

*The First  
Screaming*

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



Published Quarterly  
January - April - July - October

*Eagles  
in Viet Nam*

1st Brigade (Separate) Viet Nam



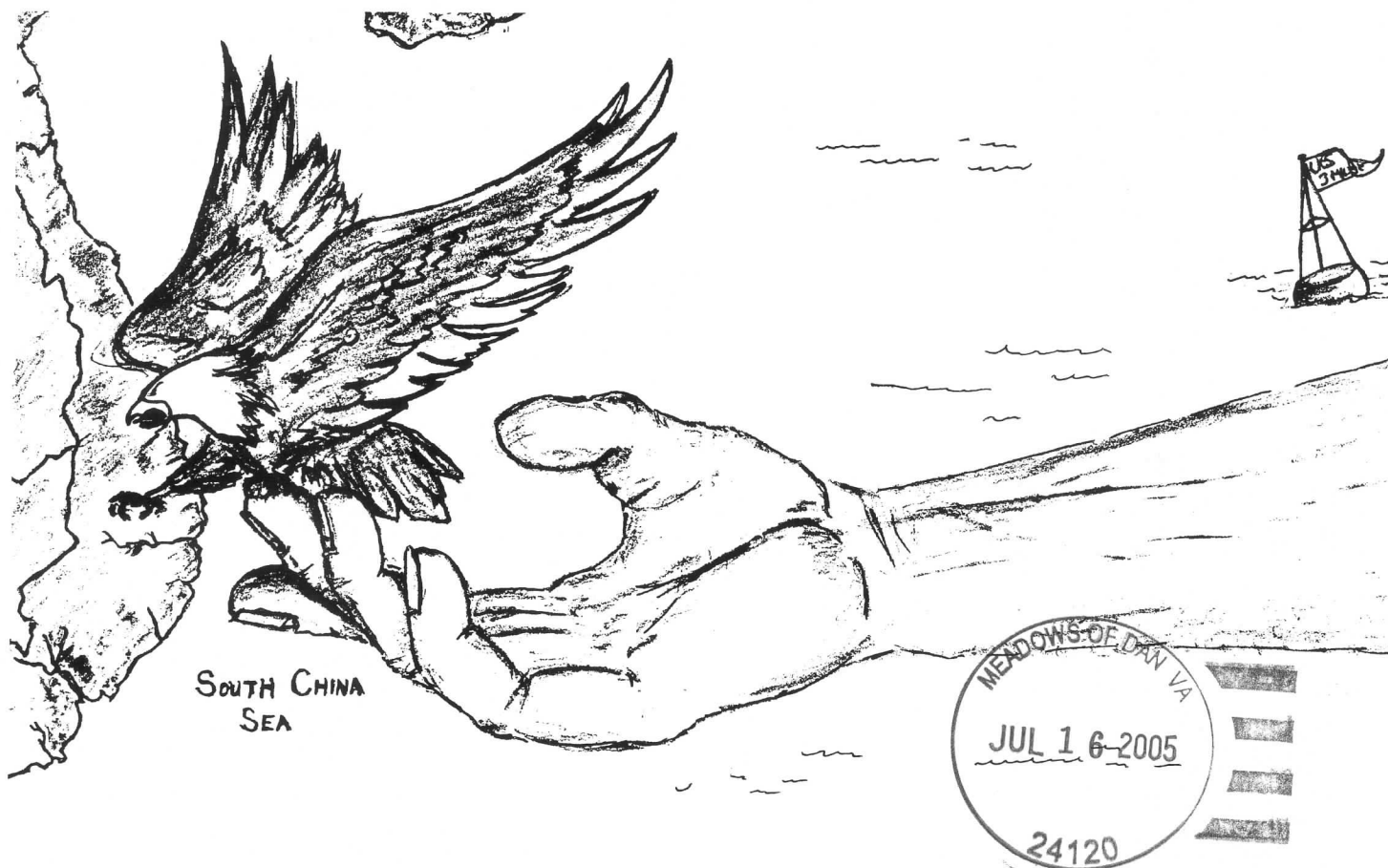
101st Airborne Division

Volume 7, Number 3

July 2005

\$6.00

# **The ALWAYS FIRST Brigade**



**Forty years ago  
The 1st Brigade (S) 101st Airborne Division  
arrived in Viet Nam on July 29, 1965.**

**The odyssey continued  
for the Nomads of Viet Nam.**

# TENTH BIENNIAL REUNION

FIRST BRIGADE (SEPARATE)  
101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION

The FIRST SCREAMING  
EAGLES in VIET NAM

Atlanta, Georgia

September 20 -24, 2006

Marriott Atlanta

Airport Hotel

(in College Park, GA)

(See page 34)

This past quarter has been very busy for me. Went to Static Line Awards in Atlanta, Week of the Eagles at Fort Campbell and three days at Cobra Lake in Crossville, Tennessee, at the annual C Company 1/327 Reunion with Ken and Angela Ihle, 1/327 C 3/65-7/66, our hosts.

At the Static Line Awards I had an opportunity to visit with many of those with whom I served in Special Forces, the 82nd Airborne Division and the 101st Airborne Division. The trip to Fort Benning was great and the Memorial Luncheon, Awards Dinner and Hospitality Room were well planned and served us well. Don Lassen is a great host.

The Week of the Eagles was a great gathering (see the account sent out by Larry Redmond on page 22 & 23. The 1st Brigade is truly a veteran friendly unit. From the Brigade Commander and Sergeant Major to the men and women in the squads and the dining facility, all did all in their power to make our visit an outstanding experience. CSM(R) Joseph M. Bossi, 2/327 HHC 6/66-7/67, ended his long assignment as Honorary Sergeant Major of the 327th Infantry Regiment. This ended a very long period with 327th Viet Nam veterans serving as Honorary Colonel and Honorary Sergeant Major of the Regiment.



At the reception following General Matheson's funeral service and burial his widow Mrs. S. H. Matheson and The FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES in VIET NAM editor MAJ(R) Ivan Worrell [INFO OFF 5/66-5/67] reminisced about past assignments in Germany and at Fort Campbell and posed for this photograph. (Photo by Ben Lam)

I believe the 327th Viet Nam veterans will continue to be well served by our "Honoraries." I was disturbed that I could not honor those who were made Distinguished Members of the Regiment and Honorary Members of the Regiment. Future issues will remedy that omission. Johnny Velasquez, 2/502 B VN 67-68, 101st Airborne Division Association President was an outstanding representative of 1st Brigade veterans -- all 101st veterans.

This was my first attendance at the Cobra Lake Reunion. It was a three-day affair. The food was great. The drink was bottomless. The opportunity to meet and greet old friends and make new ones was only limited by the number of hours available to sit and stand and relive experiences and hear of ones that are new. Five C Company Commanders including the present CO were present.

I am looking forward to the 101st Airborne Division Reunion in Tampa, Florida, in August. I know that LTC(R) James C. Joiner, 2/327 B&C 1/67-1/68, the Reunion Chairman will see that the reunion is the best it can possibly be.

The 2006 1st Brigade (S) Reunion is ALMOST, nailed down. See page 34

The cover, this quarter, came from artwork in VIETNAM ODYSSEY.

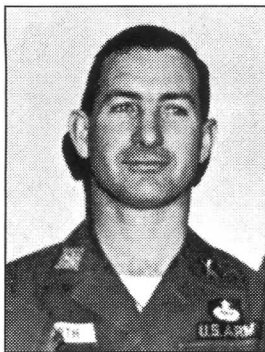


# FUNERAL FOR DAVE HACKWORTH AT ARLINGTON

*Editor's Note: The report of Dave Hackworth's funeral in Arlington Cemetery on May 29th 2005 was written by Tom Willard, 1/327 RECON Med 7/65 -11/65. Tom is a published author most noted for his five book Black Saber Chronicles.*

On the day of interment at Arlington National Cemetery, for Colonel David Haskell Hackworth, it was a beautiful, sunny day, that had been predicted by the weather service to be rainy.

It was as though Hack had commanded the Gods that this day will be bright and exuberant.



*Major David Hackworth from a 1st Brigade staff photo taken at Fort Campbell before the brigade deployed to Viet Nam.*

And it was.

More than 700 showed up at the Main Chapel, Fort Myer, for the service. Many had to stand outside due to the overflow. Inside, the organist played the solemn refrain, then, suddenly, there was music from outside the Chapel.

The door opened while the US Army Band played as Hack's Cremains were brought to the Altar.

The Chaplain, Maj. Douglas Fenton, read briefly, followed by a few words from Speakers: LTG Hank (The Gunfighter) Emerson, LTG Hal Moore, Maj. John D. Falcon, Catherine Crier, Neil Cavuto and G. Gordon Liddy.

This was followed by words from Dr. Robert Silvetz, Phil Matthews, and finally, from Hack's beloved wife... Eilhys England Hackworth.

Eilhys was escorted by Richard Alexander, US Senator Bob Kerrey (Recipient, Medal Of Honor), Julian Morrison and Richard G. Zograph.

From there, we went outside, met by the glistening fixed bayonets of the Old Guard. Standing stately, was Sergeant York, the magnificent horse standing ready, the heroes boots turned around in the stirrups.

Then, there was the Caisson. The black horses. The Band leading the way.

It was a 1 1/2 mile march to the gravesite. Hundreds marched. Some followed in buses. I heard someone say, "That's just like Hack, march us over a fucking mile to put his ass down. He never lets us quit, even from the grave."

I just smiled.

It was a good march.

He was interred in a special plot, with trees, open spaces, and a hill to look upon. There were many tears, the Old Guard brought out two platoons, the Army Band played "Ballad of the Green Beret."

His sons and wife said words of love.

The Honor Guard was Raphiel Benjamin, MD; Don Hilbert, MG; Byron Holley, MD; John Howard, BG; John C. Howett, Jr., Esq; Robert E. Knapp, Jr.; James Mukoyama, MG; Larry Tahler; Benjamin

Willis, LTC; Steven Yedinak, LTC.

Prayers were made by his sons: Ben Hackworth and David Joel Hackworth.

Eilhys England Hackworth presented three roses: red from friends, yellow from the troops, and white from her.

The Flag was presented to Eilhys from SP/4 Jerry Sullivan, family friend.

It was over.

In attendance from the 1st Brigade (Separate) was John "Dynamite" Hughes, accompanied by his daughter Angela Martin; Steve Yedinak; Patrick Graves; Chuck Oliphant; Guadalupe Balderas; Charlie Musselwhite, accompanied by his niece LTC Tina Blom; Tim Swain; Robert Nielson; LTG Hank Emerson; BG John Howard, MG Don Hilbert, who went over on the 'boat' in 1965, and retired as the Commandant of the Army of Washington, DC. The Old Guard. The informed thought Hack would be interred sometime between mid-July to August. Gen. Hilbert completed the mission accomplished 'post haste.'

Great reception at the Officer's Club, where the food and drink was provided by Hack. It was lavish. Beat the hell out of the C-rats we sucked down in Nam. It was an old fashioned Irish wake, with people standing up and talking about Hack: Geraldo Rivera, telling how Hack equipped him with proper boots to go to Afghanistan; G. Gordon Liddy; so many others. I didn't tell them how he took me fresh out of jump school, a 17-year old high school drop out, and put me in the GED program at Fort Campbell. After the war, that GED would take me to college and Law School. I didn't want to tell them that. I wanted to share that with my 1st Bde Brothers. It's really nobody else's business.

I didn't tell them about the dozen long-stemmed yellow roses I was



*Tom Willard [1/327 RECON Med 7-11/65] in the center of the crowd made up of those who attended the funeral of COL(R) David H. Hackworth [1/327 HQ 63-66] at the gravesite. (Tim Swain photo)*

asked to give Eilhys to place on his grave. She did.

Then, we retired to the hospitality room at the Double Tree.



It went for days.

I was given the mission to get the Guest Book. I searched everywhere and the clock was running. I found a company in London, England, Aspinall of London, who does the books for the Royal Family. This was on a Saturday, and they said it would be there in 7-10 days. I said, "That won't work." The owner, Ian, asked, "Who is this for?" I replied, "Colonel David H. Hackworth, America's most decorated combat soldier." He replied, "Mr. Willard, it will be at your home in four days." It was. Beautiful calf-skin leather, braided binding, Army green, Hack's name embossed in gold on the cover, golden gilded pages in a Gift Box. I carried it to Arlington in my green Israeli paratrooper ditty bag and placed it on the table at the hospitality room.

The pages would be filled.

Someone asked me about Hack, and I remembered from F. Scott Fitzgerald, who wrote... "Show me a hero, and I'll show you a tragedy."

Hack was a hero. If he was a tragedy, ask the men he saved, and the families they would one day have.

As I left the Chapel, and joined the long procession of family, friends, comrades and the curious, my thoughts went to the Bible, where, in Psalms 27:2, it is written, "When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell."

Archangel... OUT!

Tommie Willard  
Distinguished Member Of the Regiment  
1/327th Airborne Infantry, 1st Bde (Separate) 101st Airborne Division

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From the Friday June 3, 2005 PENTAGRAM page 30

#### DECORATED VETERAN BURIED AT ARLINGTON

by Michael Norris  
*Pentagram* assistant editor

Retired Col. David Haskell Hackworth, 74, a highly decorated soldier who served in World War II, Korea and Vietnam before becoming a writer and war correspondent was buried at Arlington National Cemetery Tuesday. The retired officer was buried in Section — of the cemetery, just down the hill from Gen. John "Black Jack" Pershing and not far away from the burial site of Ira Hayes, one of the men who rose the flag at Iwo Jimo.

Hackworth served in the Army for 25 years from age 15 to 40. The threat of a court martial after criticizing the Vietnam War in uniform while appearing on the ABC television news show "Issues and Answers" in 1971, led to his early retirement from the service. He was the Army's most decorated soldier.

Hackworth received a battlefield commission in Korea becoming the Army's youngest captain, and became the service's youngest colonel in Vietnam. He received 10 Silver Stars, eight Bronze Stars, two Distinguished Service Crosses and several Purple Hearts. He was nominated for the Medal of Honor three times.

After retiring, Hackworth spent time on a farm in Australia and became a restaurateur there. He wrote several books critical of the military establishment, notably "About Face: The Odyssey of an American Warrior," and became an advocate for the Soldier on the front lines. He was also a regular television commentator on military

issues.

Most of those who recalled Hackworth at Tuesday's ceremony in Fort Myer's Memorial Chapel, referred to the man as "Hack."

Mourners included his wife, Eilhys England Hackworth, former U.S. Senator from Nebraska Bob Kerrey, "We Were Soldiers Once, and Young," author retired Lt. Gen. Hal Moore, television journalist Geraldo Rivera, and talk radio host G. Gordon Liddy.

Hackworth's wife asked the assembled to work together in her husband's memory to make sure the soldiers of today get the best training and equipment when they're in the field.

Moore recalled how Hackworth didn't rotate out of Korea and spent all three years of the war there. "Time erases memories but not legends," Moore said, recalling the officer's exploits.

Liddy compared Hackworth to such noted military theoreticians as Clausewitz and Sun Tsu.

A Hackworth quote, "Always lead from the front. And always do the right thing, not the easy thing," was printed on a program distributed to mourners at the Memorial Chapel.

The spiritual "Amazing Grace" was performed as was John Lennon's "Imagine."

The program also included 12 lines from Shakespeare's "Henry VI, Part I," substituting Hackworth's name for the king.

"Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night

Comets, imparting change of times and states,

Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,

And with them scourge the bad revolting stars

That have consented unto ... (David's) ... death."

(Fort Myer Historian Kim Holien also contributed to this story.)

This obituary clipping was sent by George W. Aux, Jr. [2/320 FA HHB,A,B 1/67-8/68] on June 6th. The PENTAGRAM is the post newspaper for Fort Myer and the Pentagon with a web site at [dcmilitary.com](http://dcmilitary.com).

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Dave Hackworth had completed 10 months in Viet Nam with the 1st Brigade when I arrived in May of 1966. He moved from his Operations Staff job to Commanding Officer of the 1/327. My most vivid recollection was the fact that he was unflappable. He made decisions easily and they were almost always good decisions.

I had a reporter who wished to go into the field and see some action; Ward Just who represented the *Washington Post*. Dave hooked him up with Captain Lewis Higinbotham [Tiger Force CO 5/66 - 67] whose Tiger Force was ready to be inserted into the mountains near Dak To during Operation Hawthorne. His approach was 'if this guy wants action then we will give him action.' Ward Just was wounded and, I believe cured of covering combat units in the field. He later gave Ron Nessen and his NBC TV crew a chance to cover combat with Captain E. Wayne Dill's [1/327 A & C 3/66-3/67] C Company 1/327 where Ron was wounded and medevaced. These were the highlights of my Information Officer relations with Dave.





He was great to work with, became a good friend and encouraged me in my preparations to record the history of the 1st Brigade (S) in a book. He gave me permission to use any parts of his great book ABOUT FACE.

I have lost another friend and my life will be deminished because he will no longer amaze, amuse, confound and enlighten me in his campaign to make life better for all those who we ask to personally join combat with our enemies 'up front and close' and defeat them, the **American Soldier**. He was an exemplary soldier.

MAJ(R) Ivan Worrell  
INFO OFF 5/66-5/67

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Material from Soldiers for the Truth

FSEIVN Editor's note: Not all comments in this message were used

SFTT Editors Note: We asked fellow [DefenseWatch](#) Contributing Editors to pause and remember Hack and his impact on us all. Here are their remembrances.

### Hack and the 'Screaming Eagles'

My experience with Hack goes back to 1964-66, the 101st days at Fort Campbell and Vietnam. I was a young company commander in the 2nd Battalion, 327th Infantry in the Division's 1st Brigade. At FortCampbell, I remember Dave Hackworth "then a major" as the hard-charging brigade S-3 operations officer. Even then, he claimed that more sweat on the training field meant less blood on the battlefield. We trained hard in those days, and he was a major influence in that training spirit.

In 1965, the 1st Brigade, 101st deployed to Vietnam, where I saw that



*The very large crowd attending the funeral services for COL(R) David H. Hackworth [1/327 HQ 63-66] at Arlington Cemetery [Tim Swain photo]*

same spirit in the man. The training principles he instilled in all paid dividends. We fought well and hard in several different fighting environments throughout the country.

Colleagues have reminded me that Hack remained controversial in retirement. So be it: He remained true to his beloved foot soldiers, and that will be his everlasting credit. The U.S. Army has lost one of its best soldiers. I am proud to have known and served with him.

—Paul Apfel

### A Sergeant's Vision

We may be a nation of laws, but we are defended by men. On May 4, 2005 America lost one of its most experienced and devoted warriors, U.S. Army Col. David H. Hackworth.

Many obituary writers have emphasized Hackworth's outrageous, unconventional, maverick and outspoken nature. I have a different view: He was a mature, intelligent thinker who was savvy enough to know that controversy promotes the truth he knew. Who did he want to educate? Soldiers and Marines in the line of fire. Why else would he go to magazines like [Maxim](#) and [Esquire](#) with extensive interviews if not to reach young male audiences?

