

*The First
Screaming*

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



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*Eagles
in Viet Nam*

1st Brigade (Separate) Viet Nam



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The ALWAYS FIRST Brigade



REINFORCEMENTS

The process of gathering information for this issue of the magazine has been slowed by some preoccupation with the September reunion in Atlanta. As you can see from the reunion report, registrations are coming in very well when the length of time before the reunion is considered. I am excited about my effort to put together the best team to make the reunion a great experience for all who attend.

I have been asked about breaking the reunion fee to a number of separate fees for each part of the event. That is administratively near impossible when you consider that I have no chapter in Atlanta and that I will be required to personally enlist all the help we have. My goal is to try to make it possible for all who attend to enjoy the reunion events and not have to volunteer for work that will narrow their opportunity to visit with friends and enjoy the reunion events. FOR those who volunteer to help I will be eternally grateful. Try to get your reunion registrations in as early as possible so the planning process that will make everything work smoothly will be easier.

The 101st Airborne Division Association 327 and 502 governors and other leaders are putting on a concerted drive to obtain paving stones (to be placed around the 101st Monument at Fort Campbell), for each of the soldiers Killed In Action in the 1st [327] and 2nd [502] Brigade Task Forces in Iraq. The 327 has 11 KIA to date on this tour and Phil Dow, 327th/401st Governor, 451 Vichy Hills Drive, Ukiah, CA 95482, is raising the money for the 327 pavers. DMOR Charles R. Gant, 502 Governor, [2/502 A&D 12/67-12/68], 4306 Filmore Road, Greensboro, NC 27409-9721 is raising money for 39 pavers now required for 502 KIA. Each paver requires a donation of \$101.00.

We have had many veterans of the 1st Brigade (S) in Viet Nam come out of the woodwork since publicity has started to promote the September reunion. If you have names and addresses of 1st Brigade (S) veterans please send them to me and I will send them information about the reunion and the magazine. Most who call have seen the reunion publicized in a military publication and wish they had known about our activities sooner.

This magazine is produced by and for veterans of the ALWAYS FIRST BRIGADE who served in the brigade from July 1965 through April 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).



Former Company Commanders of C Company 1/327 who attended the 2005 reunion at Cobra Lake near Crossville, Tennessee are (R to L) in order of their command time are: MAJ (R) Ivan Worrell Commander when the company was part of the 1st Airborne Battle Group, 327th Airborne Infantry in 1966 – 1967 he was responsible for designating the unit Cobra Company; LTC (R) Allen C. De Graw, 1/327 CO C 7/65-7/66 ELT deployed with the company to Viet Nam and led Cold Steel Cobra in its first combat since WWII; Captain Peter A. Lind, 1-327IN C Company 11/2000 – 6/2003, he was the Company Commander when the 1st Brigade first deployed to Iraq, Pete is now assigned to the Ranger Regiment; Captain Joe Cimato 1-327IN C Company 6/2003 – 11/2004, Joe commanded the company in Iraq and was the commander when they returned to the U. S.; Captain Cedric Burden 1-327IN C Company 11/2004 - ? was getting the company ready to deploy to Iraq for a second tour at the time of the reunion last June.

I have a concern that all should be aware of. Many subscribers have pushed their subscriptions far in advance some until 2010 and 2011 and my concern is that I may not be around to publish the magazine until their subscription runs out. One subscriber insisted that I should have a Life Subscription. I told him that a life subscription would only last as long as I live. So he sent \$100.00 and said he would see who lasted the longest. Seriously, long subscriptions are a crapshoot. I hope to find someone to take over the publication when I feel I am no longer capable but I have no assurance that I will be able to. So, you should now know that you push your subscriptions far into the future at your own peril. I do not foresee any refunds.

Keep the cards and letters and pictures and clippings and other material coming. Without you the magazine could not be published.



The cover this month is again by Raymond Brown who did the majority of the illustrations for VIETNAM ODYSSEY.



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MOST PUBLICIZED BATTLE OF VIETNAM

Captain Carpenter's action won headlines in America and praise from President Johnson. A new hero was made. But what really happened on Carpenter's mountain?

When Captain William S. Carpenter, Jr., of Springfield, Pennsylvania, and once one of West Point's most famous football ends, led forth Charley Company at seven o'clock on the morning of June 8, 1966, it was with the feeling that the day would yield nothing worth writing home about. Almost the entire Second Battalion of the 502nd Regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Henry (Hank) Emerson, felt touchy and frustrated. Except for Able Company, its units had come a little late to the Battle of Toumorong (Operation Hawthorne), staged far to the west in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam, and the laurels of the early action were with another outfit.

Then, when it was committed, the Second Battalion had been landed by Hueys at least four miles west and north of the battle zone, a tactical miscalculation which Brigadier General Willard Pearson later charged against himself, for the record. There followed a full day of futile bush-beating southward along the jungle trails, of which nothing came to the troops except greater fatigue, a plague of tree leeches, and a sense of missing the show.

Charley Company, taking the field for the first time under Carpenter's leadership, though he was on his second tour in Vietnam, had maintained an ambush position throughout the night that followed the march southeastward. Missing most of its sleep, it had seen nothing worth noting and heard not one suspicious sound.

Now, on June eighth, Emerson, whose nickname was the Gunfighter, had told Carpenter to move to the base, or thereabouts, of Hill 1073, a stride of only 500 meters from the ambush site.

The Company advanced in three platoon columns under a clear sky, the right and left flanks being separated by about 400 meters. The center column guided on a one-squad point which kept 200 meters to the fore. Just as the point squad reached the base of Hill 1073, an enemy soldier came out of a side trail equidistant between this scout element and the main body. Five men of the platoon fired and at least one dealt him a fatal bullet. He proved to be a medical laboratory technician laden with the equipment of his workshop.

No time was lost in speculating about his gadgets. Because the contact had taken place, First Platoon continued marching up the first finger of the great ridge for about 600 meters. Then and there it stopped, though not because it was confronted by a far-spread and seemingly unoccupied complex of enemy bunkers, lean-tos, and trenches. According to the map, First Platoon was just about to go past the boundary with Major David Hackworth's Battalion, which in operations tight or loose is a very real trespass. Carpenter told the men to go into a defensive perimeter and hold steady.



Republic of Viet Nam, Tumorany, Kon Tum, Prov., 6 Jun 1966

A Co 326th Engr Bn 101st Abn Div

During Operation Hawthorne to make it possible to withdraw ARVN troops and equipment from a camp near Tumorany in the Prov. of Kon Tum after it had been under Viet Cong attack for 21 days, the 1st Plt of Co A 326th Engr Bn built a bridge. Trees were cut and the bridge was completed within 12 hours.

Four stringers are in place and the last one is being wenched across the stream.

Billy Colwell is the bulldozer operator.

Photo by: Sgt Bernie Mangiboyat, 69th Pictorial Plt (SVSG-S-4143-5/AGA-66)

Meanwhile his headquarters people and the Fourth Platoon had converged along the bank of a broad creek curving around the base of Hill 1073. Then Third Platoon came abreast of the same creek, 350 meters from them. It was a refreshing setting for a fall-out lasting two minutes.

Three enemy soldiers popped out of a side trail several rods to the rear of where Fourth Platoon idled. One man—the Vietnamese interpreter—was looking in the right direction and, seeing them, cried warning. First Sergeant Walter J. Sabalauski, probably the oldest fighter in the line in Vietnam, whirled, fired, and killed the front man—range 20 meters. He also wounded the second man who swiftly vanished uptrail. Sabalauski is somewhat heavy for sprinting. So Sergeants Nicholas R. Sorenberger and William E. Cummings took out after the quarry. He evaded. But 50 meters or so above the creek they ran into another Charley, walking toward them and carrying two water pails, and they killed him.

Coincidentally (the time was exactly ten o'clock) Carpenter got a call on the radio telephone from Emerson. His message was this: "Hackworth requests that you back off 1,000 meters to the north. There you will block any trails pointing to the east. Hack is about to call for a tac air strike against Hill 1073 and he doesn't want any of your people to get hurt."

To troops not averse to being noticed, that signal was a heart-breaker. Carpenter read it as a portent that another day's hunting

would be wasted. Emerson, too, rated it as a down for no gain and very unfeeling on Hackworth's part. Here they were just about to get their teeth into something worth biting and the other Battalion, for reasons of prudence, was taking it away from them. On the other hand, there was the outside chance that the enemy force that had manned the bunker line might be trying for a getaway to the north and could be overtaken, a contingency seeming so remote that it offered no consolation. While field soldiers may not yearn for a fight, they positively abhor marching and countermarching to no positive end.



The bridge is operational and Billy Colwell can be seen squatting on the ground just to the drivers left and Platoon Sergeant Williams (no shirt) is squatting to the rear of the 3/4 ton truck used to test the bridge deck.

The Company marched directly north from 10:00 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. with no contact, a four-and-one-half-hour haul which carried them considerably farther than 1,000 meters. Most of the way the trail ran straight through a flat grown thick with elephant grass standing much higher than a man. It was a welcome respite from hard exertion, though the day was hot and the sun so bright that they did not damp their boots in crossing the green sea of grass. They climbed the first finger of another ridge walling the valley to the north. That leg proved to be a man-killer. Atop the first finger, Carpenter, though in prime condition, felt so blown that he rested his men for twenty minutes. After that, continuing the march, Carpenter modified his order, and bore directly southeast on the next leg for another 700 meters, simply so that the Company could cross over the second ridge finger at a lower elevation and with less sweat.

"Get Ready for a Fight"

It was a small decision when he made it, a minor digression from the instruction given him, but there was reason enough for it: to exhaust a company prior to engagement is one certain way to lose it.

When the point of First Platoon passed the crest of the second finger and started downgrade, a wide creek threaded the draw about 70 meters ahead of it. The same stream, twisting through the ridges, ran past Hackworth's position still lower down.

Sergeant Thomas Delemeter of Jackson, Michigan, a wiry and highly articulate soldier, was playing lead scout for the Company column. Suddenly he halted, raised his hand, and the squad

stopped. First Platoon then closed up on the point. Delemeter said to Lieutenant Bill Jordan, "I hear voices to my front—loud voices—maybe a platoon or more—speaking Vietnamese—I'd say 200 meters away."

Jordan listened for a minute and nodded to Delemeter. Then he called Carpenter, to say, "I've got Charley 200 meters to my front. Shall I continue on the present azimuth or go for Charley?"

The question sounds like jabberwocky—as if he were contradicting himself. But the azimuth would take him straight toward the voices, though by doing so the column would risk the hazard of crossing the draw under observation. By orthodox tactics, if he were to attack, he would move up the finger on which he was standing to juncture with the third finger, then come down on the enemy.

Without hesitating, Carpenter said, "We'll go for Charley."

Carpenter next called Lieutenant James Baker, leader of Third Platoon, and said, "Get ready for a fight." The platoons would attack up the ridge finger. Jordan's men, already standing in file on the right ground, had only to face left to be deployed correctly. Baker's platoon would close up and come in on Jordan's left flank if such an additional commitment became necessary.

At that point, four enemy soldiers appeared on the other bank of the stream. Three had come with the obvious intention of washing mess utensils and clothing. The fourth man's errand, if more urgent, was no less clear. In one hand he carried a roll of toilet paper—a fastidious touch in guerrilla warfare—and he already squatted with his back to the stream. Here was no scout party, no decoy, but the tokens of a force at ease and unalarmed.

Delemeter, who remained on the extreme right when the platoon faced left, took all of this in. He said to Specialist Fourth Class Walter Williams, "I don't like to bother anyone in that position, but that Charley shouldn't be fouling the stream. You try to get the others." Delemeter killed his man. The others, if they were hit at all, instantly scampered away into the bamboo.

The same kind of thing had been done with impunity in the early morning. This time it was a mistake. Even as the sounds of the shooting died, First Platoon was in motion advancing up the finger. Within five minutes, according to Delemeter, who is the most reliable witness on time intervals, every man was flat on the ground, pinned by the fire of four automatic weapons which from the immediate right flank swept directly above the platoon line, virtually paralyzing it. That it came so quickly, unexpectedly, and accurately compounded the shock.

Luck Running the Other Way

Here is the most startling note in the story, more incredible than Carpenter's audacious action minutes later. There were no prepared enemy positions high on the finger; no force had been deployed in front of First Platoon. The enemy soldiers, having fallen out for a rest period, then becoming alerted by the few rounds fired at the four men along the creek, had whipped around the draw and begun their counterattack as if they had inspired knowledge of how the Americans would try to develop the action.

Yet this was blind chance. First Sergeant Sabalauski, the grizzled combat hand from Palm Beach, Florida, knew it immediately. It





Top officers of the South Vietnamese Army were on hand to make awards to 1st Brigade soldiers following Operation Hawthorne near Dak To in Kontum Province.

was a meeting engagement, pure and simple, and all the luck was running the other way. He said bitterly to Carpenter, "Damn it, we catch them flat-footed. They jump to it and start firing. They are not firing at us; we are walking into it." Now some instinct told him that things would keep going from bad to worse.

