, 2/17 CAV A&B 6/67-5/68, NSA PSC 79 Box 264, APO, AE 09714, Work 011-322-708-8870, Home 011-322-762-9581 sent the following: On the evening of 5 March, one of the last living veterans of the 101st Airborne Division, Leo Leblanc, will celebrate his 85th.

Belgian friends have organized a party in his honor, and as I heard about it, I wondered if you or your network might not be interested. Old soldiers are less of a news item than new wars, so I realize

these things depend on scheduling and resources.

Meantime, you may know that the very few 101st veterans in-country will all be there: at least two from the Vietnam ear, including myself and one still in the service (at NATO), from the first Gulf war.

A little background: Soldier Leo Leblanc is a 101st Airborne Division veteran, who fought in the great counteroffensive that later became famous.

To him, it was a desperate fight of light infantry, ill equipped for winter, surrounded by German armored forces, with air support hindered by low clouds.

When the last of the Leblanc family in the US died, he decided to come to Belgium for what remained of his life and to be near the site where he lost so many of his friends.

Typically hospitable, Belgians helped him with the bureaucratic formalities.

Realizing that this may be his last big party, one of those Belgians began to organize a birthday party; it's turning into a big deal and the 101st veterans in the US are also making an effort to be represented.



Bastogne, Belgium 5 Mar 2004 – 85th birthday celebration organized by people of Bastogne for Leo Leblanc. Leo a veteran of the 326th ENGRs blew bridges, helping to stop the German advance. Flanked by Col (Ret) Chuck Westpheling (left) and LTC (Ret) Bill Bergman (right) Vietnam Vets.

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+ JAMES T. COX, 1/327 B 5/67-5/68, 278 N. 675 W., Hyrum, UT 84319-1037, (435) 245-6536 wrote: In the July 2004 issue (volume 6 number 3) of the First Brigade magazine on page 22 is a statement sent in by CSM (R) Joseph M. Bossi about me being in Tiger Force during the period of alleged atrocities reported by the "Toledo Blade."

This statement is untrue and needs to be retracted.

In a conversation with Bossi, I made the comment that I was with B 1/327 during that time and find it hard to believe such atrocities could have taken place without the knowledge of staff officers or even the men on the operations during that period. How my comment got so misconstrued is beyond me. Like a lot

of people who served with the First Brigade during this period of time, I was extremely upset to read the trash journalism as reported by the "Blade." In my conversation with Bossi I said I would stick up for the men of Tiger Force anytime. I'm still appalled by what was reported by the "Blade" and will stand my ground with all the brave and dedicated men of the First Brigade.

In the future if my name appears in any statement, please make sure it is sent in by me or has my approval.

Sincerely,  
Jim Cox (B 1/327)

P.S. Will be looking forward to seeing you in September at the reunion.

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+ ROBERT DICKSON, 2/320 FA B Btry 7/65-8/66, Box 203, New Hartford, IA 50660, (319) 983-2777; sent the following letter.

I have just returned from our Memorial Day Services at the cemetery in our little town of New Hartford, Iowa (population about 650). They certainly do it right in our little town. The American Legion color guard starts out in the center of town and pauses for a brief ceremony with a rifle salute and dropping of a wreath from the bridge into Beaver Creek. They then march the rest of the mile to the cemetery. Many towns' people join them. Most of the color guard is Second World War guys and every year you can see that walk gets more difficult for them. One even has Parkinson's disease, but they want to do it.

At the cemetery the high school band plays the National Anthem. Mrs. Smith then reads off the name of every deceased veteran who is buried here since the Second World War (each year the list gets larger). A minister then says a few words honoring God and country. The honor guard then fires a 21-gun salute, which is followed by taps. It doesn't take long maybe a half an hour. The post commander thanks everyone for coming and all return to their daily lives.

As I stood there today, I thought back to June of 1965. I was stationed with the 321st at Fort Campbell. We were told to fall out one day and an announcement was made that they were looking for volunteers to form a new outfit to go somewhere but they wouldn't say where. Of course being 20 years old and with a nothing can happen to me attitude, I raised my hand along with Harold Buckner and several others. We all had a good idea it was Viet Nam. "B" Battery was formed with the 320th. To the best of my recollection this was an all volunteer outfit. Do you know whether the original brigade that went over was all volunteer? I know that after we arrived in Viet Nam, as men rotated home, replacements were assigned from stateside along with volunteers. I may be wrong but I am almost positive that the men that went to Viet Nam in July of 1965 in "B" Battery 320th Artillery were all volunteers. Any information on this subject would be appreciated.

*Editor's Note: Bob, I believe the 1st Brigade in 1965 was an all volunteer unit because everyone in the brigade was airborne qualified. They volunteered for airborne training and thus volunteered to serve in an airborne unit.*



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

### My worst mission

In the month of May 1967 I was frightened by the most enemy contact of my whole year in Vietnam. I think we were in a place called Chu Lai, which was very close to the North Vietnamese border. The mission even started in a discouraging way. As we awaited the helicopters to transport us to the field the Company Commander gave us a brief on what was going to happen. He told us the North Vietnamese Army had challenged us. The enemy was firmly dug into the mountains around a village in a valley. We were told the enemy forces were impenetrable and the village in the valley was sympathetic to the North Vietnamese cause. The 101st Airborne Division was not used to being challenged. Generally the enemy found another place to be when they heard we were around. The Company Commander proceeded to tell us that all 3 battalions of the 101st were going to split into Company size elements and be spaced in a ring around the mountains and would work through the mountains to the center. Once the enemy was pushed into the middle they would be in open rice paddies, and we could defeat them easily.

By that time I was the weapons squad leader. My newest machinegunner was a tough young fellow who was good with the gun. He was strong enough to carry it with some to spare. The only drawback was that he was left-handed. It was necessary to shoot the machinegun as if you were right-handed. The hot brass casings flew out of the right side of the receiver and would burn you if you didn't shoot the gun from the right side of your body. My new gunner didn't care and shot it from his left side anyway.

The beginning of the mission was different in another way. We had news photographers go right out in the field with us. They rode on the helicopters and walked with us for a few days. At the first sign of enemy fire almost all of them were extracted. The only one staying behind was an American with red hair. He wore green fatigues, carried a .35mm Nikon camera, and a civilian style handgun for personal protection. I couldn't understand why he stayed, because it really was too dangerous. As I pondered the situation I suspected he was paid a lot of money to be there. We only got a few hundred dollars a month, but this was our job.

*Continued on Page 35*

# Brigade Completes Malheur II

**(Editor's Note: The Screaming Eagles initiated Operation Hood River in Viet Cong strongholds near Chu Lai Aug. 2. The paratroopers joined other Free World Military Forces in the offensive after a stand down following Malheur II.)**

DUC PHO—Operation Malheur II, the second largest offensive conducted by the 1st Brigade,

101st Airborne Div., terminated Aug. 1 with the Screaming Eagles accounting for 463 enemy kills.

The total for Malheur II was the highest since Operation Hawthorne, conducted near Dak To in June, 1966. There 521 enemy were killed and 22 captured.

Malheur II also included 137

weapons captured and 154 tons of rice and 101 tons of salt denied to the enemy. Officials also interrogated 614 detainees.

The drive in Quang Nghia province was marked by the largest civil affairs project in the area's history. In less than a week, paratroopers evacuated more than 5,000 civilians from the VC-influenced Song Ve Val-

ley. Nearly 1,200 head of livestock also were herded up the valley to the government refugee center at Nghia Hanh.

The brigade's second anniversary in Vietnam also was celebrated during Malheur II. During its second year of combat, the body count jumped from 1,814 to 4,117, an increase of 56 per cent.

Weapons captured rose 61 per cent, from 605 to 1,537 while the number of detainees increased from 429 in the first year to 4,624 in the second.

The Screaming Eagles now have accounted for 868 enemy kills since joining Task Force Oregon in I Corps three months ago. Malheur I accounted for 399 enemy killed by body count.

# The Screaming Eagle



Vol. 1, No. 1

1st Bde, 101st Abn Div

August 16, 1967

## Red Legs Celebrate On Enemy

DUC PHO, (2/320-10) — What began as a ceremony to fire its 250,000th round turned out to be a fire mission for the 2nd Bn., 320th Arty. recently.

On a mountain top overlooking the Song Ve river valley, B Btry. was poised for the ceremony. Lt. Col. Andrew Bolcar, Knoxville, Tenn., stood near the 105 howitzer, lanyard in hand. Nearby the color guard stood at attention, flags blowing in the breeze. The ceremony was about to begin.

Then a message came up from the fire direction center. B Co. of the 2nd Bn., 327th Inf. had made contact with the enemy and needed artillery support. Commands were given and adjustments made on the gun sightings. Colonel Bolcar pulled the lanyard and the 250,000th round was on its way to enemy positions.

"There couldn't have been a better way to fire a milestone round than at the enemy," said Bolcar.

## Viet Police Bolster MP's

DUC PHO—A platoon of Vietnamese National Police was attached to the 101st Airborne's Military Police Platoon here recently to assist in operations concerning civilians.

The Vietnamese, under the command of Lt. Le Duc Doais, Quang Nghia, are trained combat policemen. The 40-man platoon is divided into six teams and a headquarters section to be deployed with the brigade's fighting units. They will assist with actions involving civilian law violators and identification of Vietnamese within the area of operations.

"We're looking forward to working with the 101st Airborne," said Lt. Doais, pointing to the Screaming Eagle patch on his left shoulder.



## Paratroopers Alternate Fire

A squad of paratroopers lays down a base of fire from a trench line during Operation Malheur II. The Screaming Eagles alternate firing and loading as other elements of the 1st Bn (Abn), 327th Inf. maneuver on a Viet Cong village. (Photo by SP4 Dennis Stout)

## Matheson Receives 2 Medals

DUC PHO—Brig. Gen. S. H. Matheson, brigade commander, was decorated with the Silver Star and Distinguished Flying Cross for gallantry and exceptionally valorous actions during Operations Malheur I and II in recent ceremonies here.

Maj. Gen. Richard T. Knowles, Task Force Oregon commander, made the presentation.

The Silver Star cited Gen. Matheson for his response and assistance to a LRRP team which was attacked by an estimated Viet Cong platoon May 15.

Hearing the team radio gunships for assistance, the brigade commander ordered his helicopter to the site. He then directed suppressive fire on the enemy locations. Realizing medivac helicopters would be delayed, Gen. Matheson directed his helicopter to land next to the LRRP team, where, under enemy fire, he placed the most seriously wounded man into the helicopter. He insured the safety of other team members, directed the insertion of the brigade reaction force and then escorted the wounded man to the aid station for surgery.

The DFC was awarded for his personal direction of the extraction of another LRRP team under enemy fire on June 11. Once the team was extracted, the commander directed his helicopter to circle the enemy position, maintaining contact, and permitting him to call in armed helicopters and air strikes on the enemy position.

The citation read "... his absolute fearlessness and complete disregard for his personal safety insured that available fire was accurately delivered, causing the enemy heavy casualties."



### Father Comforts Son

Nguyen Vien Tinh comforts his emaciated 17-year-old son Nguyen Nhi, a Popular Forces trooper who was captured by the Viet Cong last March. Paratroopers liberated the youth during Malheur II.

## 2/327 Liberates 2 Prisoners

By Lt. Barry Hana  
DUC PHO—"God, they were a mess," said one paratrooper. "They looked like something out of those World War II prison camps."

The 101st Airborne trooper was shocked at the physical condition of two South Vietnamese soldiers liberated from a Viet Cong prison camp near here during Operation Malheur II.

The prisoners were emaciated, haggard and beaten. Eyes and cheeks were sunk into their gaunt faces and their voices weak and inaudible due to lack of strength. Both suffered from malnutrition and exhaustion.

"They were in pretty bad shape," said Lt. Corky Boswell, Chico, Calif. "The VC had beaten them, used them for laborers and fed them just enough to keep them alive. And that wasn't very much as you can see."

The two soldiers, Private Quang Nguyen Xuan, 22, from Binh Thuan province, and Popular Forces Trooper Nguyen Nhi, 17, from Xuan Binh Hamlet in Quang Nghia province, were found during a sweep by the 1st Platoon, B Co. of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf.

The paratroopers destroyed the prison-bunker complex, killing three Viet Cong and two NVA. They also captured four NVA and freed the two friendly Vietnamese.

