

*The First
Screaming*

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



Published Quarterly
January - April - July - October

*Eagles
in Viet Nam*

1st Brigade (Separate) Viet Nam

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101st Airborne Division

Volume 7, Number 2

April 2005

\$6.00

The ALWAYS FIRST Brigade



Brigadier General S. H. Matheson Commanding General
1st Brigade (Separate) 101st Airborne Division
Viet Nam January 1967- January 1968

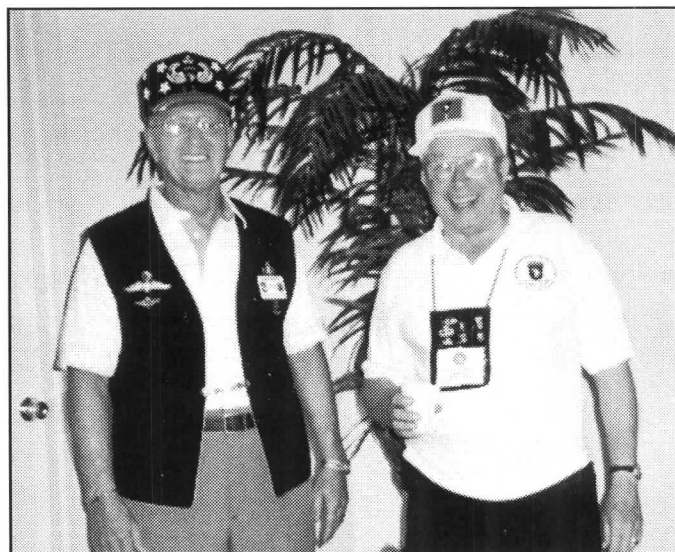
This magazine is devoted to S. H. Matheson, Major General (R) U. S. Army. I have used all the material, that I have available, about him. His efforts, during the final year of the 1st Brigade (S) existence as a separate brigade, kept the brigade AIRBORNE. His insistence incoming replacements be airborne qualified or be willing to get qualified at the Brigade Jump School kept the AIRBORNE in the 1st Brigade (S), 101st Airborne Division. I believe our brigade was the last certifiable airborne (with qualified parachutists) unit in the 101st Airborne Division.

In the March 20th 1967 issue of the DIPLOMAT AND WARRIOR, on pages 17 through 20, two current subscribers and a non-subscriber to the magazine are mentioned. MAJ(R) Irwin R. Chapman, 2/502 C&A 1/67-1/68 then a 1st Lieutenant was the "officer warrior of the week." LTG(R) Donald E. Rosenblum, 2/327 CO 6/66-6/67 then Lieutenant Colonel Rosenblum commander of the 2nd Battalion 327th Airborne Infantry mentioned for his visit with a District Chief. Stephen Naughton, A 1/327 67, then a First Lieutenant is featured in a story about serving in the same Battalion with his brother Captain Lawrence C. Naughton who is not in my data base.

I continue to work on the 10th Biennial Reunion in 2006. I am trying to get the best hotel deal in either Atlanta or Chattanooga. Stay tuned.

I am looking forward to Don Lassen's ANNUAL AIRBORNE AWARDS CELEBRATION at the Airport Marriott in College Park, Georgia, (near Atlanta) April 13 - 16. The program includes a visit to the Airborne School at Fort Benning, a Memorial Dinner and an Awards Dinner. The Hospitality Room is well stocked. A briefing on the state of both the 101st and 82nd Airborne Divisions is always interesting. It is a great place to meet and greet friends from all the airborne units. Contact information for Don is on page 36.

The 1st Brigade [327th] Distinguished Member of the Regiment Board is now considering recommendations for new DMOR. The Brigade ceremony to bestow the DMOR status on additional veterans of the regiment will be scheduled during WEEK OF THE EAGLES. I believe veterans' events begin on the 25th of May and continue through the 28th. For more information contact Jordan Jeffcoat [his contact information is on page 36], Secretary of the 101st Airborne Division Association. Association Memorial Day commemora-



(L to R) Wade D. Hansen, 2/327 B 6/67-11/67 and your editor MAJ(R) Ivan Worrell, INFO OFF 5/66-5/67 at the Brigade Reunion in Phoenix in September 2004.

tions and ceremonies are scheduled in Washington, D. C. for the Memorial Day weekend.

You will see a photograph taken in Kontum Province twice [on page 14 and page 28] in this issue. Although the captions are not identical the photo helps tell the story of the brigade's concern for the well being of the Montagnards.

I continue to seek names and addresses of those who served in the 1st Brigade (S) in Viet Nam. If you have a friend who served with you please send his name and address and that will assure he has an opportunity to subscribe to the magazine and will receive mailings about reunions and other special 1st Brigade (S) events.

Those who attended the reunion in Phoenix in September 2004 and those who did not, owe a debt of thanks to Roger M. John, 1/327 C [Cutthroat] 7/67-12/68 for designing and producing the brigade coin illustrated on page 25 of this issue.

The cover photo is of General Matheson when he was 1st Brigade Commanding General in Viet Nam.



EAGLES HAVE NEW BOSS

Brig. Gen. Salve Matheson Assumes Command Of Bde.

The Screaming Eagles of Vietnam have a new commanding general. Brigadier General Salve H. Matheson assumed command of the Always First Brigade Friday.

This is the general's second tour with the 101st in a combat zone. He also served with the 506th Parachute Infantry during World War II, participating in the Normandy D-Day drop, the liberation of Holland and the defense of Bastogne.

Gen. Matheson was born in Seattle and attended the University of California at Los Angeles. He has also attended the Command and General Staff College at Ft. Leavenworth, Ka., the Armed Forces Staff College at Norfolk, Va., and the Naval War College at Newport, R.I.

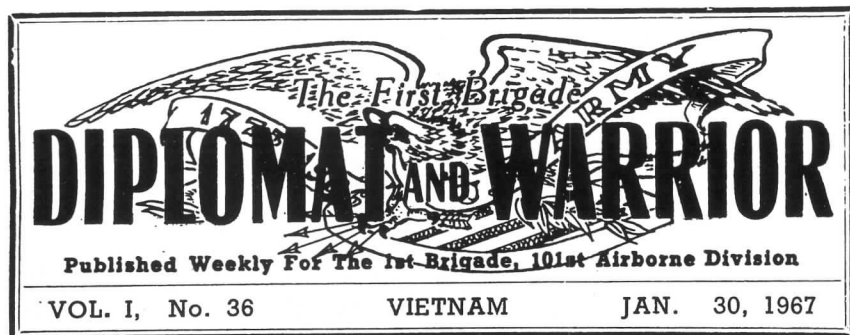
During the Korean War the general participated in the Inchon and Wonsan landings, the amphibious withdrawal from Hungnam and the winter and summer campaigns in the central mountain regions of South Korea.

He commanded the 10th Special Forces Group in Germany from 1961 to 1963 and prior to his assignment with the "Diplomats and Warriors" of Vietnam, Gen. Matheson was assistant 101st Airborne Division commander at Ft. Campbell, Ky.

Brigadier General Willard Pearson, who has commanded the brigade since January 1965, will remain in Vietnam, his new assignment to be announced.



Editor's Note: I recall that I did not pick up the "Salve" when I proof read this material although I knew, from my tour with General Matheson in Bad Tölz, that he preferred "S. H." to the use of his first name. He was quick to remind me of my lapse.



Decorated veteran Matheson dies at 84

By SUKHJIT PUREWAL
Herald Staff Writer

Highly decorated Maj. Gen. Salve H. Matheson, who participated in the D-Day invasion of Normandy, the seizure of Hitler's Eagle's Nest and later vital operations in Korea and Vietnam, died Saturday at his Carmel home. He was 84.

The heroics and camaraderie of Matheson and the rest of the 2nd Battalion, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division were made famous in historian Stephen Ambrose's 1992 novel "Band of Brothers." In 2001, HBO released a miniseries with the same name based on the book.

Matheson amassed a list of military honors, including the Distinguished

CARMEL RESIDENT SERVED IN UNIT DEPICTED IN 'BAND OF BROTHERS'

Service Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Silver Star, the Legion of Merit, the Distinguished Flying Cross, four Bronze Stars, 12 Air Medals, the Army Commendation Medal, the Purple Heart, Master Parachutist Badge and Combat Infantry Badge.

Foreign awards include the Bronze Lion and the Orange Lanyard of the Netherlands.

In 1968, Matheson was recognized with the Outstanding Professional Achievement award from UCLA.

Molly Matheson said her father was



Matheson

a modest man who didn't boast of his achievements during his Army career.

"They were remarkable men," Molly Matheson said. "They were regular kind of guys but extraordinary in terms of what they did."

Matheson was born in Seattle on Aug. 11, 1920, and his family moved to the Monterey Peninsula the same year.

He attended schools in Monterey and Pacific Grove. After graduating from UCLA, he was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Army. He

also attended the Naval War College in Rhode Island.

In World War II, Matheson's units also participated in the liberation of Holland and the defense of Bastogne. Matheson also participated in the surrender of German Lt. Gen. Hans Speidel, chief of staff to the "Desert Fox," Gen. Erwin Rommel.

He also served in the 1st Infantry Division, 82nd Airborne Division and commanded the 10th Special Forces Group in Europe.

During the Korean War, Matheson was the G-3 Plans Officer, X-Corps, and participated in the Inchon and Wonsan landings and the amphibious withdrawal from Hungnam.

In Vietnam he commanded the 1st

Please see Matheson page B2

Continued on page 2

Matheson

From page B1

Brigade, 101st Airborne Division and participated in the Tet Offensive.

Matheson returned to Korea in 1969 and commanded the 2nd Infantry Division on the Korean demilitarized zone.

In 1975, Matheson retired at

Fort McPherson, Ga., and returned home to the Monterey Peninsula.

He was a member of the International Club of Carmel.

Molly Matheson said her father kept in touch with the soldiers of E Company and attended reunions whenever he could.

"He loved the men he served with."

He is survived by his wife, Patricia; daughters Catherine

Wallace of La Cañada and Molly Matheson of Sebastopol; a son, Michael Matheson of Carmel; and four grandchildren.

Burial will take place at Arlington National Cemetery at a later date. Memorial contributions can be made to the Carmelite Monastery, Highway 1, Carmel 93923.

Sukhjit Purewal can be reached at 646-4494 or spurewal@montereyherald.com.

This clip from the MONTEREY COUNTY HERALD was sent by Michael McFadden (2/502 A 6/66-6/67).

THE PROFESSIONAL

There is a man on a pedestal in the life of S. H. Matheson. Honoring him has been the 47-year old commander's continuing challenge, through a quarter century of war and peace.

Atop the pedestal is a sweat-soaked, mud-caked paratrooper with a grin on his face, a mountain of equipment on his back and the spirit of the airborne in his heart.

The paratrooper poses a constant question for the commanding general of the 1st Brigade 101st Airborne Division — "Am I worthy?"

Matheson's eyes warm as he talks about the typical paratrooper of his command:

"I've never seen anything like him. He's a measure of dedication and stamina without equal. He fights mountains, jungle and the enemy without complaining. You can't do enough for him."

Hasn't Changed Much. "The paratrooper hasn't changed much in three wars. Look at the way he fights today. There's no defined front. He succeeds because he's professional. It's as rough on the trooper in Vietnam as it was in any other war, yet he's better than those who have fought before him. He's better trained, has better NCO's and leaders. He's more intelligent."

The look on Matheson's face reveals more than his words as he talks of paratroopers killed in battle.

"Every death hurts," he says, his eyes searching an emptiness, looking for familiar faces from three wars. "Brave men die in every battle."

Only his family is loved more than his paratroopers.

He has been married 20 years and has two daughters and a son in Arlington, Va. His assignments have allowed him only 10 years with his family, a loneliness career soldiers have to accept.

Recalls Army Career. He was introduced to the Army while at UCLA where he enrolled in the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC).

"It paid a quarter a day at the advanced level and I needed the money to get through school. The dean of students talked me into going airborne prior to my commissioning in 1942."

After jump school, he served with the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment — from activation to de-activation.

"We were 'Currahees!'" he says with a smile creasing his sun-browned face.

His mood changes when he remembers D-Day, 1944:

"We all were scared. No man ever went to war who wasn't. We could see the streaks of red from tracers rounds cutting beneath our feet as we jumped into Normandy. The first two people I met on the ground were the chaplain and surgeon. They were glad to see me. I was the only one with a weapon.

The Screaming Eagles and Matheson made their second jump into Holland. Later, they refused the German Army at Bastogne and gave the Airborne a legacy.

When he came home from the war — a major at 24 — he evaluated his future:

"I liked the people in the Airborne. I decided if the Army would keep me, I'd like to stay."

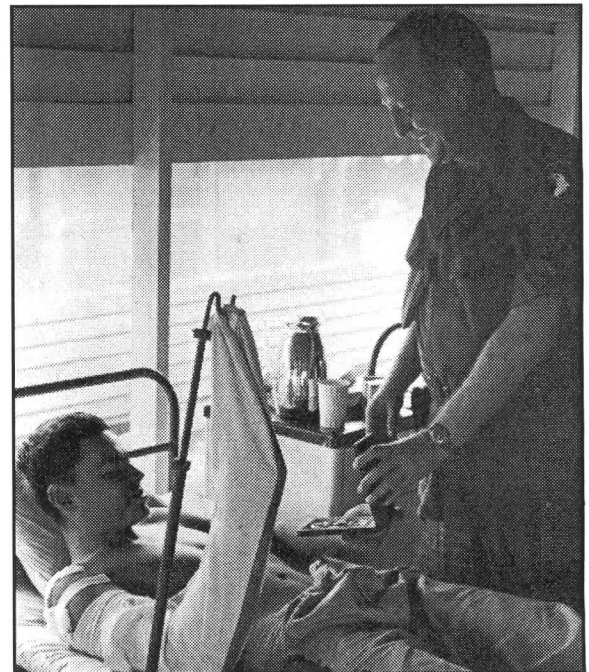
Following promotion to his present rank, he served as assistant commander, 101st Airborne Division at Ft. Campbell Ky., and subsequently was named commander of the 1st Brigade.

He often counsels his staff about the responsibility of command:

"Ask yourself these questions: What's going to be the impact of my decision on the trooper in the field? What am I doing for him?"

These are the questions Brigadier General S. H. Matheson always asks himself.

Editor's Note: This article was taken from the December 1967 Screaming Eagle reprint, page 14.



MG S.H. Matheson CG Jan 67-Jan 68 presents a Purple Heart to a wounded soldier who was not identified with the photo. (The photo is from COL(R) Gerry Morse's Viet Nam scrapbook.) This photo can also be seen in the December 1967 Screaming Eagle reprint. When presenting the award General Matheson said, "You can't do enough for him."



Major General S. H. Matheson, in command photo taken in December 1974 when he was Commanding General Army Readiness Region IV at Fort Gillem, Georgia. He retired in August 1975.

TRIBUTES

S. H. Matheson, Major General U. S. Army retired, died on January 8th 2005. He will be buried in Arlington Military Cemetery on April 29, 2005. His passing leaves a void in the ranks of those who served in "THE ALWAYS FIRST" 1ST Brigade (Separate), 101st Airborne Division in Viet Nam.

He was a great airborne soldier and leader who led by example and who inspired his airborne troops in the 1st Brigade with his calm approach to his responsibilities of commanding an Airborne Brigade in combat.

I first met LTC Matheson when he was the Deputy Commanding Officer of the 506th Battle Group and later the G-3 of the 101st Airborne Division in the late 50s. Later when Colonel Matheson commanded the 10th Special Forces Group in Bad Tölz, Germany, I was his Intelligence Officer (S-2) and in Viet Nam was his Brigade Information Officer. He was always fair, friendly and took a reasoned approach to all of his actions. He took care of the welfare of his officers, soldiers and their families.

General Matheson was always available and helpful to me in matters pertaining to the publication of THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM and honored me at

the Phoenix reunion by giving me the responsibility for the 1st Brigade (S) Reunion in 2006.

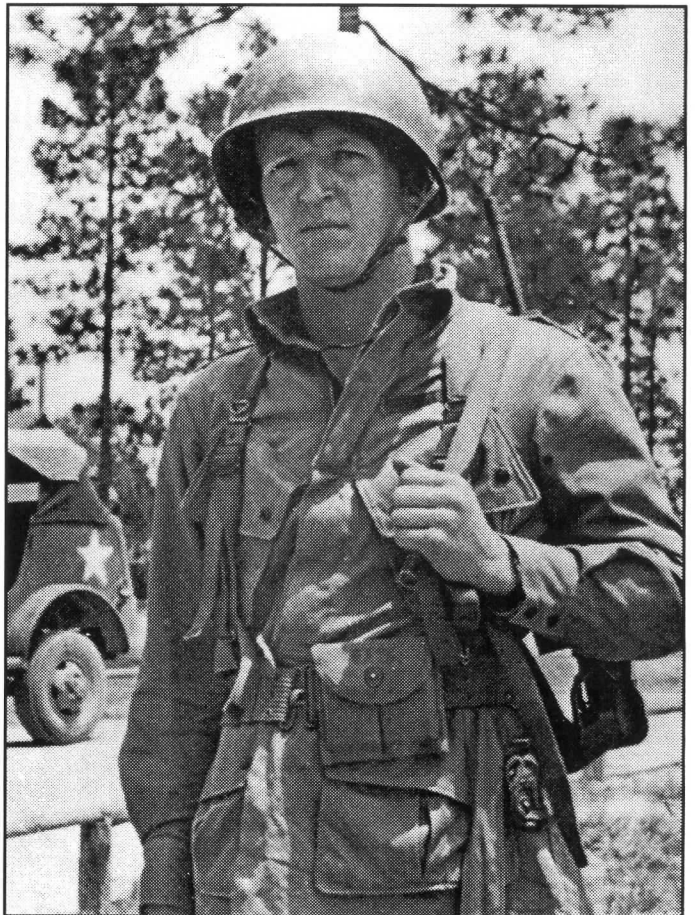
I have lost a friend and leader who helped me in many ways when I worked with and for him.