Col. Hackworth knew that patriotism could be the last refuge of the scoundrel, meaning a patriotism that did not consider how war would play out on the ground in the long run combined with a lack of equal valuation for the lives of those who ended up fighting there. His viewpoint was a mixture of the most egalitarian American spirit one could have with the very traditional classic war wisdom of Sun Tzu, the required West Point staple of realism at war.

Why did Col. Hackworth polarize people so much? Because he never stopped being a sergeant even though he had become a commissioned officer, and he turned that exacting sergeant's eye on live, active duty leadership questions that many brass hats did not want to discuss. Like any good sergeant, Col. Hackworth believed it was unacceptable to cut corners on preparation, training, gear and full-fledged chain of command support for the man in the field.

Col. Hackworth's lack of snobbery made him approachable by the average warrior and the average person wanting to know more about what warriors had learned and had sacrificed to better equip their own thinking on America's war decisions. This approachability was more remarkable to me as I read more about what he actually had done on the battlefields of Korea and Vietnam. What he did for those under his command and what he dedicated himself to do for generations of young combat troops thereafter was twice as remarkable.

—Michael Woodson

### Incident at Panmunjom

I was nearing the end of a 10-day reporting trip to South Korea in 1994 when my Army escort invited me to visit the DMZ village of Panmunjom, casually noting that another journalist would be coming along — a [Newsweek](#) military correspondent named David Hackworth. I had read his columns and vaguely knew of him as a former career Army officer turned commentator, and author of a controversial autobiography, "About Face," that had been published several years earlier.

We drove from Yongsan up the MSR through Pyokche and Munsan, crossed the Imjin River and soon were in the heavily-guarded truce village, staring eyeball to eyeball with armed North Korean soldiers.

After waiting several hours under a tree in the sweltering heat of a Korean summer day for a scheduled press conference involving ongoing North-South negotiations in the conference center nearby, a tall, erect U.S. Army lieutenant colonel "the commander of the elite Joint Security Battalion at Panmunjom" strode up to our position. The officer was polite but indifferent as a [Washington Post](#) reporter and I took turns introducing ourselves.

"I'm Dave Hackworth," Hack said.

The officer's eyes bugged out and his voice cracked. "Y-y-you're my hero!" he exclaimed.

I think I'd better read that book, I told myself.

Seven years later, when Hack asked me to launch Defense Watch magazine, I readily agreed, telling him that it was a great journalistic opportunity and professional challenge. But I didn't tell him the real reason why I had volunteered.

He had become my hero, too.

—Ed Offley

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From Soldiers for the Truth  
<<http://www.sftt.org/>>

05-12-2005

Col. David. H. Hackworth, 1930-2005 Legendary U.S. Army Guerrilla Fighter, Champion of the Ordinary Soldier

Washington, D.C., May 5, 2005 - Col. David H. Hackworth, the United States Army's legendary, highly decorated guerrilla fighter and lifelong champion of the doughboy and dogface, ground-pounder and grunt, died Wednesday in Mexico. He was 74 years old. The cause of death was a form of cancer now appearing with increasing frequency among Vietnam veterans exposed to the defoliants called Agents Orange and Blue.

Col. Hackworth spent more than half a century on the country's hottest battlefields, first as a soldier, then as a writer, war correspondent and sharp-eyed critic of the Military-Industrial Complex and ticket-punching generals he dismissed as "Perfumed Princes."

He preferred the combat style of World War II and Korean War heroes like James Gavin and Matthew Ridgeway and, during Vietnam, of Hank "The Gunfighter" Emerson and Hal Moore. General Moore, the co-author of "We Were Soldiers Once and Young," called him "the Patton of Vietnam," and Gen. Creighton Abrams, the last American commander in that disastrous war, described him as "the best battalion commander I ever saw in the United States Army."

Col. Hackworth's battlefield exploits put him on the line of American military heroes squarely next to Sgt. Alvin York and Audie Murphy. The novelist Ward Just, who knew him for forty years, described him as "the genuine article, a soldier's soldier, a connoisseur of combat." At 14, as World War II was sputtering out, he lied about his age to join the Merchant Marine, and at 15 he enlisted in the U.S. Army. Over the next 26 years he spent fully seven in combat. He was put in for the Medal of Honor three times; the last application is currently under review at the Pentagon. He was twice awarded the Army's second highest honor for valor, the Distinguished Service Cross, along with 10 Silver Stars and eight Bronze Stars. When asked about his many awards, he always said he was proudest of his eight Purple Hearts and his Combat Infantryman's Badge.

A reputation won on the battlefield made it impossible to dismiss him when he went on the attack later as a critic of careerism and incompetence in the military high command. In 1971, he appeared in the field on ABC's "Issue and Answers" to say Vietnam "is a bad war ... it can't be won. We need to get out." He also predicted that Saigon would fall to the North Vietnamese within four years, a prediction that turned out to be far more accurate than anything the Joint Chiefs of

Staff were telling President Nixon or that the President was telling the American people.

With almost five years in-country, Col. Hackworth was the only senior officer to sound off about the Vietnam War. After the interview, he retired from the Army and moved to Australia.

"He was perhaps the finest soldier of his generation," observed the novelist and war correspondent Nicholas Proffitt, who described Col. Hackworth's combat autobiography, "About Face" <<http://www.hackworth.com/usbookorders.html>>, a national best-seller, as "a passionate cry from the heart of a man who never stopped loving the Army, even when it stopped loving him back."

Having risen from private by way of a battlefield commission in Korea, where he became the Army's youngest captain, to Vietnam, where he served as its youngest bird colonel, he never stood on rank.

From the beginning his life was a soldier's story. He was born on Armistice Day, now Veteran's Day, in 1930. His parents both died before he was a year old and the Army ultimately stood in for the family he never had. His grandmother, who rescued him from an orphanage, raised him on tales of the American Revolution and the Old West and the ethos of the Great Depression. After the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, he got his first military training shining shoes at a base in Santa Monica, where the soldiers, adopting him as mascot, had a tailor cut him a pint-sized uniform. "At age 10 I knew my destiny," he said. "Nothing would be better than to be a soldier."

He always credited his success in battle to the training he received from the tough school of non-coms who won World War II, hard-bitten, hard-drinking, hard-fighting sergeants who drilled into him the basics of an infantryman's life: sweat in training cut down on blood shed in battle; there was nothing wrong with being out all night so long as you were present for roll call at 5 a.m., on your feet and in shape to run five miles before breakfast in combat boots.

In Korea, where he won his first Silver Star and Purple Heart before he was old enough to vote, he started his combat career in what he later called a "kill a commie for mommie" frame of mind. He was among the first volunteers for Korea and later for Vietnam, where he perfected his skill. "He understood the atmosphere of violence," Ward Just observed. "That meant he knew how to keep his head, to think in danger's midst. In battle the worst thing is paralysis. He mastered his own fear and learned how to kill. He led by example, and his men followed."

Just met him in the ruins of a base camp in the Central Highlands in 1966, where he was a major commanding a battalion of the 101st Airborne. "He was compact, with forearms the size of hams. His uniform was filthy and his use of obscenity was truly inventive." What struck the journalist most forcefully was "his enthusiasm, his magnetism, his exuberance, his invincible cheerfulness."

To young officers in Vietnam and long afterwards, he presented an unforgettable profile in courage. "Everyone called him Hack," recalled Dennis Foley, a military historian and novelist who first saw him in action with the 1st Battalion of the 327th Infantry in 1965. "He was referred to by his radio call sign of 'Steel Six.' He was tough, demanding and boyish all at the same time, stocky with a slightly leathery complexion. His light hair and deep tan made it hard for us to tell how old he was. He wore jungle fatigue trousers, shower shoes, a green T-shirt and a Rolex watch. In the corner of his mouth was a large and foul smelling cigar. As we entered the tent, he was bent over a field table looking at a map overlay and drinking a bottle of San Miguel beer."



With Gen. S.L.A. "Slam" Marshall, he surveyed the war's early mayhem and compiled the Army's experience into "The Vietnam Primer" <<http://www.hackworth.com/usbookorders.html>>, a bible on a style of unconventional counter-guerrilla tactics he called "out gee-ing the G." His finest moment came when he applied these tactics, taking the hopeless 4/39 Infantry Battalion in the Mekong Delta, turning it into the legendary Hardcore Battalion. The men of the demoralized outfit saw him at first as a crazy "lifer" out to get them killed. For a time they even put a price on his head and waited for the first grunt to frag him.

Within 10 weeks, the fiery young combat leader had so transformed the 4/39 that it was routing main force enemy units. He led from the front, at one point getting out on the strut of a helicopter, landing on top of an enemy position and hauling to safety the point elements of a company pinned down and facing certain death. Thirty years later, the grateful enlisted men and young officers of the 4/39, now grown old, are still urging the Pentagon to award him the Medal of Honor for this action. So far, the Army has refused.

On leaving the Army, Col. Hackworth retired to a farm on the Australian Gold Coast near Brisbane. He became a business entrepreneur, making a small fortune in real estate, then expanding a highly popular restaurant called Scaramouche. As a leading spokesman for Australia's anti-nuclear movement he was presented the United Nations Medal for Peace.

As "About Face" was becoming a best seller, he returned to the United States to marry Eilhys England, his one great love, who became his business and writing partner. He became a powerful voice for military reform. From 1990 to 1996, as *Newsweek* magazine's Contributing Editor for Defense, he covered the first Gulf War as well as peacekeeping battles in Somalia, the Balkans, Korea and Haiti. He captured this experience in "Hazardous Duty" <<http://www.hackworth.com/usbookorders.html>>, a volume of war dispatches. Among his many awards as a journalist was the George Washington Honor Medal for excellence in communications. He also wrote a novel, "Price of Honor," about the snares of Vietnam, Somalia and the Military-Industrial Complex. His last book, "Steel My Soldiers' Hearts" <<http://www.hackworth.com/usbookorders.html>>, was a tribute to the men of the Hardcore Battalion.

He was a regular guest on national radio and TV shows and a regular contributor to magazines including *People*, *Parade*, *Men's Journal*, *Self*, *Playboy*, *Maxim* and *Modern Maturity*. His column, "Defending America," has appeared weekly in newspapers across the country and on the website of Soldiers For The Truth <<http://www.sftt.org/>>, a rallying point for military reform. He and Ms. England have been the driving force behind the organization, which defends the interests of ordinary soldiers while upholding Hack's conviction that "nuke-the-pukes" solutions no longer work in an age of terror that demands "a streamlined, hard-hitting force for the twenty-first century."

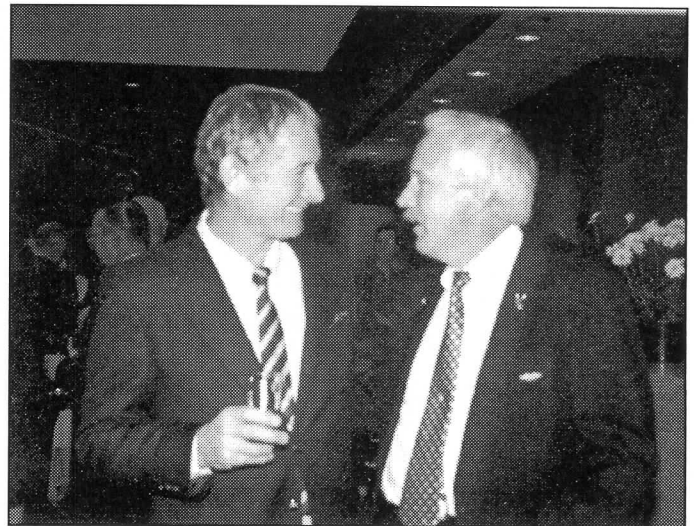
"Hack never lost his focus," said Roger Charles, president of Soldiers for the Truth. "That focus was on the young kids that our country sends to bleed and die on our behalf. Everything he did in his retirement was to try to give them a better chance to win and to come home. That's one hell of a legacy."

Over the final years of Col. Hackworth's life, his wife Eilhys fought beside him during his gallant battle against bladder cancer, which now appears with sinister regularity among Vietnam veterans exposed to Agent Blue. At one point he considered dropping their syndicated column, only to make an abrupt about face, saying, "Writing with you is the only thing that keeps me alive." The last words he said to his doctor were, "If I die, tell Eilhys I was grateful for every moment she

bought me, every extra moment I got to spend with her. Tell her my greatest achievement is the love the two of us shared."

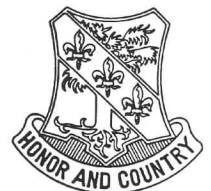
Col. Hackworth is survived by Ms. England, one step-daughter and two step-grandchildren, and four children and four grandchildren from two earlier marriages. At a date to be announced, he will be buried in Arlington National Cemetery with full military honors.

Soldiers For The Truth is now working on legal action to compel the Pentagon to recognize Agent Blue alongside the better known Agent Orange as a killer and to help veterans exposed to it during the Vietnam War. Memorial contributions can be sent to Soldiers For The Truth either by internet <<http://www.sftt.org/>> or by mail to, P.O. Box 54365, Irvine, California, 92619-4365.



Richard A. Luttrell [2/327 A 4/67-3/68] and COL(R) David H. Hackworth [1/327 HQ 63-66] at a Medal of Honor dinner in 1990. (Photo sent by Rich Luttrell)

## ATTENTION 327TH 401ST MEMBERS REGIMENTAL DINNER



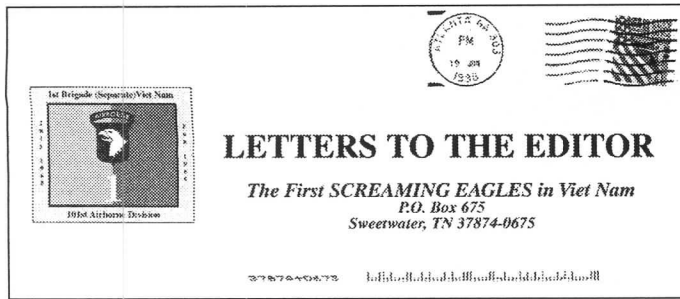
THURSDAY AUGUST 11th, 2005

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





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

CHARLES PAYNE, 2/327 HHC & Bde HHC 12/65-9/66  
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cpaynewin@cox.net  
Homepage Title: cpaynewin.com

I served as a Lt. with 1st Bde Hq&Hq Co. and with 2/327 Hq from Dec 1965 'til 1 Sept. 66. I participated in ops in Phan Rang area, Tuy Hoa Valley and Dak To. I was WIA while volunteering on a search & destroy mission, and evac'ed to hospital in Japan, then to the World. I would like to hear from anyone who was there at that time. I have a significant collection of slides and photos of people and places. I'm a member of 101st Assoc. & Wm C. Lee Chapter. I'm glad I found this site.

EMILIO R. FLORES, 1/327 A 5/66-6/67  
728 Calle Portilla, Camarillo, CA 93010  
(805) 383-9897 - eflo@verizon.net

Looking for Clifford D. Dorr 2nd plt abu 1st 327. Anyone know his hqts address, what state and town did he live in, where is he now. E-mail me if you have any information appreciated —flores

*Editor's Note: Sorry I do not have Clifford D. Dorr on my address list.*

CALVIN D. ROLLINS, HHC 2/502 101st ABN RECONDO 1967  
74 Mohawk Dr., Searcy, AR 72143  
cal-rollins@sbcglobal.net

Looking for Brien Richards, Doc Bagley, Don Moke, Walter Keys, Steven Kivett. Have platoon photograph if anyone wants a copy.

*Editor's Note: I sent him addresses for Brien Richards and Don Moke.*

JERRY AGGSON, 1/327 B 7/65-12/65  
P.O. Box 9173, Tacoma, WA 98409-0173  
plum2atee@comcast.net

Just another "Boat Person" 1st in country. "B" Co 1/327 July 65 to Dec 65. Another great site!!

*Editor's Note: I cannot believe anyone can be "Just" another Boat Person.*

THEODORE PENTON, 2/327 C 67-69  
PO Box 244, Pearl River, LA 70452  
(985) 863-8583  
weasel101st@hotmail.com

Ivan thanks for the help this week. Would like info on Sgt Stewart, Capt Gary Lind and anyone in C Co 2/327 Oct 67-Feb 69.

*Editor's Note: Neither is on my address list.*

**E-MAIL MESSAGES**

+ JOHN PAGEL 2ND, 1/327 B 5/65-1/66 - 4/06  
803 Millburgh Ave., Glendora, CA 91740-5442  
(626) 331-4010 - tfofoca@msn.com  
Sent: Monday, May 30, 2005  
To: Jim & Patti Simchera  
yankeej@cyou.com  
Subject: WEEK of The Eagles

Jim,

Went to Ft. Campbell last week for WOE. For those of you who chose not to go you really missed a good time. I have been before and I have always been impressed by what I have seen, but this time WOW. The "Kids" today are something else, they are half again as big as we were and it's not fat. The Infantry types do P.T. 2 1/2 hours each day. Got a tour of the Air Assault School by the C.O., after looking at what they have to do to get those wings I would advise anyone from giving any of the women in the Division that's completed that course any lip. In short the troops are better trained, better equipped, physically and mentally stronger than we were in Vietnam. I'm proud of this new generation of Screaming Eagles and pity anyone who meets them on a battlefield.

RON FITHEN, 1/327 HHC 5/67-4/68  
101 Norris Road, Rayland, OH 43943  
Fithensr@aol.com  
Date: Fri, 20 May 2005  
Subject: 1st Bde. 101st abn

I arrived in Phan Rang on May 1, 1967. I was assigned to the 406th Radio Research Det. I went to Duc Pho sometime toward the latter part of May. I was assigned to HHC 1/327 from then to Chu Lai and then to Song Bae. After the rest of the division came over, I went to Camp Eagle and left in April for the world. Let me know what to do to join. I know several guys that go to the reunions. For me they have to be within driving distance. I am on VA disability.

*Editor's Note: Subscription info was sent to Ron on May 23rd.*



PAUL E. GRIMES, 2/502 HHC S-4 12/66-7/67  
2 Arnold Way, Verona, NJ 07044  
W (212) 318-2218 H (973) 239-8396  
PGRIMES@bloomberg.net  
Subject: Fwd: Re: Trying to Catch Up  
Date: Mon, 16 May 2005

Ivan, I walked past this 101st soldier last summer in Times Square with some 101<sup>st</sup> buddies and I had to stop them and talk. Ended up buying them a beer (they were TDYing at West Point) and we've stayed in touch. NOW I believe you're close to Ft. Campbell and just thought you'd like to read this Captain Jason Wayne's update in case your paths ever cross! Wish I could find a copy of that picture I took of Sabo that you printed in one of our mags..! I hope you're well and just wanted to drop you this line, Ivan. Thanks for all you do for us old Screaming Eagles troopers!