Xuan was captured in September, 1966 when his outpost with the 2nd ARVN Div. was overrun. The 22-year-old soldier tried to hide when he saw the large VC force overpowering his position, but the concussion from a grenade blast knocked him unconscious and he was captured.

The VC beat him severely dur-

ing his imprisonment and forced him to dig many of the intensive tunnel systems the Screaming Eagles encountered throughout the area. He was a captive 10 months.

Nhi was a member of his hamlet Popular Forces platoon. Captured by the Viet Cong four months ago, he too, was beaten and subjected to propaganda classes during his imprisonment.

Capt. John Lawton, Bezebeth, Md., intelligence officer for the 2nd Bn., interrogated the friendly Vietnamese soldiers for information applicable to immediate actions against the VC in the area. The two former prisoners, exhausted and limited in their knowledge of enemy movements, were little help.

"We can't help you," said Xuan. "We just dug tunnels. They watched us carefully all the time and never talked in front of us."

The prison camp was run by the Viet Cong, but five days prior to the paratrooper attack six NVA came into the camp.

The NVA had been part of a 40-man food-gathering detail sent to bring rice from nearby valleys back to their unit's base camp, the four NVA prisoners told 101st interrogators. When the food-gatherers encountered a paratrooper company, they broke into small groups and fled.

The six NVA decided to stop at the nearby VC prison camp. A day later the paratroopers attacked.

Three Viet Cong were killed in the initial contact. Then paratroopers heard noises in a tunnel. A smoke grenade produced only coughing sounds so three grenades were dropped into the air openings. One NVA was killed and five others wounded.

The paratroopers had to dig the enemy soldiers out of the tunnel. One of the wounded died. The other four were interrogated and evacuated for medical treatment.

The two South Vietnamese soldiers were discovered huddled in another tunnel, weak and frightened. They were evacuated to the professional care of the 563rd Medical Company and Capt. Don W. Meinders, Pauls Valley, Okla., at the Screaming Eagle base camp.

## Roaming Costs Poor Dufeless

DUC PHO — The engineers took Dufe the other day. Dufe took it in stride. After all, he didn't see much difference between being a corporal or private first class anyway.

Dufeless—that's his real name—joined the 327th Engineers of the 101st Airborne on a road near Tuy Hoa back in '66. He was young, reckless, and rollicking.

"I don't remember him growing up," said a paratrooper who has been with the engineers since they arrived in country. "One day I looked around and he was big."

Dufe made corporal in Phan Thiet by being the first one in the bunker when mortar fire fell near the engineer position. Everyone figured Dufe had real leadership potential. Besides, he was friendly.

"He knows everyone in the company," said Spec. 5 William F. Fitch, Chicago, a medic with the engineers. "The men like having him around."

Maybe you'd say Dufe was hard core. Never takes a bath, has no qualms about going AWOL for a day or two. After all, he knows he's coming back, and that's all that really matters.

"It was his roaming around that cost him his stripe," said Lt. William A. Wise, Fort Payne, Ala.

Dufe is trying to stay straight now. He's part of the roving security patrol for the engineer area. He knows who belongs and who doesn't and whenever he sees a stranger, the hair on his neck bristles.

He's trying to win his stripe back. After all—a dog has some pride.

# Division Celebrates 25th Anniversary

By SSG Mike Mangiameli  
DUC PHO—The 101st Airborne Division celebrated its 25th anniversary yesterday as paratroopers of the 1st Brigade conducted search and destroy operations near here.

Activated Aug. 15, 1942 at Camp Clairborne, La., the Screaming Eagles were one of the first airborne divisions. Fol-

lowing training, the division moved to England in 1944.

The paratroopers entered combat in World War II on June 5, 1944 as part of the Normandy Invasion. Dropped behind German lines, the airborne infantrymen and "glidermen" who were organic to the division fought in small groups, harassing enemy units.

## Tunnel Rat Likes Job

By SP4 Matt Pesce  
DUC PHO (1/327th-IO) — Pfc Marco Vega, Queens, N.Y., has an unusual job with the 101st Airborne. He's a tunnel rat.

His job qualifications are excellent. He's five-foot-two, weighs 130 pounds and carries the courage of any 10 troopers of B Co. of the 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf.

Most tunnels are so small that even Vega has a hard time moving in them.

"An M-16 is too big to carry into these small tunnels," said Vega. "I think the ideal weapon is a .22 caliber pistol with a silencer, but mostly I just go in with a flashlight or matches."

If contact with the enemy is made, he hustles out and tosses in a grenade.

"Most tunnels take from 15 to 30 minutes to check properly," says Vega. "One day I was really busy. I had to check a complex of 50 before nightfall. "But I enjoy my work. It becomes a status symbol and also pays off in enemy souvenirs."

With three months of experience, Vega has learned a few lessons to pass on to others who might follow in his footsteps.

He's learned how to bypass and disarm booby traps inside tunnels and to choose which of the many passages are used often and which are booby trapped.

Some booby traps found in tunnels are landmines, trip grenades or "deadfalls," rocks falling from the roof when triggered by movement in the tunnel. Others include punji stick pits and booby-trapped objects such as weapons, rucksacks, clothing or equipment. Vega has learned to cope with them all.

"In one tunnel I removed 50 sachels of nitric starch, Charlie's favorite explosive. I also found more than 100 yards of black silk for uniforms, a box of camouflage hats and enough ponchos for 100 men."

"One day I hope to find a big weapons cache," he said. "I know there's one out there somewhere—and I want to find it."

## Swimming Enemy Shelled By 502nd Mortar Platoon

DUC PHO — Sixteen unwary Viet Cong were caught with their pajamas down near here recently when an alert paratrooper spotted them swimming in a pond and called in mortar fire on their location.

Staff Sgt. Jeffe Yearata, Columbus, Ga., section chief of the 4.2-inch mortar platoon, 2nd Bn (Abn), 502nd Inf., was working with his forward observers when he sighted the VC.

"I was scanning the area with a 25-power scope," said Yearata. "Down the mountain about 500 yards 'Charlie' was swimming. The weapons and rucksacks on the shore confirmed they were

After the Normandy Invasion, the troopers pulled back to England where they prepared for the largest airborne invasion of all time—Operation Market.

On Sept. 17, 101st paratroopers, jumped into Holland. More than 5,000 casualties were taken by the Eagles, but they performed their mission—a vital linkup with the armor, driving the Nazis from Holland.

The most famous battle for the 101st was at Bastogne. The 82nd Airborne Division moved up through Werbomet to act as a blocking force while the 101st was to hold Bastogne, one of the key road junctions of Belgium.

The move by truck was completed on Dec. 18 and almost immediately two German Panzer Divisions surrounded Bastogne. Running low on ammunition and food because fog prevented resupply by air, the troopers held out, often repelling the Nazis with grenades and bayonets.

The German commander sent a representative into the division command post with an ultimatum—"Surrender or be destroyed."

"Nuts!" was the reply of the acting division commander, Brigadier General Anthony C. MacAuliff.

The paratroopers held out. When a correspondent asked a private in the 101st what the situation was, the trooper reportedly answered: "They have us surrounded, the poor Bastards."

Bastogne was held. Within a few days the weather cleared and C-47 aircraft dropped tons of ammunition and supplies, enabling the paratroopers to break the German offensive.

Deactivated in Europe after the war, the paratroopers returned home. For its heroic fighting at Bastogne, the 101st became the first division-sized unit to receive the Distinguished Unit Citation.

In 1956 the 101st was reactivated. The division trained at Ft. Campbell, Ky. for various contingencies and earned a reputation in peacetime to match its combat record.

On July, 29, 1965 the 1st Brigade landed at Cam Ranh Bay, South Vietnam. In two years of fighting, the Screaming Eagles have accounted for more than 4,000 enemy killed.

Yearata radioed his platoon and requested a fire mission. "The initial barrage killed three of them, wounded several more," said Yearata. "The others left everything and fled."

Three hours later four VC slinked back to the pond in an attempt to recover the dead and their equipment. Yearata, still observing the area, once again put his platoon to work.

"When the mortar rounds started pounding the area, the VC were so surprised and flustered they were running every whichway," said Yearata.

When the fire mission ended seven enemy lay dead.

The Screaming Eagle



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

**Brother Here Too**

# Sgt. Yost Awarded Direct Commission

PHAN RANG—"Lt. Burrwood Yost. It sounds rather strange," he smiled. "It will take some getting used to."

Sgt. Burrwood Yost, Cambridge, Md., a Ranger-qualified paratrooper and recent winner of the Distinguished Service Cross, recently received his direct commission as an Infantry officer in the U.S. Army.

Brig. Gen. S. H. Matheson, commander of the 1st Brigade, 101st Abn. Div., pinned on the new gold bars. Only two months before Gen. William C. Westmoreland had pinned the DSC on then-Sergeant Yost's uniform.

## News of Baby Radioed to Pop

DUC PHO—Lt. Stephen L. Naughton, Pittsburgh, a platoon leader with A Co., 1st Bn (Abn), 327th Inf., brought his men into a secure area along the banks of the Song Ve river.

For the first time that day the men had a chance to relax. No sooner had Naughton also stretched out in the shade when he received an important message.

"Sir, it's a baby boy!" shouted radio operator Spec. 4 Robert E. Taylor, Monon, Ind.

The stunned and happy paratrooper leaped to his feet and ran to the radio as his men congratulated him. He had expected the news any day, but had not been thinking of it when the message arrived.

His wife, Dorothy Jeanne, gave birth to a baby boy in Richmond, Va.

"Man, did he have a smile on his face," said Taylor.

Naughton passed out the few cigars he happened to have. "When we get back everyone gets a cigar," said the excited father. "It's our first boy and I feel great."

His son's name? Stephen Lewis Naughton Jr.

The nation's second highest award for valor was presented to Yost for action in Geronimo I near Tuy Hoa. On September 8 his platoon received intense hostile fire as the last helicopter landed during an assault. The 22-year old squad leader called for suppressive fire as he carried ammunition across more than 500 yards of open terrain to a friendly machine gun and, while receiving hostile fire, organized a fire team separated from its leader.

During the action he picked up enemy grenades three times and hurled them into the open where they exploded harmlessly.

He also charged a machine gun position 50 yards away and killed the Viet Cong gun crew. The young squad leader repeatedly organized covering fire and destroyed enemy emplacements with grenades.

Later, while in pursuit of the VC, he led his squad to within close range of the enemy. He shouted to draw their fire and, under cover of friendly machine gun fire, threw grenades into the enemy positions, forcing them to withdraw.

Yost also holds the Bronze Star Medal with "V" device for heroism in action.

Attending the promotion ceremony was Pfc. Bryan Yost, the new lieutenant's younger brother. He recently arrived in Vietnam and was assigned to E Co., Spt. Bn. after completing Proficiency Training.

Both brothers had served at Ft. Bragg, Ft. Campbell and now with the 1st Brigade in Vietnam.

"I harassed him into going airborne," said Burrwood.

Bryan was eager to begin his new assignment. Burrwood, in a six-month extension after his initial year tour of duty here, was to leave for the Infantry Officer's Basic Course at Ft. Benning, Ga.

The brothers spoke briefly after the ceremony. Then they parted and the younger Yost saluted the older. "See you later, Sir," he said.



Sgt. Dannie Bailey, Hardy, Ky., cleans a Vietnamese child's head during a MEDCAP visit to a village during Operation Malheur II. (Photo by SP4 Alva Tate)

# MEDCAP Team Thaws Icy Vietnamese Village

DUC PHO—A MEDCAP team of the 101st Airborne entered a small fishing village southwest of here recently, accepting the initial cool reception and leaving six hours later with the gratitude and friendship of the villagers.

"It usually works that way in areas where Americans haven't had contact with the people before," said Sgt. Dannie E. Bailey, Hardy, Ky. "At first the Vietnamese are wary of your presence, but when they see you're there to help they accept you."

The paratroopers of the 2nd Bn, (Abn), 327th Inf, were

the first Americans to offer assistance to the village. The civil affairs action is part of the overall mission of destroying enemy influence in I Corps as part of Task Force Oregon.

The 101st Military Police and the Vietnamese National Police escorting the MEDCAP team suspected enemy were in the area.

"The people didn't come out of their homes at first," said Sgt. William Page, San Antonio. "Sometimes that means Viet Cong might be hidden in nearby ambush positions."

This was not the case as interpreters with the American team soon had villagers seeking treatment. Mothers brought their babies and the elderly hobbled towards the doctor's jeep. Soon the line grew to more than 50 persons.