Ivan Worrell

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:

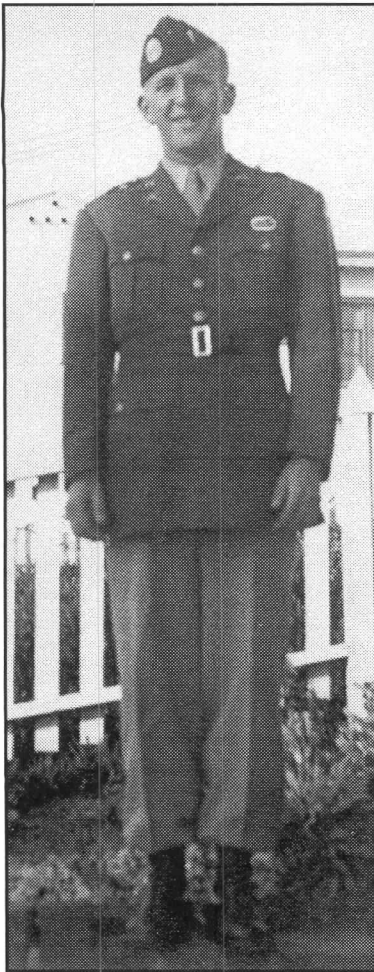
MGEN (R) S.H. Matheson started his distinguished AIRBORNE CAREER in 1942 as a 2nd LT in Company E 506th P.I.R. (of "Band of Brothers" fame). After the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment completed jump training the "Currahee" Regiment was assigned to the 101st Airborne Division. LT Matheson was transferred to the 2nd BN 506th Staff. Then prior to D-Day ("Operation Overlord") Col Robert F. Sink 506th Regiment Commander, transferred Captain S.H. Matheson to the Regimental Operations.

After the Normandy jump – Matheson was wounded in action, finally returning to the 506th prior to the Holland jump 17 September 1944.



First Lieutenant (in jump suit) S. H. Matheson at Camp Mackall, North Carolina, in March or April of 1943.





1st Lieutenant S. H. Matheson, 22-year-old paratrooper home on leave from Company E ("BAND OF BROTHERS") 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment

Then, 16 Dec '44 the 506th PIR and the 101st Airborne Division made history in the town of Bastogne, Belgium, surrounded in the "Battle of the Bulge." However, the "Screaming Eagles" hung in there and were the first ENTIRE DIVISION awarded the Presidential Unit Citation!

After WWII, in the 82nd ABN DIV at Ft. Bragg, NC – I knew Major Matheson in the 504th PIR. In 1957 L/COL Matheson was assigned as Deputy Commander of the 506th Airborne Combat Group at Fort Campbell, Kentucky.

Later D.A. renamed the five 101st Combat Groups and we became known as; 1st Airborne Battle Group 506th Infantry—(this was done to form 1st and 2d Battle Groups in the 82d and 101st ABN DIVs).

In 1966, BGEN Matheson arrived at Fort Campbell again and was assigned Asst Div Comdr 101st

ABN DIV. During this time, I was the 101st Div Sergeant Major. A few months later D.A. reassigned me to Viet Nam – HQS 1st BDE (S) 101st ABN.

A few months later (January '67) "Gen Matt" arrived in Viet Nam and assumed command of the 1st Brigade, from B/GEN Pearson. This was a GREAT DAY for the "Always First Brigade!"

General Matheson was a veteran Airborne Commander. He was jumping out of planes before many of the "troopers" in the command were even born.

Having fought in three wars – WWII, Korea and Viet Nam – "Iron Duke" (his radio call sign) was always mindful of the chain of command, but he never forgot the junior enlisted men, who did the "heavy lifting."

General "Matt" used to say, "If we take good care – of "Joe Tent-Peg" and he does well – we'll all look good!!

It was my honor and privilege to have served with MGEN(R) Salve Hugo Matheson. "Iron Duke" was, and is, an Airborne Legend!!!



LTC(R) JAMES C. JOINER, 2/327 B&C 1/67-1/68
6204 Spanish Main Dr., Apollo Beach, FL 33572-2433
(813) 645-8777

junglejim327@juno.com

Subject: Jungle Jim Joiner remembers Gen Matheson

Sent: Monday, January 10, 2005 10:28 AM

"AIRBORNE ALL THE WAY" That was what Gen. Matt was and the thing he was most proud of, being a paratrooper and leading paratroopers. As we used to say in the 'Old Army,' he had the ability to inspire his troops to "Follow him through Hell with a snowball in each hand." That is the quality that creates the difference between a leader and a great leader. All of the comments here reference his leadership with the 1st Bde (Sep) 101st, however I had the privilege to have served under Iron Duke three times in both unconventional and conventional units. 10th SF Bad Tölz, 506th (ARCT) Ft. Campbell and 2/327 VN. This was as an enlisted man with the first two and as an officer with the last. Gen Matt was a Col. in the first two assignments and the same trait applied in all three experiences. 'A good leader inspires trust in his leadership ability, however a great leader inspires trust in one's self. This was the gift that allowed General Matheson to be that GREAT LEADER!! I feel that it can safely be said, by all who served with you, that you will be missed as the green light signals your final jump!

AIRBORNE ALL THE WAY

Jim Joiner, Chairman of the Board, 101st Airborne Division Association

CSM(R) JOSEPH M. BOSSI, 2/327 HHC 6/66-7/67
2231 Pendleton Drive, Clarksville, TN 37042-5618
work (615) 860-2026 home (931) 431-3657
jmbossi@commandnet.net

Sent: Saturday, January 08, 2005 3:41 PM

Major General (Ret) S. H. Matheson "Iron Duke" Commander 1st Brigade (Separate) 101st Airborne Division (HHC-CG 1/67-1/68). General Matheson, War Time Commander of the Always First Brigade, started his airborne career as an original member of Easy Company 506th Infantry World War Two, passed away this AM. His passing was reported to CSM (Ret) Robert Young, former Brigade Sergeant Major and 101st Airborne Division Sergeant Major, by the General's wife. Funeral Home information is not available at this time. As soon as the funeral information is received I will forward the information. General Matheson will be missed. He was a Mountain of a Man, a Screaming Eagle and Brother.

Bastogne!

Joseph M. Bossi CSM(Ret)Honorary Sergeant Major 327th Infantry Regiment

CSM(R) JOSEPH M. BOSSI, 2/327 HHC 6/66-7/67

Sent: Sunday, January 09, 2005 10:11 AM

I served under the General's command in Vietnam and he will be missed by those of us who were his troops. As a Commander, soldiers under his charge always came first and as a soldier serving his country from his start as a young officer in Easy Company 506th to his command of the Always First Brigade he will be remembered. We the Veterans of the Brigade were his Band of Brothers and till the last one of us joins him we will never forget.

Airborne/Air-Assault/Bastogne!

Joseph M. Bossi CSM(Ret)Honorary Sergeant Major 327th Infantry Regiment

MICHAEL MCFADDEN (2/502 A 6/66-6/67), 2864 Sloat Road, Pebble Beach, CA 93953-2627, (831) 375-7762 sent the following.

I am compelled to write a short note at the passing of "Iron Duke." We lived but a 10 minute drive apart and I was privileged to have maintained a certain contact with him and his gracious wife, Pat, over the years following his retirement. There is so much I could say ... too much ... so I will simply state how much he was ALWAYS interested in being invited to socialize with former Strike Force Troopers and wives who would visit with Shelley and myself. At one point he "chewed" on me for a bit because I had failed to inform him of a visit by a former E-4. I offered my honest excuse that I thought he was out of town ... whereupon I was further "instructed" that in the future I was to "check to see if there had been a change in plans." I observed many pleasant evenings with a good martini (I never made them to his liking), an excellent single malt scotch, or a good beer, and conversations where battles were again fought from the interesting perspectives of Brigade Commander and Squad Level Trooper. Although I have never personally cared for the term "Joe Tentpeg," Gen Matt alone could say it in a way that indicated nothing but the greatest respect. Living in the area of The Defense Language Institute and Naval Post-Graduate School, there is no shortage of Special Forces Officer and NCO students. A loose association of this group has constantly evolved over the years with a monthly gathering to discuss various subjects of interest. On one occasion where I was to host the meeting, I invited Gen Matt. As a former SF Group Commander he captivated the



The young man sitting next to Gen Matt is one of the young SF Troopers who attended the meeting at my home. I included it because it seemed to capture the awe with which Gen Matt inspired in the gathering.

room (see picture – man on right unidentified) with instruction that flowed from his extremely sharp mind. That meeting remains the high point of our group in the minds of several of the young current Troopers ... just as time in the Always First Brigade under his command remains the high point of Military Service for many who served with him in Vietnam. He was the personification of a Soldier's General.

LTG(R) CHARLES W. DYKE, 2/327 HHC 65-66
1464 Kirby Rd., McLean, VA 22101
work (202) 828-2614 home (703) 847-9265
cdyke@itta.com

Sent: Monday, January 10, 2005 8:57 AM
Subject: RE: FLASH SITREP: Maj.Gen. S.H. Matheson died AM today

YJ,

Thank you for forwarding Sergeant Bossi's announcement of General Matheson's passing. He was a great soldier, leader and commander through three wars and much conflict. He cared for his men, insisted on top performance by his officers and NCO leaders and maintained exceptionally high personal and professional standards by his personal example.

Our great country, our Army, the Screaming Eagles, the Always First Brigade and the many troopers who benefited from his leadership all owe him a great debt of gratitude.

I did not serve in the First Brigade during the period when General Matheson commanded (January 1967-January 1968). However, two tours with the Always First in Vietnam (June 1965-June 1966) and September 1968-June 1970) ensured knowledge of his legendary leadership and accomplishments.

To General Matheson's family, friends, fellow soldiers and admirers, I extend heartfelt condolences and best wishes as we hold to our memories of General Matheson as a guide for our future endeavors.

Sincerely,
Charles W. Dyke
RAMROD

DALE HANSEN, 2/327 D 8/68-8/69
133 Colonial Dr., Mabank, TX 75156-7261
work (817) 831-7880 home (903) 451-5084
hannibal@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com
Sent: Sunday, January 09, 2005 12:39 PM
Subject: Iron Duke has died

Gentlemen,

What can we possibly put on the site, and where, to do honor and justice to this man?

NFS & ATR!

Dale
screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com

DICK WANGENHEIM

Address unknown

RMWOVIEDO@aol.com

Date: Wed, 12 Jan 2005 09:08:54 EST

Subject: Re: FW: FLASH ALL NET MSG; TAPS MG (RET)
S. H MATHESON

I had the honor and privilege to have served under General Matheson in the 1st Brigade in 1967. This man knew not only how to command a brigade but also how to take care of his people. We will always remember "Strike Six." May he rest in peace.

Dick Wangenheim

DOUGLAS TEETERS, 1/327 Medic 2/67-1/68

1135 Spruce St. NE, Salem, OR 97303

(503) 375-0492

DougTeeters101@webtv.net

Sent: Sunday, January 09, 2005 6:17 PM

Subject: Re: MORE Memories of Gen Matheson

It's a sad day at black rock. Gen. Matheson was a Great Leader of Men and we were all his greatest concern in that God forsaken land so many years ago.

I remember the time when Gen. Matheson, Gen. Westmoreland, Gen. Harold K. Johnson (from D.C.) and one more guy (can't remember his name) and our Battalion



(L to R) Major Oliver Horton, Executive Officer of 2nd Battalion, 506th who was Killed In Action in Holland as Commanding Officer 3rd Battalion of the 506th; Lieutenant Colonel Bob Strayer, Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion of the 506th; Captain Clarence Hester who was later the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion of the 506th and Lieutenant S. H. Matheson who was then a staff officer in the 1st Battalion of the 506th. The photo was taken at Camp Mackall in 1943 in the 2nd Battalion, 506th Command Post area. Matheson and Hester were originally assigned to Company E.



Taken in Germany in March 1945, Major S. H. Matheson, S-3 of the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division.

Surgeon Dr. Brad Mutchler, (often known as, The Duke of Paducah, Ky) due to his charismatic ability to make men smile, when we wanted to cry and of course, he was always a gentleman and funnier than hell. (The Halkeye Peirce of 1st Batt..) So anywho, they sucked T.F. out of the jungle and up to a TOC CP for security for the incoming Generals one day (can't remember the date or the Cp's name) up out of Chu Lie I think? They were coming to find out how we were getting so many gooks and not losing many of our guys, percentage wise. It seems as though we had reached the 100,000th mark on dead gookage, not positive on that.

So, here comes this chopper landing on the CP and all these Generals are laughing like hell, and Dr. Mutchler is grinning like a moose eating applesauce. The good Dr. had been entertaining them on the flight, something about, how he put himself through Med School by selling his sperm to several different sperm banks in and around Kentucky. I swear to God, I didn't think Gen. Matheson and Westy were ever going to regain their composure but they finally did. Then, Ghost rider, Capt. Magaha and some other brass (CRS) had their meeting in front of a big map, under an open-air canvas. I tried hearing what was discussed and took a super 8 flick of part of the meeting, but only a few minutes and no sound, of course. I have long since been separated from the short flick though, due to ex-wives and my lack of interest back in the 70's & 80's. Wish I still had it just so I could share it with you guys.

The most talked about answer too their questions on percentages, seemed too be (our ambushing abilities and night moves.)

That was also the first time I heard the words (pink zones) and what pink zones were. Pink Zones were A.O's that had been covered with Chu Hoi leaflets and other warnings for the villagers and farmers and such, to go to certain places and stay there until the word came for them to return to their villages and farms, after we routed out the enemy. As we all know, most or a lot of them didn't leave. They then became (Pink) and were considered to be either the enemy or enemy sympathizers helping the enemy against us and doing so in Free Fire Zones.



After the meeting Gen. Matheson saluted us all and said something like, good hunting or something like that.

He was the only one of the Generals that saluted us that day and I have always felt really good, about that, and the man himself. R.I.P. GENERAL MATHESON !

Respectfully,
Doug Teeters

ELAINE GARNET, Family (Reuben - KIA)
Address unknown
Sojourner314@aol.com
Sent: Sunday, January 09, 2005 5:03 AM
Subject: Re: In memory of Gen Matheson

YJ,

Mom and I also met General Matheson; I took a photograph of him coming out of the Hospitality Suite at the Phoenix Reunion of the 1st Brigade. When I heard the cheers and greetings of respect given him at the Banquet of the Reunion, I was touched beyond words. The entire room lit up with the most wonderful sounds, the most powerful ovation with the room up on their feet!

On the day of the Memorial Service, I looked at him and saw as all were leaving and stopping to say things to each other--I was able to walk over to him, kiss him and say, "I love you." Our eyes understood each other and my heart also understood the significance of the day. His wife was regal as she sat with him there. Love, History and Love abounded in that space and time.

My heartfelt prayers are with all through the loss and through the tributes to The General. I heard the roar of your hearts when in Phoenix and his name was called. Mom's heart is also with you.

Love,
Elaine Garnett

GEOFFREY T. BARKER, HHC 8/66-4/68
8849 Glen Lakes Blvd. North, St. Petersburg, FL 33702
work (727) 302-3009 home (727) 576-1739
GTBLX@aol.com
Subject: TAPS -Up-Date- MG Salve H. Matheson

MG Salve H. Matheson assumed command of the 10th Special Forces Group (Airborne) on 20 March 1961, assisted by Sergeant Major John Pioletti. He commanded the 1st Brigade (Separate), 101st Airborne Division in the Republic of Vietnam from 1967-1968. I spoke to his daughter last evening, who shared that he died peacefully in his sleep after returning home from the hospital. He was under hospice care for prostate cancer and other complications. MG Matheson will be interred at Arlington Cemetery, with the date to be determined as there is a waiting list of up to two months.

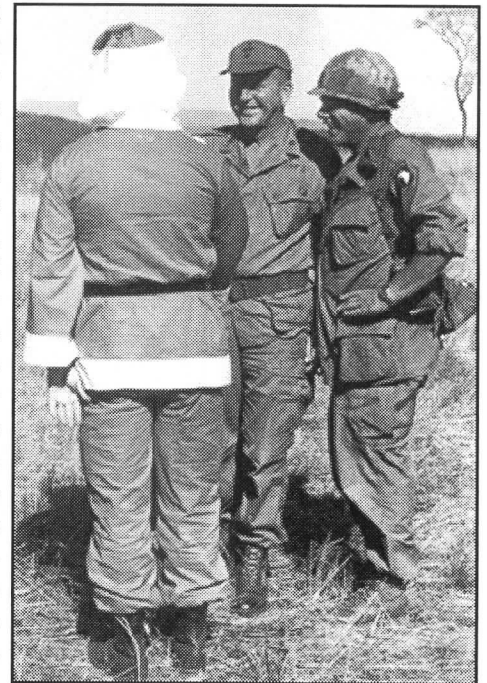
Condolences can be sent to Mrs. Pat Matheson at 26080 Mesa Drive, Carmel, California 93923.

Geoff Barker

JERALD W. "JERRY" BERRY, 3/506 A&HHC 6/67-10/68
438 Manor Drive, Libby, MT 59923-9364
work (406) 295-4693 home (406) 293-7678
jerryberry@currahee.org
Sent: Tuesday, January 11, 2005 10:24 PM
Subject: Fw: FLASH ALL NET MSG; TAPS MG (RET) S. H MATHESON

Mike Krawczyk (C 67/68) sent a message concerning MG Matheson's death. Cpt. Dallas (S4 67/68) also posted a message concerning MG Matheson's death on our website. Those of us who served in the first group of 3-506th'er (Ft. Campbell through Oct. 68) had the honor of meeting MG Matheson on several occasions (see our book--'The Stand Alone Battalion'). As the battalion PIO, I was fortunate to meet him and get 'ribbed' by him on a number of occasions. MG Matheson had

a special spot in his military heart for the 3-506th and wasn't shy about letting it be known that he was a Currahee!...first and foremost. He and our 1st Bn. Cmdr., LTC Geraci were very close and as I have stated before (from my research), MG Matheson had a lot to do with the activation of the 3-506th, our combat training in the months prior to our deployment to Vietnam, and the "Almost" combat jump that came within hours of happening in Jan. 1968. I have a good many photos of MG Matheson visiting the 3-506th. He knew personally many of the senior NCOs, and officers of our battalion. Another proud Currahee has soared.