PGRIMES@bloomberg.net wrote: Lt. Jason Wayne, If you receive this I'm trying to reconnect with you to see where you're stationed and to learn you're still well! When we last met in Times Square, NYC you did NOT expect to return to the 101st Airborne Div. in Kentucky. I'm wondering if you're still assigned with SFC Denormandie. Anyway, if you DO receive this and can let this OLD 101st guy know how you're doing, I'll be greatly appreciative. All the best, Jason!

Sincerely, Paul Grimes (class of '66-67 - 2/502 Inf. 101st. Abn. Div)

—— Original Message ——

From: Jason Wayne - thegunshow6@yahoo.com  
At: 5/16 14:03

Mr. Grimes,

It's good to hear from you. Things have been fast and furious down at Ft. Campbell as we gear up to go to Iraq again. Things are going well for us. We've done a lot of training over the last year, including a deployment to the Joint Readiness Training Center in Louisiana. SFC Denormandie is doing well. He is married now and has a baby on the way (Due in beginning of June). Unfortunately, he is no longer in the 502D. He is currently the Operations NCOIC at the Sabalauski Air Assault School. I'm doing pretty well. Kerry, my wife, is due with our first child (miss Kaitlyn Marie Wayne) on June 20. She's got me pretty busy during my "off" time working on the baby's room and getting the house ready. I made Captain back in November and I'm waiting to take command of a company. I'm still in 3rd of the 502D, but I'll likely take a company in 1<sup>st</sup> or 2nd battalion. Anyways, we are having a great time at Ft. Campbell. If you ever get down this way, let me know. We'll throw back a few beers and swap some war stories. I hope all is well with you. Take care.

Jason Wayne  
CPT, IN  
Executive Officer

Subject: Cobra Brother finally receives the Purple Heart

—— Original Message ——

PATRICK C. MURPHY, 1/327 HQ 66-67  
10870 Modena Dr., Philadelphia, PA 19154  
Pmurphy34@aol.com  
Sent: Friday, May 06, 2005  
Subject: 1/327, 101st Airborne Division

Gentlemen,

May I present Ken Pfeiffer, former machine gunner for the 1<sup>st</sup> platoon, C company, 1/327, 101st Airborne Division, receiving his Purple Heart. The commander of the 5th Army at Ft. Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, gave the award on May 3, 2005, for wounds received in action on February 8, 1967, near Phan Thiet. In attendance, among others, were Steve Stevenson, Earl DeLong, Bill Bazar from Corpus Christi, and Pat "Doc" Murphy, flying in from Philadelphia.

Prompted by his family, Ken started the process to receive his award several years ago. By accident, Ken and I became reacquainted over the Internet, and he explained the situation. Since I was the medic who treated Ken, I had the privilege of helping him. I wrote a letter to the Pentagon on February 26, 2003. The Department of the Army further requested I send them my DD-214 and some proof that I served as a medic, and was assigned to that unit on that day. The process finally came to a close as Ken received his award this May. Hooah!

Anyone having any recollection of that day that they would like to share, please do so. Also, feel free to forward this email to those comrades whose emails I do not have. Hope all of you are well. Above the Rest.

Your favorite medic  
Pat "Doc" Murphy.  
Vietnam, Oct 66-Oct 67.

—— Original Message ——

+ DAVID J. MARKHAM, 1/327 C 10/66-10/67  
3410 Adelaide Drive, Erie, PA 16510-2102  
(814) 899-7252  
david327@adelphia.net  
Sent: Friday, May 06, 2005

Pat,

I'll send this to YJ for wide spread posting, but I have to tell you, I've posted both your pages with "C" company and you both looked a lot younger. I thought all us "C" dudes never aged; guess it's just me.

Honor and Country  
David J.  
<http://screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com>



From: 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

*Editor's Note: This came to me with no photos.*

—Original Message—

DAN CLINT, 1/327 A TF 5/67-5/68  
21 Paseo de Aguila, Santa Fe, NM 87506  
PAPPY117@MSN.COM  
Sent: Saturday, May 14, 2005  
Subject: Honoring the fallen

A few months back I had the good fortune to meet, in person, the sister of one of our fallen Tiger Force members. The lady was Lisa Hendricks, and her brother, known as Craig Sterling Hendricks, died while serving with the Tiger Force April 1967.

When Lisa came to Santa Fe, New Mexico, my current place of residence, she had copies of some of Craig's letters, and she shared those with me. I, having served with the Tiger Force felt a sisterly bond even though Craig had died just about the time I was arriving in country. I was honored that she shared her stories and these documents with my wife, and me and through our conversations I was quite humbled that she felt close enough to use our common experience to assist her in further processing the tragedy of losing a family member and a brother.

She said, "Craig's death deeply affected our family and we never fully recovered."

When she said this, I understood a further depth of the loss that she was able to express. I reflected on my understanding of the loss of friends and fellow soldiers as a soldier, but she offered an understanding of how those losses radiated outward and impacted others who's lives depended on, and whose hearts had been tied to these men for years.

In addition to Craig, a few years back I exchanged e-mails with Rita Dunnigan who had also lost her brother, Herschel Dunnigan, as his younger sister. I knew Dunnigan well; we served in A Company together. Dunnigan was quite tough and it was close to the end of his tour when he was wounded and sent to Japan. Rita's parents had contacted a congressman to see if his tour could be considered "good enough" and he could avoid returning to Vietnam. Permission was granted, but it was about that time he drowned.

Craig was my age, born in 1947 and in his letters he talked about his basic training at Fort Polk and then later, jump school. (shared paths for a while) His letters were meaningful. Craig was lucid and his handwriting was so cursive and stylish that his letters seemed to have been penned with a quill pen in the 1800's. As he wrote he captured common sensibilities of those days and I appreciated the glimpse and reminder as a historical assist to my aging memories.

So, a few days back, there was a thread of discussion about a "jump" in the 101st. In re-reading these letters, I believed Craig's reportage belongs in the discussion.

In addition to his letters, Lisa shared her father's letters. Her father was a career military officer, and Lisa's family has a long tradition of military service, with brothers and sisters still, in spite of Craig's wishes, carrying a proud tradition of military service. Included in Lisa's papers was a letter the father had sent a letter to one of the higher ups in the government. This after his son had died in Vietnam. You could see a father over wrought with grief, and questioning why his son had died and what we were attempting to accomplish in South East Asia. There is no question, the media was beginning to have it's devisive impact.

Lisa was 9 years old when she lost her older brother.

Also there was a paper, military orders, dated 7 April 1967, assigning C Sterling Hendricks to HHC 1st Bn 327th Inf. along with Robert M. Diaz (who lost his leg the day I was wounded) William L. Carpenter was listed on this page as was William R. Doyle.

Craig Sterling Hendricks writes: 18 Jan, 1967  
"Dear All,

I just got in this morning to Kontum from the field. We left the 27th /December/on our first operation and came back to Kontum (operational base camp) about eight days later to make a jump. It was my best one so far. We only stayed in about three days and then started a new operation. It was worse than the first one. I am now the machine gunner and carry an M-60 for Alpha Force. It is about four times heavier than an M-16 (auto rifle) and harder to carry. Life in the field is miserable, the Tiger Force climbs mountains and stays there looking for the V.C. and it is cold on the top. I nearly freeze at night and during the day. The mountains are thick with jungles and the wind blows hard and never stops. We leave Kontum on helicopters and they drop us off in the mountains at a landing zone and from there we are on our own. We're leaving for Phan Rang in a few days to operate in that area. We're also making a combat jump the 28th. I just got your letter saying Echols extended 6 months. I just got off of a 1 1/2 hour detail. The Army sucks and I'll say that to any relative. (I hate it). I was thinking of extending also for Special Forces, On the Job training. I received the packages from David and Inez today, Woody's last week. I received the brush; bayonet and record cleaning material today but have not received the record player or electric razor yet.

We get letters sometimes in the field when they are resupplying us with food but they don't send packages to the field. There was a fire on one of the cargo ships that burned a lot of presents, so I guess that's what happened to the Record Player, etc.

Write soon, Love Craig"

Craig Sterling Hendricks writes: 19 Jan, 1967



“Dear All,

I received the record player today and the other packages, with peaches, books and towels. Don't send any more books. I'll never finish the one's I have now that I'm in the Tiger Force. I don't have much time to read"- then later "I'm enclosing two pictures and the negatives. Give the negatives to Becky (his wife) I also wear a .45 Cal with the M-60. The stuff on the ground next to me is what we wear in the field. The large one is a ruck sack, which we carry our C-rations, and poncho and liner and the other web gear and carries ammo pouches and canteens, (I don't cram them in the ruck sack). I don't need ammo pouches now that I carry the M-60 but I attach hand grenades to them. The negatives are of a buddy of mine in B Company. Isn't he a sharp looking well dressed soldier. Be sure and get them developed, they were taken at Kontum.”

Craig Sterling Hendricks writes: Jan 31, 1967

I just got back off a four day operation around Phan Rang. We got into the base camp about 9 A.M. and left at 12 P.M. for Phan Thiet, to help out the 1st Air Cavalry. I sent some pictures to Becky of the four day operation and she will give you the negatives. We will probably catch a lot of H\_\_\_ heat. The last operation was easy and was not cold like Kontum. When you write send more sugar and cream packages in your letters. They come in handy in the field.-

Love Craig”

Craig Hendricks writes: Mar 3 (third page)

“I guess people think everybody is in danger over here and that all places have combat. The people that stay in the rear and the air force don't have any thing to worry about at all. It's the ones who leave their base camps on operations that have it rough. There are a lot of safer places like Phan Rang, Nha Trang, Cam Rahn Bay, Da Nang etc we never get to stay at because I'm not in support battalions. We're always on the move setting up operational base camps in different areas and going on operations. This is how different it is; a buddy of mine is a librarian in Phan Rang and I'm in the Tiger Force. Phan Rang looks about as good as any fort in the states. Better go now Love Craig, P.S. I hate the army and if Kent or Scott (brothers) join it I will break their necks.”

Lisa writes -”This was the last letter he wrote to us before his death” -

Craig died of a gunshot wound that still carries a mystery as to how it was incurred. Reportage indicated that he was struck in the lower jaw, the bullet exited the back of his head. (autopsy report) There has been speculation that he was using his M-16 as an assist in climbing a hill, but these letters indicate he was, at least for a while, working as a machine gunner.

The capability to conduct investigations during the height of combat operations is obviously limited and the families are often left with questions that can never be fully answered.

The final letter in the collection was from a PFC J.W. Echols, 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn. 9th Marines, Hotel Co. Weapons platoon,  
From: “Jim Simchera” <yankeej@cyou.com>

RON EGAN, 1/327 B 67-68  
7014 S. Rawson Bridge Rd., Cary, IL 60013-1752  
ronegan@ameritech.net  
Sent: Friday, May 06, 2005  
Subject: Pop Gerhard

It is my sad duty to inform the Brotherhood that Richard “Pop” Gerhard, B/1/327, 67-68, is now confined to the Maine Veteran's Home facing the final stages of the cancer he's been fighting so courageously for the past several months.

For those of you who are unfamiliar with Pop's Viet Nam service, he was truly a unique character there: having already fulfilled his military obligation in the Air Force a decade before, he had a nephew KIA in RVN, and promptly joined the Army and went Airborne Infantry to ensure his own front-line participation in the war.....at 34 years of age. Knowing how Jump School & humping the boonies kicked my ass at age 19, that fact never ceased to amaze me.

While some of us young guys (especially me) had—putting it mildly—our share of personality conflicts with him back then, (think Dylan & Perry Como trying to do a duet) one thing was never in doubt: when the shit hit the fan, everybody could always count on Pop 100%.

If anyone would like to send him a card or note: Richard Gerhard, c/o Maine Veteran's Home, 44 Hogan Rd., Bangor ME 04401.

If anyone cares to call, the direct number to his nurse's station is 207-299-1550. They're some really nice people, and will not only tell you how he's doing or pass him a message, but even bring him the phone if he's awake and coherent. I talked to him Sunday night for a few minutes, and he's still claiming he's just fine and will be back out again soon. The mean old cuss is hanging tough until the very end, and still considers his days in the 327 Infantry as the best in his life.

Your thoughts and prayers will also be appreciated.

From: “Yankee Jim” <YankeeJim@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com>

**Editor's Note: Richard L. Gerhard [1/327 B 3/67-3/68] is in my database at 20 Stone St., Brewer, ME 04412-2512. He has been a subscriber since October 1999. (See Obituary page 11)**

YANKEE JIM SIMCHERA, 2/327 A 9/69-9/70  
6542 Bill Lundy Rd., Laurel Hill, FL 32567  
(850) 689-1574 - yankeej@cyou.com  
To: “Eli Haggins” <eli@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com>  
Subject: WWW.BASTOGNE.ORG REQUEST for PICTURES  
Date: Mon, 2 May 2005

Brothers,

As you know [www.bastogne.org](http://www.bastogne.org) <<http://www.bastogne.org/>> is the web site rally point for the new 327th Infantry Regimental Association. Our Web Master Eli Haggins (A 2/327) has been build-

ing the site since last fall. He is now ready to accept your pictures and stories. This site covers all eras of the 327th Regiment, past, present and out into the future. We need material from everyone who ever served or who had family that served. If you haven't visited the site you will be pleased when you do. The Regiment's early history is well documented, starting with its WW I service as part of the 82nd. The sad part is our founding Brothers have all made their RENDEZVOUS with DESTINY and in fact so have many of our WW II GLIDER RIDERS. It is nearly impossible for us to collect and preserve their eyewitness to the history they wrote. I ask you to step up and help us preserve your history. Whenever you served in the regiment, whether peace time or war you are part of its history. Check out the site and before you leave please sign the Guest Book.

Honor & Country! - Yankee Jim

Send your material to [Eli@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com](mailto:Eli@screamingeagles-327thvietnam.com)

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Subject: Michael Looney

Date: Sat, 30 Apr 2005

TIM LOONEY • [tmeelooney@charter.net](mailto:tmeelooney@charter.net)

I am writing on behalf of my brother, a recent subscriber to your magazine. SPC 4 Michael Looney, 2/502 HQ 12/66-9/68, 801 Heritage Lane, Auburn, MA 01501, (Ra 11469406). He is interested in talking to anyone associated with that timeline, especially Mike Gero. I am in immediate contact with him via this E-mail address, or he can be contacted at cell # 508-864-2643. Please do not hesitate to contact Mick or myself at either of the above numbers and I will be sure he gets any correspondence.

Thank You - Tim Looney

Home # 508-832-9314 • Cell # 508-864-0514

*Editor's Note: Mike Gero is not in my database.*

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Date: Thru, 28 Apr 2005

+ DAVE SNYDER, 1/327 A 6/61-3/66

316 Lynn Lane, Waynesboro, VA 22980-5447

(540) 942-4808 • [patbull@ntelos.net](mailto:patbull@ntelos.net)

Ivan,

I just received my 1st Brigade (S) Challenge Coin in the mail today and it has to be one of the most beautiful coins I have ever seen. If any of the Brothers have not seen this coin then I highly recommend that they order one today. I also want to thank you, Ivan, for one of the best publications anywhere. I read it cover to cover and can't wait to receive the next one.

*Editor's Note: Praise for the challenge coin goes to Roger John [1/327 C 7/67-12/68].*

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Subject: Brien Richards • Date: Tue, 26 Apr 2005

MILES L. THOMAS, 2/502 HHC 67

9401 Tujunga Valley St., Sunland, CA 91040

[miles\\_th@yahoo.com](mailto:miles_th@yahoo.com)

I found your address in an old email from Brien (Richards) and had to write you. I have been trying to get in touch with Brien since he last went into the hospital. My emails are unanswered

and that is not like BR, can anyone tell me how he is doing?

Strike Force '67-'68

Miles Thomas

*Editor's Note: His address information is Brien Richards, 2/502 HHC 9/66-9/67, PO Box 6801, Kingman, AZ 86402, (928) 279-2441, <[brich@hpgcable.com](mailto:brich@hpgcable.com)>.*

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Subject: Gen Matheson • Date: Sat, 23 Apr 2005

+ TONY BLISS, 1/327 A 10/65-10/66

486 Bayville Road, Locust Valley, NY 11560-1209

W (516) 759-0476 H (516) 676-8829

[tbliss@aquaquest.com](mailto:tbliss@aquaquest.com)

Hi Ivan, Good to see you at the Static Line event. I didn't see any details of Gen. Matheson's funeral in Arlington, etc. in either the magazine or the web site. Did I miss it?

I attended Joe Beyrle's funeral and reception last Friday. The chapel was packed. Lots of Screaming Eagles in attendance, many who I hadn't seen in some time.

I will e-mail you two pics of the ABU on a sign outside our company area in Phan Rang if you want to use one with the Garnet article. Quality is not great since they were taken with a Minox camera.

Best, Tony Bliss

Aqua Quest Publications • [www.aquaquest.com](http://www.aquaquest.com) (800) 933-8989

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Subject: 1LT George B. Pearson • Date: Mon, 21 Mar 2005

MICHAEL J. PEARSON

Port Orchard, Washington • [pearsonm@pnw.med.navy.mil](mailto:pearsonm@pnw.med.navy.mil)

Ivan,

I was referred to you by Bill Keller [2/327 HQ(S-4) 6/65-7/66]. I hope you might be able to help me find anyone who knew my brother 1LT George B. Pearson, 2/327 HHC and he was also XO of B company in 1966. He was KIA on hill 86 on 17 September 1966. I was only 6 at the time and would like to hear from anyone who knew him then. I have already been in touch with Lou McDonald [2/327 B 5/66-10/66] and Doug Field [2/327 B 4/66-12/67]. I can be contacted at 360-769-4018 or [mikentnap@wavecable.com](mailto:mikentnap@wavecable.com) Thanks for your help Ivan. God Bless.

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## FROM THE U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

+ LEONARD A. VITHA, 2/502 Recon HQ 7/66-7/67, 13 B 12th Place NW Street, Owatonna, MN 55060; (507) 477-1182 when renewing his subscription sent the following:



I can't believe it's been that long since I left for boot camp at Ft. Leonard Wood, MO, in June of 65. After jump school arriving at Ft. Campbell late October 65, then departing for 1st Brigade Viet Nam July of 66. It seemed like back then time dragged on forever with no end in sight and I cursed those living the good life and partying down back home.

Recently I told my two daughters in the blink of an eye 40 years has come and gone and instead of that 19 year old in the Recondos, I'm now 58 stumbling along on bad knees and legs. Those who lived the good life and partied down back home could never comprehend the experiences, sights and sounds that are now locked in my memory.

I have no pity for those poor punks who hid out in college or fled north to Canada.

+ LARRY F. MELTON, 1/327 B 6/67-7/68, 8901 Surrey Drive, Pendleton, IN 46064-9335, (765) 778-7369; sent this note along with his subscription renewal. "Ivan, Just a note to you. The job you did on the General Matt issue was truly 'Above the Rest'!! A great effort. Your brother in arms."



+ RICHARD A. LUTTRELL, 2/327 A 4/67-3/68, 27 Taft Drive, Rochester, IL 62563-9200, (217) 498-7409 sent this photo of a 2/327 boxing match. Rich who was 18 years old in 1967 says "Col Abood got me in the ring in Viet Nam and I won." Rich is on the right.