So far, however, their losses, if any, were trifling. Stalling all movement was the steady drone of bullets and the explosive crackling of the bamboo overhead. The thicket was so dense at ground level that, once the men flattened, they saw little or nothing of one another. To wiggle directly forward was impossible, due to the clumps of snarled bamboo which they could only slither around, twisting sideways. Some of them fired during the crawl but their aim had to be forward lest they shoot one another; the automatic weapons were flailing them from the right flank only. In the first five minutes, though they saw not one enemy soldier, they did not move more than five meters. Delemeter got a machine gun going on the right flank. Two grenades sailed in on him and exploded just beyond his right elbow. The corner of a clump of bamboo shielded his body from the blast. He wiggled his way toward the left of the line.

Carpenter called Emerson on the radio telephone to tell him, "First Platoon is in trouble and I'm about to commit Third Platoon."

Said the Gunfighter, "Go right ahead; be sure to police the field of all weapons when the fight is over." There could not have been a more untimely admonition, though Emerson had no way of knowing it.

Carpenter replied, "Believe me, it's not a question of doing anything like that. We're under heavy fire, repeat, heavy fire."

Ten minutes after Jordan had attacked, Baker came in with Third Platoon on the left side of the ridge finger. One hundred extra meters of bush had given this unit insulation against the heat and most of the noise of the fight, and its members had no premonition of crisis. Neither did Emerson. He figured this problem as a sideshow, a small tangle quickly to be straightened. It was no

more apparent to him than to the driver that the chariot was skidding and about to careen out of control.

Emerson held sway in an almost-closed-off bower just inside the jungle. Just about triple the size of a conventional living room, and with hardly more height, this chamber was devoid of hanging vines, flowering creepers, and projecting limbs. The floor was hard-packed red earth nearly barren of decaying vegetation. The walls and green roof were of such tightly intertwined foliage that, with the sun high, the bower was less than half-lighted. It was natural only in that nature was an auxiliary architect. The portal to a jungle trail that had been hacked out and kept that way by the Vietcong, it was the work of years. Gnarled and knotted bamboo so hemmed it in that the air was stale and lifeless.

The trail ascended sharply and directly from the rear of the chamber, and for the first thirty feet was terraced at three levels. Ferns in all sizes, some higher than a man, flanked the trail. There were also wild banana trees, coconut palms, and breadfruit in this jungle. It might have been a good place for a picnic, on a cooler day.

Here was the right setting for the man now dominating it. The Gunfighter always runs a shooting contest in a mood of keen excitement. His voice is charged; his normally well-composed face lights up and reddens. Patient with subordinates, he sweats out a fight as moistly as any of his soldiers and he leans to the action so wholly that he stands on tiptoe when he talks things out on the radio.

The Battalion Command Post was about 1,400 meters from Carpenter. Except for the first finger of the ridge mass where the fight was going on, the way between was the flat valley covered with elephant grass. Captain Ronald Brown was with Emerson, wondering if his Alpha Company was due for another fire call. Many of his men were sprawled about the enclosure, sleeping, resting, or engaging in small talk, hardly heeding the course of the fight. Their languor was in utter contrast with Emerson's tautness.

When Lieutenant Baker brought his men of Third Platoon into line, Carpenter's position was slightly to the left of First Platoon and about 25 meters to the rear of Baker's closest flank. Still, Carpenter could not see any one of his soldiers, owing to the thickness of the bush. Suddenly, however, he could feel fire coming against his CP position from an entirely new direction. Off the third finger of the ridge rising from the creek bed where Delemeter had shot the squatting man, an automatic gun raked the ground all around him.

So far, not one man had been killed in the Company. But within the last few seconds, every man in the headquarters element, except Carpenter, one radio operator, Private First Class Ellman, and one medic, Spec 4 Baldinger, had been wounded. Sergeant Sabalauski became so busy playing aid man, and jockeying riflemen forward, that he had no impression of how the fight was developing.

Carpenter told Lieutenant Bryan Robbins, commanding Fourth Platoon (Heavy Weapons), "Move on over the creek and clean out that high ground." The Platoon moved rightward all of 15 meters. There it was beaten to earth by fire from two machine guns.

Third Platoon, deploying at a right angle to Fourth Platoon's direction, got to a few yards beyond First's ragged line, where it was beaten down by automatic fire coming, this time, from the front.



Sergeant Robert Hanna, its NCO leader, and a very rugged character, who was on right of the formation, couldn't take this embarrassment lying down.

He called to Sergeant James Young of Summersville, West Virginia, leading Second Squad of First Platoon, "Get your asses on up here and we'll start moving again."

They crawled along five or six meters, then stopped once more when a swath of machine-gun bullets cut just above their heads. Lieutenant Baker was then at least two lengths ahead of any of his men. Delemeter couldn't see Baker but he thought he heard Baker call out something not far behind him. It sounded like, "Move on."

Lieutenant Jordan called to Delemeter, "Move on! Get forward!"

Delemeter yelled back, "I can't. I'm already in front of Third Platoon."

Spec 4 Williams called out, "Medic! Medic!" Williams also was to Delemeter's rear.

Delemeter yelled, "What for?"

From Williams: "They just shot Yracheta." (Pfc Senen Yracheta was the Second Squad's grenadier.)

Delemeter yelled, "Then you stay with him, Big Will. He needs you."

By that time, the fire fight had been going not more than fifteen minutes. There were no tall trees in this bush, and practically no canopy. A strong sunlight filtered down to them. They could have seen well enough had not their noses been so close to bush and earth. Delemeter looked at his watch occasionally. He was amazed that the seconds were going so slowly.

Neither Carpenter nor Sabalauski was as yet aware of any crisis threatening Third Platoon, and until then, there had been none. Emerson, out of respect for Carpenter's judgment and steadiness, was suddenly feeling more urgent about the Company situation. He knew that "Ragged Scooper," the forward air controller, was up there above the ridge somewhere, and that some of his ships were on tap, should there be a call for help. The lines—friend and enemy—were so closely joined that any such call seemed unlikely. But he had given the word to Ragged Scooper: "Get over to those coordinates; I have an element in trouble."

The real thing came swiftly.

Sergeant Young heard a cry ring out from his left: "The Platoon leader's hit!" He did not know it was Sergeant Hanna who had yelled, and Young had not seen Baker fall, though neither man was more than 12 yards from him. Hanna was on radio, talking to Carpenter: "Lieutenant Baker has been killed by a machine-gun burst. Otherwise, we're not being hurt too much by fire from out front. But they've now swung around us—in the draw on our left. Grenades are coming in."

Delemeter was close enough to get an impression of these things. He had heard Hanna cry, "Check Lieutenant Baker!" Someone else shouted an answer, "He got it in the head." But he remembered also Hanna saying to Carpenter, "I think most of our Platoon is done."

There followed, in an instant or so, a great blast from the same

direction as the voice he had just heard. Delemeter was certain it was a rocket exploding. Young, who had propped himself to look at Hanna, knew better. He saw it happen. Two grenades, bouncing right together, exploded next to Hanna as he turned to move away from the instrument; one blew off both of his legs, the other shattered his skull.

Young saw the body lifted by the blow, then fall broken. Still, he yelled, "Hanna, Hanna, get up!"

"I'm the Only Live Person Left"

That was when Carpenter got a call over the Third Platoon radio; it had been shielded from the blast by Hanna's body. The voice did not identify itself. It screamed hysterically, "Hanna's dead. The lieutenant's dead. I'm the only live person left here. I can't see anybody. Grenades are coming in on me." The voice broke off before there was time for Carpenter to answer.

Carpenter did not know for days afterward who had called him. Young knew at once. He had seen Sergeant James Harding, already badly wounded through the right wrist and arm, drag himself to the radio and had heard him talk to Carpenter. But Young caught only a word here and there and had no idea of the impact on Carpenter.

Such was the spur-of-the-moment information that Carpenter acted upon. The anonymity of the call particularly disturbed him. But he also knew something of the situation right around himself and felt its pressure.

Senior Medic Schuyler was out of action, mortally wounded by three bullets. Aid Men Quattochi, Pickens, and Baldinger had also been hit while dragging other wounded a little to the rear. Only Quattochi, shot through the shoulder, and Baldinger, with bullet wounds in both legs, continued to crawl from man to man, bandaging them and administering albumin.

Delemeter and Young had gone as flat as possible. No man any longer fired from either platoon. Grenades and bullets were breaking into the ground at too terrifying a rate. (The men who survived in the forward line bear witness that, whether or not the Company was itself beaten at that clutch, they personally felt themselves doomed.)

Carpenter had been talking on-and-off to Battalion Headquarters since the start of action. He now said to Emerson, "They're right in among us. We're being overrun. I've got to have napalm dropped right on my position." (The bravado tag line, "We'll take some of them with us," must have been a bit of embroidery added later by the press. Such stories do improve with age. Carpenter had no recollection of saying any such thing.) Carpenter added, "I'll throw out yellow smoke," and fitted the action to his words. From somewhere aloft Ragged Scooper said, "I see it."

What no one had reckoned on was the speed with which the napalm would be delivered. There was no time to warn either platoon of what was coming, which may have been just as well. The ship already was directly above them. Within one-half minute, giving a few seconds either way, the fiery stuff splashed amid the bamboo tops, to become broken and diffused by it. Most of the napalm spilled forward into enemy-held ground in line with the forward motion of the carrier; some of it rebounded against the prone men in the Company line.



More than half of the Company still did not know that Carpenter had taken the desperate gamble or that there had been a napalm attack put on the finger. They heard a sharp crackling in the air as the green bamboo kept exploding from the flame; this, they at first attributed to a sudden increase in the machine-gun fire.

Twelve of the Americans were burned. Only two became stretcher cases. Pfc Edward Garcia later died. Pfc Glenn W. Whitehead, of First Platoon, was ablaze all over, but the fire was so quickly beaten out by several comrades who jumped on him that his life was saved. Spec 4 Charles Hampton and Pfc Joe Hunter were the other more serious cases. Delemeter was burned on the right leg; Sabalauski was splashed on both hands (he did not at first know what had happened, not having heard Carpenter give the order). Sergeant Charles Harris was splashed badly on both arms. Pfc Gerry Smith, already suffering from a gunshot wound, was blistered all along the back.

The immediate reaction of the men in the rifle line was a great sense of relief. They felt better even before they knew what had been done. The fire along their front died instantly and completely. Within a minute, Young had arisen and walked back through the bamboo to where Carpenter was sitting. Delemeter had felt no shock when the stuff came down. He felt good when it was over. He "felt saved." As he arose and walked to the rear, he heard not one shot fired. And he, like all the others, had seen nothing of the enemy while in the forward ground.

Carpenter's immediate reaction was one almost of despair. He thought that at least half of the Company had been wiped out, with part of it being done on his order. He said to Emerson, "I've stopped them but I also hurt myself terribly."

Emerson's reply was, "I want you to know that I am putting you in for the Medal of Honor. You can be sure of that."

Since the pledge was made before Emerson really knew all of the circumstances, either as to whether Carpenter had been justified in what he did, or what had come of it, or how the men felt about it, that was rather indiscreet. But it was also spontaneous; and the words reverberated all the way to Washington, though Leon Daniel of UPI was the only correspondent hanging on them at the Gunfighter's Command Post that afternoon. The Saigon press corps had snubbed the battle of Toumorong from the start.

Praise from the White House

Daniel's story made banner headlines in the *Washington Post* next morning. The President spoke in praise of Captain Carpenter at a press conference. The Pentagon cabled Saigon, "White House praises what Captain Carpenter did; what did he do?" At last, the correspondents flew north like a swarm of locusts. It is an object lesson in how history and heroes are made.

All that Emerson heard on radio during those next few minutes did not relieve his mind or make him feel Carpenter was taking too dim a view. During a twenty-minute lull, the wounded were pulled out, and the able-bodied joined Delemeter, Young, and the other early arrivals lower down on the finger, where Carpenter was holding out. Some of the men were sent back to the burning wood in parties of two or three to gather equipment. Several of the radios and rucksacks were flaming so high that they had to be abandoned.

But where was Third Platoon? Sabalauski had counted noses, then made a swing forward through the bamboo, and had collected not more than a corporal's guard. Sabalauski's first estimate, put through to Emerson, was that "about fifty have been killed." Emerson subsequently acted as though this had been a proper reckoning. It signified that the great part of a three-platoon company had been wiped out. Young and Delemeter would have named about the same figure, had they been asked. Carpenter was too busy with other tasks to question it. The main task was to get the Company regrouped and established in a defensive perimeter right where they were.

On radio Emerson said to him, "Make that circle just as tight as possible. I'll ring the place with artillery. We'll have air strikes. I'll bring in Smokey the Bear [a flare ship]. The 327th will be coming your way. I'm starting Brown and Alpha."

In those minutes, the Gunfighter truly thought that Carpenter had bumped an enemy regiment. He, too, was having his bout with phantasmagoria.

Without a doubt, the desperation of the act, in the light of the information received at the Command Post, conveyed to him that the plight of the Company remained no less desperate. Its Third Platoon was "up the pipe." Half of the Company's strength must have been spent in a few minutes, and what was left of it stayed cornered. Viewing through a glass darkly, Emerson proceeded to take his extraordinary measures toward Carpenter's relief and extrication. Captain Brown and Alpha Company were sent on their way through the sea of elephant grass to reinforce the beleaguered perimeter. Brigade was asked to put Hackworth and his Battalion on a new axis, attacking from Hill 1073 straight toward Carpenter to ease the pressure against him. Though Hackworth and his companions were already heavily beset, the change was made. Thus the whole operation was given a new focus.