The majority of the people were treated for malaria and numerous skin infections. "Soap and water would eliminate most of these sores," said Capt. Richard Porter, a doctor from Yankton, S.D. "We have to teach the people the basics of personal hygiene before we can expect any permanent improvements."

Some of the people crowded around the MP's and National Police, displaying various afflictions as if anyone in uniform could give treatment.

"It sure made me feel useless not be able to help these people," said a paratrooper. "The doctors and medics handled the treatments, but I wish I had the training to help."

More than 170 patients were treated during the team's visit. Candy, cigarettes and soap also were distributed. The MEDCAP team left the village at twilight, replacing a cool reception with a warm glow of friendship.

# Veterans 'Organic' To Saber

DUC PHO—Three paratroopers of the 101st Airborne have the unusual distinction of serving two continuous years in the same unit under seven different commanders. Each has extended his tour of duty in Vietnam a minimum of two times.

Staff Sgt. James Howard, Detroit, Staff Sgt. Pablo Gonzales, San Antonio, and Spec. 4 Roger W. Drought, Janesville, Wis., have been with Troop A of the 2nd Sqdn. (Abn), 17th Cav. since the 101st arrived in Vietnam in July, 1965.

"We sailed over on the USNS General Leroy Eltge," said Drought. "The trip took 22 days and, as I recall, we ran out of fresh water."

The three men have been everywhere in Vietnam the 101st has been sent. They agree the stay at Tuy Hoa, one of 25 locations occupied by the Screaming Eagles, was the best.

"Tuy Hoa was great," said Drought. "There was a nice beach, a nice town and plenty of action in the field."

The constant moving doesn't bother them.

"It's just another's day's work," said Gonzales. "I've been doing it now for 20 years."

"You get used to it," added Drought. "You even begin to look forward to the moves."

Each paratrooper has seen seven troop commanders come and go. "They've all been good commanders and we have a great unit," said Gonzales. "But then we're prejudiced, having been in it for two years."

Why do men extend tours in Vietnam? The three paratroopers each had their reasons.

"Work here is better than the spit and polish of stateside duty," said Drought. "Here you can see more results of your work."

Howard believes soldiering in Vietnam to be more realistic. "When you go on alert here," he says, "it's the real thing."

Gonzales, close to retirement, thinks Vietnam is the place for a career soldier to be. "I just felt I should finish my Army career here," he said.

The three paratroopers have seen friends leave and return.

"Right now there are guys back in the brigade who have come back," said Drought. He plans to extend again and, perhaps, again.

"I encourage a man to stay if it can benefit his career," said Howard, whose tour is up in August, but is considering staying. "But then no one has ever really tried to talk me into going home," he smiled.

## Chaplain Connett Joins 1st Brigade

DUC PHO—The newest chaplain in the 1st Brigade, 101st Abn. Div. is a familiar face to many young paratroopers.

Chaplain (Capt.) Reynold B. Connett, Flora, Ill., was formerly the chaplain at Fort Benning's jump school.

The rugged Reverend Connett combines a career of serving God and serving his country. He has completed both Airborne and Ranger schools. "If you know what the men have gone through, it brings you closer to them."

The graduate of Wesley Theological Center in Washington, D.C. is following in his father's footsteps. Col. James A. Connett, his father, is the command chaplain of Alaska and is a former Army Chaplain of the Year.



A paratrooper of the 2nd Bn (Abn), 502nd Inf. drew fire from this hut, but the enemy fled when the position was assaulted. (Photo by Spec. 4 James Loch)

# VC Probe Expected When Night Comes

DUC PHO (1/327-IO) — Paratroopers of the 1st Bn (Abn), 327th Inf. settled down for the night. Two and three-man positions were prepared and the long wait for dawn began.

Spec. 4 Floyd J. Walksout, Rapid City, S.D., watched the jungle change with nightfall.

The lush green became terrifying black shadows. The steamy heat of day that made breathing difficult turned to a chilling dampness as the sun fled before the onslaught of a ravenous blanket of black.

Walksout, a Sioux Indian, sensed the perimeter would be probed. He and his M-60 machine gun were ready.

At 12:30 a.m. the probe came. A rifle grenade exploded 10 meters from Walksout's position. He opened up at movements with his M-60. Another rifle grenade hit, just as close.

In another position only seconds before, Sgt. William Doctor, Brooklyn, N.Y., had spotted a Viet Cong 50 yards to the front of his position. Quickly the enemy vanished. Doctor attached an infra-red scope to his machine gun and seared the area with a stream of bullets.

Spec. 4 Stanley O. Webb, Gatlinburg, Tenn., scattered four approaching Viet Cong in a rice paddy 200 meters away with M-79 grenade rounds. In another position, Pfc. Reno Johnson, Gloucester, Mass., reported incoming automatic weapons fire. He answered with bursts from his M-16 rifle. The enemy weapon went silent.

Artillery and aerial flares brought light into the darkness until 1:30 a.m. Staff Sgt. Roy Logue, Danville, Va., used the artificial illumination and an infra-red scope to snipe at movements in the field.

As the flares floated to the earth signaling the end of light, the probe also ended. The paratrooper of Indian blood relaxed in his foxhole, tired but less tense. The probe was over. He knew they'd find blood trails in the morning. They always did.

Soon it would be daylight. Another night probe was behind them.

## Awards

### ARCOM-V

Pfc William K. Cadmus Jr., B Co., 1/327; Pfc Irvin L. Caldwell, B Co., 2/327; Sgt. David C. Holt, B Co., 2/327; Lt. Allen B. Hodgson, B Co., 2/327; Spec. 4 James C. Martin, Jr., A Co., 2/502; S. Sgt. Antonio Sablon, C Co., 2/327; Spec. 4 Bruce E. Skelly, B Co., 2/327.

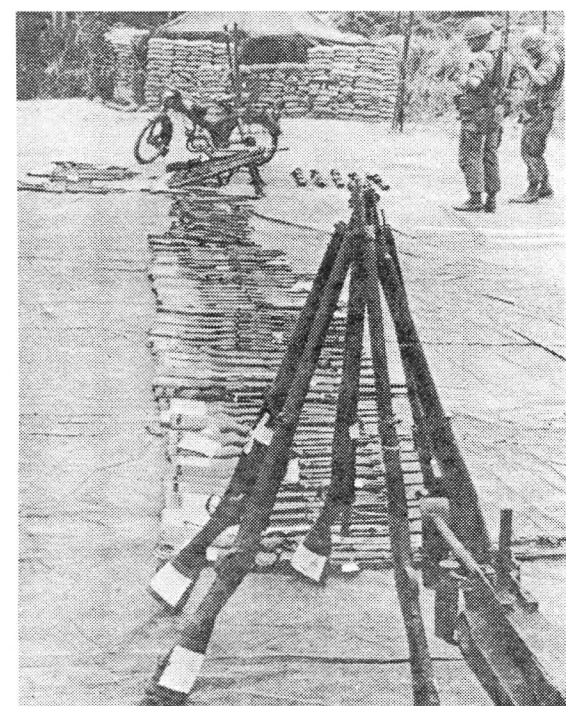
1st Sgt. Rowan Smith, B Co., 2/327; Capt. William P. Rován, A Co., 2/327; Lt. Charles G. Vaughn, A Co., 2/502; Lt. Kendall A. Wilson, C Co., 2/327.

### Bronze Star-V

Maj. Robert S. Booth, HHC, 2/327; Spec. 4 William A. Fitzpatrick, B Co., 2/327; Capt. James C. Joiner, HHC, 2/327; Lt. Wayne P. Kubasko, B Btry, 2/320; SFC James McGill, B Co., 2/327; Pfc Charles E. McIver, HHC, 2/327; Capt. Roman Rondiak, B Co., 2/327; Capt. William P. Rován, A Co., 2/327.

### Bronze Star

M. Sgt. George T. Chaney, HHC, 2/327; SFC Marvin D. Comer, HHC, 2/327; Maj. Franklin C. Kaskins, HHC, Bde; Capt. Fred J. Hillyard, C Co., 2/327; Capt. William O. Horgen, A Co., Spt Bn; Maj. Joseph V. Rafferty, HHC, 2/327; Capt. Roman Rondiak, HHC, 2/327; Capt. William P. Rován, A Co., 2/327.



**Enemy Weapons**

Various weapons captured during Operation Malheur II are displayed near the 101st command post. The motor bike belonged to a VC courier. (Photo by SP4 Thomas Cleland)

# Where Are The Girls?



Beach-weary paratroopers relax on "Screaming Eagle Beach" near Duc Pho after Operation Malheur II. The beach had everything but "dames." (Photo by SP5 William P. Singley)

## Screaming Eagle Briefings

### Bear Says Hello

Spec. 4 Robert Mirata, Ukiah, Calif. set himself in a prone position for a routine night of perimeter guard.

Sometime later, he felt something brushing against his leg.

"I thought it was the platoon sergeant, checking the perimeter," said Mirata.

The rifleman of C Co., 2nd Bn (Abn), 502nd Inf., turned and found himself staring into the face of a small, ominous-looking black bear.

"I jumped up and the bear took off running," said Mirata. "From the look on the bear's face, I think he was more scared than me."

### Draw Raincoats

The new Army Green Raincoat has been authorized for initial issue to enlisted personnel returning from Vietnam for assignments in the United States or other areas overseas.

Only personnel to be hospitalized and those having less than six months active service remaining will not receive the new raincoat.

Individuals may obtain their raincoat (shade 274) while processing through their port of debarkation while enroute to their next permanent duty station. If not available there, the raincoat can be issued at the next permanent station.

The raincoat is not an authorized item for personnel while serving in Vietnam.

### Stares at Death

Sgt. George Jurkowski, Milwaukee, shook his head as he told fellow paratroopers about his closest call during Operation Malheur II.

Jurkowski was with a 10-man patrol of Tiger Force, 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., returning from search and destroy operations in the Song Ve valley when he stepped on a mine.

Pfc Lon Hicks, Rochester, N.Y., walking behind Jurkowski, saw the mine — a "Bouncing Betty" type—spring out of the ground. "I threw myself down and screamed 'mine,'" said Hicks.

The mine bounced into the air — shoulder high — in front of Jurkowski. "I just stood and looked at it," he said, "I was so

stunned I couldn't move. My only thought was—I'm dead."

Every man tensed, waiting for the explosion. It never came.

As the patrol moved out, Sgt. Ervin Lee, Anniston, Ala., said, "Jurkowski, somebody definitely is looking out for you."

### Sgt. Stock Tops

Newly-promoted S.Sgt. Walter D. Stock, Philadelphia, has been the honor graduate of four U.S. Army schools and now is serving with the 1st Brigade.

The Ranger School, Recondo School in Vietnam, the Infantry School's Instructor Training Course and the 7th Division's NCO Academy are the military institutions in which he achieved his successes. In 1961, USARPAC selected him Soldier of the Year.

Stock is serving with the Hawk Platoon of the 2nd Bn (Abn), 327 Inf.

"He's the best team leader in the Army," said Plat. Sgt. Frank Lincoln, New York City.

Stock feels all the training has been a help in Vietnam.

"Three basic things keep you alive over here," he said. "Aim your rifle, be quiet and use camouflage."

### 'Moonlighting'

The versatility of "No Slack" troopers was demonstrated during Operation Malheur II when an ambush patrol composed of cooks, mechanics and other base camp personnel scored their first kill.

Finishing their "normal" duties, a 10-man team led by Staff Sgts. James P. Ballengee, Glen Ferris, W. Va., and Dannie E. Bailey, Hardy, Ky., entered a small wooded area where they planned to set up an ambush.

Suddenly, the patrol spotted three Viet Cong and opened fire. One VC was killed and his weapon captured.

The next day the patrol members went back to cooking, re-

pairing, and routine duties — until nightfall.

### CO Godboldt

Capt. Cordell Godboldt, Philadelphia, took command of C Co. of the 2nd Bn (Abn), 502nd Inf. on an LZ in the Song Ve Valley.

Former company commander, Capt. Stephen Silvasy, Northtown, Pa., presented the unit colors to Godboldt.

During the ceremony, Silvasy, the only officer in the brigade to command a company for more than 10 months, was honored.

Brigadier General S.H. Matheison and Colonel Harry A. Buckley presented the Strike Force officer with the Silver Star, Soldier's Medal and Air Medal. The Silver Star and Soldier's Medal were awarded for heroic action near Tuy Hoa and Song Mao.

