

*The First  
Screaming*

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



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*Eagles  
in Viet Nam*

1st Brigade (Separate) Viet Nam

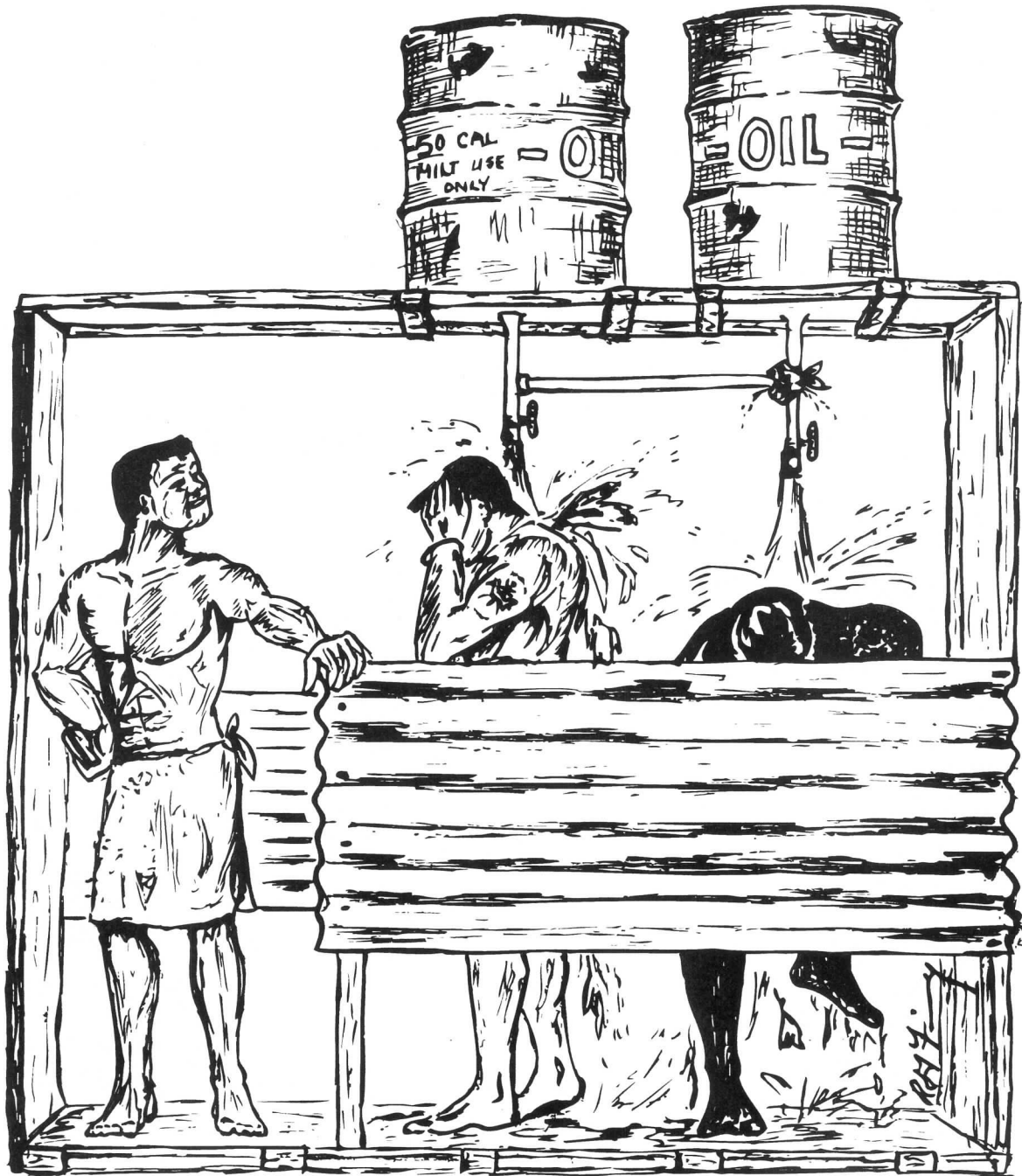


101st Airborne Division

Volume 7, Number 1

January 2005

# **The ALWAYS FIRST Brigade**



## **SHOWER**

**\$6.00**

This issue is primarily devoted to the September 2004 reunion in Phoenix, AZ. Reunion Chairman COL(R) Gerry [Ghostrider] Morse (1/327 CO 7/67-2/68), and Helga were the perfect host and hostess. This is the second time Ghostrider has hosted a 1st Brigade (S) reunion and he certainly did it right. Roger M. [Cutthroat] John (1/327 C 7/67-12/68), and Elise, served as the super efficient and always helpful assistants. The reunion material was very professional, events were well planned and executed and I had a wonderful visit with old and new friends and acquaintances from the 1st Brigade (S) in Viet Nam. I tried a new digital camera for part of my photos. It evidently worked well but when I tried to download the 97 pictures to my computer the computer ate them. Roger John came to my rescue and sent a disk with his photos and those of Ken Potts (1/327 C 12/66-12/67) and Marytia. I hope my attribution of the photos is correct. I deeply appreciate their help with the reunion photos you will see in this and in future magazines.

The story of SGT Hasan Akbar, the soldier preparing for trial on charges with the grenade attack, in Kuwait, before the division moved into Iraq in March of 2002 is told well and in the PARAGLIDE, Fort Bragg's military newspaper. If you are interested in all the lawyering that goes on to prepare for such a serious case you can read the PARAGLIDE at <<http://www.paraglideonline.net/>>.

I use the 327 web site often. It is a great place to learn more about the 327th Infantry history, who served in the unit, news of the active duty 1st Brigade and now to shop at the 327th PX. The address of the web site is <<http://www.screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com/index.html>> and you can go directly to the PX at <



At the 1st Brigade (S) Reunion in Phoenix in September (L to R) FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM editor and publisher Ivan Worrell [Info Officer 5/66 – 5/67] and Major General (R) S. H. Matheson [Brigade Commanding General 1/67 – 1/68] and his wife Patricia. (Robert Young photo)

<[327thvietnam.com/shop/index.php](http://327thvietnam.com/shop/index.php)>.

A new wrinkle in the Tiger Force controversy has surfaced with the e-mail sent to me by Rion Causey. I have published it without comment because his revelations are contrary to my initial opinion relative to the TOLEDO BLADE stories. Let me know what you think.

The 10th Biennial 1st Brigade (S) Reunion is planned for Chattanooga, Tennessee, in the late summer or early fall of 2006. Details are being worked out to contract for the hotel on an exact date. Stay tuned.

The improvised shower sketch shown on the cover is the work of SGT Robert Finney and is from the Jim Apodaca collection.



# First Brigade -101st Abn Billy Spangler Phoenix - 2004 - 18 Sep 04

## Character - Well-Spring of Courage

The little woman sat in a straight, spindle-backed rocking chair with her hands folded in her lap. The hands were slightly gnarled, pale, thin, fragile-looking as she also was pale, thin and fragile.

She wore a simple blue and white flowered print dress with a narrow white scalloped collar. The dress came down to her ankles where darker blue house-slipped feet peeked out like a child peering from beneath a long tablecloth.

She looked at me without blinking her blue eyes--eyes that examined me with polite curiosity. Her snow-white hair had been combed back into a bun, arching over her ears, and she touched it with the finger-tips of her right hand as though brushing something away.

"And why are you here?" she asked softly in a little girl-like voice.

"I am here because it is your 100th birthday," I answered, "and your great-granddaughter said I might come and ask you a question or two."

A wisp of a smile creased her thin lips as she nodded me permission.

Slowly I began.

"If my arithmetic is correct, you were six-years old in April, 1865, and I wonder if you have memories of how you learned of President Lincoln's death, memories that you might share with me?"

She raised her head slightly and her little blue eyes looked beyond me, searching a private place in time, a place others might only read about.

"We were living in a little two-room log cabin on the Ohio River near Shawneetown, Illinois," she began. "My mother was washing some clothes on a washboard and my sister and I were putting sticks in a fire under a big kettle to keep momma's wash water hot."

"A man in a dark hat and coat came by on a brown horse that had a white blaze between his eyes." She paused to raise her hand to her face, to gesture the white blaze.

"The man got down off the horse and talked to our mother for a little bit, then got back on the horse and rode away."

"Momma was standing there at the scrub board and started crying. We girls didn't know why, and we asked her what was wrong, and momma wiped her eyes with her apron, and said the man told her the president was dead, that he had been shot. And then momma cried real hard."



Billy E. Spangler (INFO OFF 67-68) was the main speaker at the 1st Brigade (S) Reunion in Phoenix. (Worrell photo)

(PAUSE)

Memories long put away have a knack of coming back, sometimes with a jolt like the unexpected slamming of a door in the dark of night.

Like on the night of November 22, 1963, at Ft. Benning, as I and my countrymen grappled with the unbelievable news that the president was dead, felled in Dallas by an assassin's bullet.

In due time you and I and the rest of America put all those memories away in a safe place, only to retrieve and sort through them again this past summer, as we and our nation paused again to honor another president, a president who loved us, and gave back to you and me and all Vietnam veterans our pride in having served our country, service for some under what former POW Jeremiah Denton described as "difficult circumstances."

A woman from North Carolina who waited six hours to pass his flag-draped casket said, "President Reagan made us proud." A man from Ohio drove all night to get there. Holding his two-year-old daughter he said, "President Reagan put a face on freedom."

None can forget the solemn face of Mikhail Gorbachev as he leaned forward to put his hand on the casket of his friend who asked him to "take down THAT wall." Or, can we forget the arm-without-a-hand salute of a young Marine pausing to render honors in the capitol rotunda.

These memories, thoughts, images coursed my mind as I wondered what I might say to you tonight.

Since I last spoke with you at Savannah, it seems our country and our world has been turned upside down.

Before 9/11, the president of the United States of America was impeached for lying while under oath. Later came indictments of the icons of business, finance and industry charging them with plundering the public trust-men of prominence handcuffed and hauled off to jail. And the self-appointed guardians of the First Amendment have acknowledged tainted reporting by dishonest writers.

Is there a missing thread in this patchwork quilt of deceit, shame and dishonesty? How in the world did people who ought to have known better do such despicable things? How, how could it have happened?

Indeed there was and is a missing thread. For lack of a more precise explanation, I call this missing thread--character.

The impact of these and other abuses of public trust have prompted a plethora of articles, editorials, academic discussions and truck-stop debates about character. Two states--perhaps more--have mandated character education into the curriculum of public schools. And even as we sit here tonight, public debate rages, not about issues affecting the public weal, but rather the character of men who seek to lead this nation.

More than a hundred years ago, journalist Horace Greeley said: "Fame is an accident; popularity a vapor. Riches take wing. The crowd cheers today--curses tomorrow. Only one thing endures: character."

Those who served in the "brown shoe" army can remember I&E classes on character guidance. For most of us, character guidance was taught by example --- from our parents, our teachers, our friends and neighbors, and through an osmosis-like experience from the community in which we grew up.

It is not un-American to be decent people. We teach our children to be respectful of others, especially the elderly, women and children.

Meanwhile, fanatic insurgents in Iraq and Afghanistan take advantage of our upbringing to maim and kill our soldiers, shooting at them from behind women and children and from places of worship. They know we won't shoot back! American soldiers have been trained better than that! The compassionate character of the American soldier has saved more lives than American firepower has taken! The nations of the world know that when they dial nine--one--one, an American will answer every time.

Character is the inescapable barometer that records the highs and lows of our moral and ethical behavior; a yardstick--if you will--against which we measure right and wrong; a compass pointing always to the true north of decency, honesty, integrity when others choose a one eighty.

I remember men of character in this brigade who gave back medals for conspicuous gallantry and valor, medals they believed they did not merit. They were among others a euphoric division commander decorated on the second day of Tet, 1968. As one of them said, "It would not be right to keep them." The others nodded in agreement.

A moment ago I shared vignettes in the lives of Presidents Lincoln, Kennedy and Reagan. We remember them; we honor them because of their character--- and how we were inspired by their character.

Why?



Because character nurtures a wellspring of courage when others plumb the dry hole of deceit. Character is what causes men to stand up and be counted at the roll call of adversity when others cut and run, seeking shelter in the shadows of anonymity.

My favorite literary friend Huckleberry Finn understood the onus of character when he deceived two slave bounty hunters in order to save his friend, Jim.

Huck said he "got aboard the raft, feeling bad and low, because I knowed very well I had done wrong, and I see it warn't no use for me to try to learn to do right: a body that don't get started right when he's little, ain't got no show--when the pinch comes there ain't nothing to back up and keep him to his work..."

Huckleberry's thoughts on character badgered me a few years ago as I listened to a clergyman confess he was a Vietnam draft-dodger, said he beat the draft by enrolling in a seminary.

"You know what?" he exclaimed as though he had just been short-changed by the ATM. "After I graduated from seminary, I applied for appointment as an Air Force chaplain. Would you believe I flunked the physical!"

The look on his face and his body language blurted out that if he had only known beforehand that he was unfit, he could have chosen a more rewarding career.

Some years ago I interviewed a naturalized citizen of German decent and asked him "what was the best advice his father gave him?"

He replied, "When I was a little boy, my father told me about a German patriot sentenced to be executed by the French who occupied that portion of the Rhineland west of the Rhine."

"The French believed their national border extended to the river's edge. The patriot had opposed them, engaged in sabotage, was captured, court-martialed, and condemned to die."

"As he was about to be shot, the firing squad commander asked if he had any last words. The patriot replied, '*Sei was du willst, aber was du bist, habe den Mut es ganz zu sein*'. " (Be what you want to be, and whatever you determine to be, have the courage to be totally committed to it.)

The patriot died with his character intact, his yardstick unbroken, his moral compass pointing true north. The well-spring of his character overflowed with courage in the face of adversity.

The United States Marine Corps defines character with two words: *Semper Fidelis*. In the airborne, it's three: "All the Way!"

Of such fabric is the flawless drapery of the First Brigade, of the 101st ... a mantle woven of character's finest thread ... a coverlet that forever wraps the men--and the memories of men--here tonight.

We, and those we remember, are inextricably bound by the honorable brotherhood of arms and a coveted legacy—a challenge, if you will, fashioned from the sweat and dust of Taccoa,

Georgia; engraved with confidence on the jump towers of Ft. Benning; polished with the rouge of courage in the doors of darkness over Normandy; filled to overflowing with the wine of uncommon valor at Bastogne and a generation later in a place called Vietnam.

Tom Brokaw called the troops of World War II *The Greatest Generation*. As I read the book, I thought of General Matheson, and a question he asked his staff repeatedly thirty-seven years ago, "What did you do for Joe Tent-Peg today?"

I am proud to say our brigade was filled with officers and non-commissioned officers who loved Joe Tent-Peg with an extraordinary passion. Many are here tonight.

The Joe Tent-Pegs of the First Brigade came home, hung their uniforms in the closet and set themselves to the task of building new lives.

Like their forbearers in all of our nation's wars, the paratroopers of the First Brigade beat their swords into proverbial plow shares by enrolling in trade and business schools, colleges and universities.

Like their father's of *The Greatest Generation*, the Joe Tent-Pegs of the First Brigade became farmers and physicians, lawyers and brick masons, accountants and pharmacists, stock brokers and steel workers. A legion became school teachers and counselors; some accepted the gowns of ecclesia and academe. Others expressed their faith in the future by launching new businesses while others accepted the reins of their father's trade as he had before them.

The Joe Tent-Pegs of the First Brigade came home to the girl or wife they had left behind, struggled to start or mend a family, took on a mortgage, and advanced their dream with the strength of their sinew, the sweat of their brow, and the determination to be decent, respectable, honorable members of society --- worthy of the badge "dad" and "next-door-neighbor."

Regrettably your good name and this brigade was sullied this past year by men who--were it not for poor character--would have no character at all. Huckleberry knew them well: "a body that don't get started right when he's little, ain't got no show--when the pinch comes there ain't nothing to back up and keep him to his work... "

Tragically- there is pathos in all of this. Men of the First Brigade drank deep from the chalice of valor at Tuy Hoa, Dak To, Duc Pho, Tam Ky, Quang Ngai, Song Be, in the Au Shau, and a dozen other places now swallowed up in dense jungles and rice paddies that only you know anything about.

You remember the places—and the faces. Faces that were young, and will be forever young. Faces now immortalized by chiseled letters on black granite in our nation's capital. Names read by the curious, but touched gently, lovingly by the fingertips of those who bore them, those who reared them, those who respected them, and those who loved them.

We are here tonight because we remember. We come and bring our wives who sit with gracious dignity at the edge of the circle as we talk of times when we were soldiers once--and young. Of a time when "All the Way" was not a slogan, but a declaration of commitment, an untarnished thread of character.

We now are old and older men, who come to poke in the ashes of our brotherhood in the First Brigade of the 101st Airborne, and to celebrate the honor of men who shall be forever young.

When the 101st Airborne Division was activated in 1942, the division commander said, "the 101st has no history but it has a rendezvous with destiny." The phrase is oft repeated among Screaming Eagles. I'm not sure I understand what General Lee meant when he said it. My dictionary suggests it describes a pre-determined or inevitable happening, perhaps a series of such events.

For me--and perhaps you--our rendezvous with destiny was and is the privilege of living amongst the men of the First Brigade, men here tonight, men who--despite the brutality of war-- lived and cared for others selflessly, honorably, faithfully... men who truly had the stuff to back them up when "the pinch comes."

(PAUSE)

Nearly 600 years ago, Shakespeare had a sense of this rendezvous when he wrote:

"If it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending soul alive... he which hath no stomach to this fight, let him depart. His passport shall be made and crowns for convoy put in his purse. We would not die in that man's company that fears his fellowship to die with us."

"This day is called the feast of Crispian."

"He that outlives this day and comes safe home will stand a tip-toe when this day is named and rouse him at the name of Crispian."