+ = Current Subscriber

## 101st ABN DIV Reunion

The 101st Airborne Division Association Annual Reunion will be in Tampa, Florida, August 10-15.

Contact Registration Chairman Jack Nolan, P. O. Box 15523, Clearwater, FL 33766 for more information.

## OBITUARIES



JOE GANEY  
HHC 10/67-10/68

Word was received from Linda Ganey that Joe passed away July 7, 2003. She wrote that he enjoyed reading The First SCREAMING EAGLES in Viet Nam. She said, "keep up the work you are doing, it is important for those who have served."

CHARLES E. NORDABY, JR.  
801 MAINT B 6/66-5/67

His renewal notification was returned with a note stating he had passed away on December 14, 2004. No other information was received.

RICHARD L. GERHARD  
1/327 B 3/67-3/68

Ron Egan, 1/327 B 67-68, 7014 S. Rawson Bridge Rd., Cary, IL 60013-1752, email [ronegan@ameritech.net] sent the following message. I regret to inform you that "Pop" finally succumbed to the cancer he'd been fighting, and passed away peacefully at about 8 P.M. last night. (Monday June 21, 2005)

COL(R) EDMOND P. ABOOD  
1/327 CO 67

*Editor's Note: I received an e-mail from Michael Keller, 1/327 A 1/67-5/67, that he had seen the obituary of COL(R) Edmond P. Abood, 1/327 CO 67. Colonel Abood died on June 20. His full obituary will be in the October issue.*

## 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 \$35.00

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 502nd Regiment, 4306 Filmore Rd., Greensboro, NC 27409. For complete information send e-mail to me at: [crg502@triad.rr.com](mailto:crg502@triad.rr.com)



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 final installment.

### Attack the Hill

The NVA were firmly entrenched in the ill-lit forest with a commanding view from well-concealed foxholes. I knew now that I didn't have to worry about the Devil knocking at our door; we were now about to go knocking at his. We all had to reach down into our souls for courage. The veins on the bottom side of my wrists now tingled. After I got the platoon assembled, I turned to give the skirmish order and, looking into their stoic faces, told them we were going to look them in the eye. I told them to spread out well and to stay on line with the man on either side of them. I would be on the exposed left flank leading the way up. I instructed each man to low-crawl going up the hill and keep his head down next to the ground, and when encountering a spider hole, one man was to cover it with his rifle or pistol. The other man would pull the pin on a hand grenade and release the grip on the safety lever. The striker would rotate, flipping the safety lever off. We would count to three and flip it in the hole, praying that the NVA soldier wasn't quick-witted enough or that there wasn't enough time for him to get his hands on it and toss it back. The fuse of the M-26 grenade burns for five to seven seconds before activating and exploding. Our way was clear. The tension was now electrifying. I sensed their fear. Some were visibly shaking, but tight-lipped and silent. My eyes touched the eyes of each man in that small gathering of warriors, seeing the clean narrow streaks under their eyes on their dirty faces. I saw in their eyes a spiritual energy kindled by the grim task before them. Forming to attack the hill quickly had strung our mental strength to its highest pitch. Without a word, but with a dark, sinister resolve, the men fanned out into position among the close trees, grim and silent, and like a great serpent we started our crawl up the hill.

A stick grenade, its wooden handle turning end over end, hit the ground to my front and bounced toward me and ended its journey to my right front less than five feet away. I stared at it, as I flattened my body as much as I could. It suddenly exploded in a brilliant light, showering the area with chunks of iron and dirt. Their cast-iron fragmentation grenades were of a low explosive power. The serrated grenade sat upon a hollow wooden cylinder with a waterproof-cap at the bottom of the handle. The cap removed, the NVA soldiers looped the string onto one finger and threw. The string remaining with their hand ignited the friction fuse. It was my past experience that many of their grenades were unreliable and failed to explode. However, none of these stick grenades presently were having that problem.

As the light faded from the forest, the North Vietnamese were aware that we were coming up the hill. We were immediately welcomed by a short burst of automatic fire from the ridge on our left flank, profanely smacking the ground and tree trunks around us. They were likely using a 7.62 mm **RPD light machine gun**. The RPD gunner was well trained. He only periodically fired short burst, to keep his barrel from overheating



*DAK TO, VIETNAM (101ST -10) – Sergeant James Gilbert from Detroit, Michigan, of Headquarters Battery, 2nd Battalion, 320th Artillery, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division directs a truck into the bamboo C-130 Mock-up at the Brigade's driver training school. The instruction is designed to make aircraft loading faster and safer.*

*US Army Photo by Lt. John H. Hensley*

and jamming. One thing I will say for the **AK-47 assault rifle**, if we were watching we could tell where they were firing from. The AK-47 had a shorter barrel, producing more muzzle flash. They also had no flash suppressor, and then the sonic crack definitely let you know you were under fire. Our M-16 had a long 20-inch barrel that allowed the hot gases released by firing longer to dissipate and cool producing a smaller muzzle flash. The flash suppressor also helped with the muzzle blast. However, none of this technology would be worth much in the dark under these great trees, as the glittering of light would be easily seen. The flesh-hunting rounds whickering and careening through the foliage hardly deflected, they just chewed right into whatever they hit. Bark and splinters exploded in all directions. They would pick you right up off the ground if they hit you. Trying to see as much as possible and as quickly as I could, I shifted my eyes from left to right and tried to focus on objects at the edge of my peripheral vision. Bullets chewed into the foliage just above our heads. The volume of fire whipped at the low branches and shredded bark from the tree

trunks. It was coming from the same ridge we were on and it made a bend and came back around, overlooking our position at a distance. Then small arms fire and the “Made-in China” stick grenades welcomed us with their coughing roar. The dank air was full of concussions, rank with the bitter stench of powder smoke from the gunfire and Chinese stick grenades. The heavy timber and foliage gave us some cover and concealment as we continued our way through the machine-gun fire toward their dug-in positions. Bullets exploded into the tree trunks around us, others ricocheting from rocks. Bark, twigs and leaves rained down upon us. There was the high-pitched whine going past our ears and the sonic crack popping over our heads as we crawled forward. One round ripped into the ground near my head and exploded dirt into my face and eyes and filled my mouth with debris.

More **machine-gun** bursts came stitching the ground from our left front and across our line, barely missing the man on my immediate left and over my legs. Their were dull thuds of rounds impacting into soft parts of the ground everywhere. The peculiar whine of ricocheting rounds sang through the trees. Forest litter and humus was impacting against us. I gave little attention to the firing on my flank, only on the dug-in fighting positions to my immediate front. As I looked up the hill, I saw the quick motion of just a hand, then the Chinese stick grenades turning end-over-end. A desperate resistance on the part of the besieged was now taking place. The grenades caught the fading sunlight; thrown from directly ahead uphill and coming directly for me, they completed their arc and fell around me. I yelled “grenade” and flattened, turning my face away from the area they landed. The flash of the Chinese hand grenade explosions rocked the ground but only a blast of wind and forest litter hit me. Luckily, the cast iron body of the stick grenade exploded into large chunks. A bitter grenade exchange took place. Smoke from the many stick grenades drifted among us. As if a demon spirit were present, the cacophony of war sounds engulfed us. My men had become something different now in the face of the enemy. Amid an endless storm of small-arms fire, all around in the forest rose a steady crescendo of shrieks, groans, screaming of the wounded. Filtering through the foliage up on the hill, we could hear the NVA shouting their rage at us. They were determined to keep us from coming up the hill. There was an occasional taunting shout from the NVA who spoke some English. With an icy determination, angry obscenities and shouts of challenge were flung back at the enemy. I yelled “du-me” (mother fucker) and “an-ket” (eat shit) at them. Now, we constantly taunted each other, to distract each other, while one or the other silently moved to gain a killing advantage from another angle. Yelling helped us to rid ourselves of the paralyzing fear. It also encouraged us. We had all gone mad.

Covered with sweaty dirt, I started crawling upward again from tree to tree. I looked up and saw two stick grenades flipping through the air as we pressed closer and closer. I knew they were going to land behind me. They exploded, sending more smoke and geysers of dirt and debris leaping up and then wafting through the air. The closer we got, the hotter their small-arms fire became. We had reached the edge of their fighting positions. These individual NVA fighting positions



were what the enemy called “Frog holes” (Ham ech); they were just big enough for one man, what we would call a spider hole. I heard the flat metallic snap of a round being chambered from the hole just ahead. The best weapon for clearing the dug-in fighting positions, was the hand grenade and the standard-issue Colt Model 1911A1 .45 ACP caliber semi-automatic pistol. The man nearest me covered the fighting position to my front with the pistol as I pulled the pin on an M-26 fragmentation grenade, allowing the handle to pop off and the striker to arm the grenade. The acid fuse now burning inside, I counted to four and flipped it into the hole. I prayed that it wouldn’t be thrown back out. The short wait was painful. The pound of high explosive, Composition B, exploded into over seven hundred pieces. The NVA soldier was blown into a red shower of shredded flesh above me. The North Vietnamese **machine gunner** continued to stitch the ground around us again. The man on my left started yelling, “I’m gonna die, I’m gonna die.” I told him to shut up and change his position by crawling further up and the machine gunner would probably not be able to see him. That worked, because the NVA machine gunner continued to fire but now it was stitching the ground behind us. I saw the first NVA hole blown by one of my men about three men down on the right. I saw the blast and saw shredded NVA flesh hanging from some limbs overhanging the position. Fighting just feet apart, the North Vietnamese and my platoon hurled curses at each other. We were fearful, but we suffered more anger than fear. In defiance, we taunted the Vietnamese by shouting at them in their own language that they ate shit. I encouraged the men close by to do the same. Up and down the line of low-crawling men slowly moving forward, their voices called out, working themselves up for this task. The shooting had become controlled. I was suffering from thirst, others were suffering from wounds.

We had crawled through the first tier of defensive positions, having cleared every position with grenades and fire. The firing was so fast and furious that it blended as a continuous roar. I looked up in time again to see three stick grenades in the air tumbling end over end toward us. We immediately stopped crawling and turned our heads from the direction of the explosions. Suddenly, the firing abruptly ceased. Only an occasional taunt was hurled by the other side. It would soon be too dark to see well. A smoke mantle drifted above us. A silence fraught with suspense ensued. I felt that the NVA had silently pulled back under the cover of darkness, just before we were ordered to pull back. Strange. At this point we were ordered to return to our perimeter. At the bottom of the hill, my platoon leader, **Lt. Kirby Young**, was already seriously wounded in the head and had lost an eye. Eventually he would be replaced by a less experienced officer, further reducing the “cream of the crop,” the seasoned soldiers’ life expectancy.

One small force of men joined us just before it got too dark to see under the trees. They had managed to find their way on the trail in the dark by the sounds of the fighting without getting ambushed. They conducted an attack on the hill above us, but did not receive any return fire. Evidently the NVA had delayed us long enough from their spider holes to withdraw from the immediate area of their circular-constructed hilltop fortifications with the essential supplies they needed.

The remaining few frightened men of the Tiger Force and the 2nd Platoon of C Company 1/327th, now completely surrounded, went into a night defensive position again in the low ground. The NVA still held the high ground all around us. We were told that the closest element was an under-strengthened platoon from Alpha Company 1/327, and that they would be here to join us if and when they could. Nighttime is the right time for most activity and with night's arrival the silence deepened. Surrounded at night, we were colder than usual with the presence of the thermals moving down from the top of the ridges. Once the sun had disappeared, the air had cooled at an amazing pace. The damp night cold was penetrating. We weren't bothered by insects. For a while it was peaceful, as a cool wind blew down from the mountain with the coming of night. We began to hear the periodic rustle of foliage and familiar sounds of movement in the leaves around our front in the shifting shadows. The NVA were still close. I felt an eerie pall settle around me. We listened with practiced ears and were hearing the NVA quietly, wraith-like, searching around the dead, for equipment and survivors. Hopefully they wouldn't find those still alive or the starlight scopes. It was worse for our wounded still out there, the torture of lying powerless and untended outside our line. Where earlier they felt little, only a numbness, from their fresh wounds, which is common, they now felt great pain. They had to endure their pain; to move or make a sound, even under the cover of darkness, would mean death. Hopefully their wounds would put them into a cataleptic state, until they could be recovered.

The rhythmic, cosmic clock continued to tick. As the dark womb of night surrounded us, we could feel and smell the transition from day to night. We set up a night defense for an attack that we were sure would come. I moved over to the one level area where we expected the NVA to come from, since this was where we were hearing the most movement. I was in an NVA foxhole with my good friend, "**Frenchy**," **Sgt. Christian G. Girard**.<sup>7</sup> We were both cold and shivering from exposure to the elements. He watched while I quickly cleaned my rifle. The NVA's Russian-designed **Kalashnikov AK-47 assault rifle** weighed about nine and a half pounds and was less complicated and tended to break down less often than our M-16 rifle. The chrome barrel of the Kalashnikov made it impervious to neglect. Our rifle was lighter, eight and a half pounds, and fired more accurately but that didn't matter because we were constantly engaged at very close quarters. The M-16, unless kept clean, just did not function well. This included the cleaning of our 30-round magazine and the individual rounds. The only magazine we cleaned was the one carried in the rifle, the other being secure in our pouches. Our weapons cleaned, we both wished we had a cup of hot coffee.

The dew would usually soak things through completely and by morning we would be thoroughly chilled. I remembered earlier seeing a discarded pack from one of the dead soldiers. The only sound I could hear was the mumbled delirium from the wounded behind me. Like a huge snake, I slowly and quietly wormed my way along out into the dark and got it and returned to the position with it. It was a blood-soaked camouflaged poncho liner rolled in a poncho, which we would both use to stay warm through the night.

We readied our grenades around the top of the hole along with all the Chinese stick grenades. With growing despair and hopelessness, we settled in to wait for the coming attack in the darkness—for the shadowy profiles to emerge. We were painfully aware of every slight new sound in the misty night in this pitiless and foreboding range of mountains. There was little to do but wait and let the scenario that fate had in store for us play itself out. At least we had a good foxhole. I felt as if it were our grave. At least it had been dug for us. I experienced a sensory elixir. I could taste the air, the pungent, wet, earthy smells flared from the fresh dirt of our foxhole. The breeze coming down the mountain now seemed to invigorate me. I wanted to live. We waited and waited, thinking that the NVA moment by moment were inching closer, drawing tighter and tighter around us.

### Evacuation

We had received an adrenaline punch when the Army med-evac flights, attempting to come in and fly out the wounded. They were quickly shot up from the surrounding high terrain by the North Vietnamese heavy .51-caliber machine guns. We watched as the green tracers went overhead and heard the slapping sound as they stitched the choppers. The NVA machine guns followed their path as they very bravely tried to come flying into our narrow and enclosed area between the ridges. Finally the word was received that the Army pilots refused to fly the mission. We felt alone and desperate, knowing that night the Army would not attempt any further missions to fly out the many seriously wounded. We were also aware that there were more enemy troops around us than we thought, supported by anti-aircraft units.

Later we received word that the crew of a Kaman's HH-43 B Huskie helicopter had volunteered to brave the fire. This fire-fighting Air Sea Rescue helicopter, equipped with twin intermeshing rotors, was the last helicopter to have wooden blades. It was referred to as "Pedro" because that was their call sign. Only one squadron of HH-43s was stationed in the country. They were broken down and assigned in detachments of two's throughout the country. This aircraft saved more personnel than all the other Air Force choppers together, and after being alerted they could be on their way in 30 seconds. The huskie had a jungle penetrator, with which it lowered a wire basket, known as a Stokes litter. This particular helicopter crew was from a detachment of the 37th Air Rescue and Recovery Squadron. One of the great hazards of this mission was the fact that the Huskie had very limited fuel.

The night wore on as we listened to the night sounds. Our eyes accustomed to the starlit darkness, I realized moonrise would be coming soon. Death could now come quickly and without warning. We lay there fearfully in our dark perimeter defense, staring and listening into the pitch blackness in a daze, trying to pay attention to detail. Alertness now depended upon ear. I got a jolt and my heart jumped. A slight sound caught my attention, startled me, and then was gone. My heart began to thump with a hard rhythm. I worried about the shape of a particular dark shadow. Was someone standing there, motionless? I gripped a grenade. A sound froze me. Crouching, I started to prepare to arm the grenade. I tried to breath normally. I looked away for a few minutes and then, when I looked back its





appearance was unchanged. I relaxed and decided it was just the trunk of a tree, not a man standing there. The worry and strain were affecting my nerves. Again a sound came, this time in the distance. This was the sound that had first taken my attention, only louder now, as it gradually became more audible, this very faint sound told us we were not forgotten. Soon it was the heavy “thwap-thwap-thwap” arising as the whirling rotor blades of a large helicopter bit into the mountain air turbulence—swirling air that tumbles off the blade in front of it. We prayed for the crew. Then the sudden flurry of automatic fire from the NVA’s Chinese-made .51-caliber heavy machine guns, lit by green tracers, formally announced his arrival as they began to follow the low-flying black blob in. We could tell from the sound that he had to be flying close to the canopy of the trees. The sound of his engine remained steady on course, never wavering. Then he was upon us. We heard his air speed drop. He came in lower and settled into our narrow area between the ridges in our hollow. The roar of engines was loud. The pilot was completely resolved; he had not wavered once from his dark path. In chilling awe and terror we watched and listened to the helicopter as the pilot eased down on the collective, whipping the uppermost branches violently and blowing leaves and small limbs up into the rotor-wash. Finally into position above the wounded, he now sat there accepting the small-arms fire and giving the men on the ground instructions that when the wire basket was lowered and secured, he would then turn off his ground light. I marveled at his self-control. This was a brave Air Force pilot. He could not afford to waste any time. The ground crew loading the wounded would have to work fast. In the light of the helicopter, I found that the shadow to my front that had spooked me was in fact a tree.

The basket was lowered through the dense trees and caught by the men on the ground. There were many brief cries of pain as the wounded were prepared for loading and strapping into the basket. The lights on the helicopter were turned off while the large ground light on the chopper was turned on. The great light lent an ethereal glow to the surrounding area. We hugged the ground, knowing we were now silhouetted in the ghostly hue. The NVA, however, seemed more interested in the helicopter.

The trees waved their branches frantically as we glanced up periodically amid the great down-draft from the thwap-thwap-thwap of the constant beat of the rotor blades. We had to look up periodically; we were afraid he was going to be shot down and crash on us. The resounding sound of the beat of the whining engine and blades echoed off the high surrounding terrain rising on every side. The heavy machine guns, located on top of the ridge, had quit firing. Evidently they were not in a position to continue to fire into the low ground. However, there was still periodic small-arms fire. We didn’t receive any fire support this night because the other small friendly infantry platoons were out there somewhere, still trying their best to get to us in the dark without being ambushed, forced to use maps of this area which were so bad.