Silvasy has been assigned to Ft. Benning, Ga.

### Eagle-Gram Birth

The 'Eagle-Gram' entered its third month of publication within the brigade forward area recently, providing troops with up-to-date news flashes from around the world.

Spec. 4 Dayle Edwards, Las Cruces, N.M., has expanded the distribution to more than 600 copies daily. All unit mess halls in the forward base camp receive the news sheet before breakfast each morning.

The 'Eagle-Gram' began as a pilot project with Hq. Co., Brigade. Response was so great that Edwards had to rise earlier each morning to make his rounds. Even the 176th Aviation Company clamored for the news sheet.

Edwards takes the success of the publication in stride, even though it expanded his work load in the Information Section.

"I think the guys enjoy it," he said. "They look forward to seeing the latest headlines each morning. It isn't the New York Times, but after all this is a war zone."

**PAYROLL SAVINGS MAKES DREAMS PAY OFF**

**GET WITH IT — STAY WITH IT!**



# 327th Infantry Regiment

## Distinguished Members Of the Regiment

### 327th DMOR CEREMONY

The 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division (AASLT) ceremony to install new Distinguished Members Of the 327th Infantry Regiment was June 18, 2004. The program began with a briefing on 1st Brigade actions in Iraq. Those to be inducted as DMOR were presented with gifts adorned with 327th crests as mementos of the occasion. Those attending had lunch with 1st Brigade soldiers in the dining facility and then moved to the center of the brigade area for the ceremony.

Colonel Frederick B. Hodges, Commanding Officer of the 1st Brigade presented eight veterans of the brigade (see photo) with DMOR crests (see crest on headline), certificates and a club shaped coin displaying 327 accomplishments.

After the DMOR ceremony six individuals from the Fort Campbell area were made Honorary Members of the Regiment.

Individual photos of the Distinguished Members Of the Regiment are displayed in the brigade dining facility.

### 2003/2004 Distinguished Members of the Regiment

LTG(R) Charles W. Dyke  
2/327 HHC 65-66

CSM(R) Charles W. Fitzpatrick

Marion Hammond  
2/327 A 70

CSM Marvin L. Hill

SFC(R) John L. Hughes  
1/327 TF 7/65-66

MAJ(R) Walter W. Jackson  
1/327 C 7/67-6/68

COL(R) Robert Jones  
CO 1st ABN BG 327 S9

GEN(R) George Joulwon



*Continued on next page*



Eight new Distinguished Members of the Regiment stand on the 1st Brigade area after the last crest and certificates have been awarded by Colonel Ben Hodges and Command Sergeant Major Bart E. Wamack. They are (Left to Right) CSM (Ret) Charles W. Fitzpatrick; Mr. Marion Hammond, 2/327 A 70; MAJ (Ret) Walter W. Jackson, 1/327 C 7/67-6/68; Mr. Richard A. Luttrell, 2/327 A 4/67-3/68; CSM (Ret) Clifford R. West; MAJ (Ret) Ivan Worrell, CO Cobra Co 1st Airborne Battle Group (ABN) 327th Infantry 1956 – 1957; Mr. Terry Laverne Wren, 2/327 A 4/67-2/68 and SFC (R) John L. Hughes, 1/327 TF 7/65-66.

Guy Lepretre

Richard A. Luttrell  
2/327 A 4/67-3/68

Lewis E. Percy  
1/327 C 4/65-7/66

CSM(R) Clifford R. West

MG(R) Jerry White  
1/327 A 7/66-7/67

MAJ(R) Ivan Worrell  
CO C Co. 1st ABN BG 56-57

Terry L. Wren  
2/327 A 4/67-2/68



MAJ(R) Walter W. Jackson, 1/327 C 7/67-6/68 poses in front of the display of photos of those selected as Distinguished Members of the 327th Infantry Regiment.



(L to R) Marion Hammond, 2/327 A 70 and Yankee Jim Simchera, 2/327 A 9/69-9/70 pose in front of the DMOR display board. Hammond is one of the webmasters for the 327 web site and Yankee Jim keeps 327 veterans on his list informed by forwarding messages from those who wish to communicate with 327 brothers.

## SWORD OF VALOR

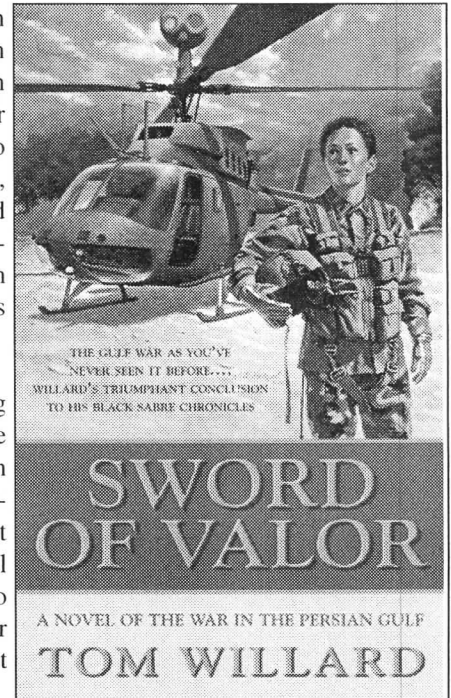
By Tom Willard [1/327 RECON Med 7-11/65]

Tom Willard is a complete master of words. In his newest book "Sword of Valor" he uses them with enormous effect to tell a story of the Persian Gulf War.

In his fifth book of The Black Sabre Chronicles, he writes of the newest member of the Sharps family going to war. Beginning with Sergeant Augustus Sharps, a Buffalo Soldier, each generation of the family has assumed their place in the ranks. The family cherishes the memory, and stories, of him whom they call the "Sergeant Major." Family tradition is that each member of the Sharps family went into battle carrying the Buffalo Soldier's saber.

Willard weaves the story of this generation of Sharps to go into battle with a background of each generation that served before her. Lieutenant Argonne Sharps, a West Pointer, is the only black female aviator in the 101st Airborne "Screaming Eagle" Division. The daughter of a man killed in Vietnam whose mother then remarried to her father's brother, also a Vietnam veteran, she was nurtured throughout her growing up period with stories of the family's exploits in battle.

Lt. Sharps flying a reconnaissance helicopter is thrown into a perilous mission when she is sent to rescue a Special Forces officer who has parachuted near enemy forces to meet with insurgents.



This is a book that manages to put together historic detail and remains very entertaining. It emphasizes what has been a neglected part of history, ignored for many years by historians. It is an outstanding chronicle of the contribution and service to the military of the United States by African-Americans of multiple generations.

This is a book that should be read by every Screaming Eagle. Reading it should also lead to a real desire to read the other four excellent Black Saber Chronicles.

The book is paperback, a Forge Book, published by Tom Doherty Associates, LLC, ISBN 0-812-57553-9 and sells for \$6.99 at your favorite book store.





# Cobra Lake Reunion 05 Changes

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

From: Carl S. Coulthard {1/327 B 6/66-6/67}  
carlandmarla@carolina.rr.com  
Sent: Tuesday, August 10, 2004 9:43 PM  
To: CobraTop327@aol.com

Due to the overwhelming turnout and cost involved with the 2004 Cobra Company Reunion there will be some major changes made for 2005.

To maintain the level of food and beverage quality, and also keep the feeling of "inside the wire," we must implement some fee and attendance rules. The dates will remain the same.

This coming reunion will be invitation only. The registration committee will be snail mailing formal invitations and registration forms. There will be a per person registration fee of \$25.00 per day or \$75.00 for the entire reunion.

No children under 12 will be invited unless specifically approved by the registration committee.

No sales of any items except those approved for the Web Site.

If you did not sign in at the last or any other reunion or if you would like to have an invitation for any new folks please send the following information to the registration committee: Name, Mailing Address, Unit, and dates assigned while in country.

Upon receipt of your invitation please fill it out and return it with the appropriate amount to: Carl Coulthard, 904 County Home Road, Hamlet, NC 28345; E-mail: [carlandmarla@carolina.rr.com].

We are also asking for volunteers to assist with pre-administration and daily operation of the reunion. Please contact by E-mail or snail mail the following Committee Chairs if you feel that you can help.

Operations and Logistics - Lew Percy, 28 Chase St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021-1102; E-mail: [FIVEGULF@adelphia.net]. Prepare, set-up, and maintain all required equipment and materials used by the guests. Breakdown and store all equipment on Sunday.

Security - Greg Whitlock, 2803 Brookline Avenue, New Smyrna Beach Fl 32168; E-mail: [gregwhitlock@hotmail.com]. Staff the gate, check in guests, and issue reunion ID. Maintain a peaceful environment.

Registration - Carl Coulthard, 904 County Home Road, Hamlet, NC 28345; E-mail: [carlandmarla@carolina.rr.com]. Set up and maintain the guest roster. Prepare and mail all reunion information to guests and Ft Campbell active duty personnel. Receive and process all guest registration forms. Provide guest roster and ID packets to Security.

We did not reach these decisions easily. Ken and Angie have been great hosts to all of us for many years. We must respect them and their property. They also need to enjoy every moment of the reunion with us and not be concerned with the operation that has grown too large for two folks to handle. Rest assured they, and all of us, are looking forward to another grand reunion in 2005.



Please direct all inquires to the Registration Committee.

Above The Rest  
Carl  
Registration Committee Chairman

*Pictures are from the Cobra Lake Reunion in Crossville this year and were furnished by Russ McDonald.*



*Left to right: Lt. (COL-R) John Dorland (1/327 A 65-66), Lt. Michael O'Bryan (not in database), Captain (LTC-R) Allen DeGraw (1/327 CO C 7/65-7/66), 1SG (CSM-R) Russ McDonald (1/327 C 1/64-7/68), Lt. Ken Beebe (1/327 C dates unknown) and Lt. Robert Morton (1/327 C 65). This was the first time this group had been together since 1965.*



*Memorial to C Company 327 dead at Cobra Lake.*



*Lots of C Company 327 veterans at Cobra Lake.*

HEADQUARTERS  
1ST BRIGADE 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION  
APO San Francisco 96347

GENERAL ORDERS  
NUMBER 508

13 February 1968

AWARD OF THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL FOR HEROISM

1. TC 320. The following AWARD is announced.

SMITH, WAYNE, RA15410281 SERGEANT FIRST CLASS  
E7 USA HHC, 2d Bn, 502d Inf

Awarded: Bronze Star Medal with "V" Device

Date action: 29 September 1967

Theater: Republic of Viet Nam

Reason: For heroism in connection with military operations against a hostile force: Sergeant Smith distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous actions on 29 September 1967 in the Republic of Viet Nam. Sergeant Smith learned that Company "C" was involved in a fierce fire fight and had called in for an emergency re-supply of ammunition. He immediately obtained the needed ammunition and loaded it aboard the waiting helicopter. Sergeant Smith immediately volunteered to go with the ammunition to insure that it was delivered. As the helicopter approached the beleaguered company location, it was taken under a heavy volume of enemy automatic weapons fire. With complete disregard for his safety, Sergeant Smith continually exposed himself to the vicious fire while kicking out the ammunition. Sergeant Smith realized the ammunition was not in a secure area, and thus as the helicopter was departing, jumped off to stay with the ammunition to insure that it did not fall into enemy hands. Although pinned down by the withering enemy fire, Sergeant Smith remained with the ammunition until he was able to get it properly distributed to the waiting troopers. Sergeant Smith's personal courage was instrumental in turning back the enemy attack. Sergeant Smith's devotion to duty and personal courage were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army.

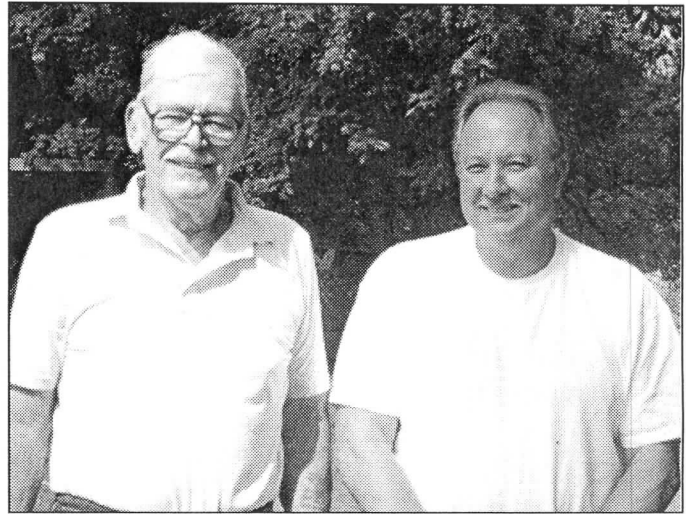
Authority: By direction of the President under the provisions of Executive Order 11046, 24 August 1962.