A report of the fight, with the grimmest possible overtones, got all the way back to the Brigade's rear base at Phan Rang. Emerson's Executive, Major Donald Schroeder, chanced to be there. On his own, Schroeder organized a provisional company of sixty-five homeward-bound veterans of the Battalion who had served their time and were awaiting a plane to the United States. They were not rarin' to go, but they fell in. This ill-armed, ragtag bunch flew to the scene in borrowed Chinooks. Emerson knew of it when they closed on his Command Post at 9:30 P.M., and Schroeder, saluting, said, "Sir, we are here!" as if speaking for the book. Emerson sent them along the way that Brown and Company had gone.

On the ridge finger, the perimeter in which Carpenter's men settled, after pulling back from the burning bamboo, was a rough circle about forty-five meters in diameter. They had a thirty-minute respite in which to dig and they made the most of it; they dug deep—too deep, as things worked out. When the enemy resumed fire, First Platoon's sector, which faced toward the other finger, got the full treatment. Still, the automatic fire, traversing up and down their slope, "made impossible" (Carpenter's words) any controlled sweep of the area where the Third Platoon had undergone its ordeal. The two wounded Aid Men continued to crawl about and administer care. There could be no medevac; there was no landing zone for it; there had been no opportunity to locate and clear one. They had entered upon the operation with food and ammo to last five days, expecting to stay that long.

Dark came, and with it an electrical storm, lightning in sheets, rain





Religious services were held in the Brigade Headquarters area following the battles to keep Dak To from being overrun by the North Vietnamese Army.

falling the same way. The foxholes filled. The men found it simpler (and also safer) to hunch down deeper into the holes, thereby to soak up more of the water or to push it over the brim, than to bail it out with helmets. There was too much of it for bailing. The downpour slowed the march-up of Alpha Company, the men sliding and falling in the red clay of the trail.

Emerson besought help for Carpenter's people from Smokey the Bear. Illumination might be needed if a counterattack came on. Smokey replied, "I'd rather not fly in such weather." Emerson said, "You must do so," though he did not know the pilot and had, no authority over him. Smokey said, "Okay sir, I'll do it, crash or not."

There was need for Smokey. Brown's Company, having started at 5:00 P.M., made the first 1,000 meters across the flat valley almost at a lope. As they headed uptrail, where the big ridge began, they found trouble. Rifle and automatic fire broke out against the lead squad. Its men hit the dirt. Working to the front of the column, Brown yelled at them, "Get up and push; we can't stop; we have to assault." But two men had been wounded; so the others did not jump up and bound on.

The charge to the crest of the sub-ridge had to be slowly, carefully organized. Brown could not see the position above him but he knew that if the men kept low they would be, most of the way, in defilade. Dark was coming and he wanted a little more of it. When at last they went, it was with a steady upcrawl, followed by a bound, with the front men firing. They thought they killed "at least ten VC," as they swept through the outpost, though no one stopped to count bodies.

Bedeveled by rain and dark as they began the descent to the draw, the column began to drift apart; an automatic rifle harassed them from the low ground ahead. Brown called for Smokey the Bear to come over. While the flare lasted they could see one another and converge again. In the dark interludes, they once more became separated. So they went ahead jerkingly, at a pace no better than 150 meters per hour.

Approaching the ridge finger they had been seeking, Brown got

Carpenter on the radio, saying, "Give me a cluster"—a green hand flare. He saw it only when Carpenter tried for the second time. The position lay directly ahead about 400 meters.

Off to their left, Brown's men could hear enemy voices. So they kept working to the right, away from the trail. Brown wanted no more fighting right then. He passed the word back, "If they come on, try to break contact." A mortar opened fire on them, but the shells went well over. Again the movement was drifting out of control.

Brown called Carpenter, saying, "Have your people fire in the other direction and we will guide on the sound." Without knowing it, they had already closed to within voice range. Carpenter's people yelled "Strike Force!" as an experiment.

Brown's returned the call, "Strike Force!"

Lifted by this cheerleading for the rest of the distance, they closed on the perimeter. Brown took one hour in fitting his men into the position which "ran straight downhill," and had to be almost doubled in size to accommodate him. He got ready to place his last man, Pfc John Deisher. Right then an enemy group that had followed along the trail closed in. There was a heavy volley. Deisher was hit by eleven bullets through the back. Brown, gone flat, felt crushed and miserable. The Company had done so well until that moment.

That happened at one half-hour past midnight. More than one hour later, six wounded men from the Third Platoon who had been marked as "missing" came into the position. Their return moved Carpenter to make a more complete check of bodies—living and dead. He discovered, as so often happens in battle, that things were less black than he thought. There were six killed, sixteen members of Third Platoon remained unaccounted for, and twenty-five of the wounded were rated "gravely" so. No toll was taken of the lightly wounded. There had been no opportunity to count enemy dead and none would come.

At 2:00 A.M. Emerson was given the revised estimate on radio by Sabalauski, who said, "At worst, we have not more than fifteen killed, sixteen missing, and twenty-five seriously wounded." He was extrapolating a bit.

The other relief column was formed of the sixty-five casualties flown in from Phan Rang, reinforced by the other platoon from Charley Company that had returned earlier in the day from a long patrol, having slogged forward under the command of Captain Walter B. Wesley, Commander of Headquarters Company. They did not make it to the top of the first ridge finger.

Emerson had intended to halt them there for the night, in any event. He was already feeling better about the situation. After Brown got to Carpenter, he ceased worrying that the position might be overrun. Besides, three companies of the 327th were pushing toward Carpenter and were only about 700 meters to the south of him. Emerson had no idea that Hackworth's forces were more heavily engaged through this night than were his own, and he would not learn of it until the following morning.

This more sanguine outlook, however, did not bring about the halting of the provisional company. As the front of Wesley's column gained the brow of the first ridge finger, four enemy machine guns opened fire. Ten men of the Charley Company platoon fell



wounded, including the leader, Lieutenant James D. Olienyk, who was shot through the mouth. Pfc Manuel Rodriguez kept crawling, and when he got to the first gun, he threw a grenade, killing the weapon and its crew. So did Pfc Juan Sanchez, who knocked out the second gun. These were the workhorses. Rodriguez and Sanchez then pulled back and dragged the wounded to cover.

Filled with admiration, Wesley concluded that he would have to fight onward with half a platoon—if at all. The casualties from Phan Rang showed no disposition to mix it. With orders in their pockets that would take them home, they lay there under fire, but crawled no closer to its source. He scarcely blamed them. Who could? Reserving to himself his doubts about the casualties, Wesley called Emerson on radio and gave him the ringsider's view of what he was up against.

Emerson said, "Withdraw down the slope until you get away from the fire. Then form a perimeter and hold. I'll get back to you after a while."

When daylight came to Carpenter's position, the rain, which had dropped to a drizzle around three o'clock, again fell in torrents, and kept coming for hours. A low, clinging mist crept upward from the bottoms. These things, combined with the inability of other forces to get to them, the overload of casualties, and the fire that buzzed around their flanks whenever they stirred, were enough to keep them penned for the second day. When dark came, Carpenter decided he must try to move; his wounded had been without skilled medical attention for thirty hours.

Litters—twenty of them—were dropped from a Huey at 11:00

P.M. But there were twenty-six litter cases. They tried carrying the extras—six bearers for each body. It was a brave try, but still no go. An advance guard was put out to hack a path through the bamboo. With entrenching tools, they cut steps in the oozy clay of the trail; the bearers still slipped and fell with the wounded. Begun at midnight, their march out by first light still had not gained 200 meters; the head of the column was only at the base of the finger on which they had fought. Carpenter halted them.

The day was hot and fair. The trails began to dry. Emerson called Captain Wesley and said, "You start hacking your way to them. Don't go over that first finger. Stay more with the low ground." The column veered a little too much to the left, promptly ran into automatic fire, then swung far right, and by luck, bumped into a trail that wound toward Carpenter's position. With Brown's Company leading, Carpenter's column got moving again. They met in midmorning, and by eleven o'clock the wounded and dead were being flown out by Huey from the swale where Wesley's force had set up its perimeter.

General S. L. A. Marshall's Vietnam reports will be part of his next book, "Battles in the Monsoon," to be published in February by Morrow. A combat soldier in World War I, Army historian in World War II, and Detroit "News" military analyst, General Marshall has also written such widely respected works as "Pork Chop Hill" and "Sinai Victory." He will return soon to Vietnam for a fourth visit. Later this year, "Harper's" will publish his report on some non-military aspects of the war.

Harper's Magazine, January 1967



Dak To the 2/502 Leaders

AFTER THE BATTLE ... the 2/502nd leaders during Operation Hawthorne pose for a photograph. They are (L to R) Captain [now LTG (R)] William S. Carpenter, C Company Commander; Battalion Commander, Lieutenant Colonel [now LTG (R)] Henry E. (Hank) Emerson; Captain Walter R. (Ron) Brown, A Company Commander and Captain W. Braden Wesley, Headquarters and Headquarters Company Commander. (Photo by Brigade Information Office photographer was published in VIET NAM ODYSSEY.)

Nick Fondo, 1/327 A 2/66-6/66, 5018 Roosevelt St., Hollywood, FL 33021-4032, (954) 989-2832 sent the article below.

The Silent cries of a Soldier

The Journey Begins

I was born the youngest of five sons. During my adolescent years my Father became a well to do Attorney. As my dad's practice grew, so did his wealth, and I basically became a spoiled little rich kid. I was given a horse for my 10th birthday. We lived on a lake. We had speedboats, canoes, rowboats. No there was nothing I could want for. I started riding in junior rodeos. Later on I started riding rough stock, bulls and saddle broncos. Did this till I was about 17 yrs old.

During the early 1960s' my parents decided to move to Florida. Once again my Dad bought businesses for our family, gas stations, about seven of them. Soon thereafter my Father became sick and the businesses started to fail. As his businesses failed I began hunting gators. My parents never knew of this. I started working on a fish farm where my job was to walk around and kill the snakes that populated the area. They were mainly water moccasins. About a month into this job a rattlesnake hit me. After a short recovery period I decided I was not a happy camper with this job, so I went to work on a cattle ranch in Indian Town Florida.

I decided that I knew everything about everything, Yes, I knew it all. Soon thereafter President L.B.J. made a speech about our great nation being attacked by some far off land I had never heard of. I had read the comics of Sgt. Rock, had seen combat portrayed on television, I could not wait to enlist and become a hero, a true hero. My oldest brother had served in the Korean War, yet he would not talk about it, I now know why. As soon as I was of age I joined the Army, Airborne Unassigned. My Father, bless his heart, did not like the idea, But! At this time there was no Viet Nam War, so off I went. After Basic, AIT and Jump school I was assigned to the 8th Infantry in Germany. About a year later things started to heat up in Viet Nam. A friend and I decided to re-enlist for duty in Viet Nam. My Commanding Officer tried to talk me into going to Flight School at Ft. Rucker to become a chopper pilot, but NO! I wanted the front lines as an infantry trooper. Once again another intelligent choice, my assignment was the famed 101st Airborne Division Viet Nam.

I arrived at Tan-Son-Nhut Air Base in Saigon around February of 1966. I was assigned to the 101st Brigade (SEP). Then sent to Cam Ranh Bay, the base camp of the famed Screaming Eagles. This would be the last time I was to see a base camp. I soon found out that the 101st was nicknamed the Nomads and for good reason. The 101st was called the Nomads because General Westmoreland used them as a reaction force. Wherever there might be an extremely dangerous, or special operation type mission requiring a large-scale unit we were sent in. I then was sent to an area called Tuy Hoa. I was assigned to A Co 1/327th Abn Inf, 3d Platoon 3rd squad as an ammo bearer for the M-60 machine gun. The gunners name was Tom Joyce [1/327 A 4/65-7/66]. Soon after I was told to report to the john area (Port O Pots). My job was to pull out the trays of human waste and stir and burn, needless to say I DID NOT CARE FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT. Well shortly after a call was sent out that the unit was being called out, I soon received my first taste of actual combat. A unit of the 101st had made contact with a North Vietnamese unit and was in

trouble, we were called in. As we were trying to land in an open area on the side of a mountain, the choppers became involved in a fierce firefight while trying to get to the L.Z. (Landing Zone). Our chopper took a direct hit and as the pilots wrestled the bird to the ground, one of the pilots received bullet wounds to both legs. Tom Joyce had started pushing men out of the chopper approximately thirty feet above the ground. Joyce was doing this as he realized that being new guys we would more than likely be killed or burned once the chopper slammed into the ground. I will say I honestly feel that Joyce saved quite a few men that day. Unfortunately Joyce rode the chopper down. When the chopper hit the ground, it was with tremendous force, throwing Joyce, amongst others with extreme force all about. During this mission I was an ammo bearer for the M60 machine gun squad, Joyce at the time was the machine gunner. As Joyce and the others started to move out and advance Tom Joyce heard screams coming from the chopper. Without any hesitation Joyce and another trooper, I only knew as Thunderbird, exposed themselves to intense small arms, grenades and rocket fire and pulled the injured pilots from the wrecked chopper. As I hit the ground I realized that I was alone. I was not that nervous as I had never been in combat before. I had no idea what to do so I sat down and was trying to figure out where my squad was. As I was sitting there I noticed that the ground seemed to have some weird type of bugs that I must have disturbed as it (ground) seemed to be kind of jumping up in small puffs, like miniature explosions. About this time I saw a guy running up the trail. He looked at me and yelled, "What the hell are you doing." I replied that I was watching these weird bugs." "You idiot those aren't bugs they're shooting at you, move out." Needless to say I hauled butt up the side of the hill, I soon found my unit.