"He that shall live this day and see old age will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors, and say, 'Tomorrow is Saint Crispian.'"

"Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars, and say 'These wounds had I on Crispian's Day.'"

"Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot. But he'll remember with advantages what feats he did that day. Then shall our names--familiar in his mouth as household words--be in their flowing cups freshly remembered." --(Scene III, Act IV, Henry V.)

Tonight I raise my cup to you—the First Brigade, 101st Airborne—and to the memory of those not here with whom we shared a rendezvous with destiny.

All the Way!



**1st BRIGADE (S) REUNION - SEPTEMBER 17 - 19, 2004  
PHOENIX EAST / MESA ARIZONA**



**1.** COL(R) Gerry Morse (1/327 CO 7/67-2/68) and Helga of Sun Lakes, Arizona – our host and hostess at the 1st Brigade (Separate) 101st Airborne Division Reunion in Phoenix, September 17-19, 2004. (Wade Hansen photo) **2.** MG(R) S. H. Matheson 'Iron Duke' (HHC CG 1/67-1/68) from Carmel, California, addresses the reunion attendees. (Worrell photo) **3.** COL(R) Mal Wallace (1/327 HQ 6/67-6/68) and Maureen of Katy, Texas: (Poits photo) **4.** Kenneth Pfeifer (1/327 C 67-68) from San Antonio, Texas and William J. Northquest (1/327 C 6/66-12/67) from Dahlonga, Georgia. **5.** Roger M. John 'Cutthroat' (1/327 C 7/67-12/68) from San Diego, California, speaking to the attendees at the 2004 1st Brigade (S) Reunion. (Potts photo)

The following email was received from William Porter (2/327 B 11/66-10/67), 3312 Freese Ave., Eureka, CA 95503; (707) 443-9687; BoomBill@aol.com.

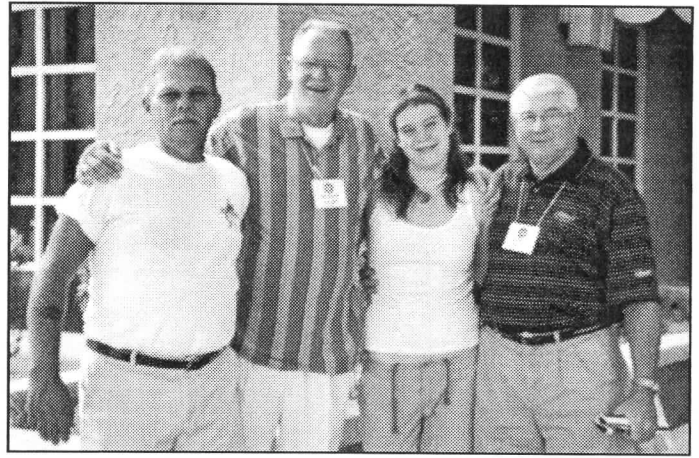
Ivan...My daughter and I met you at the 17-19 Sept. reunion. She has written a story she would like you to look at for the next magazine. She just finished it today and would like to e-mail the story or send it priority mail. The story is about the reunion and would like very much for it to be in the next issue.

### The Reunion From A Daughter's Eyes by Angela Porter

I grew up with war stories, but they were not eagerly given to me. I had to seek them out from a reluctant storyteller, my dad Bill Porter. I remember how it always used to, and still does, drive me crazy when he'd look at me and I knew there was something he wasn't telling me. I had to know. I asked and asked. And sometimes, he would give me bits and pieces. I knew he had been to an exotic place, and done adventurous things when he was younger. He told me things about his time in Vietnam in ways that wouldn't hurt me. At my persistence, he described dense wet jungles and a strange people with a strange language. He told me about the hiking, the camping, and the canned food. And, most exciting, he told me about jumping out of planes in the dark of night and parachuting down into the unknown thickness of shadows and wildness. Breathless, I listened to his stories. Wide-eyed, I gazed at the crater in his leg and the centipede-like scar on his back. When all I had was what he chose to tell me, I looked at my dad as a mysterious man with plenty of adventure stories. He was my brave, tough Dad, perfect and uncomplicated, who never felt bad and always made me laugh. Thinking back, I wonder if I hurt him too much with my questions, when I did not understand what I was forcing him to remember. Little by little as I got older my perception of things changed. Through school, TV, books, and other stories I happened upon, I learned about the real war: the death, the blood, and hopeless, endless days burned upon the backs of soldiers in Vietnam by the relentless sun. It was no longer the extended extreme camping trip of my younger understanding. I learned about the unforgiving ghost of war and the suffering that doesn't end after the combat. Yet, even if I didn't understand, I wonder if I always knew, deep inside, by the pain in my heart whenever I saw my dad sitting alone, lost in thought, oblivious to the world.

Whether Dad would have it or not, I was beginning to comprehend what really happened over in Vietnam, and he began to tell me, though hesitantly, his real stories without fabricated illusions of adventure or glory. I no longer envisioned him as a sort of adventurer careening through the jungle like a rugged thrill seeker, I grew to see him as he really was over there: a young man struggling to survive in the midst of unimaginable horrors.

With my transformed comprehension I gained a ferocious concern and empathy for him and others who had been through what he had. I wanted to absorb it all. Most of all, I wanted his raw feelings and most painful memories. I was not trying to torture him with memory; on the contrary, what I wanted in some desperate, irrational way, was to help him bear his burden in the hopes that he might somehow heal. The man who raised



Left to right: Wade Hansen (2/327 B 6/67-11/67) from Foxhome, Minnesota, Bill Porter (2/327 B 11/66-10/67) of Eureka, California, Angela Porter and Jim Wilson (2/327 B 9/66-8/67) from Lodi, California. (Porter photo)

me is so good, selfless and giving. It made me torn with sorrow that his sleep was stolen from him, that his dreams were haunted, and that he was drowning in guilt for surviving when others he became so close to had been killed. My heart swelled to the point of explosion when I'd find him sitting silently alone, reliving things I could never imagine no matter how much he would give me. He is a man who will suffer everything and ask for nothing. The only thing I could ever really do for him is to be there, and attempt to help him bear all he carries within him. And this is why, in the September of my 21st year, I left my northern California home and made the journey to Arizona alongside him. The 1st Brigade (Separate) 101st Airborne Division was holding a reunion in Mesa. We embarked on a sort of pilgrimage into the dry mysterious desert in the hopes that he might find there a moment of peace for his soul.

Before we left, Dad asked if I'd come. He asked in a way that sounded like I could come along if I wanted to, but I knew he wanted me to come with him. And to me, there was no choice. If courage is doing what we are afraid to do, the least I could do was come with him, so he would not have to do this alone. On the plane, and later at the hotel, he was nervous and didn't speak much. I could only imagine what kind of apprehension was going on inside of him, but every time I looked at him to give him a reassuring smile, I felt so proud of him. My dad, who has always been uncomfortable with social situations, was about to reunite with so many people, most of whom he hadn't seen in over 35 years. These were the men who suffered with him in a bloodstained jungle, where you lost your mind and sometimes died that way. These same men he would see again in clothes that were not army issue, with families they'd survived to create. They would all sleep in beds that they hadn't unrolled. They would eat food together that wasn't dumped from cans. They protected each other in a world where the next moment is not guaranteed. How would it be for them to reunite in a wholly different world, this society they struggled to function in again? No, this was not an average social situation. Dad was about to be a part of something extraordinary, and though I think he was nervous enough to turn around and not do this, he kept going, one step at a time, towards an event that would impact his life and mine in ways we were not expecting.

As he drew nearer to seeing these men again, he was in a state of vulnerability I had never before seen him in, and yet he continued, and I realized in a new way how much I love him.

About the reunion, I suppose I had expectations. A part of me needed to imagine what would occur in this place, but what actually happened was so far from what I envisioned that any emotional preparations I thought I'd made simply evaporated in the face of what came before me. What happened in Arizona put me in close with terrible things I could not ignore, things of such heartbreaking magnitude of which I could not soften the blow. And yet, never before had I ever found such a manifestation of hope in the wake of such tragedy and human suffering.

Arriving in the hot desert land and stepping out into the dry air I found that at first, it was difficult to breathe. But I arrived with purpose, and that comforted me. When this opportunity to step into another world presented itself, how could I turn away? The last several years I had been very interested and involved in my dad's memories and recovery with group therapy and individual counseling. I've had countless long conversations with Dad about his feelings and I've written several essays and stories about what I've witnessed regarding attempting to live after war, about being raised by a Vietnam veteran, and what it's like to love someone who lives with an indescribable loss. But, I had never before met the men of my dad's stories, and my heart was nervous. A Vietnam veteran's reunion: the phrase conjures up various stereotypical images of grizzled PTSD types sitting around condoning the government. There was a bit of that of course, but stepping into the lobby of the hotel where the reunion was being held, I realized there would be so much more.

I saw Dad's face as he scanned everyone milling around- vets were indicated by their name tags- and I wondered if he were seeing these graying and balding men, or if he were seeing the fresh young faces, caked with mud and sweat, of his memories. I put my arm around him.

We registered and Dad eagerly took a quick look at the list to see who else had already arrived. He was especially awaiting a few men in particular, the ones he was closest to in Vietnam, in B Co. 2-327th.

There would be **Larry Boecklen** the XO; and **Bill Oberli**, the platoon leader. My dad was his RTO. There would be **Vern Hagen**, **Donald Bowers** and **Jim Wilson**. There would be **Ray Millard**, for whom my dad also carried a radio. There would be **Wade Hansen**, who had something watching out for him the day he was shot in the head, only to survive because the bullet had traveled exactly around the outer edge of his skull. Some had wives who were supposed to be here, too.

It all truly started, in full force without any warning, when in the hotel restaurant where we had come for a bite, a woman's voice suddenly cried out my dad's name. "Is that Bill Porter?" We turned and looked at a table full of women. We all stood up when they realized he was the man they thought. They turned out to be the wives of the men Dad hadn't yet found, and they had recognized him from the faded photos of a skinny young man in fatigues.

Everyone embraced. Everyone's eyes started watering as Sue,

Bill Oberli's wife, began to cry as she thanked my dad for carrying her husband's radio. She hugged my dad again, looked at me and said, "They took care of each other."

Something in me cracked. This was the reality of it. This woman Sue had never before met my dad, but her husband had told her about him. She cried and embraced him, as if he were long lost family. She loved my dad because of what he had gone through with her husband. Introductions were begun and all the wives passed Dad and I around hugging us. They looked at me as if I were so brave for coming, and they thanked me for coming to show my support. Inside, I wondered how it could be any other way. They were all crying now, and I thought to myself, I might only be his daughter, but I know the kind of love that brought us all here.

One by one, Dad found the guys or they found us. The happiness that filled the hotel was deafening. As they reunited, as I watched my dad in so many embraces and tear-filled hellos, I could not stop imagining that there must have been some kind of charm that kept these guys alive. They talked about it too. All of them were of the opinion that they were just damn lucky. But as I watched and watched, these three days of reuniting, I wasn't so sure it was just luck. How many times have we all felt such despair in our lives that we felt nothing would ever be okay again? How many of us have, at some point or another, completely given up hope of any sort of life afterwards? I thought about this state of mind, and I thought about how many years have gone by for these men. I thought about the families they made. I thought about all the emotions they've felt, the sunsets they've watched, the loves they'd hurt for. I almost felt lifetimes coursing through me as I listened to the retelling of stories and the remembrances of friends who were lost too young. I looked at these graying or balding men, men with deeper wrinkles and extra pounds. I smiled as I watched them because I knew in my heart that no matter what occurs in our lives, it is worth it for rare moments like these.

Someone else had come to the reunion. I was hearing whispers of a name, someone that no one ever expected to come. I learned, from several people in low hushed voices, that Paul was going to be here. I was able to piece together from various tellings of his history that he had been in and out of mental institutions for the past twenty years or so, living in isolation with his pain and memory. Recently, some in my dad's group had located him and discovered his situation. Paul was a tragic example of a true casualty of the Vietnam War. After the war he drifted, trying to find a way to just forget. In country, he had carried a radio for Ray just like my dad. But his pain made him unable to function as others were able, and he remained in quiet isolation with his heart shattered. His only contact all those years was Vern, who remained close to him and did all he could. When Jim discovered Paul's whereabouts and informed him of the upcoming reunion, it will forever be a mystery to me what went on inside him. What was the thing that made him leave the sheltered life he'd known for decades for the certain emotional upheaval of a veteran's reunion? Was it one last spark of hope? I believe it was a leap of faith. Whatever it was, he surprised all who knew of what he'd been through, by coming.





I wish I could say I was not afraid to meet him. I wish I could say I was prepared for the depth of suffering I would experience with him.

I stayed close to Dad during the weekend. The overwhelming abundance of emotion was written on his face. I wanted to help him during the roller coaster of the pain of loss and the joy of reuniting, the flashes of old memories and the makings of new ones. I wanted him to know I was there for him. To be in his shoes I could never fully understand, but that did not limit my feelings.

And my feelings were also tumultuous. I came to care about so many people who had been through so much with my dad in spite of the short time we all spent together. I looked at my dad's friends like they were also fathers, and many of them were. These men were able to find it in themselves to love others, whether it was their wives, children, or friends. After such loss, they were able to feel love. The whole weekend, I watched all these faces that I recognized from old photos. Bellies had gotten a bit bigger and wrinkles had grown deeper, but the eyes were all the same. And some carried their pain closer than others. Some, you could find their memories more vivid in their eyes. They sat together recounting old stories, sharing new stories, and remembering ones they'd loved and lost. Eventually I met Paul. He never spoke unless someone asked him a direct question, and he never wanted to be in any of the numerous pictures taken. He chain-smoked, and looked mostly at the floor. It was painfully apparent how much he hurt, and, perhaps because of his broken yet courageous heart, he became almost instantly endeared to me. After being introduced to him and briefly glimpsing into his eyes, I needn't have had any prior briefing on his history because it was all right there within the lines on his face. And for the entire weekend, I could not stop thinking about the thing that made him leave the existence he was living to come here and face the aftermath of the thing of his nightmares.

Thus the weekend continued with a formal dinner and memorial, celebration and tears. Paul, though obviously uncomfortable and emotionally taxed, stuck it out with the rest. I believe he even had some moments that were light of heart. Dad, though also emotionally taxed, smiled more than I had seen in a long time, and talked freer than ever. I could almost see the transformation-taking place within him, the bit of peace that this was giving his soul. In complete honesty, when I had first heard that he wanted to come to this reunion, I questioned for a brief moment whether the reconnecting with these people would be worth the pain of memory it would bring. Now, if I only know one thing in this world, it is that love and peace is worth the risk. It is worth fighting for.

And during the memorial service, when all the veterans were asked to say the name of someone lost in Vietnam, Dad called out the name of Charles Farmer, whom he had become close with during duty and who had been killed in action the day Dad was wounded. Charles' picture hangs on Dad's living room wall, along with the flag that had been over his casket, now under glass and framed. As I heard Dad's voice ring out the name of the man he thinks of daily, I had never been more proud of my dad, never been so thankful for him, never loved him so much.

Life sometimes gives us insights of goodness and further meaning, and in a rare gift, my time with Paul had a happy ending.

It was Sunday. The reunion was officially over after the memorial, and we began the bittersweet series of goodbyes. With agreements to stay in touch, we hugged and kissed goodbye Larry and Connie, Bill and Sue, Donald and Cheryl, Ray and Caroline, Jim and Judy, and Wade and Vonnie. We were minutes away from catching the shuttle to the airport when we realized Vern and Paul were not around. I told myself that we couldn't miss the shuttle, but I was overcome with the feeling that I would regret it always if I could not say goodbye to a person who had touched me so much.

Leaving our luggage in a pile, we set out to find them. We went down hallways and peeked in on conference rooms. As the reunion was dispersing other functions were beginning to use the hotel. On a whim, we went down to the very end of one hallway and came to a large room that was currently being used for an art sale. Huge fancy canvases were cluttering the room and people were everywhere. Believing this to be an unlikely place, I was about to give up when Dad spotted Vern and Paul. Vern was standing in line next to Paul, and to my surprise, Paul had a tiny painting in his hands that he was going to buy. I squeezed through the masses of people and made it to them with Dad right next to me. As Dad shook hands with them, I saw what Paul was holding. It was a tiny painting of a cottage surrounded by flowers. It was almost too much for me. There was something in this painting that made him feel good, with its quiet, peace, and memory of a more beautiful time. My eyes welled up. It was a sign. Paul was not so different than the rest of us. He would want a painting of a cottage to look at just like anyone else. Deep inside, in one way or another, we are all just looking for some peace. I looked into his eyes and told him I was glad to meet him. It was an understatement; yet, something in me told me it was enough.

Seeing him with that small, beautifully simple painting amidst all the huge, gaudy masterpieces showed me what I needed to go home with a peaceful heart, believing that he would be okay.

Dad and I returned home. I was given so much on this trip. I was given the happiness of seeing Dad transform and find a bit of peace. It was shown to me in such a profound way over the weekend that decades can go by and entire lives can be destroyed and rebuilt but the emotional connections we make with people will never die. Even as I write this a couple months later I am still absorbing all of the unlikely beauty and hope that I found with the veterans and their loved ones. I watched these men remember and heal. I watched the ones who loved them heal. The pain of memory that came with reuniting did not overpower the renewal and peace that they found among each other. Looking back at it all, I know I will never be the same, and yet somewhere inside of me I knew it the moment I got there, the moment I saw the eyes of the wrinkled and aging soldiers glistening. I found, by being with them and watching the extraordinary transformation in my dad, that hope and peace dwell within all of us, and it is sparked and rekindled by what we do with the time that is given to us.