FOR THE COMMANDER:

OFFICIAL: DAVID L. BIDDLE  
S/JUSTIN T. BECK MAJ, AGC  
ILT, AGC Adjutant General  
Assistant AG

SPECIAL DISTRIBUTION:  
1 - HQ USARV ATTN: AVAGP-D  
1 - TAGO ATTN: AGPE-F  
1 - DIR EPD OPO ATTN: EPRD

DISTRIBUTION:  
A



1<sup>st</sup>SGT(R) Wayne Smith (L), 2/502 HQ 3/67-3/68, 510 Bowman Rd., Harriman, TN 37748; (865) 376-5089 and Mike Maples, (R) 2/502 C 6/67-5/68, 615 Old Harriman Highway, Harriman, TN 37748-3918 (865) 369-2045 visited the office in July to deliver material to use in the magazine. We went next door for coffee and talked a while. My camera was at home so we drove to my house to take the picture above. Wayne Smith is also a 327 man. He served as Mess Sergeant in Company C, First Airborne Battle Group, 327th Infantry when I (your editor Ivan Worrell) was Company Commander.

TASK FORCE 17-18

CHU LAI (IO) – Ground action picked up as the Army's Task Force Oregon units killed 33 enemy in southern I Corps yesterday.

In ten separate contacts, the 3rd Brigade, 25th Infantry accounted for 18 enemy in action north of Duc Pho. Companies of the 2nd Battalion, 35th Infantry, working the coastal plains about five miles northeast of Duc Pho killed nine enemy. Nine other enemy were killed by the 1st Battalion, 35th Infantry. The "Broncos" detained 2 VC and destroyed five enemy mines.

The "Screaming Eagles" of the 101st Airborne had some of their heaviest action since launching Malheur II on June 8. They killed 12 enemy, detained 51 persons, and destroyed 180 bunkers.

The paratroopers fought the VC in dense jungles and along a valley floor west of Duc Pho. Four of the ten kills were scored in dawn ambushes. The brigade captured four individual weapons, two 82mm mortars, and extracted 1000 pounds of rice.

Yesterday's action pushed the VC body count to 141 for the two-week-old operation. Two airborne infantrymen were wounded by enemy booby traps.

The 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne has killed 544 NVA and VC in the I Corps Tactical Zone since starting operations 38 days ago.

In other fighting, a patrol of the 3rd Battalion, 21st Infantry, 196th Light Infantry Brigade, engaged six VC about six miles southwest of Chu Lai. The infantrymen killed three enemy, captured two submachineguns, and some documents. The brigade's civic action personnel held six MEDCAP missions treating 679 patients.

Task Force Oregon units suffered seven wounded yesterday.



## Lloyd E. Hudson

After sending out April 04 renewal notices, Lloyd E. Hudson's (1/327 C 8/65-4/66 EIT) was returned stating he passed away 9 Sept 03. No other information was given.

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## Joseph M. LaFatch

Notice was received from Mary Parasilite that Joseph M. LaFatch (1/327 B 6/67-10/67) of Akron, Ohio, passed away on February 16, 2004. She wrote in response to his subscription renewal stating that he would have renewed with heart for there was nothing that he was more proud of than his being part of the 101st. His aunt may be reached at 747 Hampton Ridge Dr., Akron, OH 44313.

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## Billy S. Friar

The obituary for Billy S. Friar (HQ 502 66-67) was run in the 2nd Quarter 2004 issue of the 101st Airborne Division Association "The Screaming Eagle." He passed away on September 14, 2003. See page 48 of the SE magazine.

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From: Dennis Rae Wright, 2/502 E RECON 10/67-10/68  
4510 Custis Ave., Sacramento, CA 95822-1440  
(916) 457-7073

I met Tim Deen last year at the Division Reunion in Reno. We kept in touch after that and unfortunately Tim just passed away after he had just received his 100% rating for disability and PTSD.

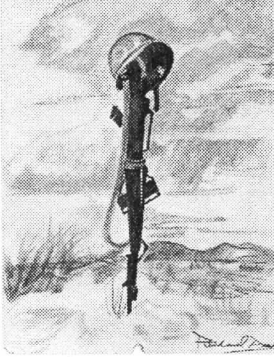
Tim was a true patriot and double tough on the outside, but really a sweet and loving man within. One of the reasons I am sending this obituary to you is to acknowledge Tim as a true patriot and dispell any notion that Tim did not serve with the Recondos 2/502 from sometime 66-67. There was rumor that he did not. Well he did and with honor and I saw orders and the Purple Heart. Please feel free to publish this letter along with the obituary.

## Timothy Thomas Deen Junior

December 24, 1944 - May 14, 2004

Timothy Deen passed away in the Veteran's Hospital at Mather Field, Sacramento, after an eight month battle with lung cancer. He is survived by his long time partner Linda Purvis and his stepdaughter Lauren Zeier, three siblings and two nieces. Tim was educated at several California High Schools and earned a Civil Engineering degree from the American River and other Colleges and Universities. Tim was a true American hero. He served, in Vietnam with the 101st Airborne "Recondo's," where he led numerous missions behind enemy lines. His decorations for meritorious service include the Combat Infantryman and Airborne Badges and the Purple

## OBITUARIES



Heart for combat related wounds. After his military tour, he was employed as a police officer in San Fernando. Subsequently he became a licensed contractor specializing in the construction of bridges and later, residential homes. Upon moving to El Dorado County, Tim coached hand-to-hand combat and other martial art forms at New Man's Karate, utilizing the significant tactical fighting skills he acquired while serving with his "Recondo" unit in Vietnam. His hobbies included "big game" hunting, sixties vintage "muscle" car restoration, fishing, gun collecting, power lifting and debating with his, "somewhat skeptical," Marine friends at the "redneck" forum, conducted almost daily at the Millenium Sports Club. A celebration of Tim's life was held at 2:00 PM. Monday, May 24th at the Sierra Hope Foothills Church, 4602 Missouri Flat Road, Placerville.

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## Steven E. Entrekin

In David S. Cook's column in THE STATIC LINE, May 2004 he wrote: "C 1/327 Vet Steve Entrekin died in March. Steve went out to Nam aboard the Eltinge and served his tour of duty as a rifleman. He had been suffering with cancer for sometime before his death and he will be missed by his family, to include his 'Cobra Comrades.' He will be missed and we wish his family well."

In our database, mail was returned from the address in Adel, Iowa.

---

## Hughey C. Walker

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

Mrs. Hughey C. Walker  
3637 Choppee Road, Georgetown, SC 29440  
HWalker111@aol.com  
Sent: Thursday, July 22, 2004 9:28 AM  
Subject: Re: 326th SITREP

Hughey (1/327 C 8/66-5/67) passed away on July 15. Remember us in your prayers. Thank you.

Dear Mrs. Walker,

I will share this sad news with Hughey's 327th Brothers who I'm sure will join me in keeping you and yours in our thoughts and prayers.

God Bless,

Yankee Jim



## New Subscribers

June 2, 2004 through  
August 31, 2004

John Chappell  
2/502 B 6/67-6/68 - 4/05  
922 Dawn Court SE  
Conyers, GA 30094-2712

BG(R) John W. Collins, III  
HHC Deputy Comdr 7/67-7/68 - 4/05  
210 Hillview Dr.  
San Antonio, TX 78209-2205

Frank M. Dunlevy  
1/327 C dates ?? - 1/05  
Four Embarcadero Center  
Suite 1200  
San Francisco, CA 94111

Harry Jack Fletcher  
1/327 B 1/66-8/66 - 4/05  
4517 Sandera Ln.  
Flower Mound, TX 75028

Ventura Leak  
1/327 T.F. 8/67-1/68 - 1/05  
145-32 Lakewood Ave. #2R  
Jamaica, NY 11435

COL(R) Gerry Morse  
1/327 CO 7/67-2/68 - 4/05  
10914 East Twilight Drive  
Sun Lakes, AZ 85248-7926

John D. Mullaney  
2/502 B 7/65-11/66 - 4/05  
1938 Cardinal Harbour Rd.  
Prospect, KY 40059

Alex F. Nagy  
AVN SPT B 6/67-9/67 - 4/05  
820 Lincoln Way West #101  
Mishawaka, IN 46544

Benjamin C. Smith  
2/502 C 5/65-7/66 - 4/05  
5909 Ironstone Dr.  
Columbus, GA 31907-5706

John Sutor  
2/502 A 12/65-12/66 - 4/05  
2909 Edgely Rd.  
Levittown, PA 19057

Bill West  
1/327 HHC 4/67-4/68 - 1/05  
201 Park Drive  
Oxford, MS 38655

## Renewals

June 2, 2004 through  
August 31, 2004

Conrad C. Aamodt  
1/327 C 7/65-6/66 - 4/05  
1713 Calvin Drive  
Hopkinsville, KY 42240-5001

SSG George J. Abrego  
326 MED D 1/66-3/67 - 4/05  
9126 Thomas York Blvd.  
San Antonio, TX 78251-4112

James B. Auld, Jr.  
unit & dates ? - 4/05  
28 East Academy Drive  
Whippany, NJ 07981

Jose A. Avelar, Jr.  
1/502 A VN 67-68 - 4/05  
2314 Doral Ave.  
Albert Lea, MN 56007-3323

COL(R) Richard R. Babbitt  
2/327 B 7/67-7/68 - 4/05  
4 Bridge St.  
Carthage, NY 13619-1310

COL(R) Seavy A. Bain  
2/327 HHC & A 6/67-6/68 - 4/05  
3425 Plantation Rd.  
Charlotte, NC 28270-0730

LTG(R) Dennis L. Benchoff  
20th Chem Det 9/66-7/67 - 4/05  
380 Arbor Road  
Lancaster, PA 17601-3204

LTC(R) William Karl Bergman \$  
2/17 CAV A&B 6/67-5/68 - 4/05  
NSA PSC 79 Box 264  
APO, AE 09714

Joe K. Berry \$  
2/327 A 12/67-8/69 - 7/05  
765 Como St.  
Weed, CA 96094-2207

Hugh R. Black  
1/327 B 10/66-7/67 - 4/05  
P.O. Box 893670  
Mililani, HI 96789-0670

Anthony A. Bliss, Jr.  
1/327 A 10/65-10/66 - 4/05  
486 Bayville Road  
Locust Valley, NY 11560-1209

Dennis R. Boland  
2/502 HHC 3/62-3/65 - 4/05  
4027 S Edgewater Cir.  
LaBelle, FL 33935-5407

James P. Brinker  
2/502 E 12/69-11/70 - 4/05  
10 Luther Lane  
Dudley, MA 01571-5857

1SGT(R) Delbert "Lee" Broberg  
326 ENGR A 12/65-11/66 - 4/05  
1075 Running River  
New Braunfels, TX 78130-2430

Arthur W. "Ossie" Burton  
2/327 Inf B 12/65-5/66 - 4/05  
RR2, Box 366-A, Lot 1  
Lewisburg, WV 24901

Steve Buss \$  
2/502 B 7/65-2/66 - 4/05  
76 Scott Rd.  
Cumberland, RI 02864-2808

COL(R) Duane G. Cameron  
1/327 67-68 - 4/05  
P.O. Box 27173  
Panama City, FL 32411

Harry R. Campbell, Jr.  
2/502 C 6/65-6/66 - 4/05  
177 Perrysville Rd.  
Saltsburg, PA 15681

Russ Campbell  
2/320 Arty C Bty 5/67-5/68-4/05  
240 Hamilton Ave.  
Glen Rock, NJ 07452-2205

Andrew S. Carlegis, Jr.  
1/327 B 5/67-5/68 - 4/05  
1950 E. Arlington Ave.  
Fort Worth, TX 76104-6397

MAJ(R) Irwin R. Chapman  
2/502 C&A 1/67-1/68 - 4/05  
2365 Langholm Dr.  
Colorado Spngs., CO 80920-5324

Daniel K. Cheney  
326 MED D 6/66-6/67 - 4/05  
2195 N. Shore Rd.  
Bellingham, WA 98226