The battle continued through the night on into the next day, soon thereafter the North Vietnamese withdrew. Only then did we learn of a Long Range Recon soldier who had been missing and presumed captured. Forgive me, as I cannot remember his name. Tiger Force was the name given to the 1/327th's Long Range Recon Specialists, an extremely dedicated unit. During the following days we were sent on search and destroy missions. However it is my understanding that the Tiger was seen as a prisoner, but never recovered. Soon there after we became engaged with another strong enemy force, they (enemy) had us surrounded and cut off. We were told that the 2/502 along with the 2/327th were attacking to try to break us out. They were meeting with strong resistance and we would more than likely be overrun. We were now critically short on supplies, especially water. That evening I, and another trooper, were told to take every ones canteens and to break through the enemy lines and to find water if at all possible. Needless to say I was scared to death. However, every soldier at one time or another has to do things that he wishes someone else was assigned to do. As darkness came upon us we moved out in search of water. I guess it took us a couple of hours although it seemed like years. We found an old well, I climbed down a few feet and was being handed the canteens to fill. We then crawled back up the hill and distributed the canteens to our buddies. Soon thereafter Joyce came up to me and was really ticked off. "Where the hell did you get this water?" he asked. I told him where and he then instructed me that he and I were going back out again, to see just where we had gotten it. Now, this really ticked me off, as I did not know what was wrong. I soon found out because the water tasted worse than rice paddy water. Joyce and I once again crawled back down the mountain and soon found the well. Tom now went down into the well and soon discovered



what was wrong. The North Vietnamese had thrown dead and decaying bodies into the well. During the following day I had seen Joyce mulling around during a lull in the fighting. He seemed extremely agitated. I asked what was wrong. He replied, "If we aren't out of here tonight, if the 2/502 or 2/327th break through we will be over run." This he had been told by our Platoon Sgt and Platoon Leader. I was told not to say anything to anyone. During another lull in battle some choppers that were returning from another area heard of our situation. Soon thereafter we heard the choppers were going to make a try at getting us out. Shortly after we saw the birds coming in under extremely heavy fire. They did not hesitate one bit. I heard the Lt give the radioman orders to wave them off but they refused stating they were coming in "Hell or High Water." They landed and we piled on. The choppers were so heavily laden that they (pilots) told us, "Hang on as we cannot lift off! We are going to skid this thing down the side of the mountain to gain speed, just hang on." The reason for this I was later told was that to have left someone for a return flight would have tantamount to giving the death sentence, as the choppers would not have made it back in time to save those left behind.

I will state right here that to anyone who had served as a grunt in Viet Nam just ask and I am sure they will agree that the chopper pilots were true Heroes in that God Forsaken place. We were taken back once again, to Tuy Hoa. We soon thereafter were sent to a place called Phan Thiet, also along the coast of Viet Nam. Once again we were on patrol for a North Viet unit. During one of the search and destroy missions I became violently sick. We became involved in a North Viet ambush attack. During the fighting I starting sweating profusely and collapsed right in the middle of the trail. At this time I was the machine gunner and Joyce was the gun squad leader. I soon found out what was meant by "A Band of Brothers." These men became so enraged by the fire I was receiving by the North Viet soldiers that they actually charged and overrun the North Viet's positions, basically wiping them out. The men chopped a landing zone and had me medivaced out to a field evacuation hospital. I was soon in a coma for five days and was told that my temperature had gone as high as 106 degrees. When I awoke I saw another trooper from the 2/502 that had the same thing. We were later told that it was a type of malaria called Blackwater Fever. The same day the fever broke we were shipped back to our units. I was told that had my fever stayed at 106 degrees another day I would not have made it.

Once again we were on search and destroy missions. A few weeks later we were in a mountainous area, we hadn't had much enemy contact. We were told to stand down and take a break. During this time it was decided that we were to fire off excess ammo. Now this did sound kind of out of place—as how can a soldier have too much ammo? Either way I was writing a letter home. The eighty-one MM mortars were firing when suddenly one of the guns had a misfire. As the gun crew (81 mm) was trying to dislodge the round, there was an explosion and everything became deathly quiet. My right knee suddenly felt like it had exploded and felt like fire. The round had gone off, killed the gunner and asst gunner, wounded the ammo bearer and shrapnel had flown all over. As I looked down there was a piece of shrapnel sticking out of my knee. I tried to pull it out but just couldn't. Soon Joyce and the medic were there. They both wanted me to go to the aid station, I refused and asked them to pull it out which they did, I asked the medic to patch it. Doc replied, "You really should go to the aid station, but it's your choice." He finally patched me up and did a

good job at that. That afternoon we were once again on a seek and destroy patrol, this we did for a few days. About a week later we were sent to a place called Phan Thiet. A few days later we were told to saddle up and move out on another search and destroy.

Soon thereafter we were called to gather round SSGT Perkins (Soldiers Soldier). He told us that we would be moving out to the Central Highlands and emphasized that quite a few of us would not be coming back. We returned to our positions, Papesh and I started talking about what we had been told. Suddenly Pappy (Papesh) looked at me and said, "Ya know I don't feel scared this time, what about you?" I felt the same, I don't know how to explain it but, for some reason we both felt, I guess super calm. I then looked at Pappy and replied, "Pap do you feel like I do?" He replied, "Nick I don't think we are coming back this time." "Do you?" And we both felt that way. It was weird it was as if we both felt that we were going to die. It was the weirdest feeling we were both super calm, we both had a feeling that we would die on this mission and there was nothing we could do about it, except to do our duty as soldiers. I had never felt this way before. The next day we loaded up and moved out. We landed in a very mountainous terrain, for days we patrolled and patrolled, there were some running fire fights. We then crossed a river and attacked a NVA prisoner of war camp. Sadly a captured North Viet guard told us that we had just missed the pilot. It seems they had moved him out 30, yes 30 minutes, before our strike. We once again began roaming around on search and destroys.

Suddenly we received word that our sister battalion the 2/502 was in deep trouble and we were ordered to move out as fast as possible. We started running through the jungle as fast as possible. I remember we came to the side of a very steep mountain. We literally sat down to slide down the mountain side (approx 3000-4000 ft) bouncing off rocks, trees, end over end. We were determined to reach the 2/502 at any cost. As we were getting closer we came up on a ridgeline and started receiving enemy fire from down below. Our Captain ordered SGT Perkins to take us down into the valley and recon it out. Perkins replied, "Sir you are sending us into a death trap." Our Captain replied, "you have your orders -- do it." With that Perkins led us into the valley of death. Let me state right here had it been any other Sgt I doubt the men would have followed so easily. You see, Perkins was one of the most respected men that I, or any of the soldiers I have spoken too, have EVER MET! With out a doubt. As we started down into the valley, just as Perkins had said we met with a numerically superior force, and they, then tried to cut us off. At times the fight became extremely violent and hand-to-hand.

Perkins at the first sound of the increasing crescendo of fire bulldozed his way to the front and stated yelling orders all the while frontal charging an enemy machine gun nest. He had taken out one gun and was directing my gun as to where to place fire, when he took a mortal hit. During this battle we of 3rd Platoon were wondering why the Captain would not commit the rest of the company to the battle. I never did find out. We finally decided to break off the fight. I was left behind to cover the others.

Soon thereafter as I was trying to pull back I was pinned down by three snipers. Shortly after a grenadier name of Waddell broke through too me and got me out. I sincerely believe Waddy, as we called him, saved my life. We made it to the top of the ridge and I was told to try to take out a sniper that was pinning us down. As I was firing the M-G, I soon attracted two more snipers. I knew I



was in a world of hurt. Suddenly my right hand exploded, or so I thought. Upon closer examination we discovered that a sniper round had gone down the barrel of the M-60 and exploded the round in the chamber. Lucky for me a quarter inch higher I would have been hit in the right eye and dead.

I will state here and now that when the men heard of Perkins being killed, there was damn near a riot. The reason was that the Captain would not let us go back for the body. This was the first time that I can remember of this happening in our unit. I will state further had it been someone else you can rest assured Perkins would have gone in. Perkins would never refuse to go after a man under any circumstances!

Soon we were again at a dead run to try to relive the pressure on the 2/502, they were being overrun. Keep in mind this is 100 degree plus heat. We kept this pace up for at least ten hours. As we neared the area, a place called Dak To in Kontum Province Viet Nam, we became engaged with a reinforced Division of North Vietnamese Regulars. These were well-trained disciplined soldiers, truly dedicated soldiers. No quarter asked and no quarter given. This was the 24th North Vietnamese, serving under Gen Giap. I have been told that Giap hated the 101st so much that the 24th NVA had orders to wipe out the 101st from Gen Pearson to the last private. Believe me they tried, they tried hard. This battle became known as the battle for Dak To, (Tomurong). Should you look it up, you will find out that it was considered the most furious battle fought in Viet Nam between two large-scale units. The battle lasted approx. two weeks. At the close of the battle Gen Giap's troops were so decimated that the 24th NVA was considered unfit as a unit for any further action, they were basically wiped out. But make no mistake the 101st was bloodied also with a heavy loss of men.

To Who it may Concern:

Nick Fondo, a soldier of soldiers, was assigned to my squad in Viet Nam and was my ammo bearer for awhile. Nick would not hesitate to go on any operation that we were assigned to, whether an ambush patrol or just routine search and destroy missions. Not to the least of major battles that we encountered while there in Viet Nam.

It was on a very hot day, we were heading out on a search and destroy mission when we looked at Nick, he was out of breath, sweating very bad and then he passed out. Immediately a medivac was called in to take him back to base. I was later informed that Nick had what was called Blackwater Fever.

Then on another note, we were ordered to fire our ammo as we were told we had too much. This should not of even come into play, as in a war you could never have enough ammo. Well, there were three (3) men firing their 81 mm mortars. One shell did not go off and they proceeded to mess with it and it exploded killing two (2) and the shrapnel flew all over. It had hit Nick in the knee where it was sticking out, advised Nick to seek medical help, but Nick asked if Doc and I would pull it out, we did. Nick then continued on with the mission. This was somewhere in the Dak To area in May of 66.

If you need further testimony, call me at 814-443-0658, thank you.

Thomas R. Joyce, 143 Barron St., Friedens, PA 15541

Viet Nam 65-66
101st Abn Div. Abu/Co. 3rd Platoon 1/327th

Letters from Band Of Brothers Continued To Whom it may Concern:

Please be advised, time period is early June 1966
Area in question (Republic of Viet Nam) is known as Dak To
Serving with ABU Company, 1st 327th Infantry, 1st Brigade 101st Airborne
My job - machine gunner - acting squad leader - under me my assistant gunner my ammo bearer. Nick Fondo (other machine gunner) his assistant gunner and ammo bearer. All property and equipment my responsibility.

While on patrol, aggressively seeking contact with known enemy groups in our A.O. (Area of Operations), our outfit became engaged with a numerically superior force of North Vietnamese Regulars. Highly trained extremely dedicated to their cause. After fighting almost continuously for seven days and nights, Nick Fondo and myself were the last two guns left out of our whole company.

On the night of June the 9th 1966 my crew and I were all seriously wounded, our gun destroyed. Shortly thereafter Nick Fondo and his gun were taken out, Nick being wounded as well. For a period of two (2) nights and one day, though surrounded by his fellow wounded, completely surrounded by enemy soldiers, Nick Fondo was a constant source of strength and reassurance to both wounded and healthy troopers as well as myself. The last night we were pinned down surrounded about to be overrun (Communist soldiers are not fond of American paratroopers), it became critical that our unit force a breakout and evade such enemy troops.

In extremely difficult circumstances with *almost all of us* wounded some including me, very critically. Nick Fondo helped me and another wounded paratrooper make on an all night forced march down a raging river. All the time past enemy positions as well as enemy patrols aggressively seeking to locate and destroy us.

Nick Fondo all but carried me for almost fourteen to fifteen hours (night time) through some of the harshest terrain imaginable. In some of the most unbelievable of circumstances ever faced by any human for any reasons.

If it weren't for Nick Fondo's unselfish aid, I know I would never have survived such an ordeal. I wanted to quit, time after time; Nick would talk me into one more step. If talk wouldn't work Nick would resort to other measures. Regardless, without Nick Fondo there to help me I could not have made it

When I could not walk Nick carried me (though wounded himself) I owe much to Nick Fondo. If anyone wants to question Nick Fondo's ability to undergo extreme hardships, gallantly or Nick's devotion to his fellow man, I'd like to sit down for a little chitchat with said individual. Nick Fondo is one of the few who gave much more than asked.