The men had to work fast as the silhouetted chopper hovered there waiting patiently, taking fire. The pararescue crewman maneuvered the hoisting cable with attached basket through the waving branches. As each load of wounded was secured, the

chopper would bring the engines to full power, then ease up on the collective, rising amid the cloud of branches and leaves being sucked up, and slip sidewise, turning away from this tree-top effect. As his airspeed climbed, the pilot skimmed along the treetops in the dark of the night, then up into the illuminated clear night air. The helicopter departed the area, leaving us alone again. We listened as he flew away, sounding as if he was even lower than when he came in. The helicopter was not fired on while immediately leaving, because he was too much lower than the heavy machine gun positions taken by the NVA, who surely had a forest of trees in front of their guns. The NVA could not depress their muzzles too much. After the helicopter was gone, the smell of cordite would then flood the forest once more, drifting down to us in dead silence on the night thermals, and hang in the air from the NVA positions. When the helicopter returned for another load, the cordite would dissipate with the wash of the rotors. Sometime during the night, late, the under-strengthened platoon from Alpha Company reached us. Misery loves company, but thank God for them.

### A Last Cup of Coffee

I had not been conscious of when the moon had poked its head over the ridges and illuminated the tree tops, providing some light at ground level. Exhaustion ran very deep, with little sleep and little to eat. We were catching ourselves nodding and blinking to stay awake. We peered into the night. The chill inside me wouldn’t go away. *This is it*, I thought. *We’re going to die*. My mouth was painfully dry. Not knowing if we would survive the night, we decided on a last cup of coffee together. Its stimulating effect had to last us several more hours. Christian got out of the foxhole and made sure the hole was sealed for light, while I quickly brewed us a hot canteen cup full of coffee with some of my plastic explosive (C-4). The soft C-4 looks like white modeling clay and will not detonate without a blasting cap. I broke off a small piece and lit it with my lighter. It took only a minute. Just the rich aroma of the coffee boosted our spirits. Few things in this world are so comforting and so warming to the heart as a cup of coffee. We shared a warm companionship found only in the Army among men at war. We watched for shapes as we listened to several muffled approaches growing louder at various times, but they always retreated. We were silent and ready.

We had already spent days without sleep. Doing without it for another night, while watching for the NVA to attack us was not a hard thing to do. Our eyes searched the darkness for a flicker of movement—just a hint of something, our ears sensitive to every faint rustle. The cooling night air was still except for the hum of insect. Later, we watched in silence and awe as the other strange platoon conducted a night attack on the NVA positions. We did not see any return fire. The NVA had withdrawn, but we did not yet know this. We assumed they withheld their fire for another reason. Our body temperatures had already taken a dip and it took some extra effort for me to stay awake. The cold air was penetrating. It had brought a light fog into the bottom. By this time, I knew that those wounded who survived the night on the forest floor would mercifully be the least sensitive to the pain of their wounds. They would be our first priority. We knew other units were fighting their way to us.



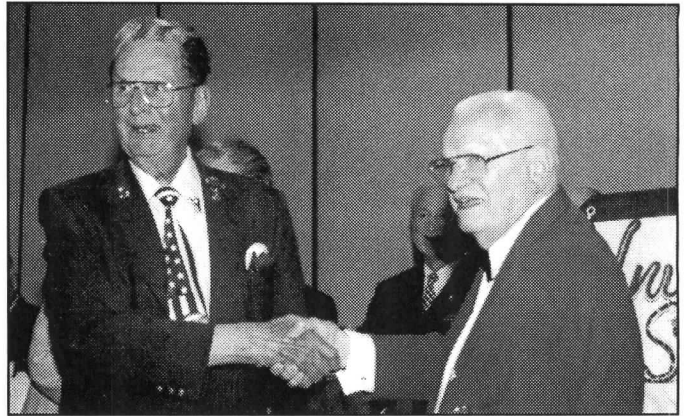
There was a fresh breath of wind which announced the coming of dawn. At the first graying of day's light, shortly after moon set, I gently squeezed Girard's shoulder until he was alert. We stared ahead into the ghostly light of predawn, waiting for flitting shadow-like forms to emerge. Nothing stirred. I felt the hairs on my neck rise stiff and tingly at the threatening atmosphere. Our imaginations worked overtime, making our fears real. Everything was made to look unearthly in the light, gray fog. I could just make out the defining edges of the solid dark trunks of trees to my front in the shades of gray, giving depth to the darkness under the dark solid canopy. The dark gray sky was getting brighter. We had spent a miserable and virtually sleepless night. The sun had finally broken the horizon. Shadows were created in the forest and closely watched. The normal nearby and distant carrying sounds of birds indicated that all was well. The PAVN had pulled away during the night. We could now see the reddish-orange through the few holes in the canopy and then suddenly it was light. We were all chilled. The sun had come up! Warm sunlight streamed through the branches. I was euphoric. We had survived another night to see another day. Truly the light was a sweet and pleasant thing for my sore and tired eyes, hardly able to focus, to see again. Later it would become hot. We were given the word to saddle up. I forced myself up. The cold, fatigue and hard ground were taking their toll. I was getting old. I saw the obvious reality of war as we collected to move. The horror, exhaustion, tension and tragedy was imprinted on the gray, grim and haggard faces of my platoon, no longer young and clean-cut or fresh. Their blind faith and idealistic zeal was gone; only survival mattered now. They were exhausted, drowsy and red-eyed from being too long without sleep. Dark circles surrounded their sunken eyes as the word was given to prepare to leave. We had been surrounded by absolute chaos and the platoon had suffered no social breakdown. Their faces were weirdly drawn and pale under their helmets. Only the streaked lines beneath our eyes marked our dirty faces, where tears had welled beneath our lids and run down our cheeks in salty rivulets, telling of our individual stress. We had remained tightly together. Comrades.

7. SFC Christian G. Girard, was killed in action on 8 April 1968, with the Studies and Observation Group (MACSOG), conducting a cross-border mission.

*As this final installment is published I wish to clarify my approach to publishing personal accounts of actions in Viet Nam. I believe the stories of 12 soldiers in the same fire-fight will produce 12 different stories because each sees the action from a different perspective. This story is by a soldier who was a squad leader and has been critiqued by other company leaders. I welcome all views, by those who were there, of any action that I publish. I do request that each writer state his position [Company Commander, Platoon Sergeant, rifleman, medic, etc.] the operation, date and location and then tell the story as he saw it. I welcome all accounts of actions by the 1st Brigade (S) and ask that you send photos if you have them. All photos will be scanned and returned within 10 days.*



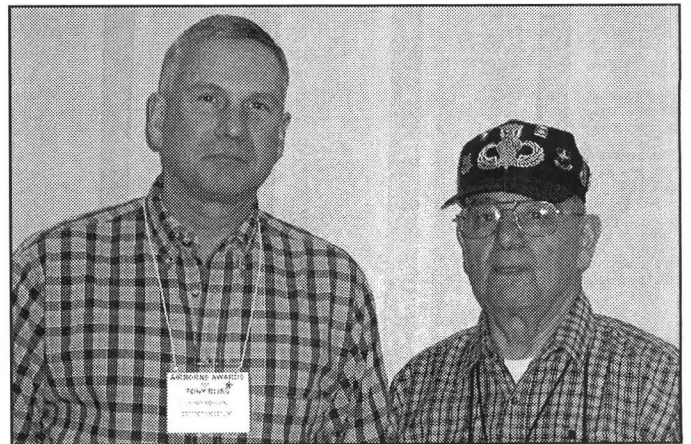
## STATIC LINE AWARDS 2005



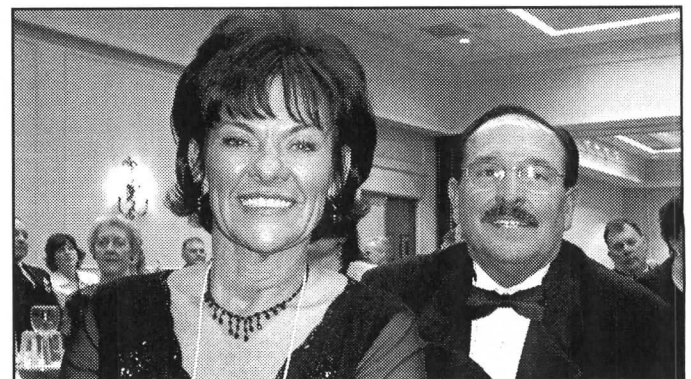
### Robert Young Man of Year Static Line

At the Static Lines Awards Dinner in April CSM(R) Robert A. Young [HHC CSM 6/66-6/67] was honored as the 1st Brigade (S) 101st Airborne Division MAN OF THE YEAR. CSM Young was CSM Trinidad Prieto's replacement and was replaced by CSM Paul Huff (MOH) as 1st Brigade Command Sergeant Major. (Static Line photo by Andrews)

More STATIC LINE AWARDS pictures in the October magazine.



(L to R) Anthony A. "Tony" Bliss, Jr., 1/327 A 10/65-10/66, and 1SG(R) Reynold A. Martinez, 1/327 A 5/64-3/66, outside the Hospitality Room at the Static Line Awards Celebration. Tony sent the photo of the ABU shown on page 10 and Reynold is the principal in the Rueben Garnett story on pages 21 and 22.



Willie W. Snow, 2/502 HQ 66-67, and his wife Darlene at the Static Line Awards Banquet in April 2005.





# The First Brigade

# DIPLOMAT AND WARRIOR

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**Captain William H. Mitchell, M.D. of Fort Worth, Texas, a surgeon in the 2d Battalion, 327th Infantry examines the hand of Nquine Long of Tuy Hoa after completing an operation on the boy's hand which restored 90 percent of its use.**

## Now He Too Can Play

By Sgt Bob Barry

TUY HOA. — In the small operating room of Tuy Hoa Province Hospital an 11 year old boy was given his first chance at being one of the boys. For the first time in his young life he had complete use of his left hand.

Nquine Long was burned when he was just a baby. His left hand could be moved but that was all; he had no control of it. Doctor (Captain) William H. Mitchell, Fort Worth, Texas, saw the boy and compassion and professional know-how did the rest.

Captain Mitchell was on duty with the 2d Battalion (Airborne), 327th Infantry when he first saw the boy.

The 27 year old doctor, who specializes in skin grafting, approached the boy's father for permission to operate. «I was convinced I could help the boy.» Mitchell

said. At first Mr. Long was apprehensive, but after a detailed explanation of the operation he consented to let the doctor operate.

Nquine now has at least 90 per cent use of his hand and its not yet completely healed. «I believe the operation was a complete success.» said Doctor Mitchell not long after the operation.

People of Tuy Hoa who he has never seen before shake his hand as a gesture of thanks and friendship.

Doctor Mitchell took his internship at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. He arrived in Vietnam on Christmas Eve 1965.

## 2/327 Annihilates Two NVA Battalions In Tuy Hoa Battle

By Sgt. Bob Barry

TUY HOA. — In a battle that left more than 600 North Vietnamese Army regulars dead or wounded the 2d Battalion, 327th Infantry proudly upheld its motto, «We Aim to Kill.»

For more than 10 months the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division has been on the move without one of its battalions. To this battalion, the 2/327, was left a special mission in and around the rice-rich countryside of Tuy Hoa. But in four days of vicious fighting, 57 kilometers north of Tuy Hoa they added to the ever growing roll call of the «Always First» brigade's battles — «Trung Luong.»

### NO EASY FIGHT

It was neither a normal nor an easy fight the 2d Battalion found themselves locked in. First of all, Company B was attached to a sister battalion in the Dak Tan Kan Valley near Dak To. Second and foremost the forces battling them were no normal North Vietnamese soldiers.

«They are the most fanatical we've ever encountered,» commented one Colonel. Two days after the battle began this statement was attested to when in the face of heavy artillery and automatic weapons fire, a large enemy force openly charged across a dried rice paddy to the dug in paratrooper position. The assault failed and the battlefield was covered with dead and wounded khaki clad soldiers.

The fighting erupted not long after companies A and C were helilifted into positions to sweep a reported troop concentration area. Working as separate forces they moved under the blistering heat of the dry season. «They let us walk right up on them,» one wounded trooper recalled. Company C came under heavy auto-

matic weapons fire as they began crossing a river bank and Company A hit more intense fire in a small village on their way to flank the enemy element that pinned its sister company down.

For a day and a half the two hard pressed American units battled to link up with one another. At one point they came within 300 meters but the enemy force between them would give no more ground.

As the fight moved into the second straight day one company was brought in from Dak To only to be redeployed to secure a landing zone for two companies of the 1st Cavalry sent to reinforce the vastly outnumbered Eagles.

### TIDE TURNED

From then on the battles changed. Major John Gilboux Tarentum, Pa., executive officer for the battalion remarked, «they had to fight our type battle then, and that's just where we wanted them.» As the enemy casualties mounted it became evident a larger North Vietnamese force was operating in the area then had been reported. Captain Richard Hinkle from Olympia, Wash., said, «I was wondering why they were attacking while taking such heavy losses.» The operations Captain later surmised, «They were interchanging units, both companies and battalions.»

But no matter what the well equipped North Vietnamese threw against the

determined paratroopers they held their ground and slowly pushed forward. As the battle raged into the fourth day Lt Col Joseph Wasco, 2/327th Commander, said of his troopers, «Those men are terrific, the best trained I've ever seen. They chewed up two good enemy battalions and wanted more.» The Colonel whose family resides in Windsor, N.J., spent much of the four days with the forward companies. It was while with them the true potency of the «We Aim To Kill» battalion was affirmed. An unwounded North Vietnamese Captain surrendered to Colonel Wasco personally and said as he handed over his pistol, «I was sent here with a company to destroy a weak American force, instead you destroyed my company, I surrender.»

## Nathan Hale

Two heavy contacts with the enemy were reported taking place by units of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division and the 1st Air Cavalry Division, fighting in Operation Nathan Hale.

The first contact occurred shortly after dawn when an unknown size VC force attempted to overrun an element of the 101st. The paratroopers, supported by artillery repelled the attack.

The enemy casualty toll for Nathan Hale has climbed to 418 killed, 22 captured, 57 suspects detained and 126 individual and 26 crew served weapons seized.



EDITORIAL

# "The American Way"

On July 4 we celebrate the signing of our Declaration of Independence. It was on that day we came into being as free men. The date: July 4, 1776.

It has been 190 years since that document was signed. But as documents go, the Declaration of Independence



is barely passing into adulthood. England's Magna Carta, for example, is more than 700 years old.

Every Fourth of July we celebrate brings us closer to the bicentennial of our independence. In the mileage of history you might say it is just around the corner.

But our growth to the leadership of the Free World in less than two centuries is a miraculous chapter in the annals of man. Our youth is our triumph, acknowledged by nations whose history is as old as civilization.

The Declaration of Independence serves as our guide and our inspiration. Its basic principles seem a perfect definition of that elusive phrase, «The American Way.»

Yes, its true we are a young nation in years, but we'll never grow so old this famous passage from the Declaration of Independence will lose its meaning:

«That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness...» (AFNB)

# That's Why

By Sgt Bob Barry

TUY HOA. — On the Tuy Hoa north airfield three American paratroopers sat awaiting a helicopter to return them to battle. They had been brought in the day before suffering from heat exhaustion but now they wanted to go back out.

PFC Jesse Reed from Monahans, California, watched solemnly as a medevac helicopter landed with wounded troopers from his unit. «See those guys over there, that's why we're going out again.»

Reed and his unit, the 2d Battalion, 327th Infantry, 1st Brigade 101st Airborne Division, engaged an estimated two North Vietnamese Army battalions in a battle that had moved into its fourth consecutive day.

An unshaven PFC from Lake Orian, Michigan, Gary Boyd, had another way of expressing why the trio was returning to the battle. «Our friends are out there and they need help,» he said. But the third young paratrooper, whose unit was locked in the heaviest fighting the battalion has experienced in five months just stared blankly toward the mountain beyond which the fight raged. PFC Robert Hadsell of Perris, California, turned and calmly said, «I was scared out there the other day and so were alot of others, but they didn't leave me. That's why we're going back out, that's why.»

# 1st Brigade Honor Roll

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

- ★ Captain Benjamin L. Willis A/1/327
- ★ Captain Lewis Higinbotham HHC/1/327
- ★ Captain Chris Vurlumis HHC/1/327
- ★ Captain Ernest W. Dill C/1/327
- ★ Lieutenant Scott A. Graves A/1/327
- ★ Lieutenant Kenneth G. Collins A/1/327
- ★ Lieutenant Kirby L. Young C/1/327
- ★ Lieutenant George C. Loyd III A/2/320
- ★ Platoon Sergeant Charles A. Bell A/1/327
- ★ Platoon Sergeant Varl Z. Fulford A/1/327
- ★ Platoon Sergeant Jesse L. Harrison A/1/327
- ★ Platoon Sergeant Barney B. Raso C/1/327
- ★ Platoon Sergeant Joel R. Woods A/1/327
- ★ Platoon Sergeant Lawrence N. Koontz A/2/502
- ★ Platoon Sergeant Joseph W. Rounseville C/2/502
- ★ Platoon Sergeant Raymond Soto A/2/502
- ★ Sergeant First Class William H. Trout HHC/1/327
- ★ Staff Sergeant Cleo Johnson A/1/327
- ★ Staff Sergeant William J. Caldwell C/1/327
- ★ Staff Sergeant Ira H. Perkins A/1/327
- ★ Staff Sergeant Bernard E. Hill A/1/327
- ★ Staff Sergeant James H. King A/1/327
- ★ Staff Sergeant Joe Wacker B/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Donald E. Bear A/2/502
- ★ Sergeant Richard M. Burt HHC/2/502
- ★ Sergeant Roy J. Roedel HHC/2/502
- ★ Sergeant Roy E. Romans HHC/2/502
- ★ Sergeant Henry J. Schiavone HHC/2/502
- ★ Sergeant Franklin W. Smith A/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Derwood Steigelman C/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Gary Aikins HHC/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Norman D. Bonaparte HHC/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Emil Burmeister Jr. HHC/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Francis J. Donavon HHC/1/327
- ★ Sergeant Charles Evans HHC/1/327
- ★ Specialist Five James Sutton C/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four Elwood R. Sturtz HHC/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four Douglas J. Bazemore HHC/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four Michael J. Galbraith A/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four William D. Hopson A/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four Vernon C. Alcöser A/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four Raul Rivera-Vasquez A/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four Eladio R. Marroquin Jr. HHC/1/327
- ★ Specialist Four Michael D. O'Quinn HHC/1/327
- ★ Private First Class Donald L. Edward A/2/320
- ★ Private First Class Teddy F. Stanley A/1/327
- ★ Private First Class Otis E. Bradshaw Jr. C/1/327
- ★ Private First Class Abraham H. Cooke C/1/327
- ★ Private First Class James E. Farrar A/1/327
- ★ Private First Class Earl W. Goodall A/1/327
- ★ Private First Class Eddie Green A/1/327
- ★ Private First Class Edward F. Christie HHC/1/327
- ★ Private First Class Ian M. Kem HHC/1/327

# No Errors In Grenade Volleyball

By Sgt Bob Barry

DAK TO. — The prowess of a former high school volleyball player saved the lives of a patrol when a grenade thrown at the troopers was batted away and exploded harmlessly ten feet away.