Left to right: General Matheson and LTC John P. Geraci, 3/506 Commander.

Jerry in Montana

JAMES L. GRAINGER, 1/327 A 67-69
3886 South Desert Spur Lane, Tucson, AZ 85735

(520) 883-2022
jngljim102@aol.com
Sent: Saturday, January 08, 2005 3:25 PM

What a sad day for 1st BDE. He looked so good at the reunion in Phoenix, this year. May he live in God's hands.

Above the Rest Gen.!
Jungle Jim Grainger

YANKEE JIM SIMCHERA, 2/327 A 9/69-9/70
6542 Bill Lundy Rd., Laurel Hill, FL 32567
(850) 689-1574
YankeeJim@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com
Subject: MORE Memories of Gen Matheson
Sent: Saturday, January 08, 2005 3:23 PM
Subject: FLASH SITREP: Maj.Gen. S.H. Matheson died AM today
CSM (RET) Joe Bossi just called with sad news, former 1st



Photo sent to S. H. Matheson by Colonel Robert Sink who commanded the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment from activation until the end of World War II. The inscription on the photo reads: "To: Mat - The old reunion jump people of plane 1 - in Holland and Normandy - made in France 21 Sept 45-. Best wishes Rt Sink, Col." (L to R) Colonel Robert Sink, Commanding Officer, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment and Major S. H. Matheson. Others are unknown to the editor.

Brigade Commander "IRON DUKE" S. H. Matheson passed away this morning Jan. 8, 2005.

General Matheson led the 1st Brigade from Jan. 1967 to Jan. 1968 and was one of the original Easy Co. Band of Brothers. Standby for details on arrangements as information comes in.

Bastogne!
Yankee Jim

CPT JAMES A. PAGE, 1st BDE 101 ABN DIV (AASLT)
ATTN: Regimental Adjutant, Building 3780
Fort Campbell, KY 42223-5000
work (270) 798-4605 home (270) 439-1497

jim.page@us.army.mil
Subject: MG Matheson's Service
Date: Tue, 11 Jan 2005 09:25:15 -0600

Here's a run down of MG Matheson's service:

Platoon Leader and Battalion S4, 2-506th PIR (1942-1945)
Commander, 1st ABG, 506th Infantry
Commander, 10th SFG (ABN), (1961)
Assistant Division Commander, 101st Airborne Division (1966)
Commander, 1st BDE (Separate), 101st ABN (JAN 1967-JAN 1968)
Commanding General, Fort Campbell, KY (1968-1969)
Commanding General, 2nd Infantry Division

VR,
Jim

KEN POTTS, 1/327 C 12/66-12/67
1857 N. 185th St., Shoreline, WA 98133-4206
(206) 546-8498
Braveh1798@aol.com
Sent: Saturday, January 08, 2005 5:28 PM
To: YankeeJim@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com
Subject: RE: In memory of Gen Matheson

Jim,

I met Gen. Matheson at the 1st Brigade Separate reunion in Phoenix in September this year. He was in his element with his



At the 1st Brigade (S) reunion in Phoenix in September 2004 are (L to R) Patricia (Mrs. S. H.) Matheson, Helga (Mrs. Gerry) Morse, MG(R) S. H. Matheson [HHC CG 1/67-1/68] and Ken Potts [1/327 C 12/66-12/67]. (Photo sent by Ken Potts)

former soldiers and he was genuinely happy and moved by the love, respect and attention he was shown by those who served under him. He will be missed by all of us. He devoted his life to serving his country. God Rest his soul.

Above The Rest,
Ken Potts

MICHAEL MCFADDEN, 2/502 A 6/66-6/67
2864 Sloat Road, Pebble Beach, CA 93953-2627
(831) 375-7762
mcfaddn@ix.netcom.com
Subject: Gen Matheson
Date: Sun, 9 Jan 2005 10:06:59 -0800

Gen Matheson passed yesterday (Sat) morning at 0600. I have talked with his daughter and she states his passing was "peaceful and in his sleep." He will be missed. I will always appreciate his leadership as Cmdr of the Always First Bde, but even more so for the manner in which he ALWAYS wished to know whenever any of the 502 Comrades were visiting and how he would ALWAYS show up for supper with as little as 48 hours notice. He was NEVER too busy to meet with "his troopers" regardless of rank and truly enjoyed all the conversations about their experiences in THE BDE as well as their experiences since 66/67. Gen Matt NEVER forgot who accompanied him to the dance.

Michael

RICHARD A. LUTTRELL, 2/327 A 4/67-3/68
27 Taft Drive, Rochester, IL 62563-9200
(217) 498-7409
Flying4fun@aol.com
Sent: Saturday, January 08, 2005 2:36 PM

It is truly a sad day!

Rich Luttrell Co. A 2/327 Vietnam 67-68

RAY MILLARD, 2/327 B 67-68
520 Dry Creek Rd., Monterey, CA 93940-4204
(831) 375-3713
millard@redshift.com
Sent: Sunday, January 09, 2005 12:16 PM
Subject: Iron Duke has died

Dear fellow Screaming Eagles:

Tonight it is my duty to report to you that this afternoon I received word that our hero and beloved leader in Vietnam died today. Although he and I live just four miles apart, I was not aware of any acute illness or other health problems. Colonels Mike Mc Fadden and Gerry Morse both called me to pass on the sad news. They had heard it from Generals Ben Harrison and Rip Collins respectively. I know that he will be buried in Arlington National Cemetery at some future, yet unknown date. I have no other details at this time. Those of you present at the 1st Brigade reunion in Phoenix had an opportunity to see and hear the old warrior in action once again despite his frailties. Carolyn and I had the honor of accompanying General Matt and Pat on the return flight from Phoenix to Monterey. It was the last time we saw them. Please forward this email to others whom you believe would like to know of Salve H. Matheson's passing. He was a great leader...the next time you

raise a glass, remember the guy who never forgot Joe Tentpeg, and would not let us forget him as well. May he rest in peace.

No Slack, Airborne all the way,
Ray Millard

RON EGAN, 1/327 B 67-68
7014 S. Rawson Bridge Rd., Cary, IL 60013-1752
ronegan@ameritech.net
Sent: Sunday, January 09, 2005 1:58 AM
Subject: Re: In memory of Gen Matheson

I'm very saddened by The Man's passing. Ain't never personally known all that many Gen'als in my life, but I remember well the day we threw this one's fully-dressed ass in the ocean in Chu Lai, and he came out a-sputtering "That's my boys, my boys!"

RIP Boss....
Egan
B/1/327

SZABOLCS M. DE GYURKY
Address unknown
cavecanuma@aol.com
Date: Mon, 10 Jan 2005 12:39:34 EST
Subject: Re: MORE Memories of Gen Matheson

Yes, I really liked Salve H. Matheson. I served under him in the 10th SFGA at Bad Tölz. As I recall, he took over from Col. Michael Paulick. I had this idea, about getting a direct commission, and skipping OCS which I presented to him. Needless to say, he felt I needed OCS. How old was he?

Mike

The following arrangements have been made for General Matheson's Memorial Mass, burial and reception:

Memorial Mass at 10:45 a.m., Friday, April 29th, 2005, Old Chapel, Fort Myer, VA.

Burial in Arlington National Cemetery directly following the Memorial Mass.

Reception at the Fort Myer Officers' Club directly following the burial service.

A block of rooms has been reserved in the name of 'General Matheson's Memorial' at the Key Bridge Marriott (convenient to Fort Myer and Arlington National Cemetery). For reservations call: 1-800-228-9290. Discounted room rate is \$149.00.

LTG(R) Robert G. Yerks [2/327 Bn CO 67-68] made all Memorial Mass and burial arrangements, and Howard H. Danford [2/502 Bn CO 6/67-6/68] made reception and accommodation arrangements.

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 third of four installments.

Sandal Tracks

We traveled further north along the gradual ascending crest of the ridge above the stream, marked with undulating folds of thicketed ravines here and there. Trying to move carefully and silently, I tried to see through and beyond the screening foliage. Some brush patches were to be seen in the patches of light that managed to shine through the stately trees. There were many smaller, slender young trees with smooth bark of good size that were interspersed between the larger trees. They were reaching up for the light. A high mountain current of air offered us a cool relief. Late in the morning, we moved up on a semi-open flat and stopped. I moved as point with two other men ahead of the main body of the platoon. Briefly looking down, my eyes suddenly caught something. My eyes noticed the shiny, unmistakable, fresh and faint sandal prints with plain soles. Where they had first entered the trail, I didn't know. Human traffic. I held my hand up, signaling to stop the patrol. My number two man, Cook, watched while I went down on one knee, thoroughly examined the view through the vegetation, then checked the tracks in the trail. This particular portion of the trail was harder and drier than the rest. I fixedly stared at where it disappeared into the deep shadow of trees. The outline was that of a flat, plain sole, characteristic of that worn by the NVA and very difficult to see unless it was fresh.

The impressions were sharp, with well-defined, sharp edges, except for the toe and heel. A small twig had been dislodged from its bed in the trail where one of the NVA had stepped on it. A twig's bed imprint was clearly visible and the scuffed twig itself had been kicked out, pointing in the direction they were going. I squatted where I was for a little time, studying the trail immediately ahead of me, and then noticed the shine caused by the flattening of the dirt. There were more well-defined sandal prints in the trail, the sharp edges still unmarred by the wind, sun, presence of leaves or crossing of insect tracks.

These plain, unpatterned prints were straight or slightly toe-in prints, about a foot and a half apart. The wind had not had time to mar the rim of the tracks, meaning that they were only minutes ahead of us. The tracks headed straight up the trail, headed in our same direction at a steady pace. Judging from the size of the prints, the men were small. Their short strides and the depth of the tracks showed they were traveling slowly and lightly. The absence of their toe marks digging into the ground also verified their slow pace. The lack of scuff marks indicated they were in good physical condition, unhurried and confident of their surroundings. My eye boxed off a distance of two paces and then counted the number of prints. Sixteen prints. There were four men walking the trail ahead of us. They would be trying to link up with the element engaged with the Tiger Force, or they would wait for us somewhere ahead if they were already aware of us. Worried that we were already the hunted,

I remained sharply focused on the tracks as far ahead as I could see them to make sure they were maintaining their direction of movement. I had to slow down. I had to think. Once the tracks disappeared, we would possibly be ambushed. I signaled to move forward again, now very much afraid.

Our lives were now determined by the smallest decisions, I stopped every three or four steps so we would not be caught in an awkward shooting position. I tensed at a second open meadow and stopped the patrol. The other men remained quiet and unmoving behind me, watching. There had been no sound. I did not know what I had seen, but a premonition, a mystical intuition manifested and settled into me. Something was there. Almost daring not to turn, I stretched my eyes as far to the right as they could go in their sockets without moving my head. The thumb of my right hand constantly caressed the fire selector switch and my index finger rested gently on the trigger guard. I would frequently and subconsciously move the selector switch from its forward position of safe to its straight-up position of semi-automatic to its rear-pointed position of automatic to insure that I could select its firing position without thinking about it when the emergency came. My senses were turned on and tuned in to the quietness of the mountain forest. I did not trust the silence. All my senses were suddenly alert as I listened to the cool wind with a sense of foreboding. I raised my rifle to the ready position, moving my head slowly all about, scanning the area. I stood quietly to listen for a long time. I tried to focus my eyes beyond my immediate front and see through the forest into the shadows. I listened and tried to smell whatever it was. But there was only the clean, pleasant, thick air and the fragrance of the forest. But the forest had grown quiet. My mouth went dry. A sickening premonition grew in my gut. I got that eerie feeling that something was watching me. There was something there. It was now late morning and the thermals were moving up the ridge. I stood suddenly transfixed. I felt something had moved in the tall grass. A second warning, as I opened my mouth and cocked my head in that direction to hear better. I took a step toward the area that was troubling me. I stopped in midstep. At first, there was only a mini-flicker in the thick vegetation. At the limits of my peripheral vision, I caught the physical movement of the stirring of tall grass, and my heart quickened. I held my breath, listening. I felt my stomach constrict. There was the faintest whisper of something treading lightly through the grass just off the trail to my right. I finally saw him but it was too late. A khaki-clad North Vietnamese soldier *jumped up running* like a deer, arms pumping, feet pattering. The tall grass flowed out and back around him as he ran into the better cover of the forest around him, gone before I could shoot.

As my eyes continued to search, I was told to forget this NVA soldier-the Platoon Leader had received word that the reconnaissance platoon (Tiger Force) had been ambushed by two NVA companies and had sustained large casualties and was slowly running out of ammunition.⁶ This last radio transmission probably saved us from being drawn after a decoy and getting ourselves trapped. We were ordered to move further north to their position to relieve them since we were the nearest element.



The 2nd platoon was moving toward superior enemy forces, to contact. Alone! No one else was remotely close. All units of the 101st Airborne Division in the Dak To area were now heavily engaged by North Vietnamese forces. My eyes quickly boxed off two stride lengths again and counted. Sixteen prints. The same number of fresh sandal tracks were still in the trail. The size and shape of the sandal prints were etched in my mind. The NVA spotted back in the grass had not been part of this group. I looked everywhere for motion. Nothing else stirred. I suffered from an intense pain in the pit of my stomach, like a rock sitting there, pain in the base of my neck at shoulder level and a terrific headache from anxiety. This pain had, over time, become chronic on all of our operations, and this time it was no different. I knew death was inevitable and unavoidable.

As silently and as slowly as a shadow, I moved on up the trail. My nerves were worn thin, my eyes examined every yard of ground immediately below the trail, as it came into view. I studied the folds in the ground on the upper side of the trail and ahead as far as I could see and came back to study them again. These depressions had a way of suddenly disclosing what had not been there a moment before. I felt breathless. A small muscle beneath my left eye twitched uncontrollably. The mountains rose steeply on both sides of us. There were few spots of flat terrain anywhere. Where it was flat, there was ample evidence of the NVA in the form of rubber sandal tracks.

The nausea came and went and came again. I would spike hot and then cold. We wound our serpentine way up a series of steep ravines and slopes along the ridge, our eyes constantly on the move, sweeping over and into the concealing shadows of the terrain. I could smell the lingering dampness of the semi-dark forest. In rare places the light penetrated the dark foliage of the overhead canopy, shining in arrowed shafts like strips of thin, translucent silk, hiding whatever was beyond the light. No birds fluttered away, no creature moved. The silence was now absolute. I had to be prepared to expect the unexpected.

The valley was narrowing down and the mountain forest was now darkening with even larger trees. My slowly-paced steps were second nature, like those of the great cat. We watched where we placed our feet, moving between the trees by instinct, making no sound, eyes looking into the depths of the shadowed forest. Extremely wary, conditioned by months of combat, we moved in a slightly balanced crouch, taking short fluid steps at a dead slow pace. On razor-edge nerves, I eased forward a few feet at a time, then stopped, trying to identify any hidden person or position, then got my breath and nerve back and moved on again. We moved without sound. I was extremely frightened, and had little enthusiasm for what I was doing, having to coax myself onward. I had stopped moving to listen, waiting, with a presaging sense of events, for what was coming. I had not really heard anything. But there was no doubt something was there, ahead. I was aware of the danger now. There had been no definite sound, it was a far away warning. I had the feeling that somewhere a motion had occurred. I stood quietly, remaining motionless for a long time, moving my head slowly in different directions to catch the next warning; there wasn't one. Far in the distance ahead, we could hear

the mad rattle of automatic weapons fire. I listened to the sound signature of the different weapons. The thump of grenades, the high velocity chatter of M-16 rifles answering the coarser, staccato ripping of the communist AK-47 assault rifles told us that Americans were still alive and fighting. It was hard to tell how far away the gunfire was. I could hear the rapid beat of my bloodstream echoing in my ears. Then after a time, it was again quiet. With my throat constricting, I motioned again for movement forward. I watched our flanks.

NVA Taking a Break

I sensed the presence of the NVA before I saw them. The sandal tracks were still there. My men, following, had silently stopped, watching me. The grip of my right hand tightened on the rifle's pistol grip, and my index finger now tickled the trigger. I froze, heart pounding in my ears. Standing still, head cocked slightly to the right, I had that prickly sensation up and down my spine. I could feel the hair on my neck rise. I willed myself to complete and absolute immobility and silence. Our second encounter with the NVA came. My eyes were searching frantically; again I was sensing something unseen in the shadows. Slowly my hearing was being stimulated by a barely audible, distance-thinned sound and I didn't know what it was. It seemed to be coming from the direction ahead. The muscle under my left eye was out of control. I was now moving in a deliberate, upright crouch, in the ready position. My feet felt their way along. The intensity of the sound changed in pitch. My brain was firing a wave of warnings in a steady rhythm now. I heard the familiar, tonal rhythm of low-spoken Vietnamese, only 15 feet further along the trail, around a finger of the hill, my head turned off to my side, I caught them in my peripheral vision. I turned my head slowly. I stopped dead in my tracks, and remained perfectly still. The trail became clearly distinct in my eyes. The muzzle of my rifle shifted. The man behind me saw them at the same time. He stepped to my right and my third man on the point came up and stepped to my left. We stood there silently watching them, our black rifles leveled at them. Time seemed to stand still.