I'll Remain Bob Papesh
3237 Lovers Lane
Ravenna, OH 44266
Ph # 330 297 0705



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE,
101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION
APO SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 96347

AVAD

13 June 1966

Private First Class Dominick, Fondo Jr.
Company A, 1st Battalion (Airborne) 327th Infantry
1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division
APO US Forces 96347

Dear Private First Class Fondo:

It was with deep regret, that I learned of your being wounded in action.

On behalf of all the officers and men of the 1st Brigade, I wish you a most speedy recovery.

Your selfless devotion to duty on behalf of your comrades-in-arms and your country is worthy of the highest praise and is in keeping with the finest traditions of the 101st Airborne Division.

If I or the members of my staff may be of assistance to you please do not hesitate to contact me.

Sincerely,
/s/ WILLARD PEARSON
Brigadier General, USA
Commanding

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS 1st BRIGADE
101st AIRBORNE DIVISION
APO San Francisco 96347

GENERAL ORDERS
NUMBER 678

11 September 1966

AWARD OF THE ARMY
COMMENDATION MEDAL FOR HEROISM

1. TC 320. The following AWARD is announced.

FONDO, DOMINICK JR. RA14884400 PRIVATE FIRST CLASS E3 USA
Co A, 1st Bn, 327th Inf, 1st Bde, 101st Abn Div, APO 96347

Awarded: Army Commendation Medal with "V" Device

Date action: 9 June 1966

Theater: Republic of Vietnam

Reason: For heroism in connection with military operations against a hostile force: Private First Class Fondo distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous actions on 9 June 1966, near Dak To, Republic of Vietnam. Private Fondo's company was moving to relieve a friendly, pinned down unit when it was engaged by a numerically superior North Vietnamese force. Unable to reach the enemy's well-concealed positions because of the withering machine gun and automatic weapons fire, which swept the area from the surrounding hillsides, the company withdrew to a defensive position in the valley. During the following twenty-four

hours, Private Fondo assisted his comrades in preventing their perimeter from being overrun by his fierce determination and the accurate fire, which he placed, on the enemy positions. On several occasions, he exposed himself to intense enemy mortar and small arms fire in order to assist wounded comrades. Private Fondo's devotion to duty and personal courage were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service, and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army.

Authority: By direction of the Secretary of the Army under the provisions of AR 672-5-1.

FOR THE COMMANDER:

J.G. BROWN
Major, AGC
Adjutant General

*Editor's Note: See page 23
for more info from Nick Fondo.*



I was talking, by phone, to 327th DMOR, Frederick J. Tregaskes, 2/327 B 7/66-8/67, about handicap accessible bus travel to Fort Benning during the 1st Brigade (S) Reunion in September when he mentioned that his photo had been published in the magazine with no identification. The photo was published with the obituary of Frank C. Norris, III, 2/327 B 9/66-9/67, in the January 2005 magazine on page 30. Frank Norris is in the foreground and Fred Tregaskes is shown in the background. The original caption read "Frank Norris – buddy in the third platoon of B Company 2/327 and his sniper rifle. Khang Doung Central Highlands at start of Operation Summeral – April 5." Fred's son is a Black Hat at the Airborne School at Fort Benning and I hope we get to meet him while we are there.

Robert A. Brumby, Jr.
unit & dates ?

Mail was returned for Robert Brumby, Jr., Rt. 1 Box 358A, Big Sandy, TN 38221 marked deceased. No other info is available.

Michael Duff
3/506

Mail was returned for Michael Duff, 929 S. Monroe Street, Republic, WA 99166 marked deceased. No other info is available.

Barry F. Gayer
1/327 HHC 5/66-6/67

Barry F. Gayer, Lt Col, (RET), 66, Austin, Texas, after a long illness, died March 1, 2006, at Temple Texas VA Hospital. He was born August 31, 1939, Philadelphia, PA. He graduated from Drexel University, 1962 and commissioned from ROTC. He obtained his masters degree from Moorhead State University, Kentucky. Served with the 509 Infantry Germany, 101 Airborne, RVN 327th Infantry, 2nd Infantry Division, Korea and 1st Cavalry, Ft Hood, TX. In the last few months of his life he was focused on being well enough to attend the 1st Brigade (S), 101st Airborne Reunion being held in Atlanta in September.



Barry Gayer at the 2002 Reunion in Fort Worth, Texas.

He will be buried in Arlington National Cemetery in a special section for cremated remains on May 8, 2006, at 9:00 a. m. with full honors.

Editor's Note: I made hotel plans for the 2006 reunion early so that Barry Gayer and Ed Abood would be able to set up dialysis schedules well in advance. Both are now deceased. His brother Ron Gayer sent the material for the obituary.

John W. Porter, Jr.
2/327 HQ 65-66

Mail was returned for John W. Porter, Jr., 9845 Hwy 169, Glennville, GA 30427 marked deceased. No other info is available.

Mark E. Sowers
1/327 C 8/65-7/66

Mail was returned for Mark E. Sowers, 105 Preston Dr., Clarksville, TN 37042-6227 requesting he be removed from the mailing list -- deceased August 10, 2005. No other info was given.

OBITUARIES



Philip J. "Bud" Belden
1/327 HHC & T.F. 7/65-6/66

The following was sent from THE STONEHAM SUN dated Thursday, October 20, 2005, by Charlie Musselwhite (1/327 HHC 1/64-6/66 EIT).

Philip J. "Bud" Belden, 72, a 28-year resident of Chelmsford, MA and highly decorated veteran of two wars, died Tuesday, October 18, 2005, at Lowell General Hospital after a long illness. He was the husband of Shirley (Mahar) Belden, with whom he celebrated their 49th wedding anniversary on October 6.

He was born in Fort Ann, New York, on July 8, 1933, a son of the late Marion (Fitzgerald) Belden.

In 1950, Mr. Belden began 30 years of service in the Army, with the 187th Airborne Regiment at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, and the 327th Infantry Regiment in the Korean War. He also served two tours of duty in the Vietnam War, one as a paratrooper with the 101st Airborne Division and in the 508th Infantry, 82nd Division.

In 1980, he retired as a command sergeant major. Mr. Belden received the Silver Star Medal for gallantry in action, one of the military's highest honors. He also was awarded the prestigious Bronze Star Medal for his service in combat.

Before his (second) retirement in 1992, he worked at Purity Supermarkets in Billerica.

He was a communicant of St. Mary Parish in Chelmsford. Mr. Belden was also a member of the Tyngsboro Sportsmen's Club and Lowell Korean War Veteran. He enjoyed fishing and time spent with his grandchildren.

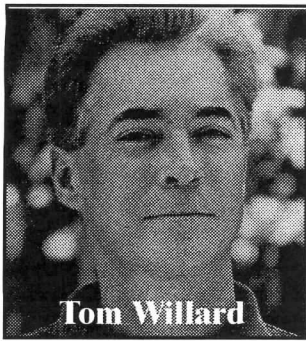
Besides his wife, two daughters and their husbands survive him.



MSG Billy Colwell when he served in an engineer unit in Germany 1974-1976.

See page 12 of the January 2006 issue for his obituary.





Tom Willard, 1/327 RECON
Med 65-66, 1711 Valle Moor
Dr., Bismarck, ND 58501-2579,
(701) 250-8903,
<tomwillard@bis.midco.net>
sent the following article.

“COBRA TOP”

"No one can imagine what it is like to be in a situation where there is no hope, and suddenly, you look up to see a sword shining against the enemy fire. To raise the courage of those frightened, to become lions, is a flight to the heavens of the valorous."

These words, from my novel "The Stone Ponies," was depicting the courage of another brave soldier, but are equally fitting in describing CSM John Russell "Top" McDonald, a leader who inspired, lead to victory and turned frightened kids into fighting machines.

Russ was born 6/20/31, in Shawnee, OK, and enlisted 9/49, at Shreveport, LA. He retired as a Command Sergeant Major in July of 1975, while serving on jump status with the 172nd Arctic Light Infantry, Ft. Richardson, AK.

"Top" served in Korea in 1950-51, with the 7th Infantry Div.; 1952-53, the 45th Infantry Division. In Vietnam, he served from 1963-64, as an Advisor to 32nd Ranger Bn., ARVN; in 1965-66, he went over on the "Boat," and was the "First Shirt" with Cobra Company 1/327th Infantry. In 1967-68, he returned with the 3/506 Airborne Infantry. In 1968-69, he was an advisor to the 71st Airborne Brigade, Texas National Guard. His next assignment was Sergeant Major to the Texas A&M University R.O.T.C.

"Top" is one of only a handful of soldiers who served three tours in Nam with the 101st Airborne. When returning from Nam in 1964, he was recruited by Special Forces, but turned down that opportunity because - knowing the 1st Brigade was going to Nam - he preferred to share his vast knowledge and experience with the "Screaming Eagles," rather than the "Green Berets."

This article does not allow enough room to cite all of his decorations, badges and awards, but a few are: Vietnamese Service Medal w/6 Campaign Stars; Bronze Star for Valor plus 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; Meritorious Service Medal; Air Medal for Valor with 1 Oak Leaf; Legion of Merit; Purple Heart with 2 Oak Leafs; Korean Service Medal with 6 Campaign Stars; Master Parachutist Wings; VN Parachutist Wings; VN Ranger Badge; CIB with Star (2nd Award); Presidential Unit Citation; Valorous Unit Citation; Meritorious Unit Citation; Korean Presidential Citation

(Several); VN Gallantry Cross with Palms (Several); Civic Action Honor Medal from VN Government; Civic Actions Honor Medal; Army Commendation Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster; Distinguished Member of the 327th Infantry Regiment (DMOR).

The night Static Line named me "Author of the Year," I was proud. But not as proud as hearing Russ McDonald named "Ranger of the Year." Writing a book only takes a little time and technique.

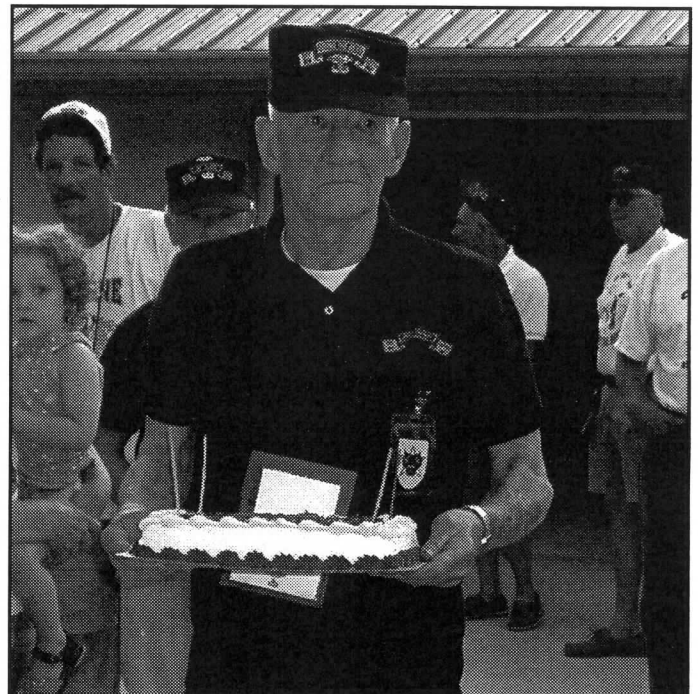
"Ranger of the Year" takes a lifetime of hard work, discipline, courage, and a lot of sweat and blood.

Unlike many soldiers, he did not retire and go fishing. Rather, he began using his life experiences and contacts to start the "Cobra Company" reunion, which has been held annually, bringing together hundreds of troopers and their families, starting out the first year in Manassas, VA, and now in Crossville, TN.

Tough, grizzly - and sometimes grumpy - he gets misty eyed, and his chest swells when one of his "kids," (now gray-haired or bald, some with parts missing) shakes his hand, introduces his wife and grandchildren, and whispers, "I love you, "Top". "

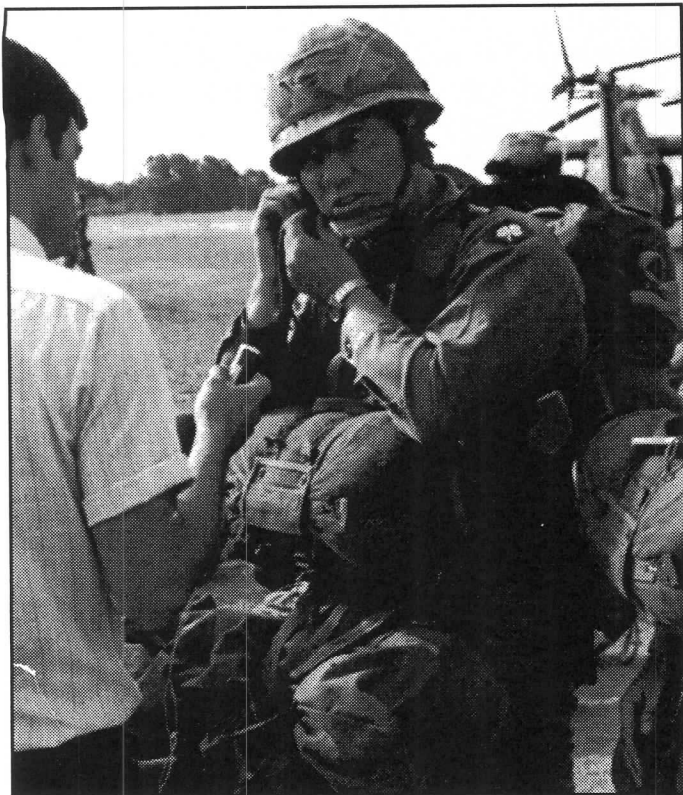
And we do!