PFC Joe Redmond from

Philadelphia, Pa., is a machine gunner with Company B. 2d Battalion 502d Infantry, 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division. He was getting very close to his rotation date when out of the thick jungle came a cry «grenade.» Red-

mond was less than three feet from the «little bomb» as the patrol hit the dirt. «All I could think of was knocking it the hell away from us,» Joe said. So with the fastest move in «grenade volleyball» history, Redmond dived at the airborne grenade and with two hands slapped it down a small ravine bordering the path he was on.

No one in the patrol was hurt and PFC Joe Redmond has been voted «Volleyball Player of the Year» in his Company.

**STAY ALERT**  
and  
**STAY ALIVE**  
**COMPLACENCY KILLS**

# DIPLOMAT and WARRIOR

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- CG . . . . . Brig. Gen. WILLARD PEARSON
- IO . . . . . Maj. IVAN G. WORRELL
- OIC . . . . . Lt. EDWARD SCHILLO
- EDITOR . . . . . Sp4 MICHAEL H. HAAS



DAK TO — After seventeen days of fierce jungle fighting the men of the 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry march past the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division Command Post where they were greeted by (Right-Left) Brigadier General Willard Pearson, Brigade Commander; Brigadier General (Ret), S.L.A. Marshall; Colonel Quack Danh, Commander of the 42d ARVN Regiment; and Major Hayward Allen, Senior Military Advisor of the 42d Regiment.

(Photo by Sp4/Richard Houghton)

# 1/327 Marches Home After 17 Day Fight

By Sgt Bob Willman

DAK TO. — «It's wonderful,» stated PFC Bernard Clemon, as he sagged down on a sandbag lighting a cigarette and puffing with a sense of relaxation.

Word had come down that the 1st Battalion 327th Infantry was to move back for a well-deserved rest. With high spirits, these rugged paratroopers began a nine-mile cross-country trip using the Army's oldest mode of transportation, the shoeleather transit system, which is well known to paratroopers of the 1st Brigade.

The battalion force departed at first light and arrived at the Brigade Command Post area around noon the same day. One trooper made the remark, «I would have crawled all the way, just to get a shower.»

It was evident these battle scarred fighting men were in tremendous physical shape after 17 days of fierce jungle fighting in the central highlands of South Vietnam. «All these men need is a couple of days to charge their batteries and they will be ready to go again,» remarked Major John M. McDonald, battalion operations officer.

Showers and hot meals followed cold drinks served the troopers at the climax of the «forced march,» Maj-

or David Hackworth, the Battalion Commander, commented, «This is by far the greatest group of fighting men I have ever commanded. They deserve this rest.» When asked about the spirit of his men, he said, «They have reconfirmed my faith in the American fighting man. We really have a new breed of young heroes that deserve maximum credit.»

## Funny Leaflets

By Lt. John Hensley

DAK TO. — «The VC must really be stupid to believe we would do something like that,» remarked the bearded paratrooper as he picked up a North Vietnamese propaganda leaflet.

The leaflets stated, among other things, «Refuse to obey all orders to carry out mopping up operations to kill the Vietnamese people or attack their armed forces.»

This was one of two leaflets distributed against American paratroopers of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division during Operation Hawthorne in the central highlands north of Dak To.

The second propaganda leaflet stated, «There is no safe place for you, and «It's a hell of a life — mosquitoes, ants, leeches, poisonous snakes, spike traps, mines, and sniper fire.»

The leaflets are obviously based on pacifist movements initiated in the United States with statements quoted from such people as Senator Wayne Morris and organizations such as «The Youth Against War And Fascism Organization in New York.»

The leaflets are also closely related to unsigned letters received last Christmas by officers and non-commissioned officers of the brigade telling them to «get out of Vietnam,» «refuse to obey their leaders,» etc.

But such communist attempts are totally ineffective. As United States forces commander, General William C. Westmoreland, said last week at Dak To, «the paratroopers reaction to the leaflets was one of laughter.»

# Book About Brigade To Be Written

By Sgt Bob Barry

DAK TO. — «The new book will have as great a variety of action as 'Night Drop' and should be better than 'Pork Chop Hill'.» These were the words of Brigadier General (Ret) S.L.A. Marshall, commenting on his upcoming book involving the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division's activities on two highly successful operations.

The celebrated journalist has spent the better part of two months in the II Corps area compiling facts from Operation Crazy Horse (1st Cav), Austin VI and Hawthorne — the latter being the most successful operations the Screaming Eagles have had since arriving in Vietnam last July.

«The way I size the material up it's all good and solid,» the retired military historian said. He went on to explain that each part of the planned book is a story in itself. «I've been able to gather twice the information for this book as I had for Pork Chop Hill,» he said enthusiastically.

General Marshall spent time with both Colonel Henry Emerson and Major David Hackworth, Commander of the 2d Battalion, 502d Infantry and 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry respectively. He also acquired much of his material from the trooper of both units. When asked how he compared the troopers of today to

eral Omar Bradley were made Honorary members of the 101st Airborne Division more than twenty years ago and to the best of his knowledge «we are the only two so honored.»

Although he has not decided on a final title for the new book he said the working title is «Monsoon Warfare.»

those of World War II General Marshall said frankly, «These men are far superior.»

He took great pride in explaining that he and Gen-



Actor John Wayne gladly writes his autograph for PFC Richard Jacaruso, from New York, N.Y., a paratrooper of the 2nd Battalion Airborne, 502nd Infantry, while other 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division paratroopers look on. (Photo by Sp4 Richard Houghton).

## John Wayne Visits Screaming Eagles

By Sgt Bob Barry

DAK TO. — Movie combat hero John «Duke» Wayne paid a visit to the famous 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division at Dak To last week. Although rushed for time the rugged hollywood veteran made a quick tour of the brigades infantry battalions, stopping to sign autographs for the troopers.

The «Duke» spoke to Captain Bill Carpenter, Commander of Company C, 2d Battalion 502d Infantry. «I've heard quite a bit about you Captain.» Captain Carpenter smiled and said, «I've heard more about you Mr. Wayne!»

Short as his visit was, John Wayne gave the battle weary troopers of the «Always First» Brigade a few fond memories to write home about, and at Dak To there are very few of them.

# "Gunfighter" Lauds Aviation Company For Heroics During Hawthorne

By Capt Gregg Bond

DAK TO. — A proud but battle weary battalion commander of the 101st Airborne Infantry Division, Lieutenant Colonel Henry E. Emerson, made a special trip by helicopter recently to address members of a veteran aviation company in their base camp at Dak To, Republic of Vietnam. His sole mission was to personally commend and thank each member of the 117th Aviation Company (Airmobile Light) for their acts of heroism and outstanding services performed during Operation Hawthorne, 3 June to 20 June 1966.

Lieutenant Colonel Emerson, known locally as «Gunfighter,» stood surrounded by the entire company as he welcomed them as individual members of his Strike Force. «You are now part of our unit,» he said, «in every battle and every mission. Our victory is your victory.»

He continued, «Your accomplishments have been totally remarkable. The amount of enemy exposure that your pilots and crewmembers have subjected themselves in areas of hostile fire defies description.

«Gunfighter» summarized the successful operation with final statistics, battle experiences, and significant tactics that «changed the tide.» He explained his New Frontier Strategy that, for the first time in Vietnam, has established offensive front lines. «From now on,»

he concluded, «the Strike Force, with your assistance, will stop them at the border — coming and going.» Before departing to join his units in combat, he met and congratulated every member of the aviation company.

The 117th has provided the 101st Airborne Division with continuous aviation support since late August 1965 at An Khe, Vietnam. Other units they have supported included the ROK Marines, American and Vietnamese Special Forces, and numerous ARVN divisions.

During two-week Operation Hawthorne, this veteran helicopter company compiled a remarkable combat record with the 101st. They conducted 11 combat air assaults with Strike Force troopers, flew a total of 836 combat hours, 3,321 sorties,

and completed 1,197 day and night tasks. The airmobile company airlifted 3,921 troopers in combat operations and transported a total of 115,200 pounds of cargo. They also performed hazardous medical evacuations, emergency resupplies, and conducted close air fire support for the Infantry. Their types of aircraft included UH-1D utility and UH-1B armed aerial assault helicopters.



«We are the big brothers of the South Vietnamese soldiers. We have come to rid your country of the Communists,» said Brigadier General Willard Pearson, Commander of the 1st Brigade. The general was speaking to the people of Tan Canh on Solidarity Day arranged by the 42d ARVN Regiment. (Photo by Sp/4 Richard Houghton)

## Solidarity Day For Tan Canh Villagers

DAK TO. — In an effort to better explain the combined efforts of the American and South Vietnamese soldiers the town of Tan Canh was treated to Solidarity Day by the 42d ARVN Infantry Regiment and 1st Brigade, of the 101st Airborne Division.

For weeks now the people of this small highland community have seen both the American paratroopers and steadfast ARVN soldiers venture into the jungles to do battle with the invaders from the north on the operation dubbed Hawthorne. Just one day prior to the termination of the operation which claimed more than one thousand North Vietnamese soldiers Lt. Col. Quock Danh, Commander of the ARVN 42d Regiment and Brigadier General Willard Pearson, 1st Brigade, Commanding General spoke to the people of Tan Canh.

«We are the big brothers of the South Vietnamese soldiers. We have come to rid your country of the communists,» General Pearson, said. He then showed the people the weapons and North Vietnamese prisoners his soldiers captured during the battle for the Dak Ta Kan Valley.

To prove to the citizens gathered in the town square that the two forces were indeed fighting side by side, General Pearson placed a floral wreath at the Tan Canh Memorial Monument and Vietnamese girls hung

six American paratroopers.

Colonel Danh told the people that the common goal of the Free World Forces is to preserve the freedom of South Vietnam, and as the people looked around them as ARVN and American soldiers stood side by side in victory, they understood a little more.

strings of multi colored flowers around the necks of

## Awards & Decorations

Colonel Theodore C. Mataxis, Deputy Commander of the 1st Brigade presented the following decorations in a ceremony on 21 June to members of the 1st Battalion (Airborne), 327th Infantry.

### (SILVER STAR)

- 2/Lt Dennis R. Foley
2/Lt Leland A. Roy

### (BRONZE STAR WITH V)

- 2/Lt Leland A. Roy
PFC John W. Knight
PFC Phillip Tischman

### (ARCOM WITH V)

- 2/Lt Eugene R. New
PFC Bennett Dancy
Sgt Douglas V. Hicks
Sp/4 Lloyd Brown Jr.
Sp/4 Montford A. Desouza
PFC Jerald T. Dominguez

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Place Stamp Here

(8 cents Airmail)
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To:

Address lines for the sender.

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Answer to Previous Puzzle

### ACROSS

- 1-A state (abbr.)
4-Postscript (abbr.)
6-Dinner course
11-Stew
13-Puffed up
15-Master of ceremonies (abbr.)
16-Salt solution
18-Pitch
19-Affirmative
21-Wife of Geraint
22-Printer's measure
23-Mate
26-Lamprey
28-Reach across
31-Periods of time
33-Symbol for tellurium
34-Cooled lava
35-Number
38-Music: as written
39-Preposition
40-Note of scale
41-God of love
43-Repair
45-Goal
47-Struck
50-Sun god
52-Roman road
53-Mournful
56-Encounter
58-Interconnection
60-101 (Roman number)
61-Sculptured likeness
63-Suppose
65-Entertain
66-Saint (abbr.)
67-Fondle

### DOWN

- 1-Host
2-Intertwine
3-Symbol for silver
4-More refined
5-Chore
6-Sowers
7-Man's nickname
8-Tardy
9-Make amends
10-Lair
12-River in Siberia
14-Prefix: down
17-Baseball team
20-Resort
24-Poker stake
25-Rodent
27-Short jacket
28-Grant use of
29-Saltate
30-Ache
32-Identical
36-Bitter vetch
37-Oric nominated (abbr.)
42-Location
44-Abstract being
46-Fantasy
48-A state
49-Confident hope
51-Aleutian island

Grid for crossword puzzle with letters filled in.

- 54-Highest point
55-Food program
56-Manuscript (abbr.)
57-Greek letter
59-Steamship (abbr.)
62-Pronoun
64-Above

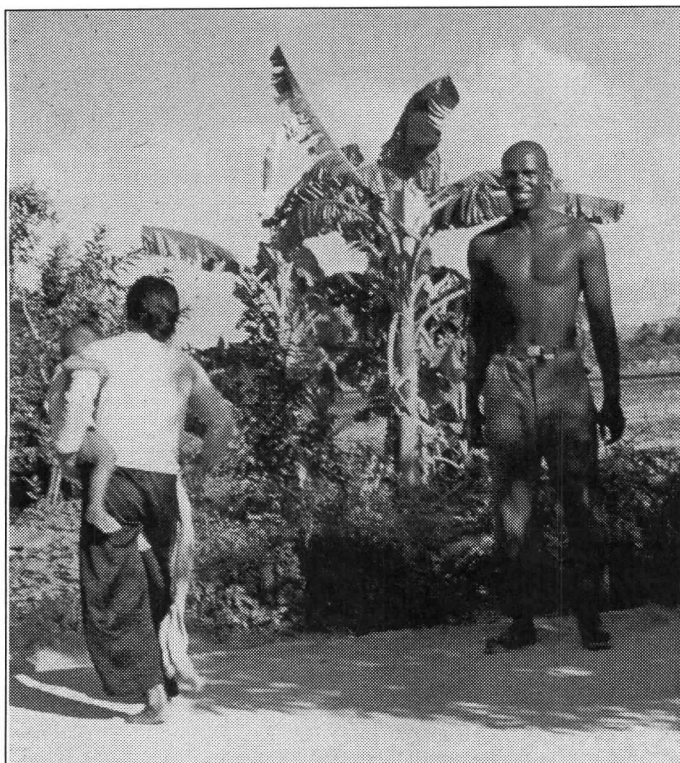
Grid for crossword puzzle with numbers indicating starting positions.

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# “Sweet Daddy Grace” Reuben L. Garnett



## “Sweet Daddy Grace” Reuben L. Garnett KIA 4 Mar 66 My Phu

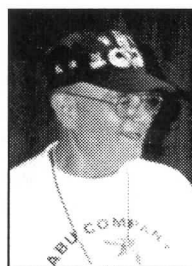
My Phu in Vietnam on 4 March 1966, to some may seem like an unimaginable place, far in the past. However, to others of us, it's as though it was only yesterday in a place never to be forgotten. It seems as though yesterday that SP4 Reuben L. Garnett, Jr., was taken from us to become a sky soldier. Reuben made a massive and everlasting impression on everyone he met, which wasn't influenced by his great size but by his character, charisma, presence and an infectious smile that I still see to this day. I was so captured by that smile, along with his charisma, that it made the situation more tolerable by allowing me to escape from the realities of war. It was just yesterday that we met because his presence in my life was truly unforgettable. Unforgettable, that's what you are, Reuben, and the very thought of you brings a smile to my face as I remember your smile. On 4 March 1966, some gave all and went from the wings of Eagles to the wings of Angels. Reuben was one, never to be forgotten, who always was and will forever be "Above The Rest."

Sgt. Galen G. Mitchell  
3rd Plat. Co. A 1st Bn. (Abn.), 327th Inf  
1st Bde 101st Abn Div

*Editor's Note: More photos of the Garnetts, Reynold Martinez and the men of Abu Company will appear in future issues as I can identify those in the pictures.*



(L to R) Ken Potts, 1/327 C 12/66-12/67, ISG(R) Reynold A. Martinez, 1/327 A 5/64-3/66 and Mrs. Bertha E. Garnett at the Phoenix Reunion.



**Reynold A. Martinez**

ISG(R) Reynold A. Martinez, 1/327 A 5/64-3/66, is a man who exemplifies the meaning of friendship that does not fade with time.

His friend Specialist Fourth Class Rueben L. Garnett, A Company 1/327, was Killed In Action on March 4, 1966, in Viet Nam.

Reynold contacted and has established a special relationship with his friend's family, Rueben's mother Mrs. Bertha E. Garnett and sister Elaine Garnett, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

In preparation for the 1st Brigade (S) Reunion in Phoenix in September of 2004, Reynold designed and had produced Abu Company T-shirts so that all Abu Company veterans at the reunion would be identified as ABUs. He made arrangements for Rueben's mother and sister to fly to Phoenix and attend the reunion and meet other ABUs who were friends and served with Rueben.

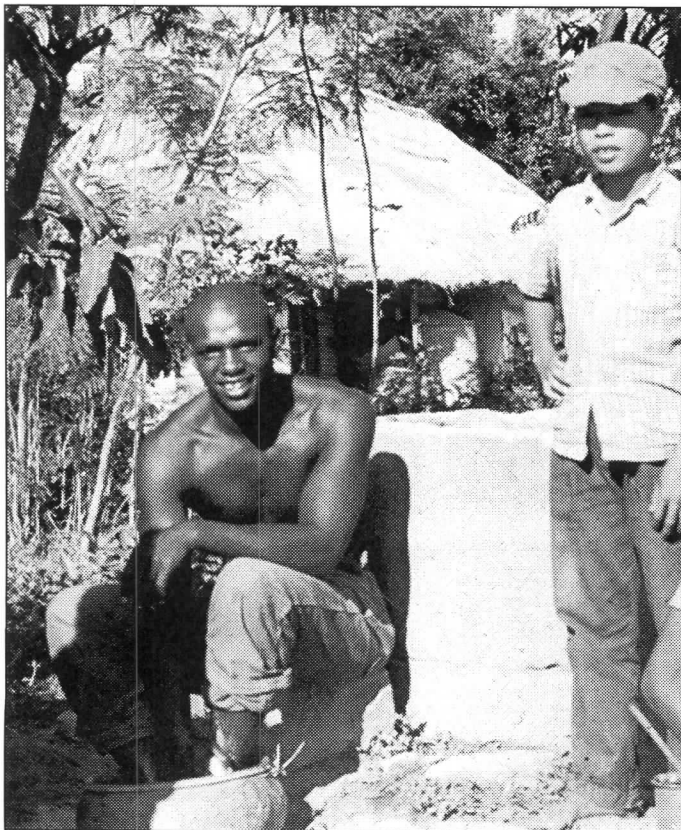
Mrs. Garnett and Elaine were recognized for the loss of a son and brother. At the Saturday evening dinner Mrs. Garnett expressed her thanks for the reception she and her daughter were accorded at the reunion and both were seen throughout the reunion surrounded by veterans of A Company 1/327 and other Viet Nam vets.



(L to R) The late SP4 Rueben Garnett's sister Elaine Garnett and his mother Mrs. Bertha E. Garnett at the Saturday Night Banquet at the Phoenix Reunion.



A plaque that Reynold Martinez had made for the Garnett family showing all Rueben Garnett's awards and decorations.