**1.** 'Griff' Bloodhart (1/327 HHC 7/67-7/68) and Penny from Carpinteria, California. (Potts photo) **2.** Hotel Center. (Young photo) **3.** Left to right: Ken Pffeifer (1/327 C 67-68) from San Antonio, Texas, William J. Northquest (1/327 C 6/66-12/67) from Dahlonga, Georgia and Ken Potts (1/327 C 12/66-12/67) from Shoreline, Washington. (Potts photo) **4.** Lawrence D. Anglin (2/502 B 10/60-7/66) from Columbus, New Jersey and MSG(R) Paul I. Chargois (2/502 C 66-68) from McAllen, Texas. **5.** CSM(R) Robert A. Young (HHC CSM 6/66-6/67) from Green City, Missouri and CSM(R) Donald H. Caver (SPT BN C 7/65-6/66) from Clarksville, Tennessee. (John photo) **6.** Left to right: Joe K. Berry (2/327 A 12/67-8/69) from Weed, California, Thomas W. 'Donk' Dohnke (2/327 A 67-68) from Diamond Springs, California and Orson 'Robby' Robertson (2/327 A 67-68) from Monroe, Wisconsin.



**1.** LTG(R) John E. Miller (2/327 B 67-68) and wife Joan from Oakton, Virginia. (Worrell photo)    **2.** Peter Ramirez (2/320 Arty B Bty 7/64-8/66) and Lucy of El Centro, California. (Worrell photo)    **3.** COL(R) Mal Wallace (1/327 HQ 6/67-6/68) and Maureen of Katy, Texas. (Worrell photo)    **4.** Left to right: Doug (2/327 B 4/66-12/67) and Arline Field from Peachtree City, Georgia and MAJ(R) Ivan Worrell (INFO OFF 5/66-5/67) from Sweetwater, Tennessee. (Young photo)    **5.** LTC(R) Louis M. McDonald (2/327 B 5/66-10/66) of Rocklin, California and 1LT Shaun Reynolds (1st BDE S-5) from Fort Campbell, Kentucky. (Worrell photo)    **6.** George Abram (1/327 A 6/67-6/68) and his wife Mondraee from Sacramento, California. (Worrell photo)    **7.** Bill West 'Grape 4' (1/327 HHC 4/67-4/68) and Brenda of Oxford, Mississippi. (Worrell photo)



**1.** COL(R) Othar J. Shalikashvilli (2/502 HQ 67) and Janet of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. (Potts photo)    **2.** Tim Zumwalt (1/327 B 5/65-7/66) and Anna from Piedra, California. (Worrell photo)    **3.** Jim and Carol Berg Christiansen. (Potts photo)    **4.** Joseph A. Garcia (2/17 CAV A 7/65-8/66) from Clarksville, Tennessee. (Worrell photo)    **5.** Elijo (2/502 A 2/66-2/67) and Elva Navarro from Corpus Christi, Texas. (Worrell photo)    **6.** BG(R) Julius F. Johnson 'Assassin' (1/327 A 6/67-6/68) and Dianne from Washington, D.C. (Potts photo)    **7.** COL(R) Elliott P. 'Bud' Sydnor, Jr. (1/327 HHC 8/67-8/68) and wife Jean from Fernandina Beach, Florida. (Worrell photo)    **8.** Robert 'Hoppy' Hopkins (1/327 A 7/67-7/68) and Cathie from Rock Hill, South Carolina. (Potts photo)



**1.** Miguel Guerra (2/17 CAV A Trp 4/67-12/68) from San Antonio, Texas and Homero Gomez (2/502 C 6/66-7/67) of McAllen, Texas. **2.** Left to right: Carmen and 'Buffalo Bob' Corey (2/502 HHC 10/65-11/66) from Port Richey, Florida, and Homer Gomez (2/502 C 6/66-7/67) of McAllen, Texas. (Worrell photo) **3.** Ken (1/327 C 12/66-12/67) and Marytia Potts from Shoreline, Washington. (Worrell photo) **4.** Richard 'Rip' Porter, MD (COL) Ret 'No Slack Quack' (2/327 HHQ 4/67-4/68) and Marlys of Sioux Falls, South Dakota. (Potts photo) **5.** BG(R) John W. 'Rip' Collins, III 'Cottonmouth' (HHC Deputy Comdr 7/67-7/68) of San Antonio, Texas and COL(R) Othar J. Shalikashvili (2/502 HQ 67) from Carlisle, Pennsylvania. (Potts photo) **6.** COL(R) Gerard (Gerry) Landry (2/502 A 7/64-7/66) and Young-Lan of Alexandria, Virginia. (Worrell photo)

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. This is the second of four installments.

## Redlegs

Meanwhile, both 155mm guns of B/1/30 FA arrived safely in the dark at their new position, Brigade headquarters. The gun trails (legs) were quickly unhooked from the trucks and unlocked. Then they were manhandled into position after the trails were spread. These heavy guns had a range of 14,600 meters. The guns were positioned 25 yards apart in "open positions," and laid parallel. The crew then quickly dug in the spades on the trails to stabilize the weapons for firing. Now all the guns ammunition had to be unloaded and fused, ready for action. The Fire Direction personnel from the 30th joined the Brigade FDC personnel in their tent. The Fire Direction Officer, 1Lt. Bill McMakin, and SP-4 Fox utilizing the slip stick would be plotting all the rounds to be fired while the rest of the battery was still somewhere back on the road. The gun crews quickly started setting up and laying the hefty cannons on their proper azimuth with their optical instruments. They knew that they could decide the battle. The gun crews quickly emplaced a line of aiming posts in the ground: their artificial aiming points. Ammunition was stood at hand and made ready to fire. Illumination and Point Detonating (PD) rounds were prepared. All fires were to be directed from the 320th as soon as the 30th FA battery was ready. Knowing that the many lives of B/2/320 FA were at stake, the well-trained crews worked quickly in the dark. The 30th FA was ready for action in minutes. The Fire Direction Officer communicated by field telephone to the gun crews. A sudden stab of flames momentarily lit the sky. The trundling passage of the large rounds, streaking high overhead, reverberated throughout the valley. The deafening sound of the guns would remain constant now, an assault on the senses.

The 320th FA directed the 30th FA fires at the two ridges immediately fronting the battery position, on top of the finger ridges and on their reverse slopes. As the 155mm rounds slammed and flowered into the ground, the enemy fire gradually slackened. Surrounded by ear-splitting explosions and smoke, the ground shaking beneath them, some North Vietnamese soldiers could be seen fearfully crouching and attempting to escape into the exploding darkness, carrying off their dead and wounded. The artillerymen and supporting infantry scrambled to retake both guns. The 320th now lowered their guns to fire the antipersonnel (APERS) XM546 BEEHIVE rounds point blank into the still attacking PAVN. Each Beehive round coughed death into a fan-like shower of 8,000 one-inch long steel darts called flechettes, shredding flesh at close range and leaving hundreds of tiny holes in the bodies of any enemy at any distance directly in front of the perimeter. After a bitter battle, there were thirteen dead NVA remaining inside the number six gun position. Capt. Don Whalen, effectively controlling the supporting fire, allowed the "Redlegs" to consolidate their position.



CC 34853 - OPERATION HAWTHORNE

*Troopers of the 101st Airborne Brigade repel the Viet Cong attack, then assault the Viet Cong position during Operation Hawthorne near Tumorang Province, Kontum.*

*7 June 66/Photo by: SGT Bernie Mangiboyat, Pictorial A-V Plt, 69th Sig Bn (A)*

The 30th FA fired four rounds a minute, placing a ring of steel around the isolated artillery position at LZ Lima Zulu, rendering screaming men to torn flesh and splintered bone. Each 155mm round had a bursting radius of 50 meters. The order was given to expend all the ammunition. All officers, radio operators, mechanics and cooks began carrying all the ammunition available into the firing positions to be fired. The gunners slaved at the guns. Muzzle flames lit the night. The thunder of the guns echoed hollow and malignantly over the valley. The smoke hung like a sea fog above them as it slowly settled. On this dark night, there was a constant glow surrounding the battery. Between each of the rounds, the breech blocks were yanked open, the old primers removed and the bores swabbed with water so the next powder bag will not cook off. More smoke continued to be pumped relentlessly from the huge guns. Then the guns were loaded with another projectile. The battery of six guns fired a maximum rate of fire, firing four rounds a minute for three minutes, flames and smoke contracted writhing shapes all around. The noise seemed to go on forever. A thick cloud of cordite hung low to the ground in the night air, and the men choked on the smoke, gas and dust as they labored.

The powder-stained gun crews of B/1/30 FA strained and sweated in the cool of the night. They continued their overwhelming, accurately aimed and controlled fire for four hours, straining with dedication at their hard labor. The stabbing flames lasted until the dawn's early light, at which time the 30th FA received word over the radio in the Fire Direction Control (FDC) center that the PAVN had broken contact with the American artillery unit. They had saved some of the men of the 320th. At first light, 5:30 a.m., amid sporadic firing, the PAVN, now fearing the worst and knowing that they would be hunted, started disappearing back into the mountains. The dust drifted slowly away. Men checked their dead and wounded friends and their ammunition. The wounded, now horribly thirsty, were tended to by their grieving comrades.

After the 30th FA fire mission ended in the half-light of dawn at 6:30 a.m., the exhausted and dirty artillerymen slept at their guns amidst the heavy cloud and smell of cordite. The litter of fuse cans and powder canisters were strewn about everywhere, a mute testimony to their intense and gallant effort. They had accomplished their fire mission without burning up their tubes or developing hydraulic problems. The big guns had won the night. Hours later, B/1/30 was ordered to join their fellow artillerymen at LZ Lima Zulu. They remained at LZ Lima Zulu for the rest of the campaign.

Between midnight and dawn, the battered, reinforced PAVN battalion and their well-trained sapper units had lost some 86 men whom they had not been able to drag away.<sup>5</sup> Now, some of the fresh NVA troops would set up ambush positions and those battered in the attack would go to ground, sit back in their underground bunker positions and wait, true to their doctrine. After hearing the artilleryman's story, I kept my thoughts to myself. I believed that they had been hit by a sapper battalion.

Our commanders in Vietnam had a habit of placing lone, small units out where they became targets of opportunity to draw the PAVN forces out, specifically artillery units. To draw out the tiger, they needed a Judas goat. B/2/320th FA was the Judas goat. While the communists were doing their best to annihilate the cannoners and the small attached infantry unit and seize their 105mm guns, the waiting American commanders would then converge on the sound of the guns, often too late. Our brave artillerymen in Vietnam very often fought just as much as infantrymen, and all too often, very intensely.

"Charlie Company" was given the word to move north. At this point, my body was again acting like it was healthy. We now knew that there were tigers in this valley. At the artillery position, the battalion separated, each company going its own way. The battalion commander preferred to operate in small units to locate the enemy and then, when found, consolidate on them. We followed the blood trails and drag marks on the high-speed trail up the Dak Ta Kan Valley, leading away from the artillery battery. This was the direction in which the NVA had gone. Giving some quick orders as to the order of march, I noted the stoic look on the haggard faces of the platoon. We knew we faced a violent death at any time and had to concentrate on preventing it. There were many blood trails along the way. Their blood trails were in a relative straight line, and their splatter marks pointed out their direction of travel. We followed in the same general direction. My 2nd platoon was to lead the way. As we passed the artillery position, the smell of the dead hung so heavily, I could taste it. I realized that we now had to kill without hesitation, without conscious thought in order to survive.

The trail up the flat valley was mostly covered with brush and at times spotted with large timber. At some points there were large unobstructed open spaces and closed-in areas of brush, all of which had us paying close attention to our surroundings. The sun was out in full force in a beautiful blue sky, and it was hot and dry. In the distance outside our immediate area, in every direction we could see the light green color of large groves of bamboo standing out against the darker green of mature hardwoods. My few men had gone quiet. Each man,

self included, was dealing with this new situation inside. I had to pay close attention to all my senses. To ignore them now would be to die. I felt attuned to my environment, frightened, but trusted my judgment and instinct about the reality all about me. If there was a need to talk during movement, it was done in a whisper. Cautiously, but aggressively, we began to dog the North Vietnamese force. I noticed the wide, shallow and smooth print of the NVA sandals in the trail. The prints maintained their heel width through the instep, spreading at the ball of the foot until rounding toward the toe. The heel and toe areas were hardly noticeable in the dry dirt of the trail, because of the way they were cut.

We had only progressed a little over a mile, when I got a powerfully felt uneasy feeling, then a sense of alarm. After spending so much time patrolling in-country, I had a lot of confidence, and often felt a sense of threat before seeing anything. There was a distinct absence of normal sounds. I stopped, motioned the man behind me forward, and told him, "something's here, keep a sharp watch." Our first encounter with the NVA came. I had barely noticed a flash of white deep in the brush about 50 yards away. Suddenly my muscles contracted nervously. My eyes grew big as saucers. Warning enough, I put my arm up to motion for a halt. Everyone went down, facing both directions. Possibly a bird flittering from place to place. Something in the back of my mind said "look closer." I turned with my weapon at the ready on a patch of scrub brush. A twig broke softly. I froze, muscles tensing, and then I moved slowly forward. My first squad was up and beginning to slowly spread out, moving in the direction my rifle was pointed. I locked my eyes into the concealed direction where I had heard the sound. Three of us saw the NVA soldier at the same time and fired.

We searched the area. He had been alone. The body was stripped of its weapon, ammo, and grenades. I had seen a white field dressing on his head as he watched from deep in the brush. On his person, aside from his weapon, he had all his possibles in a pack--cooked rice with meat and peppers--indicating a unit on the move. We dragged him out to the trail and left him there for his comrades to pick up and carry away in the night. The NVA scouts were to constantly lurk on our edges throughout this campaign.

Much later, our commander, Captain Dill, stopped the company in the low ground for the night in an open basin, a valley-like depression covered with high grass near the edge of the surrounding forest where there was a little grassy area near a stream at the bottom of a higher ridge. This low ground had high ridges three-quarters of the way around us and was sure to be bug-ridden and under NVA observation. The tallest peaks in the mountain ridges on our move up the valley would reach from 5,430 feet to 7,802 feet. I remember just shaking my head and wondering how anyone in combat could choose the low ground to set up a night defensive position. Watching the leaves rustle in the twilight, I sniffed the air. I could not smell the acrid tint of wood smoke in the light breeze that touched my face. The NVA uniforms could often be smelled because the smoke from fires and incense was so strongly imbedded in their clothes. Wind could often be the nemesis of the hunted. In spite of the lack of evidence lingering in the air, I knew that they were there. We all knew that they were there.



The commander wanted several ambush positions put out for security. The platoon leader selected me to take an ambush team out from our platoon. Thank God, I wouldn't have to spend the night in this area. I told him that I would go back and ambush the dead body on the trail. Just in case I was being followed, after arriving back in the area opposite the dead body, I kept slowly moving while selecting my ambush site. I moved further away to a point that I could keep the body and surrounding area under observation and waited for darkness. After it was good and dark, I quietly moved my men back into the previously selected ambush site and set up. A bright moon had risen and light shined through the rustling and creaking branches moving gently in the wind. An opalescence flooded the open area to our front. Inside our cover and concealment, invisible in the mottled moon shadows, we watched in the barred and broken moonlight. At times, we could see the moon-silvered reflection in each others eyes. We listened to the stillness of the night, through the vibrating chorus of night creatures. We waited all night without hearing any unusual sounds, except for the wavering of the tree tops in the wind and the peeping of the tree frogs from the wet area along the river to our back.

Our only incident came late in the night. I had been forced to take an inexperienced staff sergeant with me on the night ambush, which I strongly protested. Captain Dill just as strongly stated that I had to do it. During the night the staff sergeant fell into sleep and started moaning, "Mama, Mama," loud enough to be heard by anyone within hearing. I had to have him quickly awakened. He was told to remain awake, that our lives depended upon it. He argued, and I sensed immediately that to push the issue would only force a confrontation, and that might get us all killed. Mistakenly, I trusted him to stay awake. As soon as three-quarters of an hour went by, there again came this loud moaning sound of "Mama, Mama." This time I had one of my most trusted men remain with him, with orders to keep him awake. When the eastern sky had begun to gray, I made sure each man was ready and waiting. This part of the day always smelled the very best, the fresh, fertile smell of the earth.

Early in the morning, the air was heavy and wet with a chill. I returned the squad to the company area. It was now the 8th of June. The 2nd platoon was ordered by Captain Dill to patrol a high ridge. I took the time to clean my rifle thoroughly before leaving, otherwise I could count on the M-16A1 jamming. I checked the pins of my grenades carried in my canteen pouch. The content of these M-26 grenades were filled with Composition B, a high explosive whose detonation velocity was terrible at close quarters. An accident with one of these would shred you to pieces. Most of us were mentally prepared to expect the worst. If we were going to be ambushed, it would be at a long range. I prayed it wouldn't be while we were still in the low ground. I knew that the North Vietnamese were more likely to have us under observation because of our being near this stream. And occupying the low ground made it easy for them.

We moved off from the rest of the company toward the stream and a fording place, without our staff sergeant in tow. Through the foliage, I could see the glint and sparkle of the stream. We chose a snaking bend of the stream to cross. It offered the most

concealment. I squinted from the cover at the promontory overlooking the stream with my heart beating loudly, praying that no one was there. The uphill side across the stream was covered in dark shadows. This section of stream for several miles had a slow taper.