They were unaware of our presence, taking a break and quietly talking among themselves. I had heard their voices. I scanned their faces as the first one looked up in surprise, then the startled response--almond eyes widened and mouth opened as the jaw moved downward. Then the other two NVA soldiers repeated the performance. Our eyes met and locked. My teeth were set hard. Then all three were staring at us, unbelieving, for a brief second. No one moved. They raised their arms up slowly in surrender as our rifle muzzles indicated. And then he moved. The first NVA soldier who had seen us was now slowly starting to drop one hand toward a stick grenade. I commanded "Dung lai" (stop) in Vietnamese. He did not stop. The forest silence was shattered by the blast of our three rifles. We watched as pieces of their uniforms blew outward, the neck and chest areas of their bodies were perforated with holes, blowing misting streams of blood out the other sides of their bodies. I saw his head snap back as pieces of the jaw shot away. The other two collapsed and fell straight backward limply and my man half-turned sideways as his body tried to slump forward. I slowly advanced on all three bodies and saw the looks on their dark, contorted faces.



The one with the jaw shot away was still alive, in a welter of blood and pain. A barely audible moan coming from him. He raised one arm and his fingers told him that there was nothing below his now exposed upper teeth. His breathing, already raspy from his shattered lungs, was magnified now as he began to gag, gurgle and choke with his tongue gone. Already in an impersonal state of self-hypnosis, I ordered him shot again. The NVA were very young looking. PFC Cook took his backup firearm, a .45 caliber pistol, put it to his head and ended his terrible misery. My third man on point turned and stared into my eyes and stated that we had been on point long enough. With his body shaking, he stated he wanted another squad to resume this job. I looked back into him and saw that primal look that strained his face. A reflection of myself. He was frightened. We were all frightened. He had done a good job, and I told him to fall in behind the squad. We left the dead for the platoon leader to quickly search. All I wanted was to be away from this place, to escape somehow, wake up and find it was a bad dream. The bad dream was reality. I could feel Death and Destruction holding out their hands for more, and all I could do was move forward to meet them. I took the point and continued on. I felt sick. The platoon had no trouble maintaining their distance from each other, because it was only a matter of time before we were ambushed again. The NVA knew we were there. Despite the presence of my men, I felt alone as I moved along, on up the ridge slowly. Again my premonition of impending danger was at a high pitch. My sense of vision, hearing, and smell were now more intensified. I felt a sharp pain building up behind my eyes. I wanted to live. Like a harbinger of doom, the ominous sound of weapons fire ahead in the distance was growing louder. Nerves now raw and exposed, I moved, wondering when and where the next encounter would take place.

NVA Trail Watcher

I was now measuring our progress and time by the westering sun. Again I had a prickling in my senses. I signaled with my hand for the platoon to stop and stood still, my eyes and ears searching everywhere. The only sound and movement was the rustling of foliage in the tops of the trees from a light breeze. I felt the presence of the enemy near. I detected no sign of movement anywhere in my range of vision. With a frightened feeling and a declining day warning me, I noticed two important things. One was that the stream was no longer directly below us. The other, more troubling, was the footpath, beaten hard by many feet. A clear, small outline of a smooth-bottomed sandal prints made in a patch of clear ground, the kind worn by the NVA. I motioned my second man to me. I was distracted from my immediate surroundings and bending in anxious scrutiny.

Our third encounter came quite suddenly from ambush only a few feet away from our immediate flank. I just had a chance to silently ask my second man if he had noticed when and where the stream had veered away from the ridge, when it happened. A carefully concealed North Vietnamese soldier armed with an SKS 7.62 mm semi-automatic rifle had been watching us from a natural ground blind that blended with the terrain right on the trail against the hillside. It had several shooting holes to see from to reduce his tendency to fidget. His blind was wide, high and solid enough to allow himself movement and was cleaned

of all the leaf litter, so as not to create any noise accidentally. The entire platoon could have all walked by him and not detected him had he remained still. We were both standing still. The NVA soldier had been in the kneeling position, low to the ground, waiting patiently until we were both looking in a different direction down the ridge and at the track. Then he fired a volley on us. Luckily we were not standing too close to each other. The SKS sent smoke blowing past us. He had narrowly missed us both at extremely close range.

With blistering speed, I seized the opportunity and pulled my rifle into a quick-reaction shooting position; with my left forearm extended and the butt-stock locked into my right side by my elbow, I found my target and pointed, firing my M-16 almost simultaneously. My aim was better than his had been. With a terrible thrill, I knew I had killed him. After firing on him, I went into the prone position and before the echoes of the shots had died away, I pulled a grenade from inside my canteen cover. This was one pound of death. Its serrated sheet metal body blows into small pieces from its filler of composition B. I armed the grenade before throwing by pulling the pin, allowing the lever to fly and the striker to hit the primer. With the delay element now burning through its length, I counted one, two, three. I lobbed an M-26 fragmentation grenade at him. By this time the delay element had now burned into the detonator. It landed right next to him, exploded and sent debris everywhere. My number two man had run back to his position from where I had motioned him forward, to take cover. Thin clouds of blue smoke were floating on the somewhat still air, gradually thinning. I was shaken up and still reacting to the shock. I slowly walked over to him at the ready with my rifle. Anytime you think you have a dead man, you're the one that's apt to be dead soon. I placed the flashhider on the muzzle of my rifle into his back, caught the material of his blouse and, applying downward pressure, twisted it. His chest didn't move. I reached down with my left hand and placed it on his neck. I had to check him to be sure he was dead. He was already dead; his last spasms were finished. Moving to one side, I carefully rolled him over, watching for a grenade. Seeing nothing, I retrieved his weapon. The unblinking almond-colored eyes stared at the sky overhead. They were slowly losing their luster and glazing over. I closed his eyes for him and searched his body, noticing that all my rounds went into his chest. One moment you were among the living and the next you were somewhere else.

I looked at his wallet and color pictures of his family. I choked up. I felt sad for him and them. For the first time in the war, I had come to realize that these enemy soldiers were not just like me. They were just young boys doing a man's job. These young soldiers were more violent and loyal. They were easily controlled by their leaders and obeyed orders. His only mistake was being too young, miscalculating when to shoot us. He probably became unnerved by the ordeal and had tried to get us both at the same time instead of concentrating on one target at a time. His khaki uniform blended perfectly with the surrounding brush and bare dirt of the embankment where he was hidden. I handed the dead soldier's Simonov 7.62 mm semi-automatic, gas-operated carbine to one of the other men. It had a long, flat-bladed, folding bayonet and a ten-round nondetachable box magazine. He could have shot us coming up the



trail, at broadside or as the rear security man quartered away from him. I sat down and saw that my hands were shaking. The shaking spread as I started to experience an adrenaline rush.

When I looked up and around at the platoon still crouched in cover and waiting, I saw in their faces the same thing I had just felt, and still felt. I saw doubt and gut-crimping fear. Nothing is easier to detect in a man than fear. It is also contagious. I tried my best to stop my trembling for their sake, to force my present mental state aside. My heart was still palpitating. Their faces registered the shock of what had happened for a second time. The pain between my shoulder blades and in the pit of my stomach was now worse. My head felt like a tight band was wrapped around it. I felt weak. I sat down on a little berm and took a few minutes to calm down. No one else moved. Slowly, I again became aware of the forest. There was no sound.

Miraculously, by some peculiar chance, I was safe from destruction and eternity. This phenomenon of emerging unscathed from such a close encounter was incomprehensible to me. My fear was working for me; it had sharpened my reactions. No one should have had a chance of living. I began to wonder how long it would be before it all ended, fatally. The sun, had long passed its zenith and could no longer be observed. I had lost its directional guidance with which I'd maintained my heading through this wild terrain. Moving slowly as a shadow and absolutely silent, we resumed our ascending course. Gradually, the land form began to descend. Sporadic volleys from small-arms fire gave away the specific area and direction of the Tiger Force. I prayed for strength and courage. My Grandmother's favorite Bible verse popped into my head, "Lift thine eyes to the hills from whence cometh thy help!"

Linkup

The retreating glow of impending night now back-lighted the ridge above us. The place was wild, dismal, a shallow vale between dark, heavily timbered slopes. With nerves worn thin, we now moved into the maw of death, a low place with many bodies covered in blood, lying sprawled where they had fallen, in grotesque angles that only dead men killed violently could achieve. Their blood soaking black in the dark soil. Most had not suffered too greatly, dying quickly. Those who had suffered long and greatly before they died laid curled up. We had reached the isolated Tiger Force, a site of violent death. My mind was momentarily diverted by the stench of blood. The source was everywhere. This was a scene of gruesome mass slaughter. Too late, if at all, had they noticed the fighting positions of this NVA base camp, dug into the sides of the draw.

The Tiger Force, reconnoitering for enemy forces, their movement, base areas and trail networks, had been caught in a deadly ambush by two NVA companies at very short range. The site was located beneath great, high-branching trees, cleaned of underbrush. The NVA occupied well-camouflaged prepared ambush positions in the slope above the trail that the reconnaissance unit was on and initiated heavy cross fire on the unsuspecting men. As all too often in this war, the PAVN forces had again chosen the time and place to fight on their terms, nearly always keeping us on the defensive and exacting maximum

casualties. Many of the troops were hit at near point-blank range. The Tiger Force was unable to retreat from the narrow base of a hill, caught in the low ground, between two steep surrounding hills of the ridge, suffering terribly in the confused fighting and paying a terrible price for entering this low area. They were unable to secure their seriously wounded. Any attempt to retrieve their wounded was met with heavy fire. The wounded had to suffer alone and in silence. The fighting had been close and savage. From the start, the frantic battle could not have lasted very long. The silent NVA had placed devastating fire upon them. They had no way out. No escape. There were 12 men killed and 19 others very badly wounded, hit multiple times in the upper body areas. I could see from the scattered equipment all over the area that they had become addle-brained with panic. Starlight scopes, packs and weapons were lying where they fell. There were no AN/PRC-25 radio sets lying around, though. Since joining the 1st Brigade, I had noticed that whenever we policed an area where Americans had been ambushed, that the PAVN had not left without the radios and spare batteries. The young and mostly inexperienced Tiger Force, in their baptism of fire and blood and their abandonment of so much necessary equipment, demonstrated the deteriorated mental condition of the troops at the time of the ambush. I looked around us, our position in this location was desperate. Once more we were in the low ground with a slaughterhouse of death surrounding us. We spread ourselves out defensively, and our men made themselves obscenely comfortable among the dead and awaited the next move. There was an ominous quiet.

The low spot widened in a fan shape as it descended into a sloped bench divided by ridges. Further down, the ravines were covered with brush. There was only one man unwounded among the few hideously mutilated survivors that I saw. Nothing affects morale more than seeing the misery of many other wounded men. This was a bloody, carcass-littered draw, where bloody limbs stuck out at strange angles. I could smell the oppressive and overwhelming foul, sweet copper-scent of blood thick in the air from the many shredded bodies. There was the stench of soiled clothing and protruding bones. I caught my first whiff of sweet-sickening decay and could feel it on the back of my tongue. Flesh was moldering and beginning to rot. War's carnage was mixing with the aroma of damp compost, mold and the rotting vegetation. We had to consolidate the wounded and dead.

These first casualties that I saw had not as yet been attended to by a medic. With a quick look at the first live trooper I saw, I knew that treatment no longer mattered. He had been shot through the side of the mouth, the bullet scoring its way through his teeth. Evidently his tongue wasn't hit, because he wasn't choking. He was sitting with his upper body leaning slightly to the side, his head slumping back grotesquely. His forehead and face were very white and streaming with sweat. A trickle of scarlet blood was flowing down. He was also hit twice in the chest region and once in the leg. He was still barely alive, moaning very low, and touching his face with one hand. I could hear his near silent mewling and labored breathing. I could see the white of ragged and splintered bones. He slowly raked the leaves and dirt with the fingers of his other hand. The light flitted from his eyes, dull with pain. His gaze was vacant. A final ray of sunlight lit his face. He looked like





DAK TO, VIETNAM (101ST -IO) – Helicopter crew chief, Specialist Five Ronald Romines, Jacksonville, Florida, and 1st Battalion 327th Infantry Sergeant Major John Bittorie, Columbus, Georgia, assist refugees evacuated from the Viet Cong infested jungles of Kontum Province north of Dak To. More than 130 homeless Montagnards were given a new outlook on life by members of the 1st Battalion 327th Infantry. US Army Photo by Sp/4 Robert Lloyd

he would faint and go into shock. Another, staring the stare of death, wallowed in his own blood while gazing upward as life slipped unerringly from his child-like eyes. The first spasms of death jerked at his body. Most of the men had taken multiple hits. Now they were just grimy, blood-spattered soldiers sprawled along the ground everywhere. There was the stench from their bowels having voided, from dying violently. All of the men showed great inner strength, evident as they tried to ignore the spasms of terrible pain racking their badly wounded bodies. Some twisted in a dark abyss of pain. Too many had a death pallor staining their faces. It hurt my eyes and heart to look at them. Our medic would have his hands full.

The huge trees in this location stretched a canopy of foliage which denied the sunlight from reaching the forest floor. The dark shade was almost like twilight. Consequently there was little ground cover. This allowed for long-distance viewing through the woods. Already the forest shadows were lengthening to purple shadows. Time raced. The forest darkened as our nearby wounded were hurriedly consolidated, but more were spread over a wider area. The wounded were quiet, except for a low groaning which could not be helped. The most seriously wounded were put together. We could see throughout the canopy that there wasn't much daylight left. The sun would soon be gone. The Regular North Vietnamese Army infantrymen, the Bo Doi Chu Luc, were already throwing hand grenades at our position and we were not going to be able to pull them all into our perimeter. I was called to report to my platoon leader's position at the base of a tree. I was ordered to the thankless task of leading and rooting out the North Vietnamese soldiers from their defensive positions on the side of the hill by Lieutenant Kirby Young. The Lieutenant offered me his flask. The liquid burned wonderfully, providing my soul with a manufactured false courage. The effect was almost immediate on my starved body. This is it, I thought, this is the end, as my heart loudly thumping in my chest.

6. The Tiger Force was the division short range reconnaissance element. This unit consisted of 42 men, and was commanded by Capt. Lewis Higinbotham.

HELL ON A HILL TOP:

America's Last Major Battle in Vietnam

By: Major General Benjamin L. Harrison US Army, Retired
Published by iUniverse, Inc. in 2004, soft cover \$19.95
Reviewed by Ivan Worrell

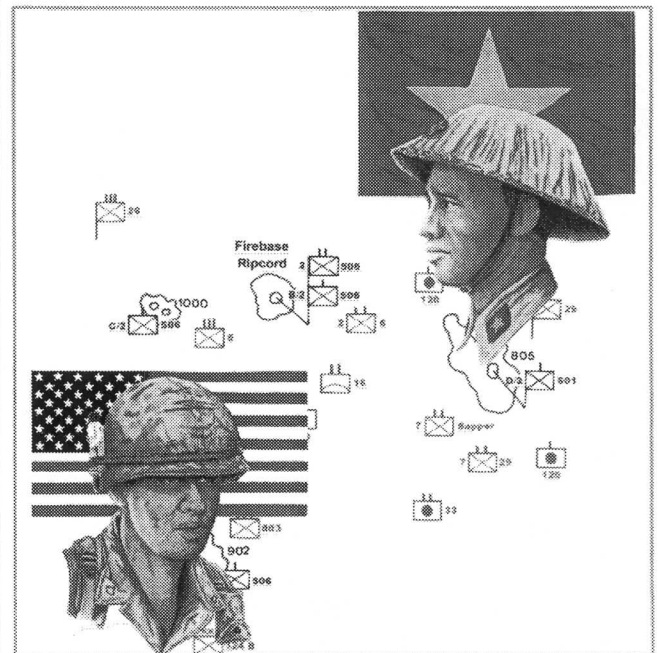
MG Ben Harrison [10th Combat AVN 7/66-7/67] has written the most interesting book about combat in Viet Nam that I have read. I remember LTC Ben Harrison when he commanded an aviation battalion that gave exemplary support to the 1st Brigade (S). His direct support role made him and the 10th Combat Aviation Battalion a vital part of the 1st Brigade.

Colonel Ben Harrison commanded the 3rd Brigade, 101st Airborne Division in 1970 when Fire Support Base (FSB) Ripcord and other FSBs were prepared and manned by the 3rd Brigade with the mission of interdicting People's Army of Viet Nam (PAVN) moving from the north toward the coastal lowlands.

HELL ON A HILL TOP America's Last Major Battle In Vietnam

On The East Flank Of The A Shau Valley March-July 1970

The 324B Division Surrounds The 101st Airborne's Currahec Battalion



Major General Benjamin L. Harrison
US Army, Retired

As Brigade Commander he certainly knows what happened in his brigade area. His extraordinary efforts to learn what the PAVN enemy consisted of, planned and

did make this book unique. He made three trips to Viet Nam to interview PAVN commanders and political officers. His descriptions of dealing with Vietnamese officials and the Vietnamese government's approach to documenting combat actions could make a separate, interesting, book. I read every word in a very few settings and am sending a copy to my son who is a retired infantry officer.

I hope you will read *HELL ON A HILL TOP* and that you will order it from the Ripcord Association whose web site address is <http://www.ripcordassociation.com> or send a check (\$19.95) made out to "Ripcord Association" to: Fred Spaulding, 7702 White Dove Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46256-1750; (317) 849-3969. The web site also has more complete reviews of the book. All profits go to the Ripcord Association.