Ken Claypoole \$  
2/327 B 10/66-6/67 - 4/05  
P.O. Box 980752  
West Sacramento, CA 95798

Richard D. Coffelt  
unit & dates ? - 4/06  
2107 Lincoln Dr.  
Hays, KS 67601-3025

SSG(R) Fred Collins  
326 ENGR A 5/65-5/66 - 4/05  
403 N. 15th St.  
Gadsden, AL 35903

Prof. Joseph F. Connolly, II  
1/327 T.F. 7/65-6/66 - 4/05  
4409 Hoffner Ave., Suite 327  
Orlando, FL 32812-2331

David S. Cook  
1/327 C 5/65-7/66 ELT - 4/05  
12 Lakeshore Drive  
Winthrop, ME 04364-3919

Joseph Corino, Jr.  
2/327 HHC 6/65-6/66 - 4/05  
317 Honeyhill Ct.  
Nashville, TN 37217-3127

CPT(R) Joel R. Cosgray  
LSA (1st LOG) 10/69-3/70 - 4/05  
7310 N. Burlington Ave. (N.)  
St. Petersburg, FL 33710-7429

SGT(R) David E. Crisler  
1/327 B 6/65-12/65 - 4/05  
4769 Westview Dr.  
N. Olmsted, OH 44070-3478

BG(R) Oscar E. Davis  
HHC 3/67-8/67 - 4/05  
409 Murray Hill Rd.  
Fayetteville, NC 28303-5172

Richard Davis  
2/502 B 9/66-9/67 - 4/05  
P.O. Box 87  
Foster, WV 25081-0087

George W. Day  
2/327 HQ 7/65-6/66 - 4/05  
32 Bradley Court  
Wilmington, OH 45177-7851

Michael W. Devost \$  
46 APU 1/67-1/68 - 4/05  
35 Dodds Court  
Burlington, VT 05401

Robert M. Diaz  
1/327 HHC 7/64-3/68 - 4/05  
32765 Downieville St.  
Union City, CA 94587-5466

James Dolinger  
1/327 HQ 3/66-4/67 - 4/05  
14943 Twp. Hwy. 44  
Wharton, OH 43359-9716

John G. "Bud" Domagata  
3/506 T.F. 1/69-9/69 - 4/05  
209 S. Mitchell Ave.  
Arlington Hghts, IL 60005-1807

LTC(R) John J. Dorsey \$  
2/327 A 6/66-5/67 - 4/05  
172 S Coeur d'Alene St.  
Apt G301  
Spokane, WA 99204-1180

Frank M. Drummond  
2/327 C 5/67-12/68 - 4/05  
922 Mt. Belvoir Dr.  
Chattanooga, TN 37412

Tom Duran  
2/502 B 4/66-4/67 - 4/05  
820 Woodside Lane East #1  
Sacramento, CA 95825

CSM(R) Warren Eichelberger, Sr.  
1/327 C 4/66-1/67 - 4/05  
3367 Coseytown Rd.  
Greencastle, PA 17225-9630

Stephen D. Eicherly  
406 RRU Det 7/65-2/66 - 4/05  
11382 Mac Duff St.  
Garden Grove, CA 92841-1516

Fred Raymond Ellis  
2/327 A 6/66-6/67 - 4/05  
4680 N Waterside Dr.  
Clovis, CA 93611

LTG(R) Henry E. (Hank)  
Emerson  
CO 2/502 65-66 - 4/05  
3233 West Shore Dr.  
Helena, MT 59602

Dennis M. Fague  
1/327 HHC T.F. 8/66-3/68 - 4/05  
14730 SE 63rd  
Bellevue, WA 98006

George C. Fallon  
2/327 HHC 1/67-1/68 - 4/05  
1212 Brookfield Lane  
Waterford, NJ 08089-1919

Lowell M. Fleenor \$  
2/327 A 6/66-4/67 - 4/05  
15551 Woodstone Cir.  
Bristol, VA 24202-4027

Larry R. Fuller  
1/327 A 5/66-5/67 - 4/05  
12471 Rose Path Circle  
Fairfax, VA 22033-6235

LTC (R) Charles T(Tom) Furgeson  
2/327 A & HHC 5/66-5/67 - 4/05  
962 Jordan Drive  
Palmyra, NY 14522-9550

Timothy L. Gall  
2/502 B&E 1/68-1/69 - 4/05  
334 E. Kossuth St.  
Columbus, OH 43206-2260

Bob Garcia  
2/320 FA B EIT 65-66 - 4/05  
5315 Commonwealth Rd.  
Palmetto, FL 34221-8777

Ronald H. Gardner  
326 ENGR A 12/65-12/66 - 4/05  
1123 Fairlane Drive  
Aliquippa, PA 15001-1735

COL(R) Melvin Garten  
2/327 CO 10/65-5/66 - 4/05  
18 Wheatherstone  
Lake Oswego, OR 97035-1916

Richard L. Gerhard  
1/327 B 3/67-3/68 - 4/05  
20 Stone St.  
Brewer, ME 04412-2512

SGT(R) Roy D. Gierke  
2/327 Inf A 4/67-2/68 - 4/05  
448 California St., Lot 75  
Hutchinson, MN 55350-1503

Ron Gillette  
2/502 B 1/67-5/67 - 4/05  
537 Andrea Circle  
Livermore, CA 94550-7209

CSM(R) Hal B. Gladson \$  
1/327 B 5/66-5/67 - 4/05  
56 Woodland Hills Dr., Ste. 6  
Southgate, KY 41071-2963

Kenneth Gormley, Sr.  
326 ENGR A 7/66-6/67 - 4/05  
2651 SE 19th Avenue  
Cape Coral, FL 33904-3250

Jim Gould  
2/502 HHC Recon 4/66-3/67-4/05  
PO Box 1870  
Hobe Sound, FL 33475-1870

1SGT(R) S.Z."Rick" Grabianowski  
2/502 B 6/67-2/68 - 1/05  
P.O. Box 20279  
Reno, NV 89515-0279

Paul L. Grady  
2/327 C 8/66-10/67 - 4/05  
48360 Bowman Run Rd.  
Racine, OH 45771

Patrick H. Graves Jr.  
1/327 B 7/65 - 4/05  
200 Clinton Ave. W, Ste 900  
Huntsville, AL 35801

COL(R) David H. Hackworth  
1/327 HQ 63-66 - 4/05  
P.O. Box 11179  
Greenwich, CT 06831-1179

Eli Haggins  
2/327 A 7/65-4/66 - 4/05  
P. O. Box 3678  
Federal Way, WA 98063-3678

Ross E. Hall  
326 ENGR A 6/66-6/67 - 4/05  
1525 Danny Bell Road  
Asheboro, NC 27205-2026

Charles J. "Chuck" Hansen  
326 MED D 7/65-6/66 - 4/05  
23276 Cypress Point Drive  
Ripon, CA 95366-2202

Dale Hansen  
2/327 D 8/68-8/69 - 4/05  
133 Colonial Dr.  
Mabank, TX 75156-7261

MG(R) James R. Harding  
2/17 CAV A 6/66-1/68 - 4/05  
1394 Harding Rd Box 236  
Wicomico Church, VA 22579

COL(R) Gerald R.(Bob) Harkins \$  
1/327 HHC&B 6/66-6/67 - 4/05  
2640 Henley Dr.  
Round Rock, TX 78681

MG(R) Ben L. Harrison  
10th Combat AVN 7/66-7/67- 4/05  
221 E. 21st Ave.  
Belton, TX 76513-2017

Lewis S. Henry  
326 ENGR A 4/67-3/68 - 4/05  
397 Packers Falls Rd.  
Lee, NH 03824

Mrs. Joseph E. Hicks  
Family (Joseph E.) - 4/05  
1448 E. Torrey Pines Circle  
Yuma, AZ 85365-3504

MG(R) Donald C. Hilbert  
1/327 A 7/65-8/66 - 4/05  
8309 Turnberry Court  
Potomac, MD 20854

Richard "Dick" G. Hinkle  
2/327 HHC 1/66-12/66 - 4/05  
3021 26th Ave. NE  
Olympia, WA 98506-3012

Glenn C. Hoppert  
2/502 A 6/66-6/67 - 4/05  
195 Thoreau Drive  
Shelton, CT 06484-1637

Robert S. Horton  
2/320 FA HQ 7/65-8/66 - 4/05  
12200 Bakers Creek Rd.  
Redwood Valley, CA 95470-9573

Guy C. Howard, Jr.  
1/327 HHC 7/65-6/66 - 4/05  
49 S. Jeffery St.  
Beverly Hills, FL 34465

BG(R) John D. Howard  
1/327 A 1/65-6/66 - 4/05  
2627 S. Kent Street  
Arlington, VA 22202

Robert C. Hudson \$  
2/327 C 6/65-7/66 - 4/05  
5221 NW 119th St.  
Gainesville, FL 32653

Harry Ikner  
Bde HQ 6/65-5/66 - 4/05  
129 Sycamore Court  
Columbus, GA 31906-4433

William L. Jaap  
2/327 HHC 7/65-6/66 - 4/05  
3660 11th St. SW  
Vero Beach, FL 32968-4931

MAJ(R) Walter W. Jackson \$  
1/327 C 7/67-6/68 - 4/05  
743 Wickham Fen Way  
Boise, ID 83709-0169

Bob Jacobs  
1/327 HQ T.F. 5/66-2/67 - 4/05  
1107 Key Plaza #256  
Key West, FL 33040

CPT Ted T. Jagosz, Infantry  
unit & dates ? - 4/05  
5412 Autumn Way  
Ridgcrest, CA 93555-8435

C. T. (Guy) Jamieson, Jr.  
326 ENGR A 5/66-6/67 - 4/05  
2509 E. 14th Ave.  
Hutchinson, KS 67501-2121

LTC(R) James C. Joiner \$  
2/327 B&C 1/67-1/68 - 4/05  
6204 Spanish Main Dr.  
Apollo Beach, FL 33572-2433

COL Edward P. Kane,  
U.S.A.(Ret)  
326 ENGR A 4/67-4/68 - 4/05  
1501 Morgan Lane  
Wayne, PA 19087-1112

Guenther K.P. Kappelmann  
2/320 Arty C Bty 7/65-6/66-4/06  
1585 Prado Drive  
Fountain, CO 80817-1119

CW3(R) William J. Keller  
2/327 HQ(S-4) 6/65-7/66 - 4/05  
8032 East Hayne St.  
Tucson, AZ 85710-4213

John "Jack" Kennedy  
Family - McCoid - 4/05  
1626 NW Bay Tree Cir  
Stuart, FL 34994-9406

Pete D. Kennedy  
2/327 HHC 5/67-4/68 - 4/05  
594 Peachers Mill Rd.  
P.O. Box 113  
Clarksville, TN 37041-0113

Tom Kerns  
1/327 C & HDQ 6/67-6/68 - 4/05  
5217 Tama Rd.  
Celina, OH 45822-9409

George T. Kimbro  
326 ENGR A CO 6/65-7/66 - 4/05  
15619 Trail Bluff  
San Antonio, TX 78247-2922

Donald Korman  
1/327 65-66 - 4/05  
14333 Thompson Blvd.  
Cleveland, OH 44142

CSM(R) Bob Kreider  
2/320 FA HQ 7/68-11/68 - 4/05  
845 Johnson St.  
Gallatin, TN 37066-3523

Ed Kurth  
1/327 B 11/66-2/68 - 4/05  
12 Lakeshore Drive  
Glassboro, NJ 08028-2718