I studied the lay of the surface water upstream, straight across and below from my covered position. The current flow changed in a subtle manner due to bottom conditions. Our inside bend would offer us the most cover from observation. The bend had a sand bar extending out into the stream. There were riffles, current breaks and boils in the water, indicating a rocky bottom. The further out from the shore, the larger the rocks became, with eddies of dead water below them. It was better to cross straight across than above or below from where I watched. The slick flow of water in the middle of the stream indicated it was deeper there. I pinpointed the deeper channel on the far bank where the water ran faster. Below, the current grew swifter and formed a backwater area with a soft bottom that we didn't want to get into. Straight across from me were a wide area of ripples where the stream was rocky and shallow, and the best solid footing. I sent a security team across first. They got into the shallows of the stream and plunged into the current and were able to cross quickly without any trouble. They left the water and worked their way up. Two security teams would cover the crossing, one on the near side and one on the far side. Kneeling in a concealed position, I turned toward the few faces I could see behind me and extended my arm, palm outward, signaling "Ready?", then motioned with my hand to my head to "Follow me."

Gray mist steamed upward as the air began to warm. We crossed the stream. The shaded water was cool with a dark, full current flowing. I was amazed at the size of the foot-long, dark but colorful poisonous centipedes found clinging to the side of the large rocks in the shade. Their many orange-red legs along their body gave them a sinister appearance. Their bite was reportedly painful. I scanned the entire top of the ridge that was within my view. I felt the thermals on my face flowing downward, dissipating the wispy fog. The sun cleared the tops of the hills, bathing the dark ridge to our front in a glorious, vivid early morning light.

The only sound was the constant murmur of the stream. Water is an important component in hunting the NVA. Every base area requires basic needs, and water is important as a food source, and for bathing, cooking, and drinking. It also serves as a hidden trail for an approach into an area or retreat from an area. If there was a camp or defensive area above, it would be upstream of this crossing site, so that its use would not make for bad water at the campsite. The sun would soon reverse this flow of air. As we were midstream, I suddenly heard a familiar whirring song. The very loud shrilling sound of the tropical sap-sucking cicadas started as the sun was starting to filter through the leaves of the tallest trees. What concerned me was the fact that the noise started over a hundred yards away from us. I stopped and turned my head and eyes in every direction. The cicada is the noisiest insect in the world. It makes a frightening noise, sorting out the sounds into the threatening or non-threatening variety. I was hoping it wasn't a disturbance





squawk to alert the North Vietnamese. Generally, when one of these insects was disturbed and started up his shrilling, the others responded. And they did. The sound came as a low drone, accelerating to a roar that was nearly deafening, staying steady for a prolonged period and then falling to a whisper and then into silence. This is one of the few insects capable of hearing, and it produces the loudest sound of any insect. I was wondering who had disturbed them. Maybe it was only the wind and temperature change that set them off. I knew that most of our serving soldiers did not know what to listen for, or how to interpret the sounds of the forest. It was important to identify the source of a sound or movement in order to be able to respond to danger. Most were hearing these sounds for the first time, if they were even registering in their minds.

We left the stream, again merging with the shaded darkness, and started climbing up the opposite bank, moving as cautiously and quietly as nature would allow and striking out into the forest. Our gradual, crouched ascent up the ridge through the brushy evergreen laurel undergrowth was slow. The creeper vines and scrub were changing to a thick and deepening full-foliated dark forest as we neared the top. I was hoping the NVA were not set up above us. I stopped everyone moving as soon as my eyes cleared the top and visually searched the surrounding area. Then, upon silent command, our shadowy profiles slowly disappeared into the heavy timber above the stream's banks. The wind was down and the sky had blown clear blue. Our pants and boots, sopping wet, were soon dry. Now, if we were ambushed, we were at least in the trees where it would be close up, and we would be able to fight back from cover. While we were stopped, paying attention in the directions of the variations of terrain around us, I cupped both hands behind my ears to listen--swiveling my head slowly, letting my eyes rove for any movement. I detected only the natural sights and sounds. We called the crossing security teams back in. Although it was not treated as such by most American commanders in Southeast Asia, jungle warfare, more so than any other type of warfare, was a war of wits.

### The Cook Shack

At the top of the ridge, the first thing we found was an elaborate trench system with individual fighting positions. Luckily for us, it had not been occupied. The NVA on the move always had prepared positions to move to. A solid leaf shelter served as a cook shack. The thick walls of packed leaves would hold the smoke of the small fireplace inside. The leaf walls allowed the smoke to dissipate slowly without revealing any outward physical sign of its presence. No telltale rising smoke. Any small amount of escaping smoke would hang low to the ground and, in the strong morning updrafts and evening downdrafts, leave a narrow scent trail to be found. Mountain wind eddies and the great number of large trees would further alter the scent trail and dissipate the small amount of smoke, rendering it less easily observed. Any amount of rising smoke would further diffuse through the ample foliage of the forest canopy overhead. The NVA had only to add more leaves as they became matted down with time. Leaves insulate effectively when dry. The walls smelled of smoke. This type of quickly-built shelter could be used for weeks, until the rainy season. The hut had the closest access to the source of water

below. I pulled some of the leaves from the frame and tested their decomposition by rolling them in my hand. Lifting them to my nose, the acrid scent of smoke grew stronger. They were old, crispy-dry, and came apart easily. The hut passed its first test.

Entering the hut, I noticed the soot-blackened leaves of the interior walls, and wood saplings used as support framework overhead, dark where black curls of smoke had often risen upward. It passed its second test. At the fireplace, I put my splayed hand palm-down low over the gray-white ashes. Feeling no heat, I put my palm in the ashes of the old fire in the baked mud hearth. They were cold. I scraped away the dead coals and ashes and placed my palm to the ground under the fire. It was cold. It was at least 24 hours or more. From the looks of the old fireplace, I guessed that it was at least three days old. If it had been only one day, the ground would still retain some warmth where the fire had burnt. There were no broken pieces of mud shells that the food items had been baked in, which might have left evidence of decomposition. The cook shack was swept clean. Now I was suspicious. Although this defensive position had existed here for some time, it was a relatively newly-constructed position. It was a converging site sitting on a high-speed trail. However, there was no container to check for water. My suspicion grew. It had to be a company-sized, remain-overnight position, or else it concealed the entrance to an underground tunnel. I went back to the fireplace. The fireplace in many villages covered the entrances to underground tunnels. Tunnel entrances needed an elevated and dry area. The cook shack was in an elevated area and the inside was dry. More suspicious than ever, I spent a little time with my knife, first probing and then digging down and around to check the ground under the fireplace. No tunnel entrance.

I moved a little way ahead of the main body of the platoon as they took a silent break. The ground ahead elevated gradually. I stood listening, unmoving. Looking back at the abandoned camp, my mouth went dry. I could not hear one soldier in our platoon fidgeting around; they knew better. The younger soldiers were growing spookier and spookier. Only their red eyes, filled with growing despair, were talking, flashing those wordless messages. Eyes watched other eyes. I could smell their fear and see their faces strained with fatigue. They were scared: they were in a world where the weak, slow and unwary would die. I could see them gripping their weapons so tightly their knuckles were white. I think we were all paranoid by this time anyway. But it was plain on every soldier's face beneath their helmets: dull, red eyes set in grime-smearred faces haggard from fatigue, betraying the dark, unspoken truth of their private premonitions that contact was imminent. I swept away the leaves from the ground and put the palm of one hand flat against the bare earth to feel and listen for movement above and below ground. I could detect nothing. The morning had broken clear and cool.

5. *Sappers were made up of carefully selected and trained personnel, specializing in explosives, detecting and disarming early warning systems, and attacking fortified defensive positions. Sappers, used primarily to conserve forces, were organized into battalions and Regiments*



# Lieutenant General James B. Peake

## [2/502 A 5-67 - 5/68]

### Retires

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

Lt. Gen. James B. Peake was born in St. Louis, Mo., received his Bachelor of Science degree from the United States Military Academy in 1966, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Infantry. Lt. Gen. Peake graduated from Cornell University Medical School, New York, N.Y., in 1972. He is also a graduate of the United States Army War College, in 1988.

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

Lt. Gen. Peake is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, Fellow of the Society of Thoracic Surgeons, Fellow of American College of Cardiology, Honorary Member of Korean Medical Association, Member of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, Member of the Society of Medical Consultants to the Armed Forces, and Member of the American College of Surgeons. He has been honored with the Order of Military Medical Merit; the "A" Professional Designator; and the Medallion, Surgeon General of the United States. Lt. Gen. Peake has authored a number of publications, presentations, exhibits and motion pictures.

Awards and decorations that Lt. Gen. Peake has received include the Distinguished Service Medal, Silver Star, Defense Superior Service Medal, Legion of Merit (with three oak leaf clusters), Bronze Star with "V" device (with one oak leaf cluster), Purple Heart (with one oak leaf cluster), Meritorious Service Medal (with two oak leaf clusters), Air Medal, Joint Services Commendation Medal, Army Commendation Medal with "V" device (with one oak leaf cluster), Humanitarian Service Medal, the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, Combat Infantryman Badge, Navy Meritorious Unit Commendation, Joint Meritorious Unit Award (with one oak leaf cluster), Senior Parachutist Badge, Pathfinder Badge, Ranger Tab, and Army Staff Identification Badge.



*DT 1: Army Chief of Staff, Gen. Peter J. Schoomaker, presents Lt. Gen. James B. Peake the Distinguished Service Medal. The award recognized Peake's leadership and dedication that allowed the Medical Command to meet the challenges of resourcing and delivering healthcare to soldiers, retirees and their families. The award also noted Peake's insight that enabled the Army Medical Department to provide modular, scalable health services of a campaign Army deployed in support of operations Iraqi Freedom and Enduring Freedom.*



*Gen. Peter J. Schoomaker presents Janice Peake the Secretary of the Army Public Service Award for more than 28 years of distinguished volunteer service. Her personal involvement in a variety of family oriented initiatives and her support of community organizations improved family member quality of life and family readiness programs. (Photos by Ed Dixon)*

*Editor's note: I believe that General Peake is the final 1st Brigade (S) Viet Nam veteran to serve on active duty. What a long and distinguished Army career; from June of 1966 until July 2004. For more information about General Peake see the July 2003 issue and page 34 of this magazine. I am deeply indebted to Phillip Reidinger, Public Affairs officer at Fort Sam Houston TX, for sending me the material published in this issue.*



The

Screaming



Eagle

Vol. 11, No. 6

1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division

February 7, 1968

## Ambush Garners 4 VC

PHAN RANG — A night ambush of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division accounted for four enemy killed and three weapons captured during a recent operation southwest of here.

Paratroopers of the Weapons Plat., C Co., 3rd Bn. (Abn), 506th Inf. had finished a day of search and destroy. One squad was to set up a night ambush along a nearby trail.

Sgt. Dean F. Smith, Indianapolis, led his men through the jungle to the edges of a clearing along the trail. Quickly the Screaming Eagles were in position.

"Visibility was bad," said Spec. 4 Douglas S. Gandle, Minneapolis-St. Paul. "We had to do something to give us plenty of early warning."

Forty-five minutes later, snapping twigs could be heard down the trail.

"We waited until we could see them," said Smith. "There were four VC with weapons and rucksacks."

The paratroopers set off their claymore mines and raked the "kill zone" of the ambush with automatic weapons fire. The cease fire was given.

## Mobile PX Moves Up

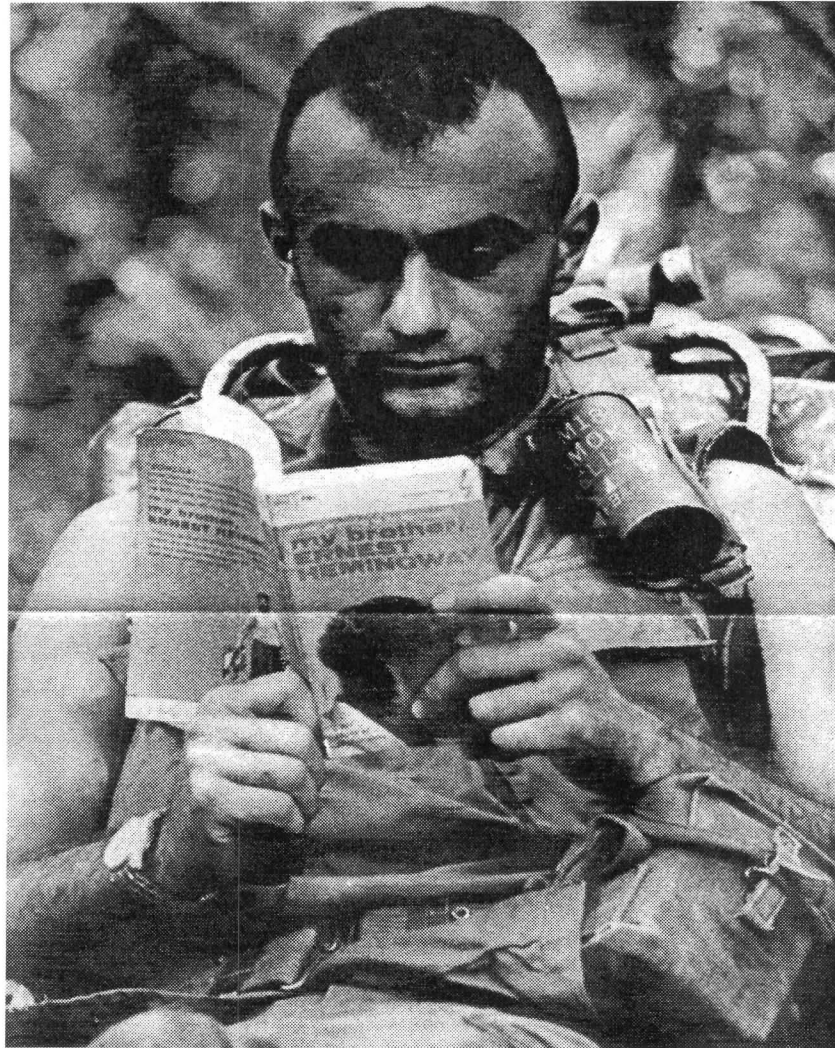
PHAN RANG—The casual observer might have thought the two and a half-ton truck in the forward base camp of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division was just another truck—until he looked inside and found a post exchange (PX).

The mobile unit, loaded with such items as watches, cameras, film and food, comes forward when a unit requests it. Lt. Michael J. Maunsell, Waterbury, Conn., assistant brigade S-1, arranges for the PX unit.

Spec. 5 Ronald A. Woods, Detroit, manages the mobile store. "We go to great lengths to provide the troopers with what they want," said Woods. "Small cameras, watches and canned food items are the most popular."

The Screaming Eagle mobile PX is a stark contrast to the glass counters and spacious aisles of main stores in Saigon, Cam Ranh Bay and Da Nang, but the philosophy of service is the same—serving the troops.

Recently while the brigade was conducting search and destroy operations near Bao Loc, the post exchange truck came forward with a convoy from the base camp here. The mobile shopping center sold out at each of the three battalions it visited.



## Intellectual Break

Spec. 5 Vartor S. Tavitian, Boston, takes advantage of lull in fighting to catch up on his reading. Tavitian is a medic with the 1st Plat. of A Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf.

(Photo by Spec. 4 Ben Croxton)

## Seabee's Visit Turns 'Warm'

PHAN RANG—A Navy seabee learned what a mortar attack is like when he visited his brother, a paratrooper with the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division over Christmas.

Petty Officer 3rd Class Almon Anderson of Paramount, Calif., was granted a pass by the Naval Support Detachment at Phu Bai to spend Christmas in the field with his brother southwest of here.

Spec. 4 Michael Anderson, a forward observer with Company

A of the 1st Bn. (Abn.), 327th Inf. was surprised when he received a radio message: "Return to the company perimeter to see a visitor."

"A visitor?" he asked. "Who gets visitors out in the boonies?"

The two brothers enjoyed the holiday. When the paratroopers prepared to resume their search and destroy operations after the Christmas truce, the seabee asked if he could go along for a day.

"No deal," said the paratrooper. "This is no place for a guy to take a stroll."

So the seabee awaited extrac-

tion from the field and subsequent transportation back to his unit. While he was waiting for a helicopter, the battalion command post was hit by enemy mortar fire.

Later Plat. Sgt. Paul Baltos, Eudaly, Wis., asked the seabee for his service number as he boarded a helicopter.

"CN6935353," he answered. "It can't be," said Baltos. "It starts with RA in this outfit."

"No sir," replied Anderson. "I'm a seabee."

"A seabee!" exclaimed Baltos. "Well, welcome to the 101st."

## Brigade Initiates Sweep

SONG BE — The 1st Brigade recently initiated its 25th search and destroy sweep — Operation San Angelo—since arriving in Vietnam when paratroopers air-landed into jungles near here.

In the first four days of fighting, nine enemy were killed by Screaming Eagle elements.

The Hawk reconnaissance platoon of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., accounted for the first enemy kill while the Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol (LRRP) of Headquarters Co. added two more.

On the second day of the operation, B Co. of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf., encountered two Viet Cong on a jungle trail, resulting in two VC killed.

The third day, the Tiger reconnaissance platoon and B Co. of the 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., accounted for four enemy killed and discovered a battalion-sized base camp—with bunkers, food supplies, chickens and pigs. The Tigers also found eight tons of unpolished rice while A Co. of the "Above the Rest" battalion found 900 additional pounds of rice during their sweep nearby.

Important findings during this period by B Co. of the 2/327 were high-speed supply trails and dirt roads wide enough to accommodate trucks and pack animals. The "No Slack" paratroopers also found 100 pounds of rice in a bunker complex.

## 'Enemy' Escapes By Tree

PHAN RANG—The 2nd Plat. C Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. engaged what they thought was an enemy during a recent operation. But the "enemy" turned out to be a King Kong rather than a Viet Cong.

"Movement had been spotted in trees ahead of us," said Lt. Benny P. Priddy, Clarksville, Tenn. "I scanned the treeline and saw a human-like figure in what appeared to be a dull red uniform."

Pfc. John H. Robbins, Sylva, Ga., first noticed the figure and had reported it to Priddy, who called in artillery.

"The first round landed about 50 meters from the 'enemy,'" added Priddy. "That's when we found out what he was."