"All Viet Nam-related books and manuscripts that I have read—novels, histories, short stories and poems—have had some merit. Some were superb—well written, enlightening, touching mind, heart and soul. Ben Harrison's *Hell On A Hill Top* falls into this category. It is truly an impressive and epic work of historical significance." **John M. Del Vecchio, Author of *The 13th Valley***

"Considering all that has been written about the Vietnam War in the last thirty years it would seem that the subject has been covered completely. Not so. Benjamin Harrison's *Hell on a Hill Top* breaks new ground—and does it in an unusual way. Ben Harrison tells the story of the prolonged struggle in clear, crisp prose, giving full credit to the heroism of the men and the professionalism of the units engaged there. For a ripping good read, don't miss this riveting account of the fight for 'Ripcord.'" **Dave R. Palmer, Lieutenant General (retired), U S Army, Author of *Summons of the Trumpet***

"Harrison's distinguished career as Army Aviator enables him to highlight with rare understanding the vital role of Army Aviation and Aviation Crews during the Ripcord campaign." **Sidney B. Berry, Lieutenant General, US Army, Retired, Acting Commanding General, 101st Airborne Division during the Ripcord siege.**

"Through his many research travels, trials and tribulations, Harrison finally captured and published answers to the questions many veterans have had in the back of their mind for years. I was surprised he got as much out of that 'secret' society as he did, but not so surprised at their exaggerations and 'spin.'" **Marty Heuer, Author of *Pioneers Of Ahnapée***

HISTORY

HELL ON A HILL TOP—for four months in 1970, Hell raged on the hill tops of Ripcord, 805, 902 and 1000, all just east of the A Shau Valley.



Major General Benjamin L. Harrison
US Army, Retired

During the Vietnam War, Major General Benjamin L. Harrison served on the CINCPAC staff, commanded an aviation battalion in Vietnam for twelve months, was on McNamara's staff, was the Army's Chief of Doctrine, commanded the 3rd Brigade, 101st Airborne Division during the siege and evacuation of Firebase RIPCORD in 1970 and was the 1st ARVN Division Senior Advisor during Lam Son 719. On visits to Vietnam in 2001 and 2004, he interviewed former enemy officers including the 324B Division Commander, Maj Gen Chu Phuong Doi, whose first-ever division sole mission, was to destroy Firebase RIPCORD.

Instead of backing away from the fight, the North Vietnamese mortar, recoilless rifle, heavy machine gun, sapper and regular infantry attacks increased. The last offensive around Ripcord was starting to look like the last stand. Unwilling to keep American soldiers at high risk at this stage of the war, Ripcord was evacuated on 23 July. The battle went unnoticed for 30 years until Keith Nolan's book, *RIPCORD*, was published. As powerful and gripping as was the story of great leadership and courageous fighting by our soldiers, the magnitude of the enemy force still remained unknown. The author, the 3rd Brigade commander during the siege and evacuation, made trips to Vietnam in 2001 and 2004 and interviewed the 324B Division Commander whose first-ever division sole mission, was to destroy Firebase Ripcord. The full story is now told.

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Credit for graphic: Don Moore

\$19.95 U.S.



"The included accounts from several helicopter crewmen were among the most arresting I have read." **Lewis Sorley, Author of *A Better War***

ATTENTION 327TH 401ST MEMBERS REGIMENTAL DINNER



THURSDAY AUGUST 11th, 2005

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.

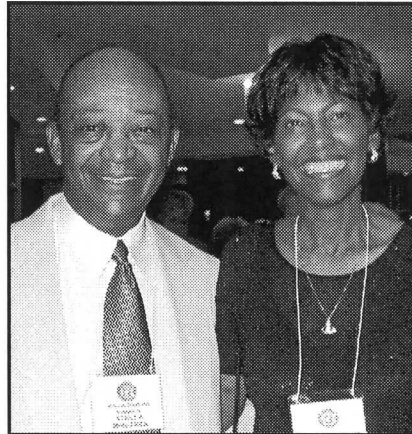
The price of the Regimental dinner, which will be a four entrée buffet, is \$30 per person. Please send your payment to: Michael O'Connell, 11 Arrow Drive, Whitman, MA 02382. Telephone: (781) 447-5696. E-mail address: Michael.Oconnell@state.ma.us. The final date for accepting reservations is August 1,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

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


WELCOME
1st BRIGADERS!
101st AIRBORNE DIVISION
"SCREAMING EAGLES"




At the 1st Brigade (S) Reunion in Phoenix in September General S. H. Matheson posed with the soldiers from the active duty 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault). They are (L to R) Sergeant Michael Hack, General Matheson, 2nd Lieutenant Joshua Wolff and 1st Lieutenant (now Captain) Shaun Reynolds.

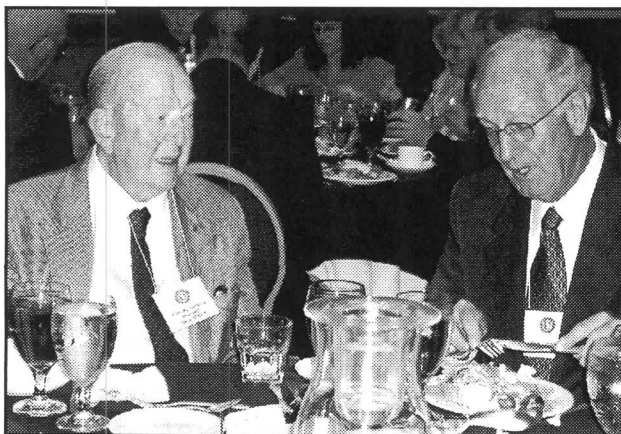


BG(R) Julius F. Johnson 'Assassin' (1/327 A 6/67-6/68) and Dianne from Washington, D.C. (Worrell photo)

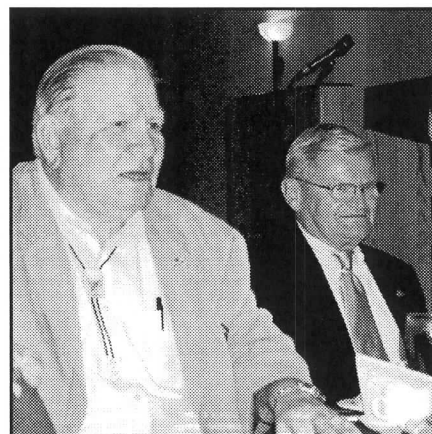


Billy and Melba Spangler (John photo)

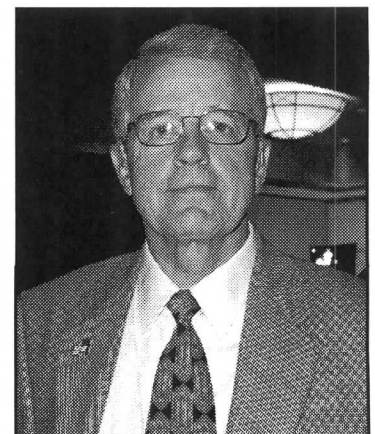
1st BRIGADE (S) REUNION - SEPTEMBER 17 - 19, 2004
PHOENIX EAST / MESA ARIZONA



MG(R) S. H. Matheson 'Iron Duke' (HHC CG 1/67-1/68) of Carmel, California and LTC (R) John W. Gilboux (2/327 HQ 66-67) from San Antonio, Texas. (Worrell photo)



BG(R) John W. 'Rip' Collins, III 'Cottonmouth' (HHC Deputy Comdr 7/67-7/68) from San Antonio, Texas and COL(R) Othar J. Shalikashvilli (2/502 HQ 67) from Carlisle, Pennsylvania. (Worrell photo)



William J. Northquest (1/327 C 6/66-12/67) from Dahlonega, Georgia. (Worrell photo)

The First Brigade DIPLOMAT AND WARRIOR

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

VOL. 1, No. 42

VIETNAM

MARCH 20, 1967

Psy Warfare Speaks From ARVN Junks

By PFC Michael A Willey

PHAN THIET— In a unique psychological warfare operation Vietnamese junks from Coastal Group 28 served as the speaker's platform for taped appeals for the Viet Cong to surrender.

The Psychological Warfare Team from the 245th Psy War Company, headed by First Lieutenant Cecil B. Holland of Miami put to sea to broadcast surrender appeals from the province chief.

Holland's team, attached to the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, was assisted by two junks and five sailors from the Vietnamese Coastal Group and their U.S. Navy Advisor.

Sailing up and down the sea coast for twenty miles in each direction from Phan Thiet, the team had five hours of effective speaker time. Said Lieutenant Holland about the use of the junks, "Psy War broadcasts are usually made from an aircraft or by teams on ground. The offshore winds and the hours of darkness would have hindered these normal types of broadcasting, therefore we used the boats."

Whether it's in an aircraft flying overhead, moving up a jungle trail, or on a junk in the South China Sea, the Psy War teams put forth every effort to get the message across to "Charlie" that it's better to give up than face the "Black Rifles" of the 101st.



VC SUSPECT— Paratroopers of the 1st Brigade search a Viet Cong suspect on a sweep and clear mission during Operation Farragut northeast of Phan Thiet.

(U.S. Army Photo by SP4 Alva Tate)

No 'Air Ride' For 'No Slacks'

PHAN RANG— For the first time since the 1st Brigade has been in Viet Nam, one of its infantry battalions has made a completely non-airmobile combat assault.

The 2d Battalion, 327th (Airborne) Infantry, participating in Operation Farragut in southern Ninh Thuan Province, loaded aboard trucks at its Tuy Phong forward command post and joined a convoy going to Phan Rang. This was done to add stealth to the move.

The mission of the "No Slack" battalion was to establish blocking positions and to search and clear an

area east of National Highway 1 between the highway and the South China Sea.

About twenty miles north of Tuy Phong, the convoy stopped and "Operation Tailgate," as the battalion had dubbed their motorized assault into their area of operation, was started.

There has been no significant action as a result of the unorthodox ground move by the "Screaming Eagles," but along with the Vietnamese National Police, Navy Swift boats and Naval gunfire, the paratroopers are clearing the area of Viet Cong.

Second Year

326th Engineers Selected For Itschner Award

SONG MAO— For the second consecutive year, Company "A," 326th Engineer Battalion (Airborne) has been selected as the U.S. Army Viet Nam's nominee for the Society of American Military Engineers Itschner Award.

Company A won the award for 1965 as the most outstanding engineer company of the year.

The paratroopers of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, were selected from 13 engineer battalions and separate companies stationed throughout South Viet Nam.

The airborne engineers have been cited by Brigadier General S.H. Matheson, brigade commander, for their outstanding record achieved during 1966 for which Company "A" was selected to represent Viet Nam in the service-wide competition.

In a letter of nomination to USARV, General Matheson wrote "...They (A Company) have met every challenge handed them, and have provided effective support to the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, through an active, eventful, and arduous year. The troopers of Company A have earned the respect of this Brigade, and are soldiers in the finest traditions of the Airborne."

Part of the citation and recommendation included the unit's low disciplinary record and equipment deadline rate.

Throughout 1966 the engineers have worked closely with every unit in the Brigade, always in support of the infantry battalions and leading the way during clearing operations.

Engineers were often integrated into the infantry companies and fought as infantry. During Operation Hawthorne, when Captain William Carpenter called air strikes on his unit position to repel the North Vietnamese, engineers with that company's third platoon captured seven prisoners and five machine guns. This was more prisoners than the rest of the Brigade captured in the entire operation.

The engineers closed out the year at Kontum where they actively cleared many of the main roads, cut and secured numerous landing zones, and swept the base camp area and roads of mines and booby traps,



"WAR" TROPHY — Paratroopers of the brigade and a 10th Aviation Battalion door gunner load a 400-pound tiger into a resupply helicopter for transportation to the forward command post at Song Mao. The tiger was killed by a patrol from Company C, 2d Battalion (Airborne), 502d Infantry, during Operation Farragut. (US Army Photo by SP4 Alva G. Tate).

'Above The Rest'

1/327th Scores Victory With Montagnards

SONG MAO—The success of a patrol isn't always measured by its military accomplishments. Paratroopers from the 1st Brigade achieved a nonmilitary but significant victory on a recent patrol.

While on a reconnaissance patrol, during Operation Farragut south of Phan Rang, the heavy mortar platoon of Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 327th (Airborne) Infantry stopped to gather information from several Montagnard villages.

The villagers came out and gave the soldiers an enthusiastic welcome and insisted on shaking hands all around. One member of the patrol said, "these were the friend-

liest people I have seen in Viet Nam."

The platoon medic, Specialist Four Bobby Jackson, noticed that many of the natives were in need of medical treatment and set up an aid station using materiel from his aid kit.

As Jackson, of Marianna, Fla., set up shop, the news spread that a medic was in the area and soon natives began streaming in to be treated.

Jackson treated a wide variety of ailments. He applied soothing creams to rashes and burns, treated one man's cut head and another's deeply cut, badly infected leg. The most common complaint was bad teeth which, of course,

the medic could not cure but pain pills were given to bring some relief.

Meanwhile the natives had brought cool water for the paratroopers to wash with, bananas, and bamboo containers filled with rice wine which is a precious commodity in the mountain villages.

After another round of hand shaking the patrol departed ready to continue the brigade policy of being either Diplomats or Warriors, according to what is called for by the situation.

101st MP Platoon Gives Its 'All'

SONG MAO — The combat military police platoon of the brigade does not have the easiest job in Viet Nam. but it make the best of it.

Since July of 1966 the MPs have been patrolling the highways and roads of the brigade's forward areas in Tuy Hoa, Kontum, and Phan Thiet in addition to their regular duties. Now they are working in conjunction with the 326th Engineers, providing security for them as they sweep the roads for mines and booby traps. They also work with Troop A, 17th Cavalry by augmenting its convoy escort capabilities.

Unlike most units they have to be extremely versatile.

TAX TIPS

Special to the Diplomat & Warrior

Some points to remember when you are filling your income tax return are offered today.

If you reenlisted in a month during any part of which you were serving in Vietnam, the initial installment and all subsequent installments may be excluded from your gross income.

However, if you reenlisted in a month during no part of which you served in the combat zone, then neither the initial payment nor subsequent installments may be excluded even though payment is made in the combat zone.

If more than \$277.20 of Social Security tax was withheld from your salary or wages during 1966 because you worked for two or more employers, the excess can be claimed as a credit against your income by using Form 1040 and filling in Line 16 on Page 1 of the form.

You cannot add your wife's FICA tax to yours. Both must be computed separately.

If you had dividends from stock in American corporations you may exclude the first \$100 of the stock is jointly owned or community property.

You are not allowed an exclusion for interest received. Remember, that even though some mutual savings banks, savings and loans associations, and building and loan associations pay "dividends" this income must be reported as interest just as you report bank interest.

If you are divorced or legally separated from your wife, alimony or separate maintenance payments made by you are taxable to your wife and deductible by you on Form 1040 if these payments are required by the terms of a decree of

divorce or separation, are paid after the court decree and are paid periodically, that is a fixed pay to be made monthly (weekly, etc.) for an indefinite period of time.

Child support payments, that is payments which have been specifically designed as support for minor children, are not taxable to your wife.

For further information on your tax problems, contact your unit tax officer.

WARRIORS OF THE WEEK



SSG. Oliver A. Ware

Staff Sergeant Oliver A. Ware of "B" Company, 2nd Battalion (Airborne), 502d Infantry, was named as the "Enlisted Warrior of the Week" for his recent actions against the enemy near Song Mao, Viet Nam. SSG Ware is from Sutton, W.Va.



Lt. Irwin R. Chapman

First Lieutenant Irwin R. Chapman of Detroit, a member of "C" Company, 2nd Battalion (Airborne), 502d Infantry, was chosen as the "Officer Warrior of the Week" for his actions against the enemy near Song Mao.

DIPLOMAT and WARRIOR

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

CG	Brig. Gen. S.H. Matheson
IO	Maj. Ivan G. Worrell
OIC	1st Lt. Arthur Barnett
EDITOR	SSG. Mike Mangiameli



HELPING HAND — Paratroopers of the brigade help some of the 150 Montagnards freed from communist-dominated territory to waiting trucks. The Montagnards were relocated in Vietnamese government controlled areas after more than two years under communist oppression. (US Army Photo by SSG Mike Mangiameli)

Montagnard Village Moved From VC Control

SONG MAO— A village of more than 150 Montagnards were moved out from under communist control near here through a joint operation by the 1st Brigade, a Special Forces Advisory Team, and a Vietnamese Civilian Irregular Defense Group (CIDG).

The villagers were moved from their homes, where they had been subjected to Viet Cong acts of terrorism and tax collections over the years, to a refugee center near the 101st's forward command post.

The Montagnard chief had informed the US Army Special Forces Advisory Team operating near the village, of the conditions which the Viet Cong had forced upon them and the Special Forces began coordinating with the 101st Civil Affairs Team in making arrangements for the relocation.

Working with a Vietnamese Intelligence Squad, a CIDG Company, and Special Forces Advisors, the brigade moved the Montagnards by convoy to the refugee center where they will remain until a safe location is found for them where they may establish their homes without fear of communist terrorism.

District Chief Hosts Brigade Officers

PHAN RANG—"I know the American Forces are very hard and tired to fight the Viet Cong for Viet Nam's freedom." These were the words of Captain NGHIA, district chief of Tuy Phong District, at a party he sponsored to bring the leaders of the district and the leaders of the U.S. Forces who cleared his district of Viet Cong together.

Paratroopers of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division moved into the coastal district of Binh Thuan Province last week and pushed the Viet Cong out of the populated areas and pursued them into the jungle.

At the party he gave for the Vietnamese and Americans, the district chief, after recognizing Brigadier General S.H. Matheson, commanding general of the "Screaming Eagles" and Lieutenant Colonel Donald E. Rosenblum, commander of the 2nd Battalion, 327th (Airborne) Infantry, made the following speech:

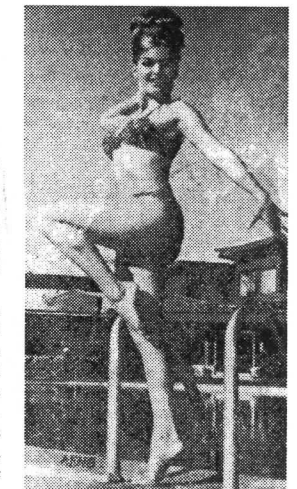
"About ten days ago, all army, administratives and people of Tuy Phong District could not eat full, could not sleep well and always worry by VC forces often coming to hamlets to kill and capture cadres and people going with them to the forest learning. So that the face of Tuy Phong District was very sad and isolate.