As do many of the young troopers now serving with the 1st Brigade in Iraq. Russ and Faye have worked tirelessly sending packages, e-mails and helping with personal problems here at home. And while on the subject, we all



Cobra "Top" with birthday cake at the 2005 Cobra Lake Reunion.





"Top" McDonald chutes up for a jump with the 71st Airborne Brigade, Texas National Guard.

know Faye, the "First Skirt," whose love, commitment, service and dedication to the brigade has reached monumental proportions. She and Russ have been recognized and rewarded with accolade upon accolade by America Supporting Americans, a non-profit organization that finds cities to adopt military units. Their common goal: to see that every unit in the 101st gets adopted.

Knowing them, they probably will.

Russ and Faye's family includes daughters Heather Beal, Sharon Kuttler, Cathy Witcher; stepsons, Tony, Chris and Rick Young, and ten grandchildren. Their home address is 3010 Caldwell Road, Condo 205, Ashland City, TN, 37015; phone (615) 792 - 1306; e-mail is cobratop327@aol.com.

The great writer F. Scott Fitzgerald once wrote: "Show me a hero, and I'll show you a tragedy."

I don't know what Fitzgerald was drinking that night, but he should have tried Russ McDonald's brand. Then he might have better understood that out of tragedies arise the real heroes.

And there is no greater hero - that I know of - than CSM Russ McDonald!

Editor's Note: This story about "Cobra Top" Russ McDonald will be followed by a profile, in the July issue by Tom Willard, of Faye McDonald.



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)

For more information contact Ivan Worrell, P.O. Box 675, Sweetwater, TN 37874-0675, phone/FAX 423-337-5983, E-Mail: 1stbrigades101magazine@yahoo.com
 Web Site at: www.101stabndiv1stbrigade.com

2006 Reunion Registrations

(Listed as received)

January 20, 2006 through March 27, 2006

- John (2/327 B 1/68-8/68) & Linda Vaughn
- Vic Thompson (2/502 A 2/67-8/67)
- Reynold Martinez (1/327 ABU 5/64-3/66)
- Kenneth W. (1/327 C 8/66-8/67) & Trudy Pfeiffer
- LTC(R) Louis M. (2/327 B 5/66-10/66) & Lista McDonald
- Bob (2/327 HHC & C 3/67-3/68) & Margaret Crosby
- Edwin E. Tubbs (2/502 A 12/67-12/68)
- Frank Rowe (2/502 A & E 67-68)

Raymond Besser (2/502 B 3/67-10/67)

Mike Yancey (2/502 E 9/67-9/68)

Nick (1/327 A 2/66-6/66), Marilyn and Jessica Fondo

Frank (2/502 C 1/67-3/68) and Adela Aragon

William P. Rován (2/327 HQ&A 6/66-5/67)

Larry (2/327 B 1/67-1/68) and Connie Boecklen

Richard (2/327 A 3/67-3/68) and Carole Luttrell

Gary (2/327 A 10/66-10/67) and Georgine Bills

Dr. Murray D. Thompson (1/327 A 1/67-8/68)

Clarence E. (181 MI Det Bde HQ 7/66-7/67) and Anne-Marie Barker

John H. Jr. (2/502 HHC 4/66-4/67) and Teresa Sikes

Wade D. (2/327 B 6/67-11/67) and Vonnice Hansen

Joe K. (2/327 A 12/67-8/69) and Donna Berry

Felix (2/502 HHC 7/65-10/65) and Laphine Padula

Tom (2/502 B & E 7/67-12/68) and Dody Courtney

Bob (2/327 C & HHC 65-66) and Barbara Hudson

Bruce A. Masters (2/327 A 12/65-WIA 6/21/66)

Larry (2/327 A 5/67-WIA 2/68) and Mary Redmond

Howard (Dan) Danford (2/502 5/67-5/68)

John Pasquale (2/502 B 12/65-2/66)

John W. Collins, III (DCO 7-12/67 CO 12/67-7/68) and Pansy Kimbro

Benito R. Jr. (2/327 A 1/67-9/67) and Dianna Garcia

Larry D. (2/502 HHC Recondo 12/65-12/66) and Carol Stearns

Galen G. (1/327 A 7/65-4/66) and Irene Mitchell

Quitman Lockley (2/502 B 12/67-8/68)

Robert P. (1/327 ABU 12/65-7/66) and Josephine Papesh

Kenneth R. (3/506 Abn Inf HHC 7/67-6/68) and Kathy Buyle

Tom Carhart (1/327 A 12/67-7/68)

Griff (1/327 HHC 7/67-7/68) and Penny Bloodhart

Tom (2/502 B 6/65-5/66) and Tom (son) McMullan

Timothy J. (2/327 A 4/67-4/68) and Sharlene McGlynn

Henry A. (2/502 A 12/69-11/70) and Mary Ann Trickey



UPCOMING EVENTS

April 19 – 22, 2006

STATIC LINE AWARDS FESTIVAL in Atlanta, Georgia. This is an annual All Airborne gathering with an awards Dinner and a Memorial luncheon and a great hospitality room. It is a great opportunity to see friends from all the airborne units and to visit Fort Benning. Contact: Don Lassen, STAT-IC LINE Editor, Box 87518, College Park, GA, 30337-0518, phone (770) 478-5301, e-mail <don@staticlinemagazine.com>.

May 26 – 29, 2006

Memorial Day "Gathering of the Eagles" in Washington D. C. Host for the event is THE NATIONAL CAPITAL AREA CHAPTER OF THE 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION ASSOCIATION. Guests will be wounded Eagles who are recovering at Walter Reed. For schedule and other particulars contact: Dennis Husereau, President, National Capital Area Chapter, 101st Abn Div Assn, 20416 Alderleaf Terrace, Germantown, MD 20874, phone (301) 528-3165, e-mail <dhusereau@aol.com>.

July 6 – 8, 2006

The annual reunion for the 101st AIRBORNE DIVISION VIETNAM VETERANS ASSOCIATION will be in Oak Grove, KY – Fort Campbell, KY. For more information about the reunion and a schedule of events contact: 101st Airborne Division Vietnam Veterans Association President Gustav F. "Gus" Vass, 2841 Somerset Dr., #115, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33311-1962, (954) 610-5371.

August 2 – 6, 2006

THE 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION ASSOCIATION 2006 REUNION will be in Bloomington – Minneapolis South, Minnesota. The reunion schedule includes a reception, tours of the local area including historic Fort Snelling. For complete information contact: Sam Bass, Executive Secretary and Treasurer, 101st ABN DIV ASSN, 2703 Michigan Avenue, P.O. Box 929, Fort Campbell, KY 42223-0929, phone (270) 439-0445, e-mail <sambass101@comcast.net.>.

For information about the 502nd Dinner contact: Charles R. Gant, 4306 Filmore Rd., Greensboro, NC 27409-9721, (336) 605-4594, email <crg502@triad.rr.com>.

For information about the 327th Dinner contact: Phil Dow, 327th/401st Governor, 451 Vichy Hills Drive, Ukiah, CA 95482, (707) 463-1806, email <pjdow@sbcglobal.net>.

September 20 – 24, 2006

The FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES in Viet Nam reunion will be in Atlanta, Georgia. For more information see page 14 or contact the editor.

101st Airborne 'Guerrillas' Whip Viet Cong With Own Weapons

The following article was sent by Roderick J. Marshall, 2/327 HHQ Hawks 5/66-5/67, 2784 Mountain Terrace, Memphis, TN 38127-8824; (901) 353-4816.

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL, Memphis, Sunday Morning, January 29, 1967

By George McArthur

PHAN RANG, Vietnam, Jan 28. — (AP) — The "Screaming Eagles" have come down from a year in Vietnam's highland jungles with new combat tactics designed to beat Communist guerrillas at their own game.

The Screaming Eagles — the 101st Airborne Division, of which one brigade is in Vietnam — were best known until recently for saying "nuts" to the Nazis from snow-covered Bastogne.

Vietnam has thus far offered no such dramatic moments. But the brigade's fit, gray-eyed commander, Brig. Gen. Willard Pearson, is no less determined that his elite troopers will also write history in this war.

This week, Pearson brought his 5,000-man force to their coastal camp at Phan Rang after 372 days of combat operations — an endurance record unthinkable in conventional warfare.

Practically every American unit in Vietnam has been in the process of rewriting the rulebook, but none has advanced plans as far-reaching, and sometimes controversial as Pearson's team.

In general the formula of the Screaming Eagles blends the helicopter and American firepower with the lessons learned by the British and Australians in Malaysia's 12-year guerrilla war.

Pearson is a physical fitness addict who once playfully ran a reporter into exhaustion on a two-mile trot. His men are similarly fit and his new tactics call for it. He sometimes requires his long-range patrols to lighten their loads by carrying rice and powdered soup in place of heavy American rations.

One of Pearson's somewhat heretical notions — for an airborne general — is that the helicopter makes too much noise. Troops should enter a guerrilla battlefield on foot, stealthily and in small units. The helicopters can then come thundering in with reinforcements, making all the noise they want — but after the smaller units have flushed or pinned the enemy.

Another view not shared by other generals is in the use of harassing artillery fire in support of ground operations. It doesn't do much good and discloses what friendly units are in the area, Pearson says.

Pearson believes it is better to have night patrols operating in the area, ambushing the Viet Cong or ferreting them out for a later kill.

The genesis of this "semi guerrilla warfare," as it's called came along with some rough knocks and hard won successes for the Screaming Eagles.

In the 17 months it has been in Vietnam, the brigade has killed or captured 3,300 Communist soldiers by body count. It has doubtless put far more out of action but United States officers are reluctant to dis-

cuss such unprovable estimates.

In the same period the brigade lost fewer than one soldier to every 10 Red loses. The wounded figure is in the range of 1,500 but the big majority returned to duty.

The brigade's first battle came in September 1965 when the Viet Cong 2nd Provincial Regiment made a stand-up fight of it against the 502nd Battalion of Lt. Col. Henry (Gunfighter) Emerson, a hell-for-leather fighter now back at the Pentagon pushing updated tactics for beating guerrillas. In that fight the airborne won hands down — killing almost 500 Communist soldiers — and the Reds in the highlands began to fall back on their proven, small-unit hit-and-run tactics.

As the Communists grew harder to find, Pearson naturally concluded that in Vietnam, the real problem was not killing enemy forces but in finding them and setting them up.

By last December he had polished the brigade for a battle, which a veteran military observer termed a minor classic of anti-guerrilla warfare.

That battle came in an operation known as Geronimo.

Using helicopters sparsely and keeping the men on foot in the tall elephant grass of mountainous Phu Yen province, the brigade slogged for 34 days, skirmishing here, probing there and always keeping its Sunday punch ready. Over all the brigade killed 150 North Vietnamese regulars, but the payoff was one three-day period when Pearson's small unit tactics caught 100 Reds in a trap which left them nowhere to flee. That unit is no more. Half were killed. The rest surrendered — a rarity in Vietnam. A weapon was taken for practically every man — another rarity in Vietnam.

With that kind of record, Pearson announced with confidence "I think the future is bright."

As a parachute soldier he would naturally like to make a real combat drop in Vietnam and feels it would be effective. Meanwhile, he has added more refinements to his practice in semi-guerrilla warfare.

He wants more night patrols, night operations by the choppers, smaller and lighter patrols with the men living five days or so alone in the jungle.

"We believe we should out-fox him, out-guerrilla him," Pearson says. "Once control is established we can throw off our own guerrilla cloak and react violently, destroy him with superior firepower and mobility. We believe in clandestine entry to the battlefield, marching at night or using helicopters at night. We use stay-behind forces to catch him when he returns. We use long range reconnaissance patrols."

With all this, Pearson's warriors have also been trying their hand at civic action projects, though this is difficult for an outfit usually on the move.

The brigade's partial solution is a wooden washing machine for Vietnam's hard-working women. One stands outside Pearson's office.

"Operates sort of like a churn," he beams. "Just keep pushing it up and down and it works."

The brigade has distributed about 40 and more are being built.



WHAT ARE YOU... HOW FAR..

(SEE CENTERFOLD)



DIPLOMAT AND WARRIOR

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

VOL. I, No. 34 VIETNAM JAN. 16, 1967

Heritage-Tradition Continued Proudly

By 1/LT. John Hensley

KONTUM— "Stand in the door," yelled the jumpmaster, over the din of the C-130 engines.

The "Screaming Eagle" paratrooper moved into the doorway of the big aircraft, took his position, and looked straight ahead toward the mountains along the horizon. He was now waiting for the command that would send him pummeting toward the earth.

This was the first time he had jumped in over a year and even through this was a proficiency jump he still had that feeling of strange excitement that only a paratrooper knows.

This was Vietnam, near Kontum, where his unit was involved in Operation Pickett: another country to add to the list of places where the "Eagles" have jumped—Okinawa, France, Holland, Turkey, Norway, Iran.