The figure, frightened by the explosion, dropped from the tree, climbed another one and retreated by swinging from tree to tree.

"It was the biggest orangutan I've ever seen," said Robbins.

# Trooper 'Killed' 3 Times

PHAN RANG—A paratrooper was "killed" three times in one day here recently.

The trooper of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division was undergoing replacement training at the Screaming Eagles' famed "Proficiency School".

"A man is 'killed,'" explained Sgt. Darrell Futrell, Evansville, Ind., "when he triggers a mine or booby trap while walking through the confidence course."

Each time a paratrooper trips a hidden explosive, a buzzer is sounded.

"When that buzzer goes off," Futrell added, "you're dead."

Before moving through the course, the new troopers receive two hours of instruction on mines and booby-traps used throughout Vietnam by Viet Cong and North Vietnamese forces.

Captured enemy mines, booby-traps and explosives are on display for the paratroopers to study.

"Behind me is a Viet Cong sign depicting American brutality," growls Spec. 4 David E. Possert, Norfolk, Va., a veteran of many months of jungle fighting with the brigade.

"The normal soldier gets angry and tears it down—like this."

As Possert rips loose the sign, a pound block of explosive detonates sixty yards to the rear of the classroom.

Attention to the instruction increases as the paratroopers realize they are seeing something new.

"We're here to give our replacements a thorough knowledge of the enemy and his tricks," said Futrell. "If he stays alert—he'll stay alive."

## Weapons Taboo On Your R&R

SAIGON—A warning regarding the penalties for transporting weapons while on R&R was given U.S. servicemen today by military officials here.

Current directives prohibit carrying or transporting weapons of any type aboard R&R aircraft.

Customs officials at the R&R sites, particularly Hong Kong, Singapore and Sydney, are thorough in their inspections.

Those who attempt to enter these countries with weapons and are apprehended face severe penalties under the laws of the host nations and U.S. military directives.



## Tippy-Toe

Spec. 4 Joseph L. William, Chocowinity, N.C., a paratrooper with the 1st Plat. of B Co., 3rd Bn. (Abn), 506th Inf., uses stones to cross a stream during Operation Klamath Falls.

(Photo by Pic. Jerry Berry)

# 87,534 VC Killed By Allies in 1967

SAIGON — Viet Cong forces fighting in the Republic of Vietnam paid heavily in both men and material during the year 1967, according to figures recently released by a military spokesman here.

Quoting statistics covering the period January 1 to December 30, 1967 the spokesman said 87,534 of the enemy were killed and 28,614 individual and 2,933 crew served weapons were captured. The total of enemy dead is the equivalent of more than 144 North Vietnamese Army battalions.

In addition, the foe lost 2,327,341 rounds of small arms ammunition, same period, 13,779 tons of rice and 162 tons of salt were taken from the enemy.

For the entire year, 27,178 persons defected from the enemy ranks to join the Government of Vietnam under the Chieu Hoi (Open Arms) program. Of these, 17,671 returnees (more than 29 NVA battalions) were fighting men, members of the military units opposing the Free World

Forces. Figures released for Free World Forces showed that the total U.S. Armed Forces strength increased from 389,000 on Dec. 31, 1966, to 486,000 on Dec. 30, 1967. Other Free World military strength rose from 53,000 to 60,000 fighting men.

During the year, the U.S. lost 9,353 men killed in action while other Free World casualties (excluding the Republic of Vietnam) totaled 1,102 dead. In all, 15,997 Americans have died in Vietnam between Jan. 1, 1961, and Dec. 30, 1967. The Vietnamese Armed Forces reported approximately 10,750 of their men were killed in action during the year.

Enemy terrorists and acts of terrorism claimed the lives of 4,080 Vietnamese civilians during 1967. An additional 8,072 civilians were wounded and 5,454 civilians abducted in these incidents during the year.

The year-end figures showed that U.S. military forces included 320,000 Army, 78,000 Marines, 56,000 Air Force, 31,000 Navy and 1,200 Coast Guard.

## Kupau Leads Support Unit

PHAN RANG—Lt. Col. Richard Kupau, Honolulu, is the new commander of the Support Battalion, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division.

Kupau formerly served as brigade personnel officer for the Screaming Eagles.

The new commander replaces Lt. Col. Quinton P. Sunday, Eufala, Okla., who completed his tour in the Republic of Vietnam in January.

# Need a Base Camp? Call Our Engineers

PHAN RANG—For paratroopers of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, a forward base camp is born overnight. Directing this unique event is brigade engineer, Maj. Benjamin R. Schlapak, Baldwinville, Mass., and the combat engineers of A Co., 326th Engineer Bn. Abn.

The Screaming Eagle engineers have built 33 base camps since the brigade arrived in Vietnam two and a half years ago.

Selecting a suitable home begins with a reconnaissance of the new area by the headquarters commandant, brigade engineer and representatives of subordinate units.

"We consider many factors in selecting a site," said Schlapak. "Water, terrain and tactical considerations all are important."

The brigade consumes nearly 13,000 gallons of water each day and a sizeable source must be available. Mobile purification units set up and maintained by the combat engineers insure safe drinking water.

"The desirability of an airstrip is another consideration," Schlapak continued. "Personnel, supplies, equipment and mail often are dependent upon air transportation."

Availability of standing timber for building protective bunkers is another consideration.

Once the base camp site has been selected, Capt. Michael Ward, Arlington, Va., and his combat engineer company take over.

After the area has been secured by the engineers, the myriad tasks of base development begin. The engineers begin clearing the area.

"At Bao Loc, the combat engineers cleared nearly a square

kilometer of brush and trees," said Schlapak. "Powerful bulldozers equipped with special cutting blades leveled the area."

Once the base area is ready for construction of tents, roads are cut. Graders cut through tree stumps, brush and jungle vines.

"Dust also is a problem when we move into an area," said Schlapak. "We try to keep the dust down with a special hardening oil. The engineers often use 200 barrels of oil a day to give the roads a degree of permanence. Helipads also are treated."

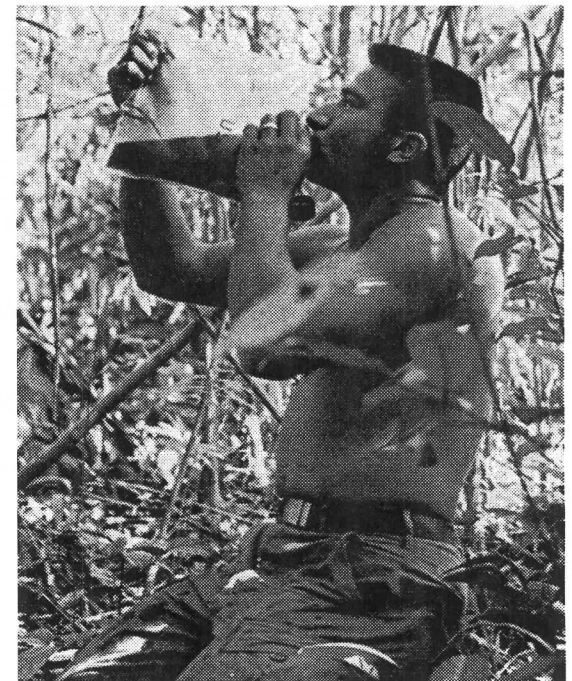
The paratrooper engineer has many faces. When he is not involved in building and developing a base camp or accompanying infantry units in combat, he can be found pursuing pacification goals. Working hand-in-hand with the Vietnamese people, the engineers have cleared and leveled outmoded roads and clogged drainage systems. In Ly Tra near Tam Ky, they built a school which subsequently was dedicated to the brigade.

## Prokup Assigned As XO of 2/327

PHAN RANG—Maj. Wayne J. Prokup, Mineral, Ill., has been assigned as executive officer of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., filling a slot left vacant when Maj. James J. Waldeck, Leavenworth, Kan., assumed the post of operations officer of the "No Slack" battalion.

Capt. Phillip W. Correll, Benton, Ark., is serving as brigade civil affairs officer.

Correll is a graduate of Trinity College in Hartford, Conn., and former operations officer (air) for the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf.



## Kool-Aid

Spec. 4 Homero-Gomez, a paratrooper with the 3rd Plat. of C Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf., tastes his fruit-flavored stream water during Operation Klamath Falls. Troopers often use the soft-drink concentrate to improve the taste of stream water treated with purification tablets.

(Photo by Spec. 5 Richard McLaughlin)



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## Animals Encircle Troops

PHAN RANG—A company of 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne paratroopers thought they were in the midst of a zoo southwest of here recently.

The first night C Co. of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. killed a tiger prowling around the perimeter.

"We didn't think much about it," said Capt. Jesse Myers Jr., Greensboro, N.C., company commander. "But the next few days we saw nothing but animals."

SFC David J. Harper, Columbus, Ga., had his platoon set up for the night when he heard noises.

"We heard the brush being broken and then this elephant crashed through our perimeter," he said. "I passed the word to leave him alone and he looked around, turned and went back the way he came."

The company's next encounter with animals was a stinging experience while clearing a landing zone for a resupply chopper.

"I chopped the wrong tree," said Pfc. Jeff S. Arbacauskas, Sunnyvale, Calif. "Those bees were all over me in a second."

Spec. 5 Salvador Melendez Jr., Chicago, stood nearby laughing. But soon he was under attack by the bees.

The last experience came when Pfc. Perry F. Ambrose, Nevada, Iowa, was listening to the troopers speak of their experiences.

"What are you squirming for," asked Arbacauskas.

A snake had crawled across Ambrose and beat a hasty retreat into the nearby brush.

## Jungle Cat Driven Off

PHAN RANG—If a tiger stalks you in your outpost, maybe the recent experience of two 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne paratroopers will be worth remembering.

During a recent operation southwest of here, Pfc. Thomas Parenteau, Los Angeles, was pulling radio watch in Headquarters Company, 2nd Bn. (Abn.), 327th Inf.

"I was startled when I heard a growling noise in front of our position. I didn't know where he was, but judging from the sound, I knew he was close."

Moments later the tiger came into view, head lowered and teeth bared.

Realizing small arms fire would reveal his position to any enemy in the area, Parenteau and Pfc. Robert L. Martin, Evansville, Ind., tried to drive the jungle feline away by hurling cans of C-rations. "We managed to bounce a few cans off him but he just backed off and approached from another direction," said Parenteau.

Martin then decided to try a more drastic measure. "I got on the radio and called for mortar fire," he said. "There was some questioning about the target, but they finally complied and dropped, in some rounds far enough away from us to avoid danger, but close enough to scare the cat away."

Parenteau added: "Radio watch has never been lonely since. A guy never knows what might pop-up over here."



## Twin Descent

Three paratroopers of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf., move down a rocky slope in the hilly jungle southwest of here during Operation Klamath Falls. Two of the Screaming Eagles slide down the rocky hill in tandem as a third keeps a sharp lookout to the rear. (Photo by Spec. 5 Richard McLaughlin)

## Persian Gulf, Korea

# 2 Distant Stations Heard On Paratrooper Frequency

PHAN RANG—When the tactical command post of a 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division opened at a new location during a recent operation the command element found out right away they had good communications. During routine calls, they heard conversations in the Persian Gulf and Korea.

"We all marveled at the clarity of our reception and transmission," recalled operations officer Maj. Mal K. Wallace, Gallopolis, Ohio. "We could hear all kinds of stations — Marines on the DMZ and Army units throughout Vietnam. The reception was outstanding."

"Things quieted down after a while," Wallace continued. "We were sitting in the command post and one of those periods of silence fell over the group. After a minute or two, our radio crackled with a voice pleading: 'Hold her steady there, Captain . . . Hold her steady.'"

Laughter punctuated the command center as the paratroopers of 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf.

wondered about the strange transmission.

A deep German voice said in English: "Bring the barge up closer." Moments later the same voice asked "How much more pipe". Another voice in a British accent began to talk about the chow and hoped the next meal would be an improvement.

"We thought the transmission was from a ship in the South China Sea," said Wallace. "We listened to them night after night and finally decided this station had to be further away."

Early one morning during a routine communications check with subordinate units of the battalion, the far away voice commented: "Hey . . . did you hear them guys on the radio talking about tigers and a bear? Must be some outfit with a bunch of animals."

"Yes . . . I heard it," said the deep German voice.

Wallace and the other paratroopers in the command post realized they were being heard

by the unknown station. Wallace picked up the microphone and said: "Say, Captain, this is the station you're talking about. Where are you located?"

The captain answered: "We're in the Persian Gulf."

The paratroopers looked at one another in amazement.

Just before the signal faded again, the oft-repeated phrase came over the radio "Hold her steady there, Captain."

The paratroopers laughed.

A few nights later, an American voice broke the radio silence with a communication check. Remembering their experience with the Persian Gulf pipe-laying vessel, the paratrooper radio operator answered.

A surprised, distant station responded and asked about the weather. The Screaming Eagle replied it was 85 degrees. The voice answered it was 20 above zero and getting colder.

"By gosh," said the distant voice, "I'm in Korea and you guys must be in Vietnam."

## CA Team Helping Villagers

NHA TRANG — A six-man team of the 41st Civil Affairs Company working with the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne southwest of here is dedicated to helping the Vietnamese people help themselves.

Each member of the team is trained in a special field—engineering, language, preventative medicine.

"Our mission is help the people help themselves," said Lt. Larry L. Case, Seattle, team leader.

Engineering aspects of the team's efforts are directed by Lts. Dale Johnson, Sacramento, and Aubrey Williams, Los Angeles.

"When we are requested to help in the relocation of a village, the first thing we do is search for a safe source of water," said Johnson. "Many of the ills we encounter are traced to infected water."

"To reduce the chances of terrorist attacks, we teach them how to improve and develop protective barriers around the village. We also teach them to make cement blocks for housing and schools. We furnish the materials and technical advice—they build their new community by themselves."

Spec 4 Thomas Felgate, Kansas City, Mo., is the medical specialist with the team.

"Most of the skin infections we see are the result of poor hygiene," he said. "When we encounter an illness or condition requiring specialists, we aid them in receiving treatment from local doctors in the area. Critical patients are evacuated to hospitals."

Perhaps the most valuable member of the team is its interpreter, Spec. 5 Thomas Hunt, Kokomo, Ind. Hunt was specially trained in the language.

## VC Finds Lost Item

PHAN RANG—A 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division paratrooper, Pfc. Joe C. Batts, Houston, may have a hard time convincing the folks in Texas that it really happened—but it did.

Batts, a member of the reconnaissance platoon, 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., was organizing his gear during a resupply action southwest of here. As the young trooper hefted his rucksack and moved out, he was unaware he had misplaced his billfold during the rest and resupply break. When he discovered his billfold and color pictures of his family missing, he was too far away from the original position to go back and look for it.

Three weeks later and twenty miles farther south, Sgt. Donnie G. Prine, Newport, Ark., was leading a reconnaissance team when the paratrooper spotted two Viet Cong trail watchers.

Prine opened fire, killing one of the insurgents.

When the body and rucksack were searched Batts' billfold was found.

"We knew Batts had lost it," said Prine. "When we opened it up the pictures were still there along with a picture of the dead VC taken in his dress uniform."

Everyone remarked about the strange coincidence, but no one was more surprised, or pleased, than Batts.

## LRRP Outpost Kills Two VC in Ambush

PHAN RANG — The clouds floated thick and unbroken over the outpost of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division. Members of the Long Range Reconnaissance Platoon (LRRP) were awake, sipping a last cup of coffee. Spec. 4 Gene L. Ackerson, Detroit, was preparing for the first watch.

The paratrooper was fascinated by the eerie light. The heavy clouds glowed from the bright moon's direct light. Settling himself and forgetting the clouds, Ackerson stared into the jungle.

The Viet Cong were there, their black pajama uniforms blending with the night. Two were to become statistics for the Screaming Eagles.

Ackerson noticed movement as the enemy approached the

position. He alerted the other men in the outpost.

"I counted five and I figured they hadn't seen us yet," said Ackerson.

The paratroopers waited. As the enemy advanced, their Russian designed, Chinese Communist-manufactured AK-47 automatic rifles could be seen.

As the VC came within 35 meters, the Screaming Eagles opened fire. Taken by surprise, the enemy dove into the underbrush and began returning the fire.

Foliage was torn by the crisscrossing of red and green tracer rounds.

The enemy fire became sporadic, then stopped. Silence returned to the jungle.

The paratroopers waited. They listened. Only their own deep breathing was audible.

Ackerson and Spec. 4 Ralph E. Duckett, Ellijay, Ga., moved to check the enemy positions.

Ahead they could see two bodies.

"We stopped for a few minutes, waiting for one to move," said Duckett.

The bodies were still.

With M-16's at the ready, the LRRP's moved forward again. About 10 feet away, one VC suddenly rolled to his side and fired a wild burst from his rifle. Duckett and Ackerson dived for the ground in the face of the flashing muzzle. Duckett, firing as he dropped, stopped all further efforts of the enemy soldier.

## Sergeants React Well

PHAN RANG — Two paratroopers of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division reacted heroically under fire during a recent operation southwest of here.

Plat. Sgt. Sinclair Grear, Memphis, Tenn., kept the communications system intact so help could be summoned and Plat. Sgt. Paul Baltos, Cudahy, Wis., treated the wounded during an enemy mortar attack on the tactical command post of the 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf.

The attack came at 7:20 a.m. Mortars zeroed in on the communication bunkers. Grear, weaving through the enemy fire, righted an artillery communications antenna which fell under the initial barrage. Quickly he sent a message to nearby artillery and gunships to silence the enemy fire.

Baltos, meanwhile, was moving among the nine wounded paratroopers.

"We had Medevac helicopters circling above our position until the enemy fire was quieted," he said. "Then they swooped in and the wounded were at a hospital within minutes."