"Today, when the American forces speak in common and the 2nd Battalion speak in particular, all the army and people here are very glad as a thirsty man meeting water. Because the American forces operate destroy VC big forces, push them out and free hamlets and VN forces having opportunity to make and build again villages and hamlets. People is quiet and safe working for living.

"I know the American forces are very hard and tired to fight with VC for VN's freedom.

"I represent all Army, administratives and people of Tuy Phong District send many thanks and best wishes to general and Americans here.

"Today, I organize a simple party to thank the American forces present here so than we have friendly American forces and thinking to fight with VC. We shall win."



FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING—Jean Carroll believes that fresh air and swimming are highly beneficial.

Co C, 1st Bn, 327th Inf

101st Platoon Sergeant Wants 4 Years On Line

Song Mao — One year of dodging bullets, mortar rounds and communist ambushes is enough to make any infantryman want to go home.

But for Platoon Sergeant Camillo Gonzales, a 38-year-old paratrooper in Company C, 1st Battalion (Airborne), 327th Infantry, the first year was only a start—the beginning of four consecutive years on line in Viet Nam.

The Sacramento, Calif., native is in his third year as a combat infantryman in Viet Nam. He came to Viet Nam as an advisor to a Vietnamese infantry division operating in the Mekong Delta in November 1964. Since that time he has served continuously on line, having seen the United States for 30 days when he took his extension leave in December.

The only other time he has been off line was a short time as R&R liaison in Vung Tau and three times in the hospital from gunshot wounds.

He has had to fight to stay

on line. When is time came to go to the rear base camp, Gonzales appealed to General W. C. Westmoreland for additional line duty. The U.S. commander had him assigned to the newly arrived 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, then operating near An Khe in August, 1965.

The veteran of the Korean War was ordered off line by his battalion commander and sent to Vung Tau as R&R liaison. A month later, the battalion commander left the brigade and Gonzales once again appealed to General Westmoreland. This request was approved and he happily came back to the brigade.

He is serving his third year and wants one more year before he retires. This will give him seven years of combat in the past 16 years.

Gonzales has saved more than \$10,000 since being here. He draws less than \$50.00 a month and always has money left at the end of the month. "There aren't many places to spend money in the jungle," he jokes.

But money is far from being the real reason he stays here. He has won the Bronze Star for valor, three Purple Hearts and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry with Palm. His experience has kept him alive and he wants to stay where he can give the younger troops the benefit of his experience.

His experience and knowledge of fighting techniques has saved his platoon from many casualties. In Tuy Hoa, he was the first platoon to make contact with the 95th North Vietnamese Army (NVA) Regiment. Although hit hard by heavy automatic weapons fire, he maneuvered his unit into position where the paratroopers effectively dispersed the NVA and their overwhelming rain of murderous fire.

He himself was hit, but undaunted kept complete control of his men and beat off the communists.

This is his third year in Viet Nam and as Sergeant Gonzales says, "I'm short—only 18 months to go."

1st Bn, 327th

Naughtons Serving Together

SONG MAO — Brothers in the Army rarely have an opportunity to serve together in the same unit, but Captain Lawrence C. Naughton Jr. and First Lieutenant Stephen L. Naughton are serving together with the 1st Battalion, 327th (Airborne) Infantry. Captain Naughton is the personnel officer for the "Above the Rest" battalion while Lieutenant Naughton is a platoon leader with Company A.

Captain Naughton, who is a year older than his brother, came to the 1st Brigade from the 82d Airborne Division at Ft. Bragg, N.C., where he served as a platoon leader with the 325th (Airborne) Infantry. The junior Naughton served as a tactical officer for the Infantry Officer's Candidate School at Ft. Benning before coming to Viet Nam. The platoon which Lieutenant Naughton now leads is the same one Captain Naughton commanded when he first arrived in country on June 7, 1966. Lieutenant Naughton joined the brigade in January of this year.

Having graduated from the same high school in Pittsburgh, both officers are graduates of the Infantry Officer's Candidates School at Ft. Benning, Ga. After completing OCS both brothers attended airborne training and Captain Naughton has since completed both Ranger and Pathfinder Training.

Serving together in Viet Nam has been a "pleasant experience" for the Naughton brothers and both agree it is "a valuable foundation for an infantry officer planning a career in the Army."



BEST MESS — Sergeant First Class Harry E. Crovelly of Culpepper, Va., receives the "Best Mess" plaque from Brigade Commander Brigadier General S. H. Matheson. Crovelly, mess sergeant for Company C, Support Battalion, has won the plaque three months consecutively.

(U.S. Army Photo by SP4 Robert Lloyd)

'NOMADS OF VIETNAM'

Move Through RVN Helps Link Towns

By **ILT Arthur D. Barnett**

PHAN RANG—From the Central Highlands near the Cambodian border to the long flat stretches along the South China Sea in the coastal lowlands, the highways of South Viet Nam offer many scenic wonders. Few people have traveled along these eye-opening stretches however, as the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Army Regulars have made travel along the highways dangerous if not downright foolhardy.

Such scenic beauties as the soaring mountains near Kontum and Pleiku along Highway 14, the winding cliff-sided Highway 19 through An Khe to Qui Nhon and the coastal stretches along the South China Sea on the "Street Without Joy," the infamous Highway One, have been denied to road travelers for years.

Only one American unit has had the pleasure of

seeing all these sights—the 1st Brigade. The "Screaming Eagles" have had convoys move through all of these areas. From Kontum in the Central Highlands to Phan Thiet on the South China Sea, the "Nomads of Viet Nam" have opened the roads and scoffed at the VC and NVA attempts to deny them access to these highways. The paratroopers have now traveled over the greater portion of the Vietnam II Corps area by road, clearing the path for use by Vietnamese civilians and other units.

Destroying the enemy is the foremost mission of the 101st, but another side of that mission—that of tying the hamlets, villages and towns together—has reaped the "Diplomats and Warriors" the blessings of many Vietnamese civilians who had been denied use of the roads by the communist forces.

'No Slack' Troopers Clear And Move Hamlet

PHAN RANG—The people in the hamlet of Vinh Hoa were quite unhappy with their lot. The Viet Cong had strict control of their small village and had kept them in virtual captivity. They had run the mayor out of town and nothing was done without their approval.

Paratroopers of the 1st Brigade surrounded the village in Ninh Thuan Province and conducted a search for Viet Cong. Most of the VC had left during the previous night, but the "Screaming Eagles" killed, captured, or drove out the rest.

When the 101st troopers left, the villagers took advantage of the VC absence and started to move to a more secure area under government control. Their actions proved futile however, as the Viet Cong came back before they finished and prevented their move.

Hearing of their plight, the paratroopers went back into the village with the previously ousted village chief to aid in the evacuation. Utilizing Army and numerous civilian trucks, Captain Jim Joiner, motor officer of the 2d Battalion, 327th Infantry organized the exodus.

The Viet Cong did not give up so easily. As many of the people left the village, with all their belongings piled on carts and wagons, old cars and Lambretta scooters, they were turned back by the VC. That's when Captain Joiner, from Tampa, Fla., and his men went to work. They moved to the head of the column and took the VC under fire. Enemy small arms fire hit the jeep and flew overhead, but there were no American casualties and the VC were driven off.

Fund Drive

PHAN RANG... The DOD Overseas Combined Federal Campaign Pacific will be conducted on this payday.

This campaign replaced the annual campaigns formerly conducted by the American Overseas Campaign, the National Health Agencies and the American Red Cross.

Personnel are encouraged to contribute to this campaign, which will benefit numerous worthwhile organizations. Unit commanders should insure all personnel are aware of this opportunity for them to contribute to these organizations.

Captain Dennis W. Fingen of Lindbrook, N. Y., received one round in his helmet which went all the way through and left him without a scratch. The battalion civil affairs officer didn't even take notice of it until the paratroopers had driven the VC off.

The villagers of Vinh Hoa are now safely resettled near the town of Tuy Phong, protected by the Vietnamese government troops and free to enjoy the life they want to lead without being forced to support the Viet Cong. As for "Charlie," he's lost another battle in the war by the Vietnamese to free themselves of communist aggression and domination.

Cannoneers Saved By Digging In

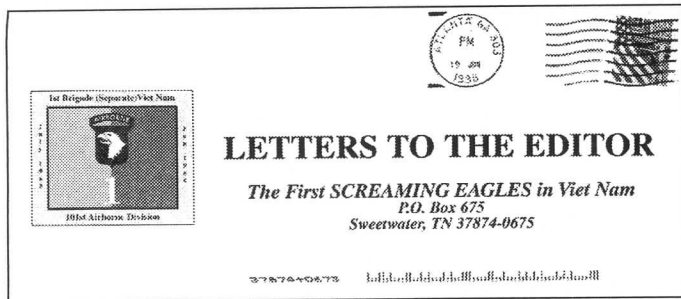
PHAN RANG—A command detonated enemy mine failed to injure artillerymen of the 1st Brigade who were protected by properly dug positions. Although more than half of the battery position was raked by shrapnel, no injuries were sustained by the paratroopers.

Because the 2d Battalion, 320th (Airborne) Artillery SOP (standard operating procedures) calls for it, one of the first jobs "A" Battery completed after moving into new positions at the beginning of the new phase of Operation Farragut was to dig in. Sandbags were filled, positions were dug and fighting holes prepared in case a Viet Cong attack occurred.

It was a move that paid off as shrapnel from the mine tore through the battery area two nights later.

The electrically detonated mine, which was composed of scrap metal and a large explosive charge, hurled hot metal over 175 yards through the area, piercing the paratroopers' improvised shelters and draining the sand from from sandbags through gaping holes. Three of the 105mm howitzers received dents from the shrapnel.

It was these same sandbags that saved several sleeping paratroopers from possible injury. The VC weapon could have caused extensive injuries had it not been for the 320th Artillery's policy to dig in.



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

+ CHARLIE GANT, 2/502 A&D 12/67-12/68
4306 Filmore Rd., Greensboro, NC 27409
(336) 605-4594
crg502@triad.rr.com

I am the governor for the 502 Regiment, which originally was the 2/502 PIR in WWII, and the 2/502 Battalion, Strike Force Widow Makers in Vietnam. I am a member of the 101st Airborne Division Assoc. as governor, and I am a proud member of the 101st Airborne Division Vietnam Veterans Assoc. as well. I served with the Widow Makers from Dec 67- Dec 68 with A & D Companies. Jim Gould Recon 66-67, Dale Joritz C Company 1968, and myself are trying to put together a current database of former members of the O'Duce who served in Vietnam. We need help from all former members to make this work. We were together then, and we should be together again. Please email me at my email address or email Jim Gould at [jghawk3@hotmail.com] or Dale at Dale Joritz C/2/502 [c2502_101@yahoo.com]. Please contact us brothers and fellow Widow Makers.

DONALD G. JOHNSON, JR., 2/327 B 66-67
10945 Sheerrouse Rd., Lakeland, FL 33805
(813) 858-6523
sgtrock@msn.com

Was in on the cattle drive with B 2/327 in 1967 when we cleaned out the valley of people and animals. In Oberli's plt. maddog Dobby talked me into going to Irrps...E 20 lrp with other 101 troops.

+ ALEX F. NAGY, AVN SPT B 6/67-9/67
820 Lincoln Way West #101, Mishawaka, IN 46544-1762
(574) 257-7512
alex38@earthlink.net

Visiting your web site for the first time.

Alex
Direct Support Avn Sec 1967
Duc Pho, Republic of Viet Nam

MSG RICHARD WATTS
Buford, Georgia
slight2@bellsouth.net

Served with the 1st Bde from 1966-67 and 1969-70

DAVID SEBRIGHT
Hopkins, MI
dave@sebrightproducts.com

Minuteman 17 from Sep 67 till the rest of the Division joined up. I was in the 176th Assault Helicopter Co. and supported the 1st Bde in Duc Pho and Chu Lai. Great Unit!!!!

RON OLIVERI, 27th Arty 11/65-7/66
519 Main St., Henry, IL 61537-1401
(309) 364-3445
greaper@mtco.com

Was in the 27th Arty. We were attached to the 1st Brigade 101st Abn in Nov 65, till July 66. What a great outfit. Proud to be associated with them.

+ STEPHEN D. EICHERLY, 406 RRU Det 7/65-2/66
11382 Mac Duff St., Garden Grove, CA 92841-1516
work (714) 647-7410 home (714) 539-9400
eicherly@speakeasy.net

I served with the 406th RRU Detachment, 1st Bde, 1965-66. I would like to hear from any of the MPs assigned to the 1st Bde (1965). I am trying to locate an old friend. I have a photo I can e-mail. I thought his last name was Quick but I'm not sure.

FRANK RENAUD, 2/502 A 66-67
Islip, NY
frenaud@optonline.net

Member of A 2/502 RVN 1966-67

JOHN BRIGGS (PUD), unit & dates ?
Address unknown
proanglia@comcast.net

Just stumbled onto this site. I have been in contact with some of my old Recondo buddies. While at the reunion in Melbourne this year I got news from Beetle of Terry's death. I am still grieving about the loss of him. Brien, Terry and I got together at the Reno reunion. It was incredible to see them after all these years. Everyone that served needs to take any opportunity to get together with fellow warriors. Do it before the opportunity is lost. Thanks Jim Brinker and Jim Gould for all you have done. I am bringing Brien to the next reunion. Hope to see all Recondos there. Still looking for Frank Nutter, Olin Cook, George Brazelton.

Editor's Note: In my database I have George Brazleton, 18425 E. Auten Rd., South Bend, IN 46637. The others are not listed. Can anyone help?

TOM HAGEN, 2/502 B 66-67
3027 E. Laurel, Mesa, AZ 85213
tom@savantpublishing.net

I was in B Co. 2/502 from Sept 66 to June 67. I was in the 4th platoon with Lt. Lawless. I was wounded on 11 June 67. Some names I remember Beets, Harris, Turner (Ray), Neeley.

E-MAIL MESSAGES

JIM FOSTER, 2/327 63-65
38 Emerald Lane, Leesburg, FL 34748-9013
(352) 728-9013
foster7576@bellsouth.net
To: yankeej@cyou.com
Subject: Proud Grandparents

My grandson, James Edward Mason, graduated last week from Boot Camp at Great Lakes, Illinois, as honor graduate out of 654 trainees. He received a commemorative coin from an admiral, helped cut the cake with a sword at the ceremonial dinner, got a ring from a captain (that's an O6 in the Navy, same as a full colonel in the Army) and his proud parents sat on the dais during the graduation ceremony. Eddie graduated from high school in Stockbridge, GA and joined the Navy. He always wanted to be a Marine but due to a dirt bike accident suffered a dislocated shoulder and a torn tendon in his left arm. The Marine Recruiter thought that Marine Boot Camp would be too much and introduced him to the Navy Recruiter. Linda and I are so proud we are about to bust!! The future of our Armed Forces is in good hands!!!

Jim & Linda Foster 2/327 63-65

JIM SIMCHERA, 2/327 A 9/69-9/70
6542 Bill Lundy Rd., Laurel Hill, FL 32567
(850) 689-1574
yankeej@cyou.com
Subject: NS! BROTHER is RE: Proud Grandparents

Brother,
Please thank your grandson James for his service for us.
No Slack!
Yankee Jim

+ RICHARD A. LUTTRELL, 2/327 A 4/67-3/68
27 Taft Drive, Rochester, IL 62563-9200
(217) 498-7409
Flying4fun@aol.com
Sent: Monday, January 17, 2005 9:27 PM
To: YankeeJim@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com

Dear Jim: I have just experienced a great loss in my life, I lost my oldest daughter this past Saturday in a house fire, never thought I would bury one of my own children, the pain is unbearable. Please keep me and my family in your prayers.

No Slack!
Rich Luttrell

Editor's Note: This message, forwarded to his e-mail list by Yankee Jim, has grown to a large file as friends add to condolences sent by Yankee Jim to Rich Luttrell whose 38 year old daughter was buried on January 20th 2005.

KIMBERLY DEEN
kimberlydeen@sbcglobal.net
To: davidj@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com
Subject: PFC George Edward Hatten

My name is Kimberly Deen. I am trying to find information on my Uncle Edward (George Edward Hatten). He was with the 101st/327th Airborne. We do know he was point man in 1967 and that is how he was killed serving our country. If you know of him please let me know. Thank you so much!

Editor's Note: He was in HHC Tiger Force KIA 5-6-67.

+ COL(R) LARRY A. REDMOND, 2/327 A 5/67-2/68
336 Crystal River Dr., Kissimmee, FL 34759-5212
(863) 427-3727
A327NoSlack@aol.com

ALL; Just wanted to come up on the net and wish all of you a Happy New Year and Mary's and my best wishes for a prosperous and healthy 2005. We had a great holiday capped with family and a visit from Robbie Robertson and his family who came down from Wisconsin to escape both the cold and to attend the Outback Bowl.

For those of you who were not aware we now have a 327th Regimental Association up and running. You can catch up on all the latest at www.bastogne.org <<http://www.bastogne.org/>> A great attaboy to all who worked to make the Association a reality and really for the first time have brought together the past and current aspects of the Regiment. A special tribute and thanks to Eli Haggins who has worked yeoman hours getting the above web site up and running. Airborne!

By the way for those of you who intended, but have not yet sent in a donation to the 327th Paver Project to honor our fallen troops from Operation Iraqi Freedom, now would be a great time. The paver project is a troop initiative and one worthy of our support. Honoring the men who gave their lives to stop terrorism far from our shore certainly merits recognition and support. No donation is too small. Please send a check to: Michael O'Connell Esq, 11 Arrow Drive, Whitman, MA 02382. Make it payable to "Michael O'Connell for 327th Paver Project."