He thought briefly about the long heritage and traditions of his famous unit—of the two combat jumps they had made in World War II in France and Holland — of the battle of Bastogne where they became the first and only division in WWII to earn the Presidential Unit Citation.

"GO!" boomed the voice of the jumpmaster and the paratrooper sprang out the door starting a chain reaction of paratroopers behind him—each proudly carrying on the tradition.

(Centerfold Photos by 1/Lt. John Hensley and Mr. Frank Faulkner.)

False Teeth-Opium Left By Charlie

By PFC Daniel Stroebel

KONTUM -- The paratroopers of the brigade have found many unusual caches during their search and destroy missions while in Vietnam, but a recent find is one of the most unique the "Screaming Eagles" have come across.

While on Operation Pickett in northern Kontum Province, the paratroopers of Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 502nd (Airborne) Infantry moved into a recently evacuated enemy base camp. Searching each hut, they came upon one with the table set for dinner with fresh meat, corn, and rice. Beside one plate was a set of false teeth. Further inspection outside of the hut uncovered a ten pound bag of opium, a North Vietnamese Army flag, and assorted documents.

The enemy left in such a hurry that one of them will be gumming his rice while others glumly go

without their "kick" for awhile.

First Award

KONTUM — Private First Class Willie L. Scarbrough a gun-jeep driver in the 2nd Squadron, 17th Cavalry was awarded the 1st Commendation for Good Driving in the brigade.

In order to recognize good driving achievements of the brigade, Brigadier General Willard Pearson, inaugurated the Good Driver's Program to award "Screaming Eagles" who have demonstrated good driving techniques.

Scarbrough has driven over 3,000 miles without an accident since arriving in Vietnam in May of 1966.

Bullets Rip Medic's Shirt He Stays To Protect Wounded

By PFC Luis Callender

KONTUM — With dedication to duty and devotion to an unblemished code, Private First Class Patrick Murphy wrote another chapter in the history of the heroes of war — the combat medic.

The 19-year-old paratrooper of the brigade stared death in the face to save the life of a wounded comrade.

Murphy is the weapons platoon medic in Company C, 1st Battalion, 327th (Airborne) Infantry. While on Operation Pickett, northwest of Kontum, the company's first platoon came under intense enemy fire as they moved along a trail in the thick bamboo jungle. The initial burst of fire wounded three paratroopers of the platoon.

He was one hundred yards back when the firing broke out and the call for "MEDIC" echoed in the jungle.

"About six of us went up to where the guys had gotten hit," the Screaming Eagle medic explained later. "Things were really hot up there—bullets were whistling all over."

Once the objective of his hundred yard dash had been reached, Murphy hit the dirt and began looking around for the wounded.

"One of the guys was only five feet from where I lay so I started to take off my pack to treat him," the trooper related. "As I started crawling toward him, they opened up on me from about thirty yards away. Then I felt something slapping my sides — like sharp little tugs."

"I looked down and my ammo pouches had disappeared from my web gear," he recalls. "They were about three feet from me and smoking. For a moment I thought I was hit but I didn't see any blood, so I counted my self damn lucky."

(Cont'd on p-4, Col. 3)



A mark in history

The *Time* magazine man of the year is a powerful and moving generation: the man and the woman—25 years of age and under.

The Screaming Eagle Brigade knows only too well the worth of that dynamic generation—for its proud ranks are filled with it. This is little consolation for the hardships—pain—and fear that the young American paratrooper experiences in his role as the champion of freedom in the Vietnam War.

But the look captured in the picture by Mr. Frank Faulkner, photo journalist and former member of the brigade, speaks for your pride in being recognized for what you truly are.

Today in Vietnam the man of the year of the 101st Airborne Division stands in the door of C-130 going 120 miles per hour. He is ready to prove, as he has in the past, that he has what it takes to be THE MAN. Beyond that door is the turbulent prop blast of the war and the drop zones of his future ambitions.

Well done man of the year—happy landings and continued good hunting.

**GET
R
E
A
D
Y**



**I'M AIRBORNE, SIR...
ALL THE WAY**



★
STAND
IN THE
DOOR

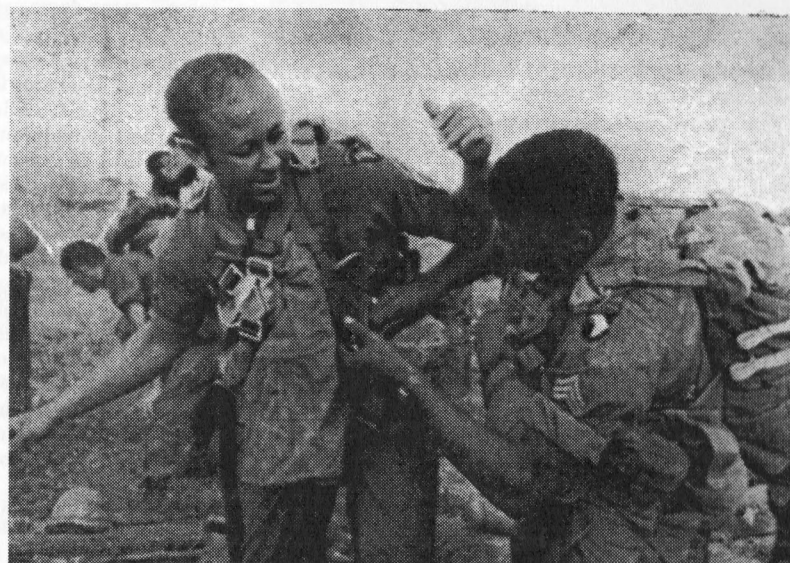


**STAND
UP**



**MIGHTY
MIGHTY
AIRBORNE**

CHECK EQUIPMENT



★
★
★

GO... GO... GO...



EDITORIAL

The Honored Profession of Arms

A professional is defined as a person engaged in an occupation requiring a high degree of training and proficiency. More often than not, the term is applied to those engaged in law, medicine, education, theology or athletics.

By the very definition of the word, we in the Armed Forces are in a calling requiring a high degree of training and proficiency.

We also meet other qualifications as members of a profession. The military profession requires specific technical knowledge, has an identifiable doctrine, a complex of institutions peculiar to itself, educational patterns adapted to its own needs, a career structure of its own and a place in society.

The military professional is comparable to other professions in many ways. In the performance of his duties, the military man often needs the dedication of a doctor, the faith of a clergyman, the stamina of an athlete, the knowledge of an educator, the judgment of a lawyer and a patriot's unshakable belief in his country.

Every member of the Armed Forces, whether serving for two or 30 years, is a professional in every sense of the word.

He is a descendant of the Roman Legions that helped bring civilization to the world, the gallant Greeks at Marathon, the stalwarts of Valley Forge, the men of the Meuse-Argonne, the defenders of Wake Island and the embattled heroes of frozen Chosin.

The profession of arms, and the men who follow it, have shaped nations and changed the history of the world. Those who follow that profession in today's troubled world hold not only the fate of our nation in their hands, but that of the free world as well.

As a doctor can help heal the sickness of men, a lawyer or educator the illness of society and a member of the clergy the hurts of the heart, the military professional can help heal the sickness of nations.

Walk proudly, for you, too, are a member of an old and honored profession. (AFNB)

'TET'

If you were to celebrate New Years, Christmas, All Saints' Day, Mardi Gras, the Fourth of July and everyone's birthday all at the same time the result would be something like Vietnam's Tet.

The Vietnamese consider Tet, the holiday marking the lunar New Year, is the most important occasion on their calendar. This year's three-day observances, 9-12 February, will usher in the Year of the Goat.

The holiday is equally important to all of Vietnam's religions—Buddism, Taoism, Confucianism, ancestor-worship and Christianity.

The sacred meaning of Tet involves special ceremonies for the family ancestors, rituals that draw Vietnamese families together more closely than at any other time during the year.

Flowers are the trademark of the holiday. Some streets are filled with the fragrant blossoms.

Finally, Tet is a time of merry-making, of unicorn dances in the streets, of the staccato pop of strings of firecrackers (regulations permitting), and of general relaxation, feasting, and exchange of greetings and gifts.

Sacred holiday, new year, spring, and carnival—Tet means a new beginning.

NVA Mailman 'No Can Do'

By PFC Luis Callender

KONTUM— It is said that "neither hail, nor rain, nor sleet, nor snow, nor the darkness of night" will keep the mailman from his appointed rounds. That's all true—except when paratroopers of the brigade have something to do with it—and the mailman happens to be a North Vietnamese Army (NVA) soldier.

Operation Pickett was in full swing and Company A, 2nd Battalion, 502nd (Airborne) Infantry was beating the thick bamboo jungles northwest of Kontum for the enemy. The third platoon was out on point as they led the way along a winding stream bed. The point man spotted three NVA coming down an adjoining trail. He halted the rest of the column and waited for the enemy to come closer.

Because of the tangled growth on either side of the narrow trail only the point man had the three enemy soldiers in sight. The three were totally oblivious to what awaited them. When they were within thirty yards of him, the paratrooper yelled for them to surrender. The NVA had other ideas. The leading khaki-uniformed soldier decided to shoot it out, as his two cohorts beat a fast retreat back through the jungle.

The "Screaming Eagle" sent a hail of M-16 rifle fire that quickly dropped the lead NVA and wounded the other two high-tailing it back up the trail.

As other "Attack" company troopers swiftly struck out after the two enemy wounded, Staff Sergeant David Carr policed up a small rucksack that one of the NVA had decided was too heavy to carry any longer.

There wasn't anything unusual about the sack. "It

was just a regular 'Charlie' pack," Sergeant Carr said later. But then he looked inside, the sack was packed with mail, all outgoing. Every letter was self-stamped "with some of the craziest designs," one trooper commented, and all addressed to North Vietnam. The count totaled five hundred letters, no small bundle by mail carrier standards.

So with their bag of NVA mail, the 101st paratroopers continued on through the jungle knowing that this was one time the mail didn't get through.



ALL PUCKERED UP—Joey Heatherton of the movies strikes a fetching pose that means something or other. Anyhow, we especially liked the bow in her hair.

Bullets Rip Medic's...

(Cont'd from p-1, Col. 1)

The hail of enemy fire came closer than Murphy realized. He later found half a dozen bullet holes in the left lower pocket of his fatigue jacket where his ammo pouches had rested.

Dragging his medical kitbag, the young Philadelphian crawled the remaining five feet to the wounded man. The entrenched North Vietnamese Army (NVA) soldiers kept up a steady barrage, trying to pump the medic full of holes as he patched up his wounded comrade. This was the first time that the young medic had treated anyone under fire and he seemed concerned only with keeping his patient alive.

When he could do no more in the way of medical aid, the weapons platoon medic shielded the wounded man from further NVA bullets and started throwing back lead at the enemy with his M-16.

"I just wasn't going to lay there and have some guy with a gun rob me of my success," the medic commented about his actions.

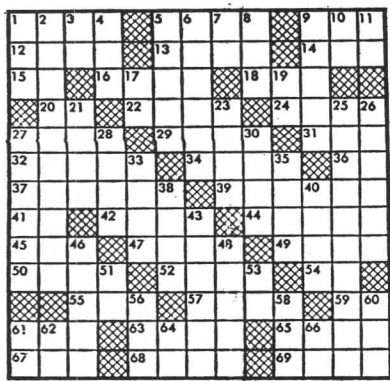
PFC Patrick Murphy took to heart the combat medic's code of "Preserve the Fighting Strength" and joined a dedicated group of soldiers who continuously risk death to save a life.]

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Answer to Previous Puzzle

P	A	R	E	D	T	A	S	K	S	
C	A	R	E	E	R	I	C	I	C	L
A	L	O	E	B	A	G	E	R	E	A
R	A	W	M	A	T	E	S	H	E	R
E	T	L	A	M	E	R	R	A	P	T
S	E	C	E	D	E	S	M	A	R	S
L	E	A	R	C	A	N	G	S		
A	L	A	R	M	P	A	N	T	H	E
P	E	N	S	B	A	N	G	S	R	E
P	A	S	P	I	N	T	O	S	A	P
Y	E	L	L	E	D	S	I	N	G	E
S	O	A	R	S	R	O	N	D	E	L
S	O	A	R	S	S	T	E	E	D	

- ACROSS**
- Genus of maples
 - Fall in drops
 - Stitch
 - Animal enclosure
 - Bacteriologist's wire
 - Anger
 - Printer's measure
 - Fate
 - Place
 - Symbol for tellurium
 - Preposition
 - South American rodent
 - English baby carriage
 - Heavenly body
 - Decay
 - Intense beam of light
 - Sewing casa
 - Symbol for niton
 - Regard
 - Discard
 - Near
 - Caudal appendage
 - Father (pl.)
 - Put in position
 - Procedure
 - Classify
 - Paradise
 - Short jacket
 - Compass point
 - Dawn goddess
 - Exact
 - A continent (abbr.)
 - Stroke
 - Simians
 - Alms box
 - Hard-wood tree
 - Study
 - Row
- DOWN**
- High card
 - Compared
 - Latin conjunction
 - Communist
 - Entrances
 - Distant
 - Exists
 - Vigor (colloq.)
 - Hindu gullar
 - Teutonic deity
 - Pronoun
 - Preposition
 - Above
 - Direction
 - Small rugs
 - Parley
 - Authentic
 - Officially
 - Gratify
 - Encounter
 - Wheel tracks
 - Harvest
 - Flower
 - Distance
 - Metal
 - Second of two
 - Molars
 - Pertaining to Norway
 - Negative
 - Greek letter
 - Weaken
 - Consume
 - Swiss river
 - Parent (colloq.)
 - Conjunction
 - River in Italy
 - A state (abbr.)