Battalion commander, Lt. Col. Gerald Morse, Bangor, Maine, cited the two Screaming Eagles for their action.

"Response under fire reveals the man," he said.

## Top Bonus Paid

The largest paid re-enlistment bonus for the month of November, 1967 was paid to Sgt. Walter R. Holt, a member of A Troop, 17th Cavalry. The Screaming Eagle received \$4,654.



## Mail Delivery

Sgt. William R. Ryan, Streator, Ill., carries mail for his platoon across a stream during a recent operation. Ryan is a member of A Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. (Photo by Spec. 4 Ben Croxton)

## Messes Flourish Under Kay, Buck

PHAN RANG—A daily menu was something SFC George O. Kay, Hartwell, Ga., had not worked with for 10 years. But he was introduced to the routine again recently when he was assigned as mess sergeant in Headquarters, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division.

Kay is a 20-year Army veteran who knows how important food can be for troops who work 18 hours a day. Under his supervision, the mess became one of the finest in the brigade.

His chief assistant, Staff Sgt. William E. Buck, Chocowinity, N.C. now supervises the headquarters mess while Kay recently has added the brigade commander's mess to his duties. Both messes have flourished under Kay and Buck.

The company-sized headquarters mess feeds 10 attached units at each meal—greatly enlarging the number of persons it supports. Some daily requirements include 75 gallons of coffee, 192 loaves of bread and 90 dozen eggs.

The meals are prepared by two shifts of five cooks each and a night baker. Each shift has a first cook who maintains supervision over other cooks.

Spec. 5 Willie E. Green, DeQuincy, La., and Spec. 5 Mack Horne, Washington, D.C., are the first cooks in the mess.

The cooks often work 12 to 15 hours on a shift. Both Green and Horne alternate their cooks so each can prepare more than one dish.

"Good supervision and good cooks get the job done well and on time," agree Green and Horne.

The outside man in the mess hall is Spec. 5 Lee M. McNair, Fayetteville, N.C. McNair is responsible for ration breakdown, storage, ice makers and refrigerated vans (reefers). He often handles 1,200 pounds of ice for the mess hall each day and he is responsible for all maintenance on his storage equipment.

A night baker labors far into the night to provide cake, rolls, doughnuts or other pastry.

Spec. 4 Jack P. Hendricks, Baird, Tex., is a top-notch baker, according to the troops.

"Good pastry can make a good meal," he says. "It adds the final pleasant touch."

## Troops Thwart Enemy

PHAN RANG—Paratroopers of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division thwarted the attempt of four Viet Cong to infiltrate a group of Montagnards trying to flee insurgent forces southwest of here recently.

Members of C Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., were in the process of establishing their base camp when 78 Montagnards walked into the paratrooper perimeter.

Lt. Michael McDermott, Highmore, S.D., said they looked weak and tired.

"Most of them had heavy loads on their backs. Through an interpreter we learned they were trying to get away from VC operating in the area. The group leader said the VC had taken food and terrorized the Montagnard village often and his people could no longer endure the intimidation and strain."

McDermott's element established a ring of security around the area and called for CH-47 Chinook helicopters to evacuate the tribesmen.

Meanwhile an intelligence team headed by Capt. Clyde K. Gibson, Shreveport, La., was alerted to receive the evacuees.

"We found the group composed of 17 men, 30 women and 31 children," said Gibson. "We questioned the 10 men who were of military age."

Following the questioning by the special ARVN staff working with the brigade, four of the 10 were confirmed as Viet Cong by Vietnamese officials. Staff Sgt. William N. Washington, Baltimore, arranged housing and food for the Montagnard group. "We had a small problem with the language," said Washington. "We had to translate from English to Vietnamese and then to the Montagnard dialect."



Jo-Jo

stopped.

"It looked like he was going to stumble into the road," said the sergeant who works in the brigade's Signal Co. (Provisional). "I picked him up and carried him with me."

The puppy was only a few weeks old. Melendez-Cox washed and fed the puppy, forming a bond between the man and dog that has grown by leaps and wags.

"My name is Jose and in Spanish that means Joe," said the wire chief. "So I call him Joe."

Other troops call him Jo-Jo. The dog quickly became the signal company's mascot. He now weighs 12 pounds and measures 12 inches high. He has been inoculated and Melendez-Cox hopes to take him home.

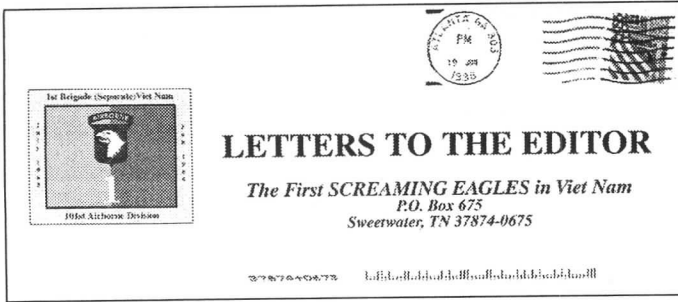
"He follows me everywhere," his master said with a grin. "He even sleeps at the foot of my cot."

Jo-Jo is airborne. He wears a collar with a Screaming Eagle charm dangling from it.



## Cool Drink

SFC George O. Kay, Hartwell, Ga., pours an iced drink for a paratrooper of Headquarters and Headquarters Co. (HHC) during a meal at the mess hall. (Photo by Staff Sgt. Al Wilson)



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

CLARENCE JUNEAU  
clarence\_juneau@hotmail.com

My father, Milton Juneau was a Platoon Sgt in B Company, 2/502 during 1966-1967. I would like to hear from anyone that remembers him.

JAMES STEPHENS, 2/327 B 67-68  
Illinois  
grampyakajimbo@verizon.net

Served with B Co 2nd 327 in Nam 1967 to 1968

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

My husband was Warren R. Newton, Co A, 1st Bn. He went to Viet Nam in July 1965 while I was pregnant with our older son. He died in Kelseyville, CA one week before I was to join him for vacation, July 2000. I'm still trying to understand.

HARVEY L. WILSON, 1/327 A, TF, HQ dates?  
192 Crescent Dr., Marion, NC 28752  
hlwilson@wnclink.com

Wonderful site! Wonder if anyone out there can tell me where I can purchase a neck tie with the 327 Crest on it? Thanks. Served with the 1-327, joined in Song Be and lived through the Division's arrival.

*Editor's Note: Try the Legacies Military Keepsakes Gift Shop, P.O. Box 642, Fort Campbell, KY 42223-2133; (931)431-2003; FAX (931)431-5598; <www.fortcampbell.com>*

+ MIKE BALDINGER, 2/502 C 12/65-12/66  
54 B St., Keyser, WV 26726-2705  
(304) 788-1461  
Supergrover@mindspring.com

Hey....Lookin' for 'Recon' Wolfe. Last seen heading for Calif. T.R., the Hat, and I are concerned. You OK?

+ JOHN 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 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!!!

**E-MAIL MESSAGES**

+ ROBERT R. PAPESH, 1/327 ABU 1/65-7/66  
3237 Lovers Lane, Ravenna, OH 44266  
(330) 297-0705  
pappyabu@aol.com

Just checking in like I told you I would. Had a grand time in Mesa. The Col. and his higher put on quite a show for one and all. Guess the next gala is up to you pal. Wish you well. Now to business, I need to get dialed in to the newsletter and to sign up on your list. Send me the info that I need and I'll take care of my end.

I was with Abu Company from Dec 1965-July 1966; my last mission was Dak To. I then spent 13 months as a patient at Valley Forge Army Hospital until I was retired in 1971 due to my wounds. Please feel free to contact me at my e-mail address or landline. Looking forward to seeing you in Atlanta in 06.

*Editor's Note: This email was received before he became a new subscriber.*

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+ RION CAUSEY, 1/327 HHQ TF 9/67-3/68  
1647 Almond Ave., Livermore, CA 94550  
W (925) 294-3326 H (925) 455-1478  
rion999@pacbell.net  
Subject: Re: Tiger Force

Dear Sir,

I am one of your subscribers and have a letter I would hope to have in your newsletter. I am quite close to the controversy surrounding Tiger Force, and you may find my letter interesting. You are doing a very good job with the Always First Brigade. Thanks.

I think many of your readers will recognize me as one of the people that was quoted by the "Toledo Blade" on tales of atrocities by Tiger Force. Let me first say that I had no idea of what the Blade story was about when they interviewed me. I thought it was going to be a story about a special platoon with a slant towards the Band of Brothers theme. Among the many stories I told them was one of the bravery of Tiger Force in the Song Be area after we had had our point man killed every day for three straight days. We still had a volunteer for point duty on the next day. It was only when the story came out in September did I realize what the Blade reporters were after.

Yes, I did tell them about what Tiger Force did in the last month of Operation Wheeler in Chu Lai. I was not with Tiger Force in Song Ve, and have no comments on what Lt. Hawkins and others were reported to have done in that operation. I do know what happened in the last month of Chu Lai. As much as many of you want to believe that nothing happened there, something did indeed happen. For over 30 days, Tiger Force hunted down every male in that valley between the age of 16 and 80 years old, and executed almost every one of them. I personally didn't remember capturing anyone to send to the rear, but the radio logs confirm that 9 were sent back to the rear near the beginning of the operation and one other near the end of the operation. These radio logs confirm that Tiger Force claimed 59 KIA's with the capture of 1 weapon (M-1 Carbine). The common practice was to enter the village or hootch area, round up all males, line them up, and shoot them. The squad that I was in caught 7 individuals in one small complex. Upon calling back to Tiger 1, we were told to follow normal procedures. All 7 were lined up and killed. I think it ironic that your last edition (Volume 6, #3) showed PFC Leak holding an M-79 round that had "deflected an enemy bullet." In fact, the bullet was an M-16 round that had bounced off of one of the 7 lined up against the wall. If you look at the picture in the article, you will see that the dent in the round shows a direct hit, not a glancing blow. A direct hit from an AK would have pierced the M-79 round. An M-16 round that had already bounced once would leave the type of dent shown in the picture.

One man we caught was not executed immediately. This particular man had discharge papers from the ARVN. He had served his time in the South Vietnamese Army and had been discharged. Unfortunately for him, he was in the wrong place

(free fire zone) at the wrong time. After keeping him overnight, a decision was made to kill him. He was given to Sam Ybarra. Sam came up behind the guy with a knife in one of his hands. Sam's other hand was behind his back. He wanted to see if he was able to kill the guy with a single hand. It took awhile, but Sam was eventually successful.

These are not the stories that you want to hear about Tiger Force. Unfortunately, they are true. I would be happy to share a copy of the radio logs with any of you that think I am still making this up. I know for a fact, that we killed more than 59 people, but we typically didn't call in our mistakes (women and children accidentally killed).

If you question why this happened, I think the only person that can answer that question is Colonel Morse, the Battalion Commander at the time. We were not the rogue platoon, as depicted by the Blade. We were a platoon doing exactly what we were told to do. It would be insane to think that the commander of the battalion could receive messages day after day stating, "3 VC killed, running from village" and not know what was going on. Remember that the records show 59 killed with one weapon captured. Whether this was the right way to fight that war is another question. Were all of these people VC? Probably. Were they also farmers that just didn't want to leave their farms? Certainly. All I know is that this slaughter left its mark on every man that was part of Tiger Force during that time. After we left that valley, that type of behavior did not occur again in Tiger Force while I was there.

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## FROM U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

+ CSM(R) ROBERT A. YOUNG, HHC CSM 6/66-6/67, 2 North East Street, Green City, MO 63545-1024; (660) 874-5123 sent the following letter. Dear Ivan (The Terrible); Don't go to Florida very soon! Ivan, good to see you in Phoenix. I thought, Gerry Morse and his "helpers" put on a "top-notch" 1st Brigade Reunion!

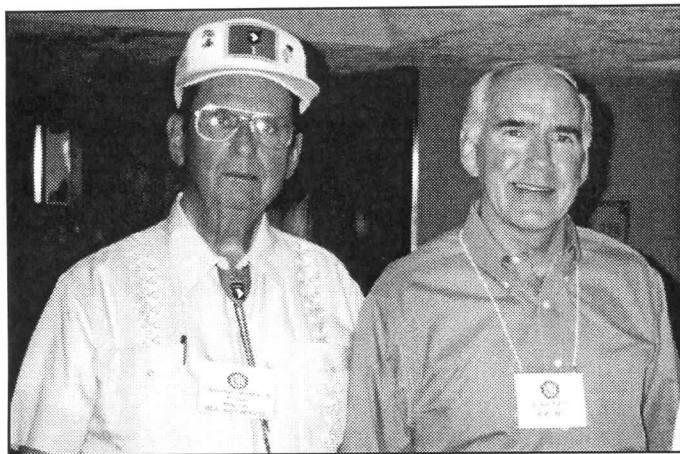
As you know, I missed the Texas Reunion (Hosp w/ulcer) and Columbus, GA (heart arrhythmia) – so not since Ft. Campbell have I completed a reunion. It's good to be healthy again – of course, since Jack Daniels and I have parted company I feel better. Of course, Jack's profits have probably slipped a little. Ha

Ivan, I've enclosed several photos for you to keep or pass along to those in the pictures. You might even find one good for your publication? I've sent several to General "Matt" and Col Morse. So these are yours.

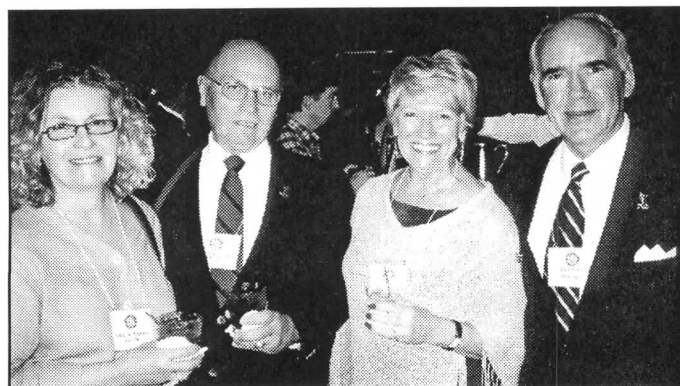
It was certainly good to see General and Mrs. Matheson again – same great old airborne commander – unfortunately his health has deteriorated on him. Hell, we're all getting old – right? Say hello to Ms. Alice!

Hope our paths will cross again soon somewhere down the airborne trail.





CSM(R) Robert A. Young (HHC CSM 6/66-6/67) from Green City, Missouri and Douglas N. Field (2/327 B 4/66-12/67) of Peachtree City, Georgia. (Young photo)



Left to right: Lista and LTC(R) Louis M. McDonald (2/327 B 5/66-10/66) from Rocklin, California and Arline and Douglas N. Field (2/327 B 4/66-12/67) from Peachtree City, Georgia. (Young photo)

+ JAMES MOORE, 42nd Scout Dog Plt. 7/67-7/68, P. O. Box 243, Lovell, ME 04051, (207) 928-2553 sent the following article when he became a new subscriber. "Ivan, this happened in August of '67, my first time in the field (boonies)."

### CHAMP SAVES PARATROOPERS

(This article was published in the November 22, 1967, issue of the 101st Airborne Division newspaper "The Screaming Eagle.")

CHU LAI – On two consecutive days, a 70-pound, gray German shepherd scout dog saved a platoon of the 101st Airborne paratroopers by alerting to enemy ambushes.

Champ (OK84), new to the 42nd Scout Dog Platoon, and his handler Pfc James Moore (VDHA member #0039) of Hollis, NH, were on point with the 3rd Platoon, A Company, 2nd Battalion, 327th Infantry, during Operation Benton.

Suddenly Champ alerted. "It was a strong reaction," said Moore. "He cocked his head and sniffed in the air."

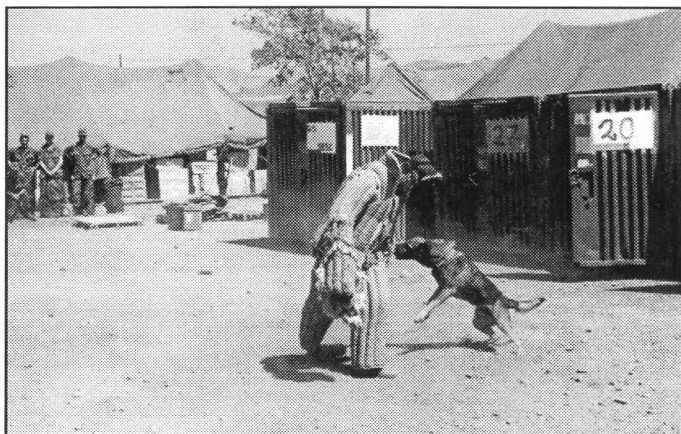
The men moved off the trail, except for the two paratroopers

who crawled forward to investigate. Around a bend in the path, seven NVA soldiers were eating. The two paratroopers crawled back to set an ambush and await the enemy.

As darkness fell, the NVA moved out. The enemy point man spotted one of the paratroopers and signaled his comrades. He was killed by paratrooper fire as he did so, but the other NVA escaped.



Jim Moore and Champ at Phu Bai, 1967. He looks like I told him to make a face.



Cross training sentry.

The next morning, Champ and Moore led a patrol near the company's command post. "We were fifty meters out of the perimeter when he alerted," said Moore.

Lt. Norman Fretwell, Joplin, MO, signaled his men to move on line and sweep forward. Another platoon was called in to cover the left flank. "We moved in to ambush the NVA from behind," said Fretwell. "They were watching the trail and we were on them before they could run."

Fire broke out when a NVA turned and spotted the paratroopers. He rose and fired a burst, but was cut down. Five more NVA were killed, a machine gun and five AK-47s were captured in the 45-minute encounter. The NVA on the other side of the trail abandoned their mission and fled. Two paratroopers were wounded.