Thanks to all and again, Happy New Year! All the best in 2005.

Larry
A327NoSlack

+ DALE HANSEN, 2/327 D 8/68-8/69
133 Colonial Dr., Mabank, TX 75156-7261
work (817) 831-7880 home (903) 451-5084
hannibal@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com

Anybody out there tight with the O'Deuce? Specifically looking for information regarding Manny Garcia. He apparently served with B Co 2/502nd 101st during time period of 26 May 67 to 20 Apr 68.

If anyone can hook me up with those that know (knew) him, I certainly would appreciate it.

NFS & ATR!
Hannibal
screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com

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



L to R: Pressey (Oakland, CA), John Yeager (2/502 C 66-67), Raymond Pleciewicz (2/502 C dates?, Romulus, MI), medic, Ronald (?) Delaney (CA) on psp matting at Duc Pho going to Chu Lai or Tam Ky

Editor's Note: Can anyone help with identification of medic who is fourth from the left?

MARK SULLIVAN
Alexander City, AL
msullivan364@hotmail.com
Subject: Looking for information about a 327 member killed in Viet Nam.

My name is Mark Sullivan and I am from Alexander City, AL. By occupation I am a veterans service officer with the State of Alabama Department of Veterans Affairs. I have been working with a local committee that is bringing the Traveling Viet Nam Wall here to our city in March of 2005. Along with that effort we are trying to write biographies of the local men who lost their lives in Viet Nam.

One of the young men that I am researching is named John Thomas Odom, Tommy served with HHC of 1/327, Tommy was killed in February of 1967 in a fight that I am told a lot of people should remember. I have talked to several people -- Hank Ortega and Dennis Foley -- for two and they both told me that I should post a request for information to your web site.

I am seeking any information regarding the events surrounding the death of PFC Tommy Odom. The day he was killed he was acting as RTO for his patrol, which from a conversation today I assume was a heavy patrol, there may even have been a LT. on that particular patrol.

Any information or assistance that you can provide will be greatly appreciated. We are looking into the possibility of naming a facility at our local high school in Tommy's honor and the more information that we have on him can only further our effort.

Thank you for your help.
Mark Sullivan

P.S. Would you know where the after action reports are archived for the 101st?

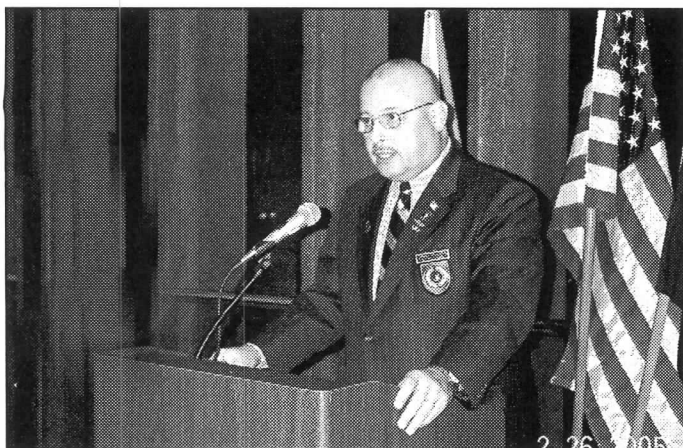
Editor's Note: I am not sure but I believe they are at the National Archives.

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

Happy New Year Brothers,

Just a heads up. Have you heard about the new all 327th Organization reunion hosted by the 1st Brigade at Ft. Campbell? It covers everyone who ever served in the 327th from any period. Reunion will be at Ft. Campbell in conjunction with the Week of The Eagles, which is now an annual event and will be moved to the week before Memorial Day in May. The Division is scheduled to deploy shortly after this year's gathering so your coming and interacting with the active duty Bastogne Brothers will mean a lot to them. I believe that the Cobra Lake gathering will revert back to a Cobra Company only event so how about we all plan to be at Ft. Campbell this year?

Bastogne!
Yankee Jim
A- No Slack! 69-70



101st Airborne Division Association President Johnny Velasquez visited the Rocky Mountain Eagles Chapter for their annual Bastogne/Tet Dinner in Denver on February 26th, 2005. Johnny was guest speaker at the Adams Mark Hotel in downtown Denver, and brought us up-to-date on many of the activities and projects that the National Association is involved in. Our chapter was honored to have Johnny V. here, and thank him for the outstanding job he is performing as our National President.

Editor's Note: From the 101st Airborne Division web site.

FROM U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

+ GEORGE "DOC" KUZNEZOV, 2/502 HHC RECON 6/67-5/68, P.O. Box 781, Burdett, NY 14818-0781; (607) 546-8533 sent the following along with his renewal for the upcoming year: Regarding the 2/502 Recondo Reunion group photo taken 4/24/04 appearing in this past October's publication in which many members (all Medics!) were identified "Unknown," I have included a much better photo using those whose names were omitted.



Recondo Medics Group photo left to right: Lee Pugh (2/502 HQ & A 6/67-6/68), Danny Dennard (2/502 HQ 67-68 - in database with bad address), George Kuznezov (2/502 HHC RECON 6/67-5/68), Jim Rizzi (2/502 Recon 6/67-7/68) and Theopelius Labyson (not in database): Front: Chris Smith (2/502 HHC 7/67-6/68). Not pictured: David Fields (no unit/dates listed in database).

Wishing all Recondos, members of the 2/502, and the rest of the 1st Brigade 101st Airborne Division a healthy, happy holiday season and prayers for all our KIA's and their families.

+ JAMES D. AGINS, 326 MED B 7/66-2/67, 33 Sunset Blvd., Trenton, NJ 08690-3940, work (609) 452-1000, home (609) 586-3724 sent the picture below along with his subscription renewal.



Hampton, Virginia 2004 National Reunion

Left to right: Jim Agins (326 Med 66-67 VN), Ionie Anglin and Larry Anglin (2/502 B 10/60-7/66). Larry received an award from the 101st Airborne Division Association for all the work he has done for the Association. LARRY ANGLIN receiving an award for outstanding service and dedication to the New York/New Jersey Chapter and the National Association for 2003-2004. It's called the Work Award for 2004. (Agins photo)

+ RONNIE L. PATRICK, 1/327 HHC 4/66-2/67, 217 24th St. BHR, Okeechobee, FL 34974, work (304) 638-1107 home (863) 763-4702, e-mail <KirbyDiamond@aol.com> when becoming a new subscriber and purchasing all the back issues wrote: I'm interested in locating a Staff Sergeant who was in the 4.2 mortar platoon April 1966 and became a Supply Sergeant of the 1/327. I think his name was Duncan from Point Pleasant, WV. Also I would like info on a Stewart Applebee from Michigan and a Sgt. Handley.

Editor's Note: None of the men mentioned above were in my database. Can anyone help?



At the 59th Annual 101st Airborne Division Association Reunion in Hampton, Virginia (L to R) CSM(R) Robert A. Young [HHC CSM 6/66-6/67], 101st Airborne Division



Commanding General, Major General Thomas R. Turner, Lawrence D. "Larry" Anglin [2/502 B 10/60-7/66] and Chuck Luczynski, Vice President of the 101st Airborne Division Association and Secretary of the Midwest Chapter. (Photo sent by James Agins)

+ SFC(R) JOHN BURKE, JR. [2/327 C 12/65-12/66] sent a copy of a letter from LTC (R) John W. Gilboux [2/327 HQ XO 66-67], who is an attorney in San Antonio, Texas. He is helping John Burke with an award recommendation for his actions at Trung Luong. John Burke's letter reads: "I'm in for a decoration from the battle of Trung Luong June 19 to 22, 66. I was the one who blew the whistle and yelled to fire the FPL on the night attack. If you can help I would appreciate any action. I was in the 1st platoon, C Company (2/327) Dec 65 - Dec. 66. I was, at that time, E5 Sqd Ldr 1st platoon. Forward any information to John W. Gilboux, 16319 Quail Path, San Antonio, TX 78232-2521, (210) 494-1253." John Burke can be reached at 11305 N. 51st St. Apt. G2, Tampa, FL 33617-2733; phone (813) 914-0781.



I was in the 1st platoon, C Company (2/327) Dec 65 - Dec. 66. I was, at that time, E5 Sqd Ldr 1st platoon. Forward any information to John W. Gilboux, 16319 Quail Path, San Antonio, TX 78232-2521, (210) 494-1253." John Burke can be reached at 11305 N. 51st St. Apt. G2, Tampa, FL 33617-2733; phone (813) 914-0781.

+ = Current Subscriber

502 Unit Dinner

101st Airborne 60th Annual Reunion

Tampa, Florida - Thursday, August 11, 2005

Buffet Style -Thursday 6:00 P.M. -Coat and Tie
Price per person \$42.00

Please make sure you have your checks mailed to me as soon as possible so I can reserve the correct size banquet room and order the right amount of food. I am hoping this will be one of the biggest gatherings of 502nd men and their wives to take place in many years.

I have to have all of the money turned into the Double Tree and paid three weeks prior to the Reunion.

Come All Past, Present and Future Members 502nd.

Make and mail checks to Charles R. Gant, Governor 502 Regiment, 4306 Filmore Rd., Greensboro, NC 27409. For complete information send e-mail to me at: crg502@triad.rr.com

2005 101st Airborne Division Association Reunion

The 101st Airborne Division Association "Screaming Eagles" will hold its annual reunion from 10 to 14 August 2005, in Tampa, Florida, at the Double Tree Hotel. We will honor the Desert Storm EAGLES. For information contact: Jim Joiner at (813) 645-8777 or mjoiner883@aol.com or junglejim327@juno.com.

1st Brigade (S) CHALLENGE COIN

This challenge coin is a beautiful example of taking a great design and having skilled artists produce a coin that any unit would be proud of. Designed by Roger M. John [1/327 C 7/67-12/68] for the 9th Biennial 1st Brigade (S) Reunion in Phoenix, Arizona in September of 2004, it is appropriate for any use or time because it is not identified with that reunion.



[Shown here enlarged so that detail is evident]




[Actual 1 1/2 inch size]

The 1 1/2 inch diameter coin is crafted in vivid colors, has a beveled edge and is coated with a clear acrylic to preserve the coin's surface. (It is unfortunate that it cannot be shown here in color.) Cost is \$8.00 per coin, postpaid. See page 32 for order form.

*Welcome Home Screaming Eagles
We are Proud of You!*

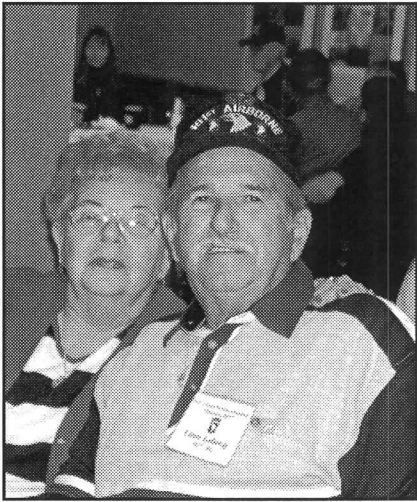
101st AIRBORNE DIVISION ASSOCIATION



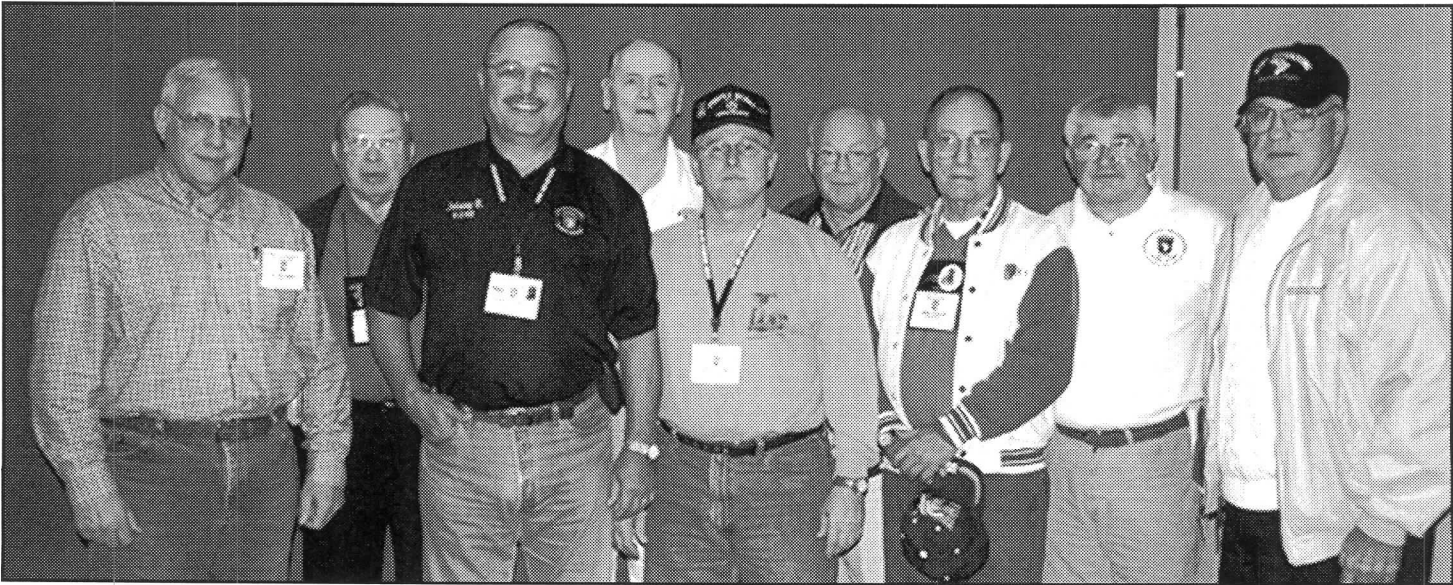
***Snowbird Reunion 2005 - Kissimmee, Florida
February 4-5, 2005***



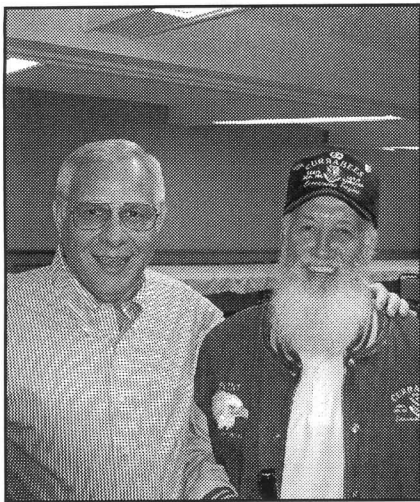
A big crowd gathers for the drawing sponsored by Roy R. "Pappy" Norris, Past President of the 101st Airborne Division Association.



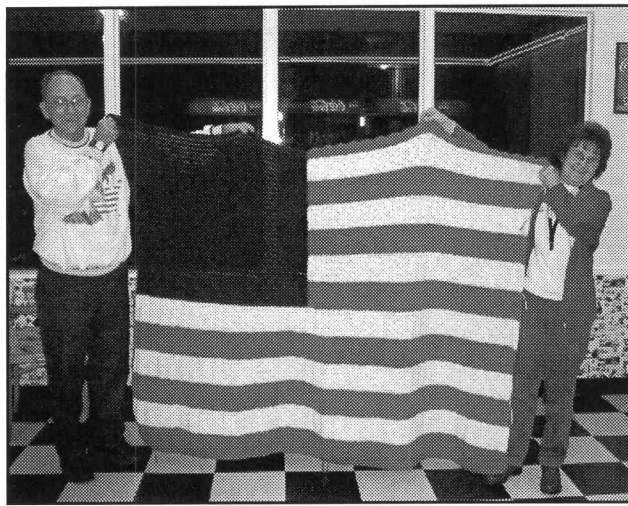
Elmer (2/502 HQ 1/67 - 12/67) and Theresa Galloway



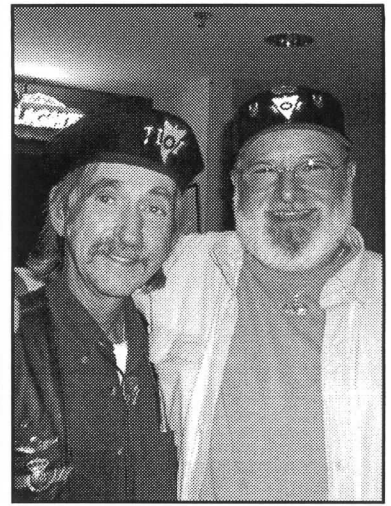
1st Brigade (S) 101st Airborne Division veterans serving on the 101st Airborne Division Association Board of Governors. (L to R) Joe Alexander (3/506 A 10/67-10/68) 506 Governor; Ivan Worrell (INFO OFF 5/66-5/67) 327 Alternate; Johnny Velasquez (2/502 B VN 67-68) President; Jim Joiner (2/327 B&C 1/67-1/68) Chairman of the Board; Charlie Gant (2/502 A&D 12/67-12/68) 502 Governor; Terry Zahn (SPT BN HQ Elt 7/65-5/66) DISCOM Board Member; Billy Colwell (326 ENGR A 4/66-4/67) Combat Support Board Member; Richard Schonberger (2/327 HHC 7/66-7/67) 327 Board Member and Larry Redmond (2/327 A 5/67-2/68) 327 Board Member. Not shown Larry Anglin (2/502 B 10/60-7/66) 502 Board Member.



(L to R) Joe Alexander (3/506 A 10/67-10/68) and Gary Purcell (3/506 A 4/67-10/68)



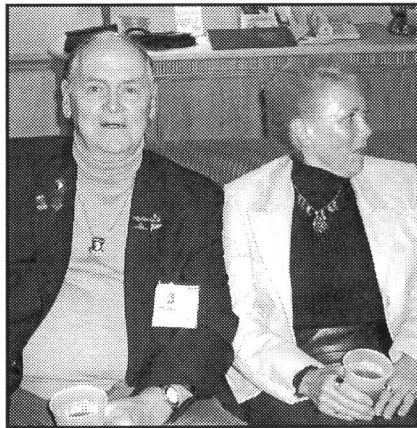
Billy Colwell (326 ENGR A 4/66-4/67) helps to show off a flag crocheted by his wife Ester for a raffle to benefit the Tennessee and Western Kentucky Chapter of the 101st Airborne Division Association.