Specialist Fourth Class Rueben L. Garnett A Company 1/327 in Viet Nam.



## WEEK OF THE EAGLES 2005

From: COL(R) Larry A. Redmond, 2/327 A 5/67-2/68, <A327NoSlack@aol.com>

Sent: Tuesday, May 31, 2005 1:32 PM

Subject: WOE Update

I attended the Week of the Eagles at Fort Campbell last week. It was quite a glory pill.

The Regiment is in fine shape, "tired" from the effort expended in transforming to the new Unit of Action Concept but ready to go. The Bastogne Brigade now is basically a unit capable of employment as a separate battle element with its own maneuver, fire support, reconnaissance and combat support slice. Pretty damned impressive.

The DMOR (Distinguished Member of the Regiment) Ceremony was superb and many of the inductees were back at Fort Campbell for the first time in many years. The Regiment laid on a great series of equipment displays and a lunch in the Dining Facility that would knock your socks off. Believe me several of my old troopers from A Co No Slack brought their brides expecting "mess hall" chow only to be treated to a superb meal of steak, crabs legs and every other kind of food one could have wanted. Several of the ladies were absolutely overwhelmed having heard their husbands talk about C Rats and Mess Hall Chow. Quite an experience.

The Regiment also announced the new Honorary Command Sergeant Major, SGT MAJ Jordan Jeffcoat. There was a very moving ceremony where the outgoing HCSM, CSM Joe Bossi was honored for his nine years of unstinting service to the Regiment and all its soldiers, past and present. As was stated publicly, the Regiment has gained a second and valuable asset in that they now have a serving and a past HCSM to support the Regiment. Keen and true observation.

One of the real highlights after lunch and the DMOR Ceremony was the unveiling of the new Club Monument for Operation Iraqi Freedom AND the unveiling of the 13 Pavers, one for each of the KIA for Operation Iraqi Freedom. Let me say that the Sergeants Major of the Regiment went over board to make the PAVER unveiling a smashing success. They received the Pavers, bought as you know by our former members of the Regiment, at 1600 on Tuesday afternoon. By Wednesday morning they had built and painted a display board that you will see in one of the pictures I am sending. Not sure how they did it, but someone worked overnight. I believe there were four or five "families" of the KIAs present for



the Monument unveiling who were totally overpowered by the unexpected unveiling of the PAVERS. Several folks stood by the PAVERS for a long time, at least one lady with tears in her eyes.

I want to express my thanks, and those of Mike O'Connell, to ALL our past members of the Regiment who donated for this worthy and patriotic cause in memory of our fallen. Following the unveiling of the PAVERS at the Regimental area they were then moved to the Division Monument and were placed in the ground and ready for the Honor Eagle Ceremony the following afternoon. I pray that we do not have to do this following the next deployment but it surely was a great and much appreciated gesture. Again thanks to all who contributed to this project.

The Division Review on Thursday was fantastic. The Old and Bold, to steal a line from my days with the Brit Paras, marched first and darned if I didn't get tears in my eyes as we heard the loud and continued cheers and clapping from the stands. I almost have tears as I type this. The Division pass in review was great, and an awesome sight. The Screaming Eagles are ready and will do well when they deploy.

That afternoon I attended the Honor Eagle Ceremony at the Division Memorial purchased by the Division Association to honor all our soldiers who ever wore or will wear the Screaming Eagle. That was another glory pill particularly when I walked down and saw those pavers for our 327th KIAs in the ground at the base of the



(L to R) Richard A. Luttrell, 2/327 A 4/67-3/68 and COL(R) Larry A. Redmond, 2/327 A 5/67-2/68, stand by the display of markers for the 327 soldiers killed in Iraq after the unveiling of the pavers.

monument. Truly a moving experience to stand there and realize we had made this happen in their honor.

That evening there was a fantastic barbecue under the biggest tent I have seen in a long time. Great music, great comradery and the chow was good too.

I must pass on a great big attaboy to CSM Joe Bossi for his efforts at providing a fantastic hospitality room at the Holiday Inn Express, the host hotel for our gathering. Plenty of chow and an inexhaustible supply of cold brew.

Also, we had an almost constant presence of four to eight troopers from the Bastogne Brigade in the hospitality room talking with our past troopers of ALL Division units. I suspect Bastogne Brigade CSM Rory Malloy had a hand in that effort. My tip of the hat to Rory. Those troops were super and I hope they had as good a time talking with we old timers as we did talking with them. A great bunch of Americans all.

Next time we do this I hope a lot more of you can be there to see how great your old unit is and to honor the men and women fighting for our freedom. It would be fantastic to put together a Battalion size pass in review of the Old and the Bold. Just my midget thought. Can we do it?

Lots of former members of the Regiment were in attendance, Gene Perry, Tom and Lois Sewell, LTG John Miller, LTG Jim Johnson, Tom and Mary Dohnke, Rich and Carol Luttrell, Terry Wren, Herb Williams, Joe and Donna Berry, Joe Bossi- past Honorary CSM of the Regiment, current HCSM Jordan Jeffcoat, Gary Bridges, the Honorary Colonel of the Regiment and many more whose names escape me at the moment and for which I am deeply sorry, and in their debt for being so forgetful.

Overall, a grand Week of the Eagles and great Glory Pill. Honor and Country.

Larry Redmond  
COL U S Army Retired  
327th Governor to the 101st Airborne Association  
A327NoSlack

*Editor's Note: Space would not allow a good representation of the Distinguished Members of the Regiment and other awards in this magazine. Watch the October magazine for more.*



## New Subscribers

March 3, 2005 through  
June 15, 2005

LTC(R) Richard S. Ambrose  
1/327 B 12/65-2/66 - 1/10  
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LTG(R) Steven L. Arnold  
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Big Canoe, GA 30143

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2/327 A 7/67-7/68 - 10/05  
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2/327 A 7/67-10/67 - 1/06  
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Angel Joe Delahaut  
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2/327 A 6/67-6/68 - 10/05  
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Willie Polk  
2/502 A 8/66-7/67 - 1/06  
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COL(R) Marvin Rosenstein  
2/327 HQ 5/66-7/67 - 1/06  
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Harker Heights, TX 76548

SFC(R) Forman Ross  
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LT(R) David R. Sablan  
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James W. Wallace  
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## Renewals

March 3, 2005 through  
June 15, 2005

SSG George J. Abrego  
326 MED D 1/66-3/67 - 4/06  
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2/502 A 7/67-7/68 - 4/06  
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Tim Swain FOR  
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unit & dates ? - 4/06  
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LTG(R) Henry E. (Hank) Emerson  
CO 2/502 65-66 - 4/06  
3233 West Shore Dr.  
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William L. Engardio  
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SFC(R) Floyd W. Flynt  
501 SIG HHC 5/67-4/68 - 4/06  
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S-5 6/65-10/65 - 1/06  
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175 Springton Rd.  
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Ronald H. Gardner  
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1123 Fairlane Drive  
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COL(R) Melvin Garten  
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M. Saladeen-"J C Gayton"  
SPT BN C(501 Sup)3/67-3/68-1/06  
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537 Andrea Circle  
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CSM(R) Hal S. Gladson  
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Bill Glaze  
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Patrick H. Graves Jr.  
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0236

COL(R) Gerald R.(Bob) Harkins  
1/327 HHC&B 6/66-6/67 - 4/07  
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Lewis S. Henry  
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Mrs. Joseph E. Hicks  
Family (Joseph E.) - 4/06  
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2/320 Arty HHQ 4/67-11/67-4/06  
550 Lioners Creek Rd.  
Dallastown, PA 17313-9502

Tim Swain FOR  
Donald Korman  
1/327 65-66 - 4/06  
14333 Thompson Blvd.  
Cleveland, OH 44142

Gary D. Kraft  
2/320 FA C Btry 2/64-6/66-4/06  
9653 W. St. Martins Rd.  
Franklin, WI 53132-9794

Randall E. Kramer  
HQ 6/67-10/67 - 4/06  
510 Whitworth Ave. So.  
Renton, WA 98055-2415

Ben Lam  
2/502 HQ 65-71 - 4/06  
3002 Albany Court  
Woodbridge, VA 22193-1208

COL(R) Gerard Landry  
2/502 A 7/64-7/66 - 4/07  
6240 Split Creek Lane  
Alexandria, VA 22312

James M. Lane  
326 ENGR A 5/66-5/67 - 4/06  
1105 So. H Street  
Port Angeles, WA 98363

William V. Larsen  
2/327 B EIT 65-7/66 - 4/06  
442 Otisco Drive  
Westfield, NJ 07090-2716

Rayford W. Latham  
2/327 C EIT 10/64-5/66 - 4/06  
1627 Delwood Circle  
Scottsboro, AL 35769-4040

COL(R) Bernard J. Lawless  
2/502 B 10/66-10/67 - 1/06  
2706 Colleen Dr.  
Canyon Lake, TX 78133-5336

Otis C. LeCompte  
2/502 HQ&B 10/66-5/68 - 4/06  
84 Bond Road  
Clayton, AL 36016

Edward F. Lewin  
2/502 C 12/67-12/68 - 4/06  
6822 Dunoon Court  
Miami Lakes, FL 33014-6002

John H. Lewis  
1/327 A 1/64-8/66 - 4/06  
425 W. Regent St., # 11  
Inglewood, CA 90301-1183

David Lindwall  
2/327 C 1/67-10/67 - 1/10  
136 Newbolds Corner Rd.  
Southampton, NJ 08088

Bob Shuta FOR  
Lloyd Lowe  
2/502 Arty Liaison 67-68 - 1/06  
909 Joeard Lane  
St. Charles, MO 63301

Tim Swain FOR  
COL(R) Henrik O. (Hank) Lunde  
2/502 A 6/65-6/66 - 4/06  
3615 Fox Hill Dr.  
Chambersburg, PA 17201-7058

MSG(R) Edwin C. Lundquist  
2/327 C 65-66 - 4/06  
407 - 25th St. NW  
Hickory, NC 28601-4533

Richard A. Luttrell  
2/327 A 4/67-3/68 - 4/06  
27 Taft Drive  
Rochester, IL 62563-9200

Kevin M. McCabe  
2/320 HHC 12/65-6/68 - 4/06  
3406 Washington St.  
Bethlehem, PA 18020-6502

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1/327 C 3/66-11/66 - 4/06  
5 Bayard Rd.  
Amberson Towers #518  
Pittsburgh, PA 15213-1905

CSM(R) John R. "Russ" McDonald  
1/327 C 1/64-7/68 - 4/06  
3010 Caldwell Road, Condo 205  
Ashland City, TN 37015-3948

Michael McFadden \$  
2/502 A 6/66-6/67 - 4/06  
2864 Sloat Road  
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SFC(R) Malcolm G. McHoul  
326 MED D 7/65-5/66 - 4/06  
1000 Idlewild Dr. W  
Dunedin, FL 34698-3101

Michael R. McKenzie  
2/327 RECON 9/66-9/67 - 4/07  
206 Elm St.  
Ypsilant, MI 48197-2722

COL(R) Richard R. Maglin  
2/17 CAV A 6/66-6/67 - 4/06  
123 Red Oak Trail  
La Grange, GA 30240-6508

Tim Swain FOR  
Francine Mahak  
Family(BG Timothy) - 4/06  
1326 Harrison Avenue  
Salt Lake City, UT 84105

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2/502 C 6/67-5/68 - 4/06  
615 Old Harriman Hwy.  
Harriman, TN 37748-3918

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1/327 C 10/66-10/67 - 4/06  
3410 Adelaide Drive  
Erie, PA 16510-2102

Ronald S. Martin  
2/327 Att A,B,C 4/66-8/66-1/06  
11148 Big Canoe  
Jasper, GA 30143-5100

Ben Melton  
2/320 Arty 11/66-9/67 - 4/06  
4978 Oak Point Drive  
Shreveport, LA 71107-7409

Larry F. Melton  
1/327 B 6/67-7/68 - 4/06  
8901 Surrey Drive  
Pendleton, IN 46064-9335

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2/502 C 4/66-11/66 - 4/06  
7892 Willow Springs Dr. #1521  
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1/327 HHC,B&C 1/64-7/66 - 4/06  
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Haddon Heights, NJ 08035-1829

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BDE HHC 12/66-12/67 - 4/07  
810 Martin Ln.  
Radcliff, KY 40160-1826

Nick Mihalic  
2/327 HHQ 2/67-8/67 - 4/06  
605 13th Ave.  
Belmar, NJ 07719

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2/17 CAV A 4/67-4/68 - 4/06  
73 Priest Rd.  
Nottingham, NH 03290-6203

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2/502 RECON HHC 4/66-4/67-4/06  
10285 Princess Sarit Way  
Santee, CA 92071-1278

SGM(R) Ivar T. Modtland  
ADMIN A 6/66-11/67 - 4/06  
PMB 107  
15201 N. Cleveland Ave.  
N. Ft. Myers, FL 33903-2714

James J. Moffat  
181 MI Det. 9/65-9/66 - 4/06  
1158 Redwood Dr.  
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2/320 FA Btry C 3/67-2/68-1/06  
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1/327 T.F. 11/66-11/67 - 1/06  
Box 1084  
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1325 Hoopes Ave., Apt. 4  
Idaho Falls, ID 83404

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1/327 B & HQ 6/66-6/67 - 4/06  
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COL(R) Robert C. Murphy  
2/502 C 6/65-4/66 - 4/06  
P.O. Box 15574  
Fernandina Bch, FL 32035

Jack J. Nelson \$  
2/502 E & A 9/66-4/67 - 4/06  
3371 Brodie Way  
Palm Harbor, FL 34684-3503

R. Pat Noonan  
2/327 A 10/65-10/66 - 4/06  
3477 Township Ave.  
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613 Lori Drive  
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6152 Pohick Station Drive  
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Glendora, CA 91740-5442

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James Pahriss  
unit & dates ? - 4/06  
302 Ova Edwards Ct.  
Jonesborough, TN 37659-6092

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Lynda Park  
Family (Gardner MOH) - 4/06  
Route 1, Box 11  
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308 Elder Street  
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18709 Whirlaway Rd.  
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2024 Country Club Rd.  
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358 Fishcreek Rd.  
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2616 Diamond Meadows Ct  
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2617 Spruce Creek Blvd  
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31 Oakwood Dr.  
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Jim Rizzi  
2/502 Recon 6/67-7/68 - 4/06  
9 May Ct.  
Stony Point, NY 10980

Lloyd W. Roberts  
2/502 B 1/66-2/66 - 4/06  
114 N. Eastland Dr.  
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1440 Maple Lane  
West Fargo, ND 58078-3415

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2/327 B 4/67-2/68 - 4/06  
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3408 N. Barcus Ave.  
Fresno, CA 93722

LTG(R) Donald E. Rosenblum  
2/327 CO 6/66-6/67 - 4/06  
32 E. Bull St.  
Savannah, GA 31401-3355

LTC(R) William (Bill) Rovon  
2/327 HQ&A 6/66-5/67 - 4/06  
1271 Hickory Cove Ln., #2  
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Jesse H. Ruder Jr.  
2/502 dates ? - 4/06  
912 E. Meadowmere Lane  
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1890 California Ave.  
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4838 Autumn Lane  
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2/320 FA A Btry 7/65-6/66 - 1/06  
18311 Short Road  
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3395 Early Avenue  
Lima, OH 45801-1164

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2/502 HQ 3/67-3/68 - 1/06  
P.O. Box 264  
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316 Lynn Lane  
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HHC 67-68 - 4/06  
2828 E 700 N, RR 1, Box 88  
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41st ARTY E Atch 3/67-4/67-4/06  
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812 S. Jefferson St.  
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546 Fentress Lookout  
Falls of Rough, KY 40119-6230

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111 E. Morningside Dr.  
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1327 Beverly Lane  
Bloomington, IL 61701-6931

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1/501 SIG B 6/65-7/66 - 4/06  
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Lutz, FL 33549-6904

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1611 Antelope Trail  
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2/502 B 7/65-6/66 - 4/06  
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1 Medley Lane  
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271 Prospect Circle  
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20321 Estero Garden Circle,#204  
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7204 Sleepsoft Circle  
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LTC(R) Bliss W. "Zeke" Wilder  
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5622 N 13000 W Rd.  
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3312 West Street  
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CSM(R) Robert A. Young  
HHC CSM 6/66-6/67 - 4/06  
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Green City, MO 63545-1024

\$ = Above Subscription Price

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## Address Corrections

March 3, 2005 through  
June 15, 2005

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46 APU 1/67-1/68 - 4/06  
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1SGT(R) S.Z."Rick" Grabianowski  
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1/327 HHC 5/67-5/68 - 4/06  
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2/320 HHB&B 7/65-6/66 - 10/04  
20321 Estero Garden Circle,#204  
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William E. Walker  
1/327 HHC 6/67-12/69 - 4/06  
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Brownwood, TX 76801

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## Bad Addresses

March 3, 2005 through  
June 15, 2005

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HHC MP 7/65-6/66 - 4/02  
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Gus Blumenfeld 2/17 CAV A 6/67-8/68 - 6/99 263 Zvarick Rd. Collegeville, PA 19426	Vincent Dayoc 1/327 B 12/65-11/66 - 4/01 106 Dunwoody Dr. Jacksonville, NC 28546-8344	Victor K. Jenkins 2/320 FA A 63-66 - 6/00 2518 Old Dover Rd. Woodlawn, TN 37191-9043	"Spike" Miller 2/502 HQ 11/66-9/68 - 1/02 616 Airpark Drive Oceano, CA 93445
Larry J. Bowman 3/506 C 5/68-11/68 - 7/00 5870 Broomes Island Rd Port Republic, MD 20676-2107	Jon A. Every-Clayton 1/327 A 6/66-6/67 - 6/99 438 Old Trail Baltimore, MD 21212	Franklin L. Knickerbocker 2/327 HHC 7/65-1/66 - 4/02 1492 Ridge Top Way Clearwater, FL 33765-1732	Lemuel Payne 2/502 C 4/66-6/68 - 10/01 43 S. Floridale St. Louis, MO 63135
Jack Browder 2/502 A 4/66-4/67 - 4/01 7023 Mallard Way Plainfield, IN 46168-7338	Frank J. Frantzen 1/327 11/65-11/66 - 6/99 4815 W. Braker Ln #502-334 Austin, TX 78759-5618	Richard E. Knight, Jr. 2/327 E 7/67-7/68 - 4/01 P.O. Box 1227 Bisbee, AZ 85603-2227	Raymond St. Clair 2/502 A 12/65-9/66 - 1/05 P.O. Box 254 Wayne, WV 25570-0254
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**Editor's Note; Mrs. Matheson sent me copies of the pages from the funeral guest book. These are the names of 1st Brigade (S) Veterans I could identify who attended the service. They are listed in the order the guest book was signed.**