Ben Lam  
2/502 HQ 65-71 - 4/05  
3002 Albany Court  
Woodbridge, VA 22193-1208

COL(R) Gerard Landry 2/502 A 7/64-7/66 - 4/05 6240 Split Creek Lane Alexandria, VA 22312	Michael McFadden \$ 2/502 A 6/66-6/67 - 4/05 2864 Sloat Road Pebble Beach, CA 93953-2627	Ralph John Mobilio 2/502 HQ 7/65-6/66 - 4/05 9324 6th #B Oscoda, MI 48750	1SG(R) Gene Paladin 173 Abn Bde 66-70 - 4/05 140 Airport Road Clarksville, TN 37042-4821
James M. Lane 326 ENGR A 5/66-5/67 - 4/05 1105 So. H Street Port Angeles, WA 98363	Patrick McGowan \$ 1/327 B 9/67-9/68 - 4/05 138 Walton Park, Apt. 2 Melrose, MA 02176-1646	Jay Molyneaux 2/327 HHC 3/67-4/68 - 4/05 8365 Belize Pl Wellington, FL 33414-6447	William L. Palmer 326 ENGR 6/66-7/67 - 4/05 382 CR 272 Tuscola, TX 79562-2744
Rayford W. Latham 2/327 C EIT 10/64-5/66 - 4/05 1627 Delwood Circle Scottsboro, AL 35769-4040	Michael R. McKenzie 2/327 RECON 9/66-9/67 - 4/05 206 Elm St. Ypsilant, MI 48197-2722	Kenneth E. Mooi 1/327 C 9/66-9/67 - 7/05 11547 E. Vine Ave. Mesa, AZ 85208-5527	Lynda Park Family (Gardner MOH) - 4/05 Route 1, Box 11 Newbern, TN 38058
Gerard P. LaVecchia HHC LRRP 2/66-3/67 - 4/05 3722 N. Wintergreen Way Avondale, AZ 85323-3630	COL(R) Richard R. Maglin 2/17 CAV A 6/66-6/67 - 4/05 123 Red Oak Trail La Grange, GA 30240-6508	Ronald L. Moore 2/17 CAV A 7/65-3/66 - 4/06 P.O. Box 424220 San Francisco, CA 94142-4220	Karl A. Parrish 1/327 C 7/66-7/67 - 4/05 308 Elder Street Vacaville, CA 95688
Donald R. Lenc 2/320 FA HHB 6/67-6/68 - 4/05 5240 Windfall Rd. Medina, OH 44256-8750	Francine Mahak Family(BG Timothy) - 4/05 1326 Harrison Avenue Salt Lake City, UT 84105	Roger J. Morris 1/327 C 9/67-9/68 - 7/05 Box R-56, Unit 29622 APO, AE 09096-9622	Rich Pauley 326 MED D 4/65-6/66 - 4/05 18709 Whirlaway Rd. Eagle River, AK 99577-8334
Edward F. Lewin 2/502 C 12/67-12/68 - 4/05 6822 Dunoon Court Miami Lakes, FL 33014-6002	Mike Maples 2/502 C 6/67-5/68 - 4/05 615 Old Harriman Hwy. Harriman, TN 37748-3918	SGM(R) Henry B. Morton 1/327 HHC 3/65-2/66 - 4/05 1325 Hoopes Ave., Apt. 4 Idaho Falls, ID 83404	Paul E. Peigare 2/320 FA A 6/64-7/66 - 4/05 P.O. Box 32075 Oklahoma City, OK 73123-0275
John H. Lewis 1/327 A 6/65-8/66 - 4/05 425 W. Regent St., # 11 Inglewood, CA 90301-1183	Bruce A. Masters 2/327 A 12/65-7/66 - 4/05 76 Colonial Terr. Bridgeton, NJ 08302-4105	COL John E. Munnely, USA (Ret) \$ 5/27 FA BN CO 8/66-12/66 - 4/05 8556 Colony Lane Kalamazoo, MI 49009-4578	L. C. Pennycuff unit & dates ? - 4/05 3970 South York Highway Jamestown, TN 38556
LTC(R) Fred S. Lindsey 2/327 HHC 4/67-9/67 - 4/05 2218 Burning Tree Lane Carmel, IN 46032-7908	Joe Mastriani 2/320 FA C 1/65-6/66 - 4/05 56 Smoke Hill Ridge Marshfield, MA 02050-2576	COL(R) Robert C. Murphy 2/502 C 6/65-4/66 - 4/05 P.O. Box 15574 Fernandina Bch, FL 32035	Lewis E. Percy \$ 1/327 C 4/65-7/66 - 4/05 28 Chase St. Auburn, NY 13021-1102
Allen W. Lloyd 2/327 HHC Recon 4/67-11/67-4/05 805 S. Miramar Avenue Indialantic, FL 32903	Ben Melton 2/320 Arty 11/66-9/67 - 4/05 4978 Oak Point Drive Shreveport, LA 71107-7409	Jack J. Nelson 2/502 E & A 9/66-5/67 - 4/05 3371 Brodie Way Palm Harbor, FL 34684-3503	John Pippin 2/502 A 1/66-2/67 - 7/05 336 Desmond Drive Fayetteville, NC 28314-0135
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## Of Airborne Wings and C.I.B.

*Claude A. Frisbie*

While just a boy, of average life  
Sometimes I encountered what I thought strife.  
When things got hard, or I didn't like  
My solution was to "Take a hike".

Eventually the light came on,  
And I saw that quitting had become my song.  
Ducking out had become so easy to do.  
Facing problems was what I eschewed.

I knew I needed to change my ways,  
If I was to succeed after high school days.  
Maybe the military could help my case,  
Would I go forward, or again "About Face"?

I'm not sure why, but the thought of Airborne Wings,  
Soon became my fervent dream.  
There was Basic, then A.I.T.,  
"What a snap", I thought in ignorance glee.

Then I discovered what made that Silver refine,  
Three weeks of jump school Hell, that's what makes it shine!  
More than one thought of quitting soon came to me,  
But a man, is what I wanted to be.

Through "Black Hats" shouts of "DOUBLE TIME",  
And endless pushing Georgia, twenty more down the line,  
Finally there came "Stand in the Door",  
Jumping out and a count to "Four"

I've come this far; I'm not going back!  
Yea its hell, but I'm learning this too, I can hack.  
It's almost done, just one more week.  
I've climbed this mountain, I can see the peak!

Then at last came that pride filled day.  
With wings on my chest, I had found my way.  
At last I thought, "I've become a man!"  
(But I had yet to experience; Viet Nam!).

Soon to a distant land I would go.  
But I'm AIRBORNE, I can face the foe.  
Still, how unaware of what lie ahead,  
This young trooper didn't know of what there was to dread.

There was living in the jungle for months on end.  
Leeches, snakes, and myriad of other tormentors, we tried to fend.  
Monsoon rains or stifling heat,  
Such as these we had to beat.

Dining on 'C-rats' or occasional 'LURPS',  
Of these, yea maybe we bitched or occasionally chirped.  
But then there's Thanksgiving and our feast on 'choppers delivered,  
In OD insulated cans (and in the rain we shivered).

Of loneliness, and loved ones missed,  
Dreaming of those we long to kiss.  
Simple pleasures like a glass of milk  
And other longed for 'treasurers' of similar ilk.

Humping hills with loaded 'rucks',  
We're not much more than human trucks.  
Carrying 60's, 79's, or P.R.C.'s  
Loads that seem they could buckle even the biggest man's knees.

The list goes on, too long to mention  
During our time of this strained detention.  
Still, all these troubles are a mere trifle  
When you're just a grunt carrying a rifle.

Then comes the time that forever remains intact.  
When first you hear that yell of "CONTACT!"  
Tracers overhead begin to stream  
And stricken comrades begin to scream.

Cries of "MEDIC!!!" they begin to shout,  
While machine guns rattle and explosions burst all about.  
Confusion seems master in that suspended realm  
And you see it all, as if watching a film.

Somehow you manage to do what you've been taught  
(seems now I found that, which I had sought).  
The fight wears on- and then its still..  
Have we really taken this hill?

I pause, and look around.  
This indeed has become "Hallowed" ground.  
Broken bodies surround me here,  
I realize that my eternity came oh so near.

Death has claimed its priceless tribute  
And good men have paid, that you can't refute.  
Yet, what have I gained from this morass.  
There's somewhere a meaning, that I can't pass.

There's more horror to war, than my feeble attempts can scribe,  
And there'll be many more days for me, of this bloody tide.  
Still I'm searching, what does this mean for me?  
Will I learn anything, or just let it be?





Sometime later it comes to me,  
 While I receive my C.I.B.  
 What means this "Silver Rifle" surrounded by "Wreath"?  
 Does it only hold memories of fear, sorrow and grief?

I faced the fire, and shown my mettle,  
 Now I wear this simple medal.  
 Wait, the memories flood back of heroes- others,  
 Now I AM a member of that "Band of Brothers".

My days of war have since long gone,  
 But it's my brothers, I remember in the stillness of my home.  
 Those that gave all, we most treasure;  
 But those who served and lived, give us great pleasure!



Other accolades have come my way,  
 Which I humbly honor to this day,  
 But dare you ask what means most to me?  
 They're my AIRBORNE WINGS and C.I.B!!!

(Dedicated to my Brothers, Living and Deceased) March 22, 2004  
 Claude A. Frisbie

Co. A 1/327th Inf. 1st Brigade 101st Airborne Division Vietnam:  
 July 1966-June 1967

Spt. Bn. 1st Brigade 101st Airborne Division Vietnam:  
 July 67-February 1968



MAJ(R) Walter W. Jackson (1/327 C 7/67-6/68) forwarded this picture from the 101st Airborne Division Association reunion in Hampton, VA in August 2004. The photo was taken by Diane Mercier, wife of William Mercier, who is shown on the left of the back row.

Back row left to right: William Mercier (C 1/327 67-68); Walt Jackson (C 1/327 67-68); Randy Silva (C 1/327 67); Pat McManus (C 1/327 66-67 & A/326 Engineer attached to 2nd Platoon); John Blair (C 1/327 67 2nd Plt Medic Attached from HHC); Ed Zamot (C 1/327 68); Rod Phillips (C 1/327 Jan 8, 68 to 1-69). 2nd row left to right: Tiger Force guy, Billy Clark???? (66-67); David Nelms (Tiger Force medic 66-67) holding flag; Mike O'Connell (C 1/327 Jan 8, 68 to 1-69), current 1 Year 101st Abn Div Association Governor for the 327th Infantry; Roy "Zeke" Blevins (C 1/327 and Tiger Force 67-68); Lee Studdard (C 1/327 Jan 8, 68-1-69) holding flag; Jeff Paige (Tiger Force 67-68) Black Shirt. Kneeling left to right: Pat Rohan (C 1/327 67-68) and Dan Porter (C 1/327 67-68).

# National Airborne Day

Designating August 16, 2004, as 'National Airborne Day.' (Reported in Senate) SRES 322 RS Calendar No. 585 108th CONGRESS 2d Session S. RES. 322 Designating August 16, 2004, as 'National Airborne Day.'

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES March 22, 2004 Mr. HAGEL (for himself, Mrs. LINCOLN, Mr. REED, Mr. DURBIN, Mr. PRYOR, Mr. GRAHAM of South Carolina, Mrs. DOLE, Mr. FITZGERALD, Mrs. BOXER, and Mr. HATCH) submitted the following resolution; which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary June 18, 2004; Reported by Mr. HATCH, without amendment RESOLUTION Designating August 16, 2004, as 'National Airborne Day.'