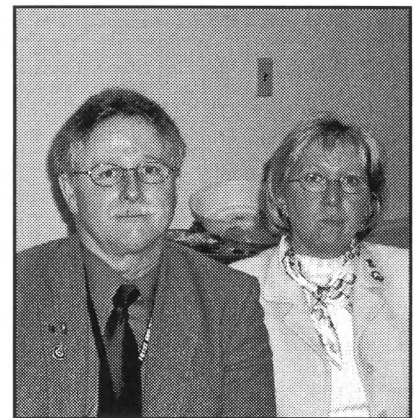
(L to R) "Buffalo" Bob Corey (2/502 HHC 10/65-11/66) and Jim Gould (2/502 HHC Recon 4/66-3/67).



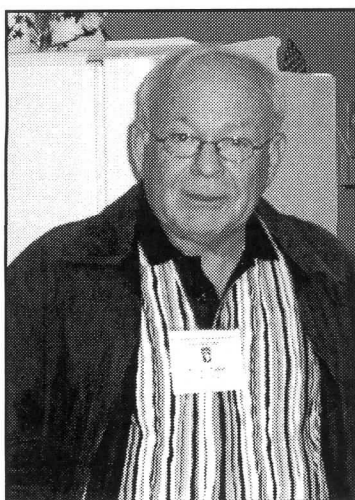
(L to R) Richard Schonberger (2/327 HHC 7/66-7/67) and Joe Bossi (2/327 HHC 6/66-7/67) in the hospitality room.



James C. Joiner (2/327 B&C 1/67-1/68) Chairman of the Board of the 101st Airborne Division Association and his wife Michele.



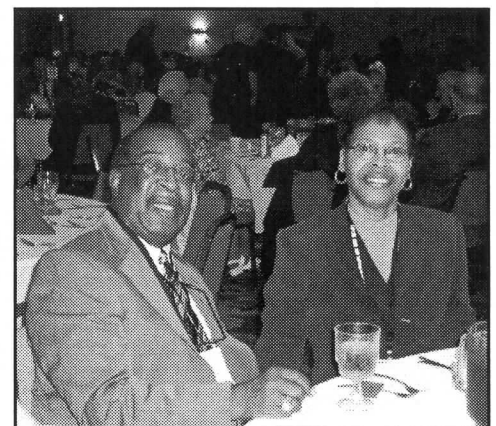
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gant (2/502 A&D 12/67-12/68)



Terry Zahn
(SPT BN HQ Elt 7/65-5/66)



Obie and Grady Jones (HHC S-3 7/64-7/66)



Larry Anglin
(2/502 B 10/60-7/66)
and his wife Ionie





CLEAN CLOTHES—Refugees found wandering the jungles of Komtum Province by troopers of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division receive a new wardrobe at the refugee reception center in Dak To.



ANXIETY — Helicopter crew chief, Sp5 Ronald Romines, 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry and Sgt. Maj. John Bittorie, assist refugees evacuated from Viet Cong infested jungles of Komtum Province north of Dak To. More than 130 homeless Montagnards were given a new outlook on life by members of that unit.

Montagnard 'Nomads' Have New Homes, Security By 101st Abn.

Dak To (USA) — On a small monsoon swept ridge in the highlands of Vietnam 130 Montagnard men, women and children ended a year of wandering and hiding from the Viet Cong who destroyed their homes.

As a mortar section of the 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division secured a barren ridge top miles to the north of their Dak To camp the sickly Montagnards left the dangers of the heavy

jungle and entered a new realm of safety.

A year ago the hamlet of Dak Sut was overrun by the terrorist Viet Cong. The people left their modest homes and farms to seek refuge in the thick jungle. When the American helicopters brought the troopers of the "Always First Brigade" into the Komtum Province the people began their walk to freedom.

At first 72 people arrived at the mortar outpost but as the helicopters evacuated the

refugees others approached the paratrooper perimeter. They were taken to a make-shift reception center in Dak To where clothing, food and blankets were distributed to the impoverished refugees. Medical aid was administered and arrangements were made to house the people.

Story By
Sgt. Bob Barry, USA
Photos By
Sp4 Robert Lloyd
Sp4 Oddvar Breiland



WANDERING — A paratrooper with the mortar platoon directs the homeless refugees that came into the troopers position north of Dak To. The unit, from one of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division's three infantry battalions,

evacuated 130 Montagnards who had been wandering the jungles of Komtum Province for more than a year.

This page from the MACV newspaper sent by William J. Northquest 1/327 C 6/66-12/67

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1510 Peachtree Run
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Bad Addresses

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e-mail
brinker101@charter.net.



Issue #1



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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



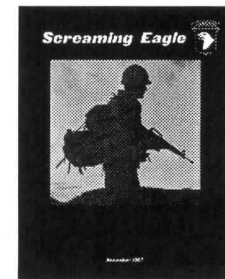
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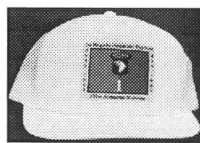
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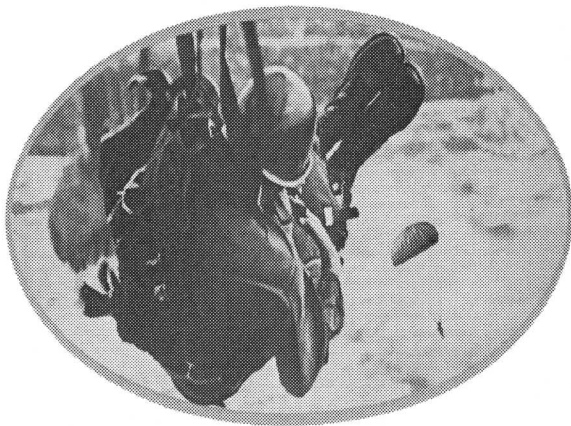
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April 2005

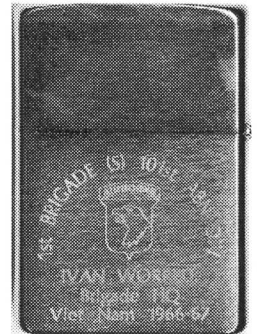
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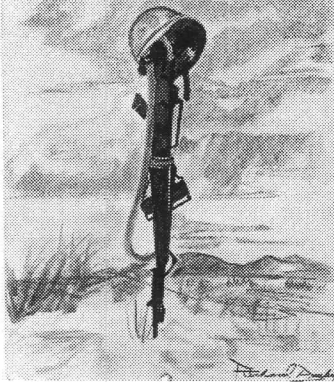
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OBITUARIES



MICHAEL MCFADDEN (2/502 A 6/66-6/67), 2864 Sloat Road, Pebble Beach, CA 93953-2627, (831) 375-7762 sent the following.

I have the unpleasant task of reporting the passing of "Top" Lamb on 12-17-04. "Top" had battled prostate cancer for several years. It was apparent something was not "right" when I last visited with him in September 04. Shortly thereafter it was determined that

the cancer had spread to his kidneys and lungs. We talked often right up to his passing and I can report that he responded to his situation with the same courage and spiritual faith, which always punctuated his life. He passed on in his home encircled by his wife Elaine, his sons, grandchildren and an extended family who were seeing to his home hospice care. In one of our conversations he made a point of telling me why he was not afraid to pass from earth, enumerated some of the blessings and privileges he had experienced in his life, and ONLY lamented the young troopers who were killed in Vietnam ... saying... "Compared to them, I have enjoyed a full life ... they never had the opportunity to enjoy all I have been allowed to experience and I think about them every day." That encapsulated Kenneth Lamb for me. He was always thinking of others and the larger perspective. A tough, intelligent first sergeant who valued and epitomized the concept of mutual respect ... yes ... A man who was called "Top" ... not because of what he wore on his sleeve, but because he

was recognized by all the Attack/Strike Troopers as a man in possession of professional knowledge, a sense of responsibility, and commitment to unit above self interest ... yes ... at a level "topped" by no one else. It was his natural manner to always be where his troops most needed his presence ... setting high standards and asking no one to do or behave in a manner beyond that which he was willing or capable of doing himself. His focus was ALWAYS "The Company." All of us who served with him are better



*Kenneth R. "Top" Lamb
(2/502 A 4/66-3/67)*

men for the experience. For those of you who only know him as a soldier, I can report that his civilian life was conducted with the same sense of responsibility to community and family before self. After being selected for promotion to E-9 and appearing on a list specifying the date he was to be promoted, he declined promotion and retired to focus on a family situation, which required his immediate full time energy. What followed was an equally successful civilian business career and achievement of the position "Uncle Kenny" in a large extended family. "Top" ... or "Uncle Kenny" ... same focus, manner, and behavior. Kenneth "Top" Lamb touched and gave support to many. He was a positive force in our world ... a force that lives on, with many of us.



Recon Platoon, 2/502 Airborne Infantry Battalion (1967)

- KNEELING:** L/R PFC K. JONES, PFC AHERN, SP4 BERGMAN, PFC LOYD, PFC OLMSTEAD, PFC J. TAYLOR, PFC ELLIS, PFC ROWE, PFC ROMAN, PFC GRIFFEN
- STANDING:** L/R PFC BOURBEAU, SGT FALCONER, SGT TANNER, SGT FARMER, PFC MURPHY, PFC TELLIER, PFC VEREEN, PFC GEORGE, SP4 YOUNG, SP4 C. SMITH, PFC MAZITIS, SF5 BARMETTIER, PFC WOLF, PFC DANIELS, PFC REED, SP4 STICKLES, SP4 J. WILLIAMS, SSG SEEMAN

This picture sent by Thomas B. Bailey (2/502 RECON 7/67-6/68), 660 Light Ridge Rd., Meadows of Dan, VA 24120-4339; (276) 952-6141

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

Blazing Hot LZ

Normally, we had only 2-3 days in the rear area before returning to the field. Waiting for the helicopters to pick us up was a tense time. With full loads of ammunition and all our C-rations fully stocked, we looked like green Pillsbury Doughboys.

One insertion carried an extra level of suspected trouble. Instead of many waves of three helicopters each, my squad was selected to go in first. The rest of the Platoon was transported in a Chinook helicopter, all at one time. One helicopter placed us on a small knoll, which protruded out from the side of a steep mountain. Anticipating close enemy contact, gun-ships fired up the area before we went in. We were to immediately form a defensive perimeter protecting the Chinook during the insertion of the rest of the soldiers. Unfortunately, the Landing Zone (LZ) was set on fire by the gun-ships, and a blazing brush fire raged around us.

The Chinook pilots encountered a landing area too small to fit its large size. Moving too far forward endangered the rotor blades by hitting the side of the mountain. If the wheels allowed the helicopter to roll too far back, it would fall off the side of the mountain. An aviator crewman stuck his head out a side window and talked the pilot through his landing using his helmet microphone. Finally, the Chinook hovered with its front wheels touching, and the rear suspended about 20 feet above the sloped ground. The tailgate opened and all the soldiers came jumping out. The long drop was probably a surprise but paratroopers are used to that. It took about 15 minutes to get the soldiers and weapons unscrambled from the big pile.

Once all the soldiers were on the ground, we split into squad-size elements and moved out in different directions. While our squad went down the mountain toward a village of straw houses in the valley, the others went up the mountain and down over the backside. The mountain had two mountaintops with a saddle in between them. The plan was to check out our sectors

and then meet in the saddle at dusk. We would then move to the other unexplored mountaintop for the night.

One of my men was blown off the mountainside by the wind from the Chinook helicopter. He was a little frazzled and had a cut on this forehead, but was all right. He formed up with the rest of the platoon, and we pushed out, in a file, through the fire. A few people at a time jumped through the flames as the column moved down into the valley.

Approaching the village with caution we found it deserted. The straw houses were relatively new and obviously abandoned by enemy soldiers. The enemy soldiers took everything when they left so all the houses were completely empty. Before moving back toward the mountain we set the grass houses on fire so the enemy could not use them without rebuilding. Fortunately, as we left the village the point man saw an enemy soldier watching us. The point man shot him as he tried to run. There were many enemy soldiers nearby and all we had to do was find them. As we walked by the body of the dead enemy soldier some of our men shot extra bullets into it. By the time I got there the face was just a red mass with little white bone pieces floating in it.

We approached the saddle between the mountaintops by late afternoon and set up a perimeter to wait for the others to meet us as they came from the backside of the mountain. It was just dark by the time the others reached the saddle on the backside of the mountain. Unfortunately, the enemy established an ambush on the backside of the saddle that we were completely unaware of. We heard the shooting next to us in the dark and met the other soldiers as they escaped into our perimeter. Some of our soldiers went into the ambush site and recovered more wounded as the enemy continued to shoot into the site. One of the wounded soldiers walked up to our perimeter holding his eyes in his hands. An enemy bullet shot across his temples and dislodged both of his eyeballs. He complained about not being able to see as he dropped over dead.

All we could do in the dark was defend our position. Peering out into the darkness I heard a loud thump sound as if an enemy grenade hit close in front of me. I stayed silent and nothing exploded. I wasn't sure if it was a grenade that didn't go off or a rock that an enemy soldier threw to probe the perimeter. Looking into the darkness as hard as I could didn't help. All I saw was black. A friendly soldier next to me yelled, "I think I see something," and started shooting into the night with his M-16. Those were the last shots fired during that enemy contact. When returning to the same area some weeks later the remains of a dead enemy soldier was found near the same location. I see well in the dark, but luckily there is a friend who could do it better.

Ken Taylor



THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM

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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

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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: cookdsmg@adelphia.net

THE AIRBORNE QUARTERLY

COL (R) William E. Weber
10301 McKinstry Mill Road
New Windsor, MD 21776-7903
Phone: 410-775-7733
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INSIDE BACK COVER

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

A MEMORIAL TO MAJOR

GENERAL S. H. MATHESONPAGES 1 – 9

Photos, stories and tributes to honor our departed leader who commanded the 1st Brigade (S) 101st Airborne Division in combat in Viet Nam. Many thanks to those who sent in tributes to General Matheson.

IN THIS VALLEY THERE ARE TIGERSPAGES 10 – 14

The third installment of Chapter 9 of a book by CWO4(R) Charles A. McDonald, 1/327 C 3/66-11/66. He continues his account of C Company 1/327 during the battle near Dak To in the summer of 1966.

HELL ON A HILL TOPPAGES 14 – 15

A book review of a fascinating book by MG(R) Ben L. Harrison, 10th Combat AVN 7/66-7/67, in which he uses material from NVA commanders and his personal experience at the Battle of FSB Ripcord.

THE 9TH BIENNIAL REUNION IN PHOENIXPAGE 16

More pictures from a great reunion held in September 2004.

DIPLOMAT AND WARRIORPAGES 17 – 20

Volume 1, Number 42, March 20, 1967 of the 1st Brigade (S) unit newspaper. One of the last newspapers before the name was changed, at the suggestion of General Matheson, to THE SCREAMING EAGLE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORPAGES 21 – 25

Messages from the 1st Brigade (S) web site, e-mail and through the U. S. Postal Service. Most letters are from subscribers although non-subscribers messages are welcome and used. The volume of messages was down considerably this quarter.

CHALLENGE COINPAGE 25

New 1st Brigade (S) challenge coin designed and produced by Roger M. John [Cutthroat] 1/327 C CO 7/67-12/68 for the Phoenix reunion.

SNOWBIRD REUNIONPAGES 26 – 27

Pictures from the Snowbird Reunion in Kissimmee, Florida, hosted by the Sunshine State Chapter, 101st Airborne Division Association the first weekend in February each year. The 1st Brigade (S) had a great representation.

MONTAGNARD ‘NOMADS’PAGE 28

One page feature story from THE OBSERVER, the MACV troop newspaper sent by William J. Northquest, 1/327 C CO 6/66-12/67.

SUBSCRIBERS’ LISTPAGES 29 – 30

This list includes new subscribers, renewing subscribers, address changes of subscribers and bad addresses from returned mail.

ITEMS FOR SALEPAGES 31 – 33

Most items for sale are pictured on pages 31 and 33 with an order form on page 32.

OBITUARYPAGE 34

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

RECON PLATOON 2/502PAGE 34

Picture and caption material sent by Thomas B. Bailey, 2/502 RECON 7/67-6/68.

ON EAGLES WINGSPAGE 35

Another in a continuing series of the Viet Nam experiences of Kenneth B. Taylor, 2/327 C 6/66-6/67. This account is titled BLAZING HOT LZ.

SOME OTHER AIRBORNE ASSOCIATIONSPAGE 36

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

PUBLICATION INFORMATIONPAGE 36

This page contains information about the 1st Brigade (S) magazine along with deadline notice for the July 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.

FIRST RENEWAL NOTICE FOR APRIL 2005 EXPIRATIONS

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From the scrapbook of COL(R) Gerry Morse ----- a photo of the 1st Brigade (S) Commanding General and staff. The photo caption material has no date but is probably late 1967. Those pictured are: front row (L to R) Lt. Col Ralph Puckett, Jr. (2/502 HHC 7/67-3/68), Col. John W. Collins III (HHC Deputy Comdr 7/67-7/68), Bg. Gen. S. H. Matheson (HHC CG 1/67 - 1/68) and Lt. Col Elliot Sydnor (1/327 HHC 8/67-8/68). Back row (L to R) Maj. Wayne Prokup (HHC 1st Bde 6/67-3/68), Maj. Robert Elton (3/506 HHC 67/68), Lt. Col Richard Kupan (not in database) and Maj. Edwin Geesey (HHC 5/67-5/68).

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