LTG(R) Robert G. Yerks "Greyhound" 2/327 Bn CO 67-68	COL(R) Roman Rondiak "Road Runner 6" 2/327 B 6/66-6/67	CSM(R) Warren Eichelberger, Sr. 1/327 C 4/66-1/67	BG(R) Oscar E. Davis HHC 3/67-8/67
Jim and Sue Allen HHC 67-68	LTC(R) C. Thomas Furgeson 2/327 A & HHC 5/66-5/67 and 10th SFG	Terry L. Wren 2/327 A 4/67-2/68	Joan C. Miller wife of LTG(R) John E. Miller 2/327 B 67-68 (who was out of the country)
LTG(R) Charley Otstott 2/502 A 7/67-7/68	COL(R) John P. and Barbara Lawton 2/327 A 66-10/67	COL(R) Edwin P. "Ted" and Diane Geesey HHC 5/67-5/68	COL(R) Richard I. "Rip" and Marlys Porter 2/327 HHQ 4/67-4/68
COL(R) Elliott P. "Bud" and Jean Sydnor 1/327 HHC 8/67-8/68	LTC(R) Richard S. Ambrose 1/327 B 12/65-2/66	Joe K. Berry 2/327 A 12/67-8/69	Ralph and Jean Puckett 2/502 CO 7/67-3/68
LTC (R) John W. and Bernice Gilboux 2/327 HQ 66-67	Howard (Dan) Danford 2/502 6/67-6/68	Herbert D. Williams, III 2/327 A&B 7/67-6/68	LTC(R) Richard C. Schonberger 2/327 HHC 7/66-7/67
Billy E. and Melba Spangler INFO OFF 67-68	Barry Hana HQ-PIO 2/67-3/68	LTC(R) Carlos J. and Carole Melendez HHC AVN 66-67	Ben Lam 2/502 HQ 65-71
COL(R) Gerard & Young-Lan Landry 2/502 A 7/64-7/66	Tom and Claudia Larson HHC 1st BDE 1/67-1/68	COL(R) Larry A. and Mary Redmond 2/327 A 5/67-2/68	MG(R) Ben L. Harrison 10th Combat AVN 7/66-7/67
COL(R) Othar J. Shalikhavilli 2/502 HQ 67	Cordell Godboldte 2/502 C 67	George C. Fallon 2/327 Hawks 1/67-1/68	COL(R) David "Dave" Fletcher 1/327 B 67-68
	MAJ(R) Ivan Worrell INFO OFF 5/66-5/67	Richard A. Luttrell 2/327 A 4/67-3/68	CSM(R) Joseph M. Bossi 2/327 HHC 6/66-7/67
		Jesse W. and Chloe Myers 2/327 HHC&C 6/67-6/68	BG(R) John W. "Rip" Collins, III DCO 7-12/67 CO 12/67-7/68





Issue #1



Issue #2



Issue #3



Issue #4



Issue #5



Issue #6



Issue #7



Issue #8



Issue #9



Issue #10



Issue #11



Issue #12



Issue #13



Issue #14



Issue #15



Issue #16



Issue #17



Issue #18



Issue #19



Issue #20



Issue #21



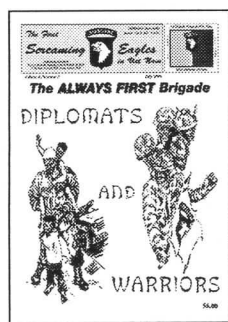
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Issue #24



Issue #25



Issue #26



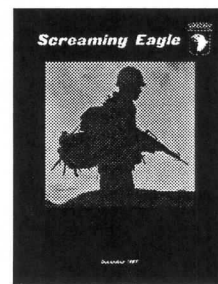
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Dec. '67 Reprint History July '65 - Dec. '67

**1st BRIGADE (SEPARATE) ITEMS FOR SALE**

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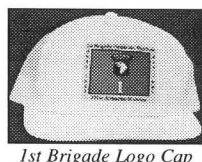
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(Has some surface noise from the 1959 record used to make the new master.)

## 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.



[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.



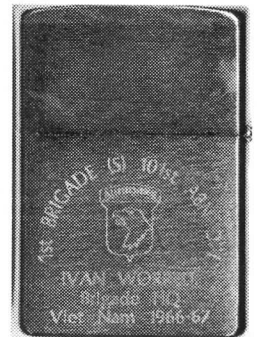
*Viet Nam Odyssey* a comprehensive history of the 1st year the 1st Brigade served in Viet Nam. 108 pages four pages color



The 1st Brigade (S) plastic auto tag is not new but it has been improved. It now can be ordered with magnets on the back so it can be attached to any ferrous metal surface. Regular tag without magnets \$5.00. Improvement costs \$3.00 - total price \$8.00.

## PERSONALIZED ZIPPO LIGHTER

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



See Order Form Page 32

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



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

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## TENTH BIENNIAL REUNION

### FIRST BRIGADE (SEPARATE)

### 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION

### The FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES in VIET NAM

Atlanta, Georgia September 20 –24, 2006

Marriott Atlanta Airport Hotel (in College Park, GA)



Registration will begin on September 20th at noon



Major General (R) Jerry A. White [1/327 A 7/66-7/67] will be our host for a tour of Fort Benning, the New Infantry Museum and lunch on September 21st, 2006. (Bus transportation and lunch estimated at \$30.00)



Memorial Luncheon on September 22nd



1st Brigade (S) Banquet on September 23rd



BIG well stocked Hospitality Room



Large PX (sales area)



Museum display



Book signings by 1st Brigade Authors



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800-228-9290(Ask for 1st Screaming Eagle group rate)



Discounted room rate good three days before and three days after the reunion for those who wish to vacation in the Atlanta area



Active Duty 1st Brigade leaders will be asked to brief veterans on state of the brigade if they are not deployed.



Detailed itinerary and registration information available soon. At press time contract not signed.

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

### THE VALLEY OF DEATH

We pushed the enemy into a large valley containing a village surrounded by rice paddies. Our platoon was responsible to secure the entrance to a high-speed trail leading out of the valley. Normally, the policy to never set up in the same place more than one night was strictly adhered to. Now, we had to stay in a vulnerable position that another platoon had stayed at the night before and had received enemy fire.

We dug our foxholes extra deep and suspected the enemy would try to break through our perimeter after dark. Two men in the foxhole next to me were particularly antsy. It was their last mission. All they had to do was make it through a few more days and then leave Vietnam. They went out in front of our foxholes and placed a trip-flare with a Claymore mine behind it. If the enemy stepped on the trip-flare wire, the flare would emit bright light for about a minute. The men could then squeeze the detonator from their foxhole and the C-4 plastic explosive in the Claymore mine would blast hundreds of little pellets at the enemy. I was supposed to place hand grenades near the front of my foxhole to use during an attack. If you used a rifle after dark, the bright flash emitted from the barrel created a target for the enemy to shoot at. The enemy couldn't see which way a grenade was coming from.

Just as I laid my head back to fall asleep I heard a pop sound come from outside the perimeter. I sat up to see a trail of red light go over my head and land in the center of the perimeter. An immediate explosion and concussion proved an enemy soldier shot a rifle grenade into the center of our perimeter. I slithered into my foxhole and realized I'd forgot to put out any grenades. Then the trip-flare went off. Seconds clicked by and the Claymore didn't go off, so I raised my rifle and fired up the whole area on automatic. Before my twenty rounds ran out the Claymore went off. I ducked down in the foxhole as dirt and rocks came flying back on me through the air. The trip-flare went out and we were again in complete darkness. I crawled over to the next foxhole to see why it took so long to set off the Claymore.

It was lucky the grenade landed in a deep trench in the center of the perimeter. The walls of the trench protected nearby soldiers from the shrapnel. I couldn't really blame the soldiers

with the Claymore for not detonating it faster because I also forgot to put out grenades. The two soldiers grabbed the detonator and squeezed it, but the mine didn't go off. By the time they realized the wire connected to it was unplugged, too much time had elapsed for the mine to be effective. The wire had been plugged in properly, but they tied the wire to a big rock located on the front of their foxhole. The wire stretched and pulled loose in the fury of grabbing the detonator. At least we stopped the enemy from escaping from the valley because they didn't try to do it again.

The next day after one of our Companies swept through the village, we didn't worry about the enemy any more. They didn't exist. We did have to worry about the villagers though. They were airlifted to a rehabilitation camp. It was planned for them to be brought back after an attitude adjustment. The biggest problem with the villagers was how to feed them. Now, our new job was “cowboy.” When the shooting started all the cows and water buffalo in the valley ran up into the surrounding hills. It was now our job to round them up and push them back to the valley. Helicopters airlifted them out for the villagers to have food. We formed in lines of soldiers with the half wild cows in front of us and forced them back to the rice paddies. It was hard to stay in lines in the rice paddies because if you stepped off one of the dikes you would sink in mud up to your waist. One of the big bulls in front of me turned to run back but I just stared at him and kept walking toward him. If he charged I would have shot him so he acquiesced to my determination. About the time we got the cows rounded up in one central place the Battalion Commander flew over in his helicopter. He came in low for a close look at what we were doing. Unfortunately, he scared the cows and they broke loose again. It took all the rest of the day to get them back in the valley again. At least “Cowboys” had horses. All we had under us was a good set of jungle boots.

During that mission I sincerely believed I was going to be killed. About the 30<sup>th</sup> of May I prepared to write my last letter home. It was difficult to decide whether I should or not because I knew it would cause my family pain. It would have been the last time to tell them how much they meant to me. In the end, it was a good thing I didn't. I would have had a very hard time explaining how I came back to life again. They raised so much fuss when I wrote them about the first time I got wounded, that it was a good choice not to say anything. If I died they would just have to understand that I loved them. Being killed in spirit is almost as bad as the real thing. I was so frightened and depressed after that mission I was measuring every step as if it was my last. A strange thing snapped me out of it. The rear area mail clerk was a friend of mine. Even though he never went to the field, he worked very diligently to make sure we all got our mail as fast as possible. On the wooden door of his mailroom was a sign. “Yea, though we walk through the valley of death, we fear no evil. For we are the meanest Mother F—ers in the valley.” At the time, I thought it was pretty brave language. I just came out of that valley and I wasn't feeling very brave. Humor can pull you out of a slump. All humorous situations have a touch of truth, since the irony in the statement is what makes it funny. We were without a doubt the meanest soldiers in the world.

Ken Taylor



**THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM**

**Ivan Worrell, Editor and Publisher**  
117 1/2 North Main Street  
Post Office Box 675  
Sweetwater, TN 37874-0675

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e-mail: worrell@usit.net

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

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

Advertisements for products and services do not constitute an endorsement by the editor and publisher.

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

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

# Deadline

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

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORM

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This magazine is produced by and for veterans of the ALWAYS FIRST BRIGADE who served in the brigade from July 1965 through January 1968. The publication will chronicle the military history and accomplishments of veterans who served, as well as units that were assigned, attached or supported the brigade. The editor solicits material about the brigade for use in the magazine and for future publication in a book that will contain a comprehensive history of the brigade.

Another goal of the editor is to lead an initiative to place a monument, to honor members of the brigade, at the Wings of LIBERTY Military Museum at Fort Campbell, Kentucky (the museum will be located on the Tennessee side of Fort Campbell).

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

### STATIC LINE

Don Lassen

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

### 101st Airborne Division Association

Jordan L. Jeffcoat

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

### 327th ABN INF Assoc (Vietnam)

David S. Cook

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

### THE AIRBORNE QUARTERLY

COL (R) William E. Weber

10301 McKinstry Mill Road  
New Windsor, MD 21776-7903  
Phone: 410-775-7733  
FAX: 410-775-7760  
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**INSIDE BACK COVER**

The following will give you some insight into the contents of this magazine. Each subscriber who has helped to bring you these stories and photographs deserves many thanks.

**DAVE HACKWORTH FUNERAL . . . . .PAGES 1 – 5**  
Special thanks to Tim Swain, HHC S-2 65, Tom Willard, 1/327 RECON Med 7-11/65, and to Soldiers for the Truth for the material that made the story of the life and funeral of David Hackworth possible.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . . . .PAGES 6 –11**  
Messages from and about 1st Brigade (S) veterans gathered from the brigade web site, e-mails and letters sent through the US Postal Service. The majority of the letters are from subscribers although messages from those who do not subscribe to the magazine are welcome.

**OBITUARIES . . . . .PAGE 11**  
No real obituaries this quarter although death notices were sent on four individuals. The obituary of Col Ed Abood will appear in the October magazine.

**IN THIS VALLEY THERE ARE TIGERS . . . . .PAGES 12 – 16**  
The fourth and final installment of Chapter Nine of a book by CWO4(R) Charles A. McDonald, 1/327 C 3/66-11/66. This installment concludes his account of C Company 1/327 during Operation Hawthorne in the summer of 1966.

**STATIC LINE AWARDS . . . . .PAGE 16**  
Because space was restricted the few pictures used of the Static Line Awards will be augmented in future issues of the magazine. Congratulations to CSM(R) Robert A. Young, HHC CSM 6/66-6/67, who was honored as the 1st Brigade (S) MAN OF THE YEAR.

**DIPLOMAT AND WARRIOR . . . . .PAGES 17 – 20**  
Volume 1, Number 8 dated July 1, 1966 of the 1st Brigade unit weekly newspaper contains stories about Dak To, Tuy Hoa and a heads up on a book being written by S. L. A. Marshal about the actions during Operation Hawthorne.

**SWEET DADDY GRACE . . . . .PAGES 21- 22**  
A story about Reuben L. Garnett, KIA 4 March 1966, his family and how the ABUs led by 1SG(R) Reynold A. Martinez, 1/327 A 5/64-3/66, honor him and his mother and sister.

**WEEK OF THE EAGLES . . . . .PAGES 22 –23**  
After action report written by COL(R) Larry A. Redmond, 2/327 A 5/67-2/68, that touches on all the important events during Week of the Eagles 2005. More coverage will be published in the future.

**SUBSCRIBERS' LIST . . . . .PAGES 24 – 30**  
The subscribers' list includes new subscribers, renewing subscribers, address corrections and bad addresses gleaned from returned mail. Help with bad addresses will be appreciated.

**ITEMS FOR SALE . . . . .PAGES 31 – 33**  
The items for sale are shown on pages 31 and 33 with an order blank printed on page 32.

**1ST BRIGADE REUNION 2006 . . . . .PAGE 34**  
This is a heads up for the 06 reunion. When the magazine went to the printer a contract had not been signed. This information should allow all who want to attend to make long-range plans.

**ON EAGLES WINGS . . . . .PAGE 35**  
Yet another in an ongoing series of the experiences of Kenneth B. Taylor, 2/327 C 8/66-8/67. This episode is titled The Valley of Death.

**AIRBORNE ORGANIZATIONS . . . . .PAGE 36**  
Some airborne associations and publications of possible interest to readers of The First SCREAMING EAGLES in Viet Nam.

**PUBLICATION INFORMATION . . . . .PAGE 36**  
This page contains information about the 1st Brigade (S) magazine along with deadline notice for the October 2005 issue, change of address form and a form that can be used to send the name and address of a fellow 1st Brigade (S) veteran who is not a subscriber and should be listed in the data base so he can be sent material about subscribing to the magazine and notices of 1st Brigade reunions.

**FIRST RENEWAL NOTICE FOR JULY 2005 EXPIRATIONS**

*If your mailing label shows this date.*

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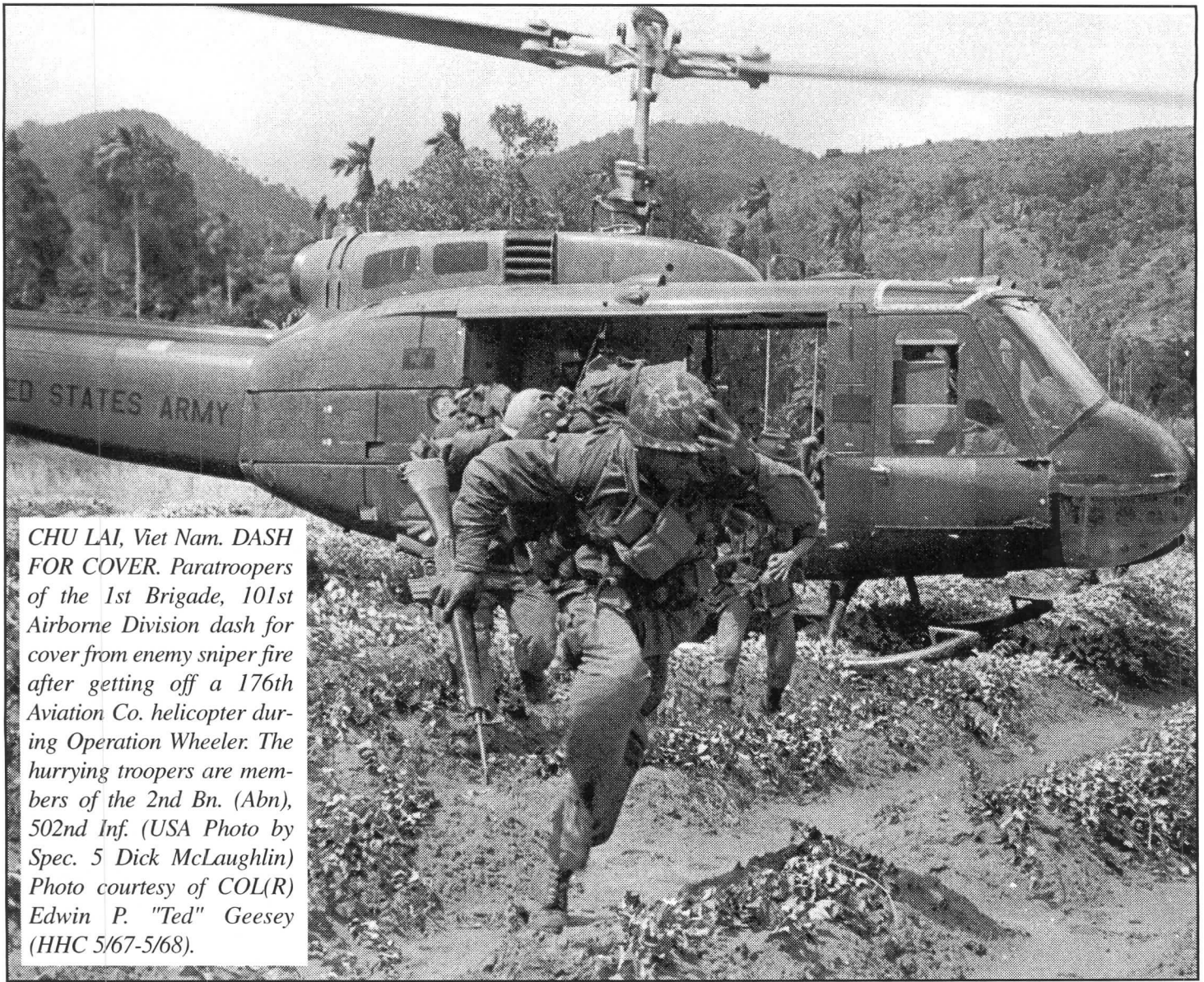
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