Champ was also handled by Kevin Byrne, VDHA member #0316, in 1968-69. Champ was put down in 1972 at six years of age. The average age of death for a scout dog was 3-years-old.

*Editor's Note: When I asked Jim if he had a photo of Champ that I could publish, he sent along the following note.*

The story actually happened in 8/67 during my first time in the field. My first night in the field, we occupied a VC village. The only night during my tour that happened. Charlie attacked us with small arms and mortars. Goodbye Cherry! We combat-assaulted out of the area in the morning. Although they humped their butts off, I was proud to be part of the Nomads of Nam.

+ ROBERT DICKSON, 2/320 FA B Btry 7/65-8/66, Box 203, New Hartford, IA 50660, (319) 983-2777; when renewing his subscription for another year sent along two photos taken somewhere in Viet Nam in 1966.



*Moving 105mm howitzer by chopper. Notice bottom center of photo a trooper watching the bush during the landing.*



*Men of "B" Battery 320th Artillery loading plane for a move to a new location. Doesn't everyone look excited! Soldier at far left with hand on chin is Chuck Streeton. I believe the sergeant seated at far right is Sgt. Hoffman (?)*



+ LEONARD A. VITHA, 2/502 Recon HQ 7/66-7/67, 13 B 12th Place NW Street, Owatonna, MN 55060, (507) 477-1182; wrote: I was in attendance at the 1st Annual 2/502 Recondo Plt Reunion held April 23-24, 2004 at the Holiday Inn, Melbourne Beach, Florida.

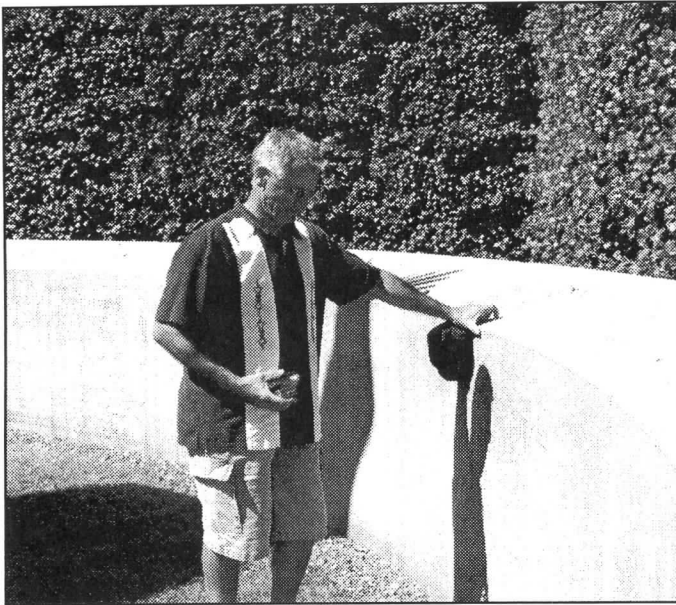
You stated in the Oct 04 Bde magazine to let you know if those not identified would notify the magazine. I'm in the middle wearing the last Recondo beret to the left. (picture on page 14 in the October 2004 issue)

+ MICHAEL MCFADDEN, 2/502 A 6/66-6/67, 2864 Sloat Road, Pebble Beach, CA 93953-2627, 831-402-1359, <mcfaddn@ix.netcom.com> sent the following:

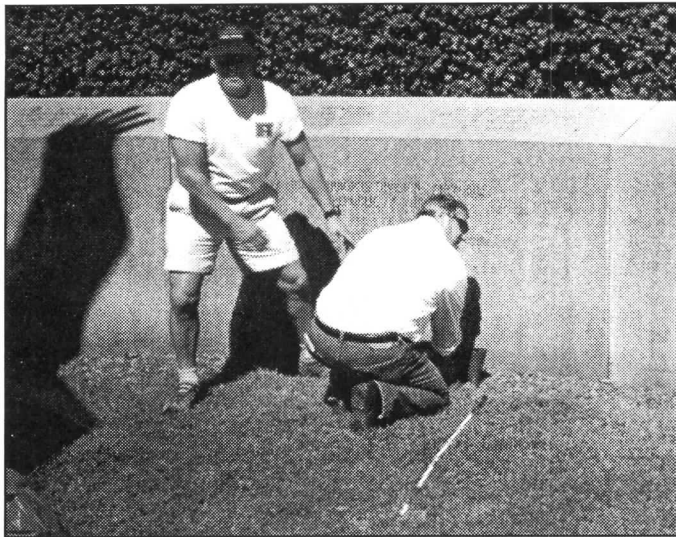


*For some reason, a picture of A/2/502 reunion held at the home of Jack Tamulevich in 2003 was never submitted for publication. Enclosed for your publication decision. Left to Right ... Front Row Oscar Jury, Ron Shook ... Sitting/Standing Behind ... Michael Jolley, Jack (Tammy) Tamulevich, Joe Trimble, Glenn Hoppert, Michael McFadden, Ed Reddin, James Moffitt. Your efforts on behalf of the Association are much appreciated.*

We had another successful Arlington reunion on September 22, 2004 ... the date of Gunslinger's passing. We began the ceremony with each of us leaving a rose of respect for absent comrades at the Vietnam panel which is attached to the larger 101st Airborne Division monument. We next honored Gunslinger by placing a flag and roses next to the grave marker and toasting him with a round of small sips from the traditional bottle of cognac, before pouring the remainder (his annual ration) on his grave. We then proceeded to where Sabo is buried at Arlington, placed a flag, scattered a tin of "dip" on the ground, toasted him, with a swallow of beer, and poured the balance of each bottle over his grave as well. I have included several pictures for your publication decision and included captions. Gunslinger, Sabo, and absent comrades rest in peace for another year ... until we again return 9-22-05 ... and look forward to reuniting with an increasing number of comrades. Any and all who wish to join us are welcome.



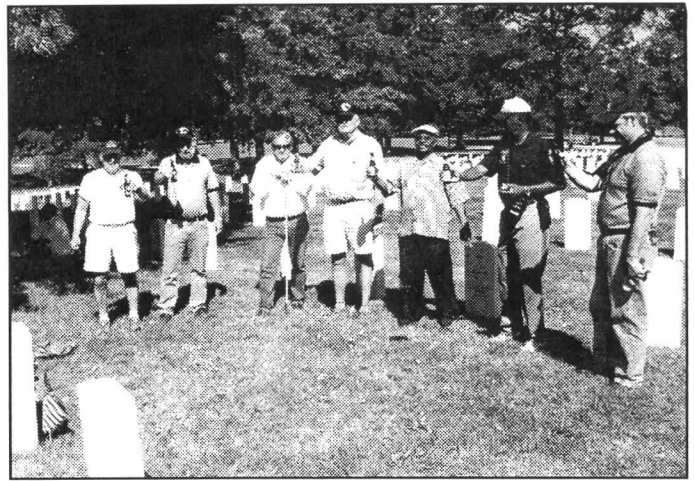
*John Sutor, who was instrumental in gathering the group of comrades from the 1st Plt, A/2/502, connects with absent comrades at the Vietnam panel of the 101st Abn monument.*



*Bob Tenant, assisted by Michael McFadden, places a rose at the Vietnam panel.*

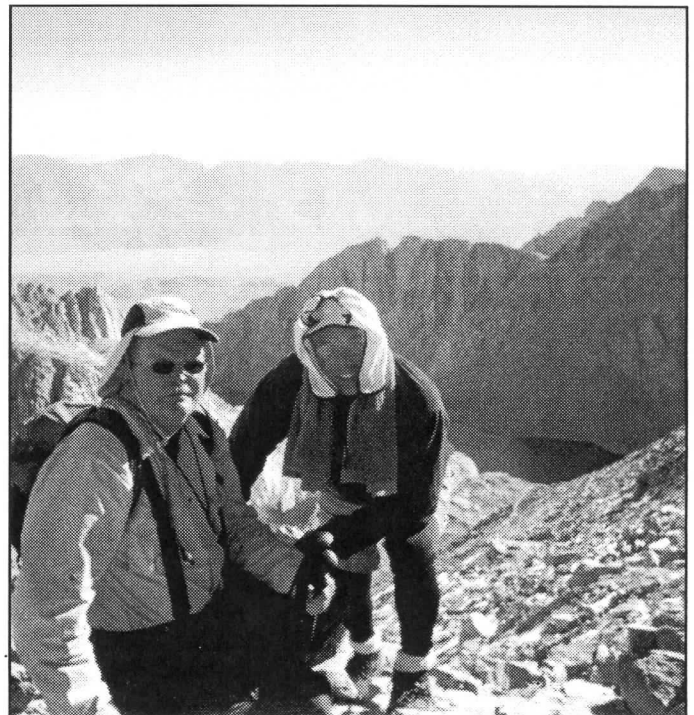


*The Group assembled in front of Gunslinger's grave. Left to Right ... Ben Lam, John Mooneyham, Lou Reeves, Michael Jolley, John Pippin, Michael McFadden (back), Bob Tenant, John Sutor, Frank Renaud, Rudy Witt.*



*Toasting Sabo. Left to Right ... Michael McFadden, John Pippin, Bob Tenant, John Mooneyham, Rudy Witt, Lou Reeves, Frank Renaud.*

After making the Grand Canyon rim-to-rim hike in the summer of 2003, Big John Mooneyham and I decided we would climb the highest peak in the lower 48 ... Mt. Whitney ... just to see if two old gravel agitators could still make the grade. Following the 9-22-04 Arlington reunion, John traveled to CA and we succeeded ... slowly and surely ... despite a touch of altitude sickness and 28 degree evening temps at the 12,000 ft camp site level where we left our packs for the final 2,500 ft ascent. We took our time and enjoyed the wilderness ... 2 days up and 1 day down. The next day we celebrated by driving to Death Valley and visiting the lowest point in the 48 ... Badwater Basin. I have enclosed three pictures for you to consider publishing.

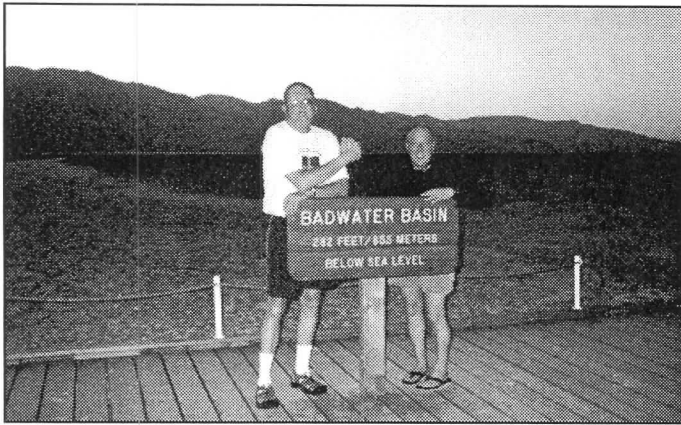


*Sitting at the summit (14,500 ft) of the lower 48 states*





*Resting at 13,000 ft before the final push*



*Standing at Badwater Basin (282 ft below sea level).*

Identification is easy ... John is the big guy.

## HELP JUNIOR SOLDIERS

Michael McFadden (2/502 A 6/66-6/67) and  
John Mooneyham (2/502 A 4/66-5/67)

are attempting to create interest in a fund raising project to support **The Screaming Eagle Support Fund** at Fort Campbell. The fund will support the families of junior enlisted soldiers who will be deployed to Iraq with the division in early 2005. For more info write to: **Screaming Eagle Support Fund**, 101st Airborne Division Association, Inc., 2703 Michigan Avenue, P.O. Box 929, Fort Campbell, KY 42223-0929.

They want to climb Mount Whitney in 2005 and ask 101st veterans, and others, to pledge a penny for each foot they climb. The climb is about 14,500 feet so the pledge, if they can do it again, would be for \$145.00 or whatever lesser number of feet they climb.

They are hoping that active duty soldiers can join them for the climb and get some valuable training in mountain climbing.

Mike McFadden has discussed the concept with the Executive Secretary of the 101st Airborne Division Association, the Chief of Staff of the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) and other active duty officers.

+ Current Subscriber



## ATTENTION 327TH 401ST MEMBERS REGIMENTAL DINNER



THURSDAY AUGUST 11th, 2005

Join fellow members of the Regiment for an evening of camaraderie and good times during the 60th annual reunion in Tampa, Florida. These evenings always reflect the fellowship, traditions and heritage shared by those who proudly wore the crest of the 327th and 401st.

The dinner will be held on Thursday, August 11th, 2005, at the Double Tree Hotel, 4500 West Cypress Street, Tampa, Florida 33607. Telephone: (813) 879-4800. Cocktails will be served from 6 - 7 p.m. (cash bar), with dinner at 7:00 p.m. You are encouraged to bring an appropriate prize for the after-dinner raffle.

The price of the Regimental dinner, which will be a four entrée buffet, is \$30 per person. Please send your payment to: Michael O'Connell, 11 Arrow Drive, Whitman, MA 02382. Telephone: (781) 447-5696. E-mail address: Michael.Oconnell@state.ma.us. The final date for accepting reservations is August 1, 2005. Unfortunately, no reservations can be accepted at the reunion.

We hope to have participation by members of the 1st Brigade from Fort Campbell. Please indicate if you would be willing to sponsor participation of an active duty member of the regiment by underwriting the cost of his/her dinner.

Please save this announcement, or better yet, send in your reservation while the subject is fresh in your mind. Please plan on joining with fellow members of the Regiment for a night of good food, good company and good times.

Mike O'Connell/Larry Redmond, - 327/401 Governors



## STRIKE FORCE 2/502 INFANTRY VIETNAM ERA 1965-1972 40TH ANNIVERSARY GET TOGETHER

There will be a reunion for all men that served in Strike Force 2-502 in Vietnam from July 1965-January 1972. Strike Force associates, family, and friends of these men are also invited. The reunion will be in conjunction with the Florida Vietnam Veterans Reunion to be held April 22-24, 2005 in Melbourne FL. Please contact Jim Brinker, 10 Luther Lane, Dudley, MA 01571. Phone (508) 943-6936, E-mail <brinker101@charter.net> for registration information. Help is needed on collecting names and addresses of all Strike Force guys, living and deceased, from 1965-1971. Please send any address changes to me as E-mail addresses change so often. Confirmation of your intent to be part of this Reunion is needed as soon as possible. Hotel rate is only good to 4-1-05. We would like to have all reunion fees collected by that time also.

Jim Brinker Recon Company E 2-502 1969-70

## New Subscribers

September 1, 2004 through  
December 1, 2004

Dan L. Boursaw  
1/327 Inf A 10/66-9/67 - 4/05  
P.O. Box 653  
West Branch, MI 48661

Milo Cadotte  
2/327 B 6/66-6/67 - 7/05  
HC 74 Box 4  
Wakpala, SD 57658

Paul Luedtke  
2/327 B dates ? - 7/05  
Summit House  
2501 Harrison Street  
Oshkosh, WI 54901

James Moore  
42nd Scout Dog Plt 7/67-7/68 - 7/05  
P. O. Box 243  
Lovell, ME 04051

Robert R. Papesh  
1/327 ABU 1/65-7/66 - 7/05  
3237 Lovers Lane  
Ravenna, OH 44266

Edward Zamot  
1/327 C 10/67-10/68 - 7/05  
27 Otis Circle  
Otisville, NY 10963

**Renewals**  
September 1, 2004 through  
December 1, 2004

Jim Ackenhausen (Ack) \$  
2/327 C 11/66-6/67 - 10/05  
50 Pilot Hill  
St. Peters, MO 63376

Tom B. Agerton \$  
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From Brian R. Bingales (1/327 B 9/66-10/68) in memory of all the members of the Brave Rifles Company B 1/327 KIA in the Republic of South Viet Nam.

## Address Corrections

September 1, 2004 through  
December 1, 2004

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*Front Row L to R: Pfc Waller, Sgt Hise, Pfc King, Sgt Gonzales, Cpt McGaha, Sgt Costelo, Sgt Paine, Sgt Kratsburg.*

*Second Row L to R: Pfc Causey, Pfc Batts, Sgt Watson, Sgt Trout, Sgt Collins, Pfc Roberson, Pfc Collgan, Pfc Richards, Sp/4 Faguebuth, Sp/4 Brock, Sp/4 Weat, Pfc Helloug.*

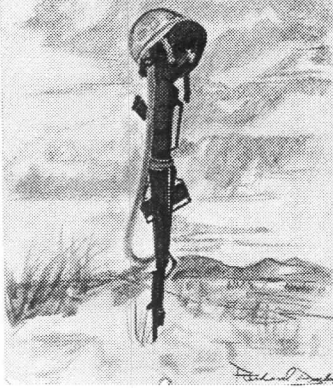
*Third Row L to R: Pfc Moore, Pfc Page, Sp/4 Yabrra, Pfc Murphy, Sp/4 Ruion, Sp/4 Allums, Pfc Custer, Sp/4 Sohappy, Sgt Goins, Pfc Corrgan, Sp/4 Helms, Sp/4 Edwardads.*

*Last Row L to R: Sgt Haug, Sgt Barnett, Pfc Karrney, Sgt Webb, Sp/4 Hennesy, Sp/4 Kerrigan, Pfc Jepperson, Pfc Evans, Sp/4 Hyne, Pfc Jepperson, Sp/4 McDunal, Pfc Gertch.*

*Editor's Note: This caption and photo are from the scrapbook of COL(R) Gerry Morse (1/327 CO 7/67-2/68). The caption was typed as it appeared.*



## OBITUARIES



## VOICE FROM THE WALL

"If you are able, save for them a place inside of you and save one backward glance when you are leaving for the places they can no longer go.

Be not ashamed to say you loved them, though you may or may not have always. Take what they have taught you with their dying and keep it with your own.

And in that time when men decide and feel safe to call the war insane, take one moment to embrace those gentle heroes you left behind."