Whereas the airborne forces of the United States Armed Forces have a long and honorable history as units of adventuresome, hardy, and fierce warriors who, for the national security of the United States and the defense of freedom and peace, project the effective ground combat power of the United States by Air Force air transport to the far reaches of the battle area and, indeed, to the far corners of the world;

Whereas August 16, 2004, marks the anniversary of the first official validation of the innovative concept of inserting United States ground combat forces behind the battle line by means of a parachute;

Whereas the United States experiment of airborne infantry attack began on June 25, 1940, when the Army Parachute Test Platoon was first authorized by the United States Department of War, and was launched when 48 volunteers began training in July of 1940; Whereas the Parachute Test Platoon performed the first official Army parachute jump on August 16, 1940;

Whereas the success of the Parachute Test Platoon in the days immediately preceding the entry of the United States into World War II led to the formation of a formidable force of airborne units that, since then, have served with distinction and repeated success in armed hostilities;

Whereas among those units are the former 11th, 13th, and 17th Airborne Divisions, the venerable 82nd Airborne Division, the versatile 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault), and the airborne regiments and battalions (some as components of those divisions, some as separate units) that achieved distinction as the elite 75th Ranger Regiment, the 173rd Airborne Brigade, the 187th Infantry (Airborne) Regiment, the 503rd, 507th, 508th, 517th, 541st, and 542nd Parachute Infantry Regiments, the 88th Glider Infantry Regiment, the 509th, 551st, and 555th Parachute Infantry Battalions, and the 550th Airborne Infantry Battalion;

Whereas the achievements of the airborne forces during World War II provided a basis of evolution into a diversified force of parachute and air assault units that, over the years, have fought in Korea, Vietnam, Grenada, Panama, the Persian Gulf Region, and Somalia, and have engaged in peacekeeping operations in Lebanon, the Sinai Peninsula, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Bosnia, and Kosovo;

Whereas the modern-day airborne force that has evolved from those World War II beginnings is an agile, powerful force that, in large part, is composed of the 82nd Airborne Division, the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault), and the 75th Ranger Regiment which, together with other units, comprise the quick reaction force of the Army's XVIII

Airborne Corps when not operating separately under a regional combatant commander;

Whereas that modern-day airborne force also includes other elite forces composed entirely of airborne trained and qualified special operations warriors, including Army Special Forces, Marine Corps Force Reconnaissance units, Navy SEALs, and Air Force combat control teams, all or most of which comprise the forces of the United States Special Operations Command;

Whereas in the aftermath of the terrorist attacks on the United States on September 11, 2001, the 75th Ranger Regiment, special forces units, and units of the 82nd Airborne Division and the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault), together with other units of the Armed Forces, have been prosecuting the war against terrorism by carrying out combat operations in Afghanistan, training operations in the Philippines, and other operations elsewhere;

Whereas in the aftermath of the President's announcement of Operation Iraqi Freedom in March 2003, the 75th Ranger Regiment, special forces units, and units of the 82nd Airborne Division, the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault), and the 173rd Airborne Brigade, together with other units of the Armed Forces, have been prosecuting the war against terrorism, carrying out combat operations, conducting civil affair missions, and assisting in establishing democracy in Iraq;

Whereas the airborne forces are and will continue to be at the ready and the forefront until the Global War on Terrorism is concluded;

Whereas of the members and former members of the United States combat airborne forces, all have achieved distinction by earning the right to wear the airborne's 'Silver Wings of Courage,' thousands have achieved the distinction of making combat jumps, 69 have earned the Medal of Honor, and hundreds have earned the Distinguished-Service Cross, Silver Star, or other decorations and awards for displays of such traits as heroism, gallantry, intrepidity, and valor;

Whereas the members and former members of the United States combat airborne forces are members of a proud and honorable fraternity of the profession of arms that is made exclusive by those distinctions which, together with their special skills and achievements, distinguish them as intrepid combat parachutists, special operations forces, and (in former days) glider troops; and

Whereas the history and achievements of the members and former members of the airborne forces of the United States Armed Forces warrant special expressions of the gratitude of the American people as the airborne community celebrates August 16, 2004, as the 64th anniversary of the first official jump by the Army Parachute Test Platoon: Now, therefore, be it Resolved, That the Senate—

(1) designates August 16, 2004, as 'National Airborne Day;' and

(2) requests that the President issue a proclamation calling on Federal, State, and local administrators and the people of the United States to observe 'National Airborne Day' with appropriate programs, ceremonies, and activities.





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



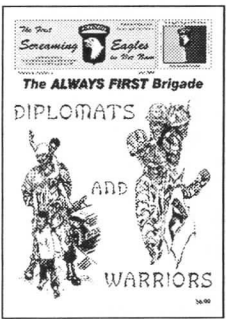
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*Continued from page 16*

The Company Commander stayed in a central-rear position and kept a few platoons around him for protection. He sent platoons out to neighboring hilltops where he suspected the enemy was. One day, as we stayed to protect the Company Commander, there was a tremendous amount of shooting coming from the direction of one of our platoons. The photographer realized the Company Commander knew which platoon was most likely to make enemy contact the next day. He asked which one it would be so he could be with them. I was listening intently to see if we were going to be that platoon. The next day our photographer finally had to be medically evacuated when his camera was shot out of his hands and he lost one of his fingers.

All the shooting the day before was quite interesting. As the point man walked up a trail toward the top of the hill he surprised an enemy soldier with a captured M60 machinegun. The machinegun bunker was placed in a prime position to protect from attack, but the enemy soldier didn't know how to load the gun. The point man killed the machinegunner and ran to the center of the perimeter. From that position he began killing everyone he saw. The enemy was running from him in terror and he was shooting them as they tried to get away. Finally, he came to his senses and realized he was almost out of ammunition, and got down behind a tree for cover. It took a few minutes for the rest of the platoon to get to the top of the hill that the point man had just taken single handedly.

Naturally, we were edgy as we started up our assigned hill. You can tell when you are nearing the hilltop because the tree-tops start to let more light through. The first four men in the column were wounded with the initial contact. An enemy soldier threw a grenade out of his bunker, and the fight was on. I was leading the new machinegunner positioned in the center of the lead squad. I always coached the gunners if there was enemy contact in the front of the platoon the gun assigned to the point squad would move forward to the point of contact, and if the enemy hit the rear of the platoon the rear gun would move back to cover that contact. The faster we got the gun into action the better chance of success. I ran up the hill toward the wounded soldiers, with the rest of the gun crew right behind me. For some reason I stopped for a second to think about what we were doing and the gunner raised the gun over my head and started shooting. He was shooting high because there were people in front of us, but it got me moving again. We made it to the wounded soldiers and others taking care of them. I started shooting up the hill with my M16 and the machine gunner started laying down a base of fire. We kept shooting as the wounded were taken away. One soldier next to me kept yelling something about shooting coming from behind, but we were the only ones shooting and all the firing was high over their heads. Suddenly, there was an order to pull back because artillery was on the way. I kept shooting up the hill until all the others left. As I stood to run down the hill another enemy grenade went off behind me. It felt like electricity shot through my whole head as I placed my hand on my neck, and went down. I fully expected my hand to go right inside my neck, but it didn't. I looked at my hand and saw a smear of blood but it wasn't bad. I jumped to my feet and ran down the hill. My

head was a little scrambled when I got to the bottom. The same soldier that complained about people shooting from behind yelled something about another wounded person. I didn't understand he was talking about me. I even ordered the same soldier back up the hill to get the wounded person. He went back up and then returned to tell me everyone was back. Later I felt bad about ordering someone into unnecessary danger, but at least it didn't result in more casualties.

As we waited at the bottom of the hill waiting for the artillery, the medic was standing next to me. I was staring at his arm, and suddenly the fabric ripped near the shoulder of his uniform. Before he could cover it with his hand blood showed from the exposed skin. Now both the medic and I had been lightly wounded.

After the artillery lifted we started back up the hill again. This time we were on line sweeping up the hill through the jungle. We would get the order to move up, and go about 15 or 20 feet before someone was wounded. The medic was running back and forth behind us recovering the wounded as they fell. Each time someone was hit we would get down and start shooting up the hill. Then would come the order to move again. This sequence happened about three times before it was decided to withdraw for the night and go back up the next morning. One of the point men was shot three times in the knee. The soldier who kept talking about fire coming from behind during the first contact was shot in the jaw and the bullet went through his shoulder and out his back. It was hard to look at the bodies covered with ponchos next to the wounded soldiers waiting for the helicopters to take them out.

The next morning we went back up the hill in a bad mood. One of the point men was so angry he wanted to chop off an enemy soldier's head for a souvenir. We didn't meet any resistance because artillery bombarded the hill all night long. The point man changed his mind about the souvenir. Just seeing all the dead enemy soldiers satisfied his vengeance.

All the Companies were closing as we moved toward the valley. It took several days to push over the hills to open rice paddies. The enemy soldiers were now concentrated in the village. All our companies set up blocking forces on trails leading to the valley. The next day one of the companies that hadn't suffered many casualties swept the valley. All we heard for the entire day was continuous gunfire.

We were credited with killing hundreds of enemy soldiers, but it didn't make up for the men we lost. Our soldiers were intelligent valuable human beings worth ten of any other soldiers in the world. The enemy was acting brave, but they had a lot of nerve to think they could stand up against the 101st Airborne Division. We used to have a saying, "When you go out, go just like you came into the world, kicking, and screaming, and make sure you take someone with you."

Ken Taylor



**THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM**

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is published quarterly by Worrell Publications, Post Office Box 675, 117 1/2 North Main Street, Sweetwater, Tennessee 37874-0675, as a service to veterans who served in the 1st Brigade (Separate), 101st Airborne Division from July 1965 through January 1968 and is mailed Standard A postage paid under Postal Permit 101, Sweetwater, Tennessee 37874.

Opinions expressed by writers and the editor are entirely their own and are not to be considered official expressions of any organization that plans reunions and otherwise acts on behalf of veterans of the 1st Brigade (Separate), 101st Airborne Division.

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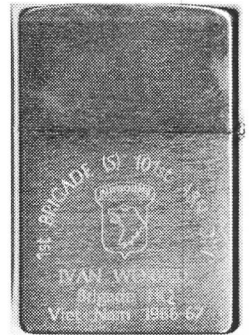
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This magazine is produced by and for veterans of the ALWAYS FIRST BRIGADE who served in the brigade from July 1965 through January 1968. The publication will chronicle the military history and accomplishments of veterans who served, as well as units 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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Material to be published in the  
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**INSIDE FRONT COVER**

News of what is happening and may happen along with information about the front cover.

**FIREBALL AT DAK TO .....PAGES 1 - 3**

A personal account and photos sent by SGT George L. Mercado about Operation Hawthorne and the part he saw as part of Company C 2/502.

**MOM .....PAGE 4**

Story of the wife of a B Company 2/327 veteran who supported soldiers of B Company 1/327 in Iraq and their meeting at Cobra Lake in June.

**IN THIS VALLEY THERE ARE TIGERS .....PAGES 5 - 9**

Portion of Chapter 9 from a book by CWO4 (R) Charles A. McDonald. This chapter describes the action he saw at Dak To with C Company 1/327.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR .....PAGES 10 - 16**

Letters, photographs and other messages from readers and those who do not subscribe. Content includes material from the 1st Brigade web site, e-mail and mail sent through the U.S. Postal Service.

**ON EAGLES WINGS .....PAGES 16 & 35**

Another in the series of Viet Nam experiences by Kenneth B. Taylor, 2/327 C 6/66-6/67. This story is called "My Worst Mission."

**THE SCREAMING EAGLE NEWSPAPER ...PAGES 17 - 20**

The August 16, 1967 issue was sent by Donald R. Lenc, 2/320 FA HHB 6/67-6/68. From the datelines in this issue there is no doubt the brigade is at Duc Pho.

**327 DMOR .....PAGES 21 - 22**

Photos and list of those honored with the title of Distinguished Member Of the Regiment in June.

**BOOK REVIEW .....PAGE 22**

Latest book by Tom Willard, 1/327 RECON Med 7-11/65. This is his fifth book in the Black Sabre Chronicles and is set in the 101st Airborne Division during Desert Shield/Desert Storm.

**COBRA LAKE .....PAGE 23**

New rules for the Cobra Lake reunion in 2005 as well as photos from the 2004 Cobra Lake Reunion sent by CSM(R) John R. "Russ" McDonald, 1/327 C 1/64-7/68 (CobraTop).

**BRONZE STAR WITH V .....PAGE 24**

Material furnished by 1st SGT(R) Wayne Smith, 2/502 HQ 3/67-3/68, that includes orders and a news story from Chu Lai.

**OBITUARIES .....PAGE 25**

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

**SUBSCRIBERS' LIST .....PAGES 26 - 30**

Lists include those renewing subscriptions, new subscribers and address corrections for subscribers.

**POEM .....PAGES 30 & 31**

"Of Airborne Wings and CIB" by Claude A. Frisbie, 1/327 A 7/66-2/68, shows the importance he places on these two awards.

**101ST REUNION .....PAGE 31**

Photo of members of C Company 1/327 at the Hampton, VA reunion. Material furnished by MAJ(R) Walter W. Jackson, 1/327 C 7/67-6/68.

**NATIONAL AIRBORNE DAY .....PAGE 32**

Proclamation proclaiming August 16 as National Airborne Day.

**ITEMS FOR SALE .....PAGES 33 & 34**

Some of the items for sale are pictured on page 33 while others are shown on page 34 along with an order form.

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

Information about the 1st Brigade (S) magazine along with notices, a change of address form, deadline for submitting material for the next magazine and a form to send the name of a friend who served in the 1st Brigade and may not be on the mailing list.

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*Capt Gordan Downney (Des Moines, Iowa) grabs a bite to eat as Pfc Robert Miles (Albany, GA) and Pfc Calvin Smith (Devils Lake, ND) dig holes for the night after relieving unit that was in contact with the Viet Cong. This operation was held to prevent rice harvests from falling into Viet Cong control. (8 February 1966 – Photo by S/Sgt Gilbert L. Meyers U.S. Army Photo)*

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