Major Michael Davis O'Donnell  
1 January 1970  
Dak To, Vietnam  
Listed as KIA February 7, 1978

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From: Frank Dunlevy (1/327 C Co. 6/66-6/67)

To the Brotherhood:

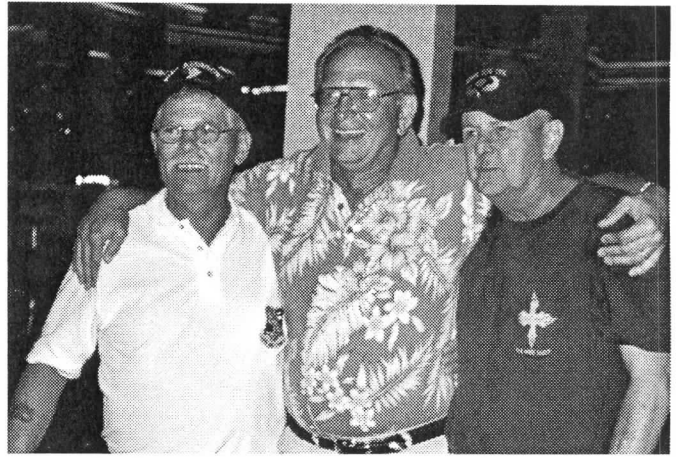
It is with a real sense of regret and sadness that I inform you of the passing of our friend and comrade Frank C. Norris III (2/327 B Co. 9/66-9/67).

Frank and I met at Tuy Hoa in 1966, and though we served in separate units, we saw each other whenever we could. We both returned to Ft. Bragg and were best friends until I got out in December 1968. Frank was one of the guys who volunteered to return in February 1968 with the provisioned brigade from the 82nd due to Tet. He returned to Bragg that June.

Frank was a graduate of the sniper school and a legendary marksman. He was a warrior, a patriot, and my good friend. We went our separate ways after we got out, but stayed in touch sporadically, and got together several times, including a particularly memorable weekend in New York City in 1982.

Most recently we reunited at the reunion weekend in Phoenix this past September.

Frank did not want his brothers to be aware that he basically went AWOL for three days from his chemotherapy treatments to be with us one more time. Although quite ill, he was his usual ornery, wisecracking, disrespectful to authority, funny, profane, no slack, loveable self. He died five days after his return. I don't know where he got the strength to make that last 4000 mile round trip from the hospital to be by our side, but I know I will never forget his courage or his friendship.



Phoenix, Arizona, 1st Brigade (Separate) Reunion September 2004  
left to right: Wade Hansen (2/327 B 6/67-11/67), Larry Boecklen (2/327 B 1/67-1/68) and Frank Norris (2/327 B 9/66-9/67).

### Franklin C. Norris III September 21, 1947 – October 17, 2004

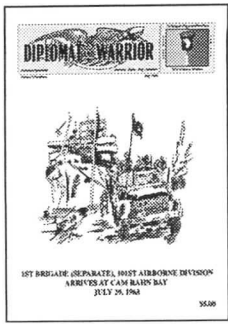
Franklin "Lone Wolf" C. Norris III was the son of the late Franklin C. Norris, Jr. and Frances Beaumont Norris of Florence, South Carolina. A veteran of the US Army, he served in the 101st Airborne and 82nd Airborne Division and was a builder of custom Harleys.

In addition to his mother, he is survived by his sons, Reed Norris and wife Tracie of Mullins, SC and Cory Norris of Colorado; daughter, Casey Matthews of Colorado; sister, Kathy Norris of Florence, SC; fiancée, Janie Boone, and her daughters Sarah and Samantha, of Kona; grandchildren, Lucia Matthews and Ella Frances Norris. Eric Wrigglesworth, Mark Silver, Brownie Byrd, Sam Silver, Ed Silver and Benny Briggs served as pallbearers.



Frank Norris – buddy in the Third Platoon B Company 2/327 and his sniper rifle. Khang Doung Central Highlands at start of Operation Summeral – April 5.





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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



Issue #22



Issue #23



Issue #24



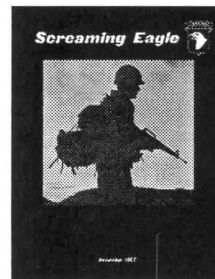
Issue #25



Issue #26



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



Dec. '67 Reprint History July '65 - Dec. '67



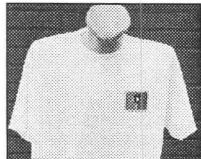
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_____	<b>Decal for inside and outside use full color four inch round</b> (\$2.50 each postpaid)	_____
_____	<b>Airborne Salute - Audio Cassette or CD Circle One</b> (\$15.00 each postpaid)	_____

**TOTAL**



*1st Brigade Logo T Shirt Full Color*



*1st Brigade Logo Golf Shirt Full Color*



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**101st ABN DIV  
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**1st BDE (S) Logo**



**1st BDE (S)  
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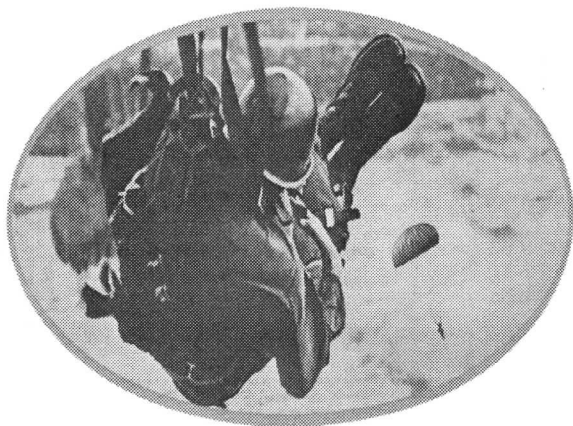
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**Send check or money order made payable to: - The First Screaming Eagles - P.O. Box 675 - Sweetwater, TN 37874-0675**  
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# airborne salute



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and Cadet Glee Club plays and sings...*



AIRBORNE SALUTE  
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- (1) The XVIII Airborne Corps March
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- (4) The All American Soldier [82d Airborne Division Song]
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- (7) Blood on the Risers
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**\$15.00 Postpaid for CD or tape**

(Has some surface noise from the 1959 record used to make the new master.)

**January 2005**

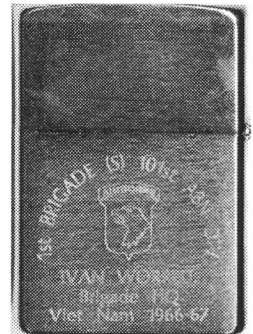
*The First Screaming Eagles in Viet Nam*



*The 1st Brigade (S) plastic auto tag is not new but it has been improved. It now can be ordered with magnets on the back so it can be attached to any ferrous metal surface. Improvement costs \$3.00 - total price \$8.00.*

## PERSONALIZED ZIPPO LIGHTER

This Zippo is engraved with the 101st Patch with the 1st Brigade (S) 101st ABN DIV information arched above the patch. Three (3) lines of engraving show your name, your unit and Viet Nam with the years you served in the brigade. Each line of engraving is limited to 16 characters per line, including spaces. The finish of the lighter is brushed steel.



**See Order Form Page 32**

**Cost \$20.00 + \$3.85  
Postage(\$23.85)**



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

1st SGT(R) Wayne Smith, 2/502 HQ 3/67-3/68, 510 Bowman Rd., Harriman, TN 37748, (865) 376-5089; when in Sweetwater for the meeting of the Great Smoky Mountain Chapter 101st Airborne Division Association brought these photos.

**Kneeling:** L/R SP5 Taga, PFC Murphy, SP4 Van Setter, SP4 Buffane, SGT De Rosier, PFC Silbertian, PFC Dempsey, SP4 Bayer, SFC Jones, ILT Peake

**Second Row:** L/R ILT Throckmorton, CPT Gorski, CPT Anderson, LTC Danford, MAJ Shalikashvilli, CPT Campbell, CPT Tanka,



**2/502 Airborne Infantry Battalion Staff (1967)**

SFC Smith, SGM Perry, SGT Williamson **Third Row:** L/R SFC Meyer, CPT Bennett, SFC Johnson, MSG Galloway, MAJ Otstott, CPT Coe, LT Wilson **Fourth Row:** L/R PFC Mitelly, SP4 Watson



**2/502 Airborne Infantry Battalion Staff (1967)**

**Kneeling:** L/R SFC Meyer, MSG Galloway, SFC Jones, SFC Smith, SGT Williamson, SGM Perry

**Standing:** L/R MAJ Otstott, ILT Throckmorton, CPT Gorski, CPT Anderson, LTC Danford, MAJ Shalikashvilli, CPT Campbell, CPT Tanaka, CPT Coe, ILT Peake, ILT Wilson



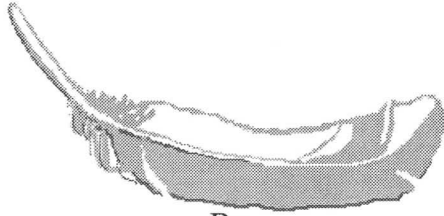
**Support Platoon, 2/502 Airborne Infantry Battalion (1967)**

**Knelling:** L/R SFC Wayne Smith, SSG Melvin Humphrey, SP4 William Jones, SP4 Harold Newsom **Second Row:** L/R SSG Jack Taylor, CPL O'Buckley, SP4 Wesley Blessing, SP4 Robert Travis, SP4 Paul Prestidge **Third Row:** L/R SP5 Bitting, PFC Ben Bartley, PFC Earl Brantley, SP4 Robert Sebring, SP4 Francis Thomas



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

### Unknown friend

We talked quietly while awaiting the helicopters. Only moments ago we moved out of the dense jungle to our present location. Lying in a vast open field of green grass was a pleasant interlude prior to a heliborne assault. A strange plant grew in the field. It was green and fernlike. If you touched the fine leaves they folded up. Touching the stem, it would fold to the ground. While listening to my friend I touched all the plants within reach. I could only get a few to lie down at a time because they kept popping back up again.

I can picture him as he confided his fear. His round, full face supported golden blond hair. Back in “The world” he would have been considered heavy-set. We didn’t get enough food here to be heavy, so he had a naturally large frame. He started telling me about his days in high school football. He drew an analogy between his feelings prior to insertion as a quick reaction force to entering the field before a football game. The anxiety before the game gave him butterflies in his stomach. Once he got immersed in the action he could hear the crowd yelling, and everything blurred as he just did what he had to do.

During a quick reaction force insertion we were probably going into a “hot” landing zone. The reason we were called was to support another platoon making contact with the enemy. Bullets would probably be coming at us even before the helicopter hit the ground. As my friend described, all fear disappeared once you got moving. No one had a better chance of survival than *anyone else did*. No one had a chance of survival at all, if everyone didn’t do what we had to do. The hard part was lying in the darn field waiting to go straight into hell.

My blond friend lay dead on the ground. I didn’t have time to think about it. One of my men was missing and I had to find him fast. Running from one position to another around the defensive perimeter, I was desperate. It was my responsibility to account for all my men all the time. The medics tending the body stared up at me in disbelief as I jumped over the body to get to the other side of the perimeter. They didn’t know I had just talked to him yesterday. No matter what the appearance, his presence is stamped on my heart.

The enemy was escaping by slithering between the thick underbrush rather than using the fast trail. My platoon steadily moved away through the jungle. I left word with the last man in the column that I would catch up to them when I found my lost man. When I found him I didn’t have much time to strike out after the platoon. If the platoon got too far ahead we might get lost in the jungle. I told him he had to always be ready to move when the order was given. He started to say something and I said, “Don’t argue with me. Where is your gear?” He dropped his pack down the trail when we first made contact with the enemy. He ran to get it as the Company Commander asked me what happened.

I told him we were ambushed and the platoon went after them. I pointed and said, “Up that way.” I told the Company Commander I had to get moving because I couldn’t let the platoon get too far away since I didn’t have a map or compass. My man and I disappeared into the jungle.

It wasn’t hard to follow the trail. The enemy was just pushing through, but the point man had to cut a sapling here and there to get our packs between the trees. After about twenty minutes of fast pace I stopped. Whispering ahead into the trees I said, “It’s Sergeant Taylor, and we’re coming in.” An unseen soldier’s voice sounded back through the trees, and told us to come in. I hadn’t heard anything, nor seen anything, but somehow I knew we were close to the platoon.

I found out the whole story later from people of the lead squad. I was not walking near the front of the column because I was the weapons squad leader at the time. The trail we walked on was ideal for an ambush. To the right the trail fell away over a steep cliff. To the left was an ascending hillside, covered with thick jungle. The point man did not see the small trail breaking away to the left from the main trail. My blond friend walking slack man position decided to go up the small trail a short distance since it seemed to parallel the main trail. It may have joined the main trail again later and was worth checking out. Only a few feet up the small trail was a line of enemy soldiers dug in, ready to ambush us as we walked by on the lower trail. We would have nowhere to go once the shooting started. To the right we would fall over the cliff. To the left were dug in enemy soldiers shooting down on us. Our normal reaction to an ambush was to charge into it. It was better to die yelling and screaming and shooting than staying in the open as sitting ducks.

Unfortunately my friend didn’t see them before they saw him. As he swung his rifle up they shot him in the stomach. He fell back into the open trail wounded as the rest of the first team engaged the enemy. It wasn’t clear where the enemy was so my friend raised his hand and kept pointing toward them. Since he was in plain sight of the enemy they shot and killed him before they ran off. His family received his body and a posthumous Bronze Star. At a later time, the enemy paid dearly.

Ken Taylor

**THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM**

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**THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM**

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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Manuscripts, photographs, slides and drawings are submitted at the contributors' risk. All material submitted will be copied and returned to the owner.

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

# Deadline

Material to be published in the  
April 2005 issue of The First  
SCREAMING EAGLES In  
Viet Nam is Due March 1st, 2005

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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).

## Some Airborne Associations of interest to 1st Brigade veterans

### STATIC LINE

Don Lassen

Box 87518 • College Park, GA 30337-0518  
Phone: 770-478-5301 • FAX: 770-961-2838  
Email: don@staticlinemagazine.com

### 101st Airborne Division Association

Jordan L. Jeffcoat

2703 Michigan Ave. • P.O. Box 929  
Fort Campbell, KY 42223-0929  
Phone: 270-439-0445 • FAX: 270-439-6645  
Email: jeffcoat@comcast.net

### 327th ABN INF Assoc (Vietnam)

David S. Cook

12 Lakeshore Dr. • Winthrop, ME 04364  
Phone: 207-377-2186  
E-Mail: cookdmsg@adelphia.net

### THE AIRBORNE QUARTERLY

COL (R) William E. Weber

10301 McKinsty Mill Road  
New Windsor, MD 21776-7903  
Phone: 410-775-7733  
FAX: 410-775-7760  
Email: eagle187@direcway.com

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**INSIDE FRONT COVER**

What has happened, may happen and will happen that may concern veterans of the 1st Brigade (S) along with some thanks for help to those who have contributed to the content of the magazine.

**THE 9TH BIENNIAL REUNION**

**IN PHOENIX .....PAGES 1 – 11**

Photos of those who attended the dinner, speech by Billy Spangler and a letter about what the reunion meant to her from Angela Porter. More photos and reunion material will appear in subsequent issues.

**IN THIS VALLEY THERE**

**ARE TIGERS .....PAGES 12 – 15**

The second installment of Chapter 9 of a book by CWO4 (R) Charles McDonald. He continues his account of C Company 1/327 during the battle near Dak To in the summer of 1966.

**LTG JAMES PEAKE RETIRES .....PAGE 16**

Information about and photos of the retirement of Surgeon General of the Army Lieutenant General James B. Peake who served in the Brigade, in Viet Nam in A Company and HQ 2/502 5/67 – 5/68.

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

The February 7, 1968 issue is one of the collection of newspapers shared by COL(R) Gerry Morse [1/327 7/67 – 2/68] who was the 9th Biennial Reunion Chairman.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR .....PAGES 21 – 26**

Messages from the 1st Brigade (S) web site, e-mail and through the U. S. Postal Service. Material is mostly from subscribers but messages of interest from those who do not subscribe are included.

**SUBSCRIBERS' LIST .....PAGES 27 – 29**

List includes new subscribers, renewing subscribers and address changes of subscribers.

**TIGER FORCE PHOTO .....PAGE 29**

Photo of Tiger Force 1/327 with identification by last names taken in late 1967 or early 1968.

**OBITUARIES .....PAGE 30**

Please send obituaries of 1st Brigade (S) veterans when you see them or know about the death of a 1st Brigade (S) soldier.

**ITEMS FOR SALE .....PAGES 31 – 33**

Most of the items for sale are pictured on pages 31 and 33. The order form is on page 32.

**2/502 BATTALION PHOTOS .....PAGE 34**

Photos of the 2/502 Battalion staff and support platoon furnished by 1st SGT (R) Wayne Smith.

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

Yet another in the series of Viet Nam experiences of Kenneth B. Taylor [2/327 C 6/67 – 6/68]. This short account is titled Unknown friend.

**SOME OTHER AIRBORNE ASSOCIATIONS ...PAGE 36**

A short list of some Airborne Associations that may be of interest to veterans of the 1st Brigade (S).

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

This page contains information about the 1st Brigade (S) magazine along with deadline notice for the April magazine, change of address form that can be used to send the name and address of a fellow 1st Brigade (S) veteran who is not a subscriber and should be listed in the data base of 1st Brigade (S) veterans so he can be sent material about subscribing to the magazine and notices of brigade reunions.

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*1st Sgt Theofilo Macias (Clarksville, Tenn.), Long Range Reconnaissance Team, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, with pony -- 27 Feb 1966 – U. S. Army photo by Sp4 Robert C. Lafoon – USA Special Photo Det, Pacific*

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