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DIPLOMAT and WARRIOR

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- CG Brig. Gen. Willard Pearson
- IO Maj. Ivan G. Worrell
- OIC 1st Lt. Arthur Barnett
- EDITOR Sgt. Bob Barry

Served with B 2/502 Wpns Plt and 3rd Plt 4/65-6/66. Cruised to Cam Rahn Bay, courtesy of Gen. Eltinge in 7/65. Hell of a boat ride. Toured Nam, Mecca of the Orient, and returned in one piece. Spent the rest of my enlistment at Ft. Bragg @A1/508. Would like to hear from guys I served with.
STRIKE FORCE

+ THOMAS B. BAILEY, 2/502 RECON 7/67-6/68
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Hi Ivan: Great web site. It is in no small part that your efforts on behalf of the 1st Bde (Sep) and the 101st in general that we have the active participation of so many VN Vets. Keep up the good work.

Jim Joiner
Chairman of the Board 101st Airborne Division Association
Also long time friend.

YANKEE JIM SIMCHERA, 2/327 A 9/69-9/70
6542 Bill Lundy Rd., Laurel Hill, FL 32567
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Outstanding site! Thanks for all you do to promote the fellowship and preserve the history of the 1st Brigade.

Yankee Jim
A Co. No Slack! 69-70

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Just found this website. Served with B Co 327 65-67 RET in 85 at Ft. Hood, TX.

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Ivan: Saw your latest magazine (January 2006) and the picture of me getting the 2/327 flag from Gen Pearson. Looked at it and commented -- was I ever that young? Anyhow that and the article by Gen Pearson brought back some great memories.

You had a Bad Addresses item. Try this one for Larry Lehowicz who you may recall worked for me when I was the Bde S-3. Try 4706 Timber Ridge Dr.; Montclair, VA 22026. Got that off a Retired General Officer List dated 2001.

Take care.

DAN CLINT, 1/327 A TF 5/67-5/68
21 Paseo de Aguila, Santa Fe, NM 87506
PAPPY117@MSN.COM

Subject: Airborne! for those with high speed access...

Dan Clint here;

My wife and I broke rank and went to Belize Central America, the former British Honduras. These are photos taken this week.

We stayed primarily on the Island of Ambergris Caye - pronounced Ambergris Key.

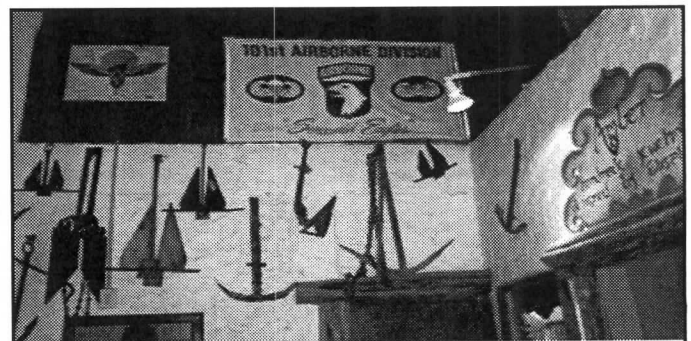
While there a skydiving crowd revisited the island for their second year. Unfortunately one of the skydivers met his demise and that story can be found if one searches for the San Pedro Sun article.

For my wife and I, we visited Fido's (pronounced feed doughs), a nice little bar restaurant with a palapa (thatched roof).

While there, I noticed an old 101st Airborne flag and took this picture.

Below the flag are anchors. Anchors have largely been replaced by permanent tie downs, to protect the coral reefs.

Thought perhaps others, like myself, may get a kick out of this



tribute to the 101st.

It looks like a great place for a reunion to me.

It was about a 2 1/2 hour flight from Dallas and then a puddle jumper flight to the island. The people were friendly, the weather was great, they had a beach and I snorkeled and appreciated the alternate perspectives.



+ BOB SHUTA, 2/320 FA
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amwar101st@earthlink.net

Ivan, I've procured a 320th
Arty Nam theater patch.
Please publish the pix in
the next 1st SE's in VN
quarterly. I am looking for
info on the patch as to when and where these were made.
Thanks Bro... Airborne.



+ PERRY "WOODY" WOODRUFF, 2/502 RECON 66-67
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work (407) 841-4321, home (407) 654-7541
woodybioya@earthlink.net

How many jumps did the 502 make in RVN. Was it one or
two?? And what were the dates? Thanks.

*Editor's note: If you can help Woody with the answer to the
number of jumps the 2/502 made contact him or me.*

FROM U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

+ JOHN D. MOONEYHAM, 2/502 A 4/66-5/67, 1546
Woodbriar, Sautee Nacoochee, GA 30571, (706) 878-7022;
sent the following: Enclosed please find a picture of a presen-
tation of a Distinguished Member of the 502nd Infantry
Regiment award. The recipient is Earl Singletary (A Co 1965-
66). Presenting the award is distinguished member James
Moffitt (2/502 A 66-67). The two served in the Weapons
Platoon, A Company, 2/502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment in
Vietnam.

The ceremony was held at the
Camp Merrill Mountain
Ranger Camp at Dahlonega,
Georgia, on December 1,
2005. Earl, Jim and I are for-
mer instructors in the Ranger
Department and belong to the
U.S. Army Mountain Ranger
Association based at Camp
Merrill (Dahlonega), Georgia.



Thanks for your time and interest. I enjoy your publication.
Keep up the good work! STRIKE FORCE!

+ CSM(R) ROBERT A. YOUNG, HHC CSM 6/66-6/67, 2
North East Street, Green City, MO 63545-1024, (660) 874-
5123 when renewing his subscription wrote: Here's 20 bucks

to extend the SE for an additional year. Although 4/06 is sev-
eral days away, better renew now while I'm thinking about it.
"Tax Time" will be the big priority in April..

Ivan, sure great to see my old outfit the 506th "Currahee's"
back with the "Screaming Eagles" (4th BCT)! You will
remember, Gen S. H. Matheson and myself visited the 1/506th
BN in Cp Greaves Korea in 1995 and 1996 – they were a good
outfit then too – most came from Ft. Campbell and Ft. Bragg
– but they did look odd wearing a "Black Indian" patch (2d Div
Subdued).

Look forward to seeing you at "Static Line" or somewhere
down the airborne trail.

+ NICK FONDO, 1/327 A 2/66-6/66, 5018 Roosevelt St.,
Hollywood, FL 33021-4032, (954) 989-2832 sent the following.

Band of Brothers - Pt. II

Around the 7th of June 1966 the 1/327th A Co 1st Bde (SEP)
101st Abn Div became engaged with an element of the 24th
NVA. Just prior or shortly thereafter a platoon from the 2/502
was trying to get into our positions from a chopper. While the
chopper was hovering a rope ladder was dropped. As the men
started down the ladder the chopper began receiving extreme-
ly heavy fire from the enemy. As a result I believe only four
or five troopers were able to get into our perimeter. The chop-
per was receiving such heavy fire that it was literally being
shot apart. The only two names I can remember are a Sgt.
Aaron Morningstar and a Peter Griffin (2/502 A 9/64-6/66).
Either way these two gallant men soon became for all intensive
purposes men of the Abu. Soon thereafter we (Abu) were fight-
ing for our lives, literally. Sadly soon after the battle was over
there were reports of Sgt Morningstar's death. During the late
morning or early afternoon of the 7th our Sgt Perkins 3rd Plt.
Sgt had been killed. He, Perkins, was without a doubt, one of
the most courageous men I had ever known. I believe this
should clear any doubt as to how Perkins and Morningstar died
as well as to what units each were from. However, these two
men as well as the countless others—Joyce, Papesh, Coffield,
T-Bird (Funderball), Mitchell, Ramsier, Brock, Kalawe,
Waddell, Jones, Turley, Salazar, Roberts, Eng, Phillips and
everyone whose name now eludes me—I had the pleasure of
knowing and will forever be indelibly etched into my mind. I
for one learned what is meant by, "A BAND OF BROTHERS"
that fateful day so many years ago. At times my eyes will fill
with tears both of pride and sorrow as I still think of these
brave and gallant men.

Nick Fondo

Abu 3rd Sqd M.G. 1/327th 1st Bde (SEP) 101st

*Editor's Note: See Letters to the Editor Jan 2006 issue, page
23, email message from Bruce Swander.*

+ = Current Subscriber

SNOWBIRD 2006

By Ivan Worrell

The annual 101st Airborne Division Association meeting in Florida is always a great gathering of SCREAMING EAGLE veterans. This year marked the first time a reunion planner saw to the registration and other details. The SUNSHINE STATE CHAPTER officers, members and families did a great job with the hospitality room and the lunch meal. The Board and committee meeting, as usual, demanded too much time away from discussions and drinking with old friends.

I had an accident, which has caused me some major heartburn, when I dropped my digital camera on the tile floor of the hotel lobby. I believed my photos were going to be OK but, in the end they were all lost. Two photos that I cannot use that bother me most are [1] a picture of Petra Wenstedt-Pulles and CSM(R) Joseph M. Bossi 2/327 HHC 6/66-7/67 who represent the SCREAMING EAGLES OF WORLD WAR II FOUNDATION and [2] a photo of Michael F. Wilson 2/327 A&C 6/67-3/68 and his daughter who had very recently been appointed a Marine Corps Warrant Officer.

[1] OPERATION TORCH

The SCREAMING EAGLES OF WORLD WAR II FOUNDATION was established by the family of Pete M. Pulles of Eindhoven, The Netherlands. Pete devoted many years to recording the names of Screaming Eagle troopers killed in action, wounded in action and other information now published in six booklets each of which represents a unit of the 101st in WWII. Pete died in 1997 leaving a family who are deeply interested and are carrying on his work.



Operation Torch 15 - 25 September 2006

The Pulles family formed The SCREAMING EAGLES OF WORLD WAR II FOUNDATION to have a structure to carry on Pete's work and to pass the torch of remembering the 101st soldiers who liberated them on to a new generation. The foundation board is made up of members of the Pulles family and Mr. H. Hover (treasurer) with Joe Bossi being recently added to the board.

OPERATION TORCH is a 10-day tour to The Netherlands Market Garden area, September 15 - 25, 2006. The tour is geared to attract a younger generation of 101st veterans' families with a special invitation to 101st Airborne Division veterans of all wars since WWII. For more information check the web site www.screamingeagles.nl, or contact Petra Wenstedt-Pulles, Jan van Eyckgracht 197, 5654 TH Eindhoven, The Netherlands. Her e-mail is p.wenstedt@chello.nl, phone +31 40 2122856, or contact CSM(R) Joseph M. Bossi, 2231 Pendleton Drive, Clarksville, TN 37042-5618, phone (615) 860-2026 or e-mail JosephMBossi@wmconnect.com. Joe Bossi will be the USA contact for the Operation Torch tour.

[2] NEW MARINE CORPS WARRANT OFFICER

Michael F. Wilson 2/327 A&C 6/67-3/68 had as his guest his daughter Warrant Officer Salina Nicole Ash. She was not in uniform but one could see the military posture of a proud Marine. She even had her newly acquired sword that testifies to her grade of Warrant Officer. Again I sincerely regret that no photo of her taken at the reunion is available. She is a beautiful young Marine.

Mike is, justifiably, proud of her accomplishment and was not, in the least, bashful about introducing her to all his friends.



+ GARY D. SIEVERS, 2/327 C 7/67-7/68, 1140 NW 96th St., Kansas City, MO 64155-1816; (816) 429-5170 sent the following General Orders when renewing his subscription.

HEADQUARTERS
1ST BRIGADE 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION
APO SAN FRANCISCO 96347

GENERAL ORDERS
NUMBER 214

1 FEBRUARY 1968

AWARD OF THE ARMY
COMMENDATION MEDAL FOR HEROISM

1. TC 320. The following AWARD is announced.

SIEVERS, GARY D. Field 6955211 Private First Class E3
USA Co. C, 2d Bn, 327th Inf

Awarded: Army Commendation Medal "V" Device
Date Action: 8 October 1967
Theater: Republic Of Viet Nam

Reason: For heroism in connection with military operation against a hostile force: Private Sievers distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous actions on 8 October 1967 in the Republic of Viet Nam. Private Sievers' company was moving to reinforce a platoon that had been overrun by a large enemy force. Private Sievers was one of the first men to reach the open rice field where enemy soldiers were still searching mortally wounded paratroopers.

Ignoring intense enemy automatic weapons fire coming from only a short distance away, he immediately charged into the rice paddy, throwing grenades and engaging the enemy soldiers with accurate fire. He personally killed two enemy soldiers before the enemy force retreated. Private Sievers' heroic actions saved the lives of several paratroopers who would have otherwise been executed by the enemy. Private Sievers' devotion to duty and personal courage were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service, and the United States Army.

Authority: By direction of the Secretary of the Army under the provisions of AR 627-5-1.

For the commander:
David L. Biddle

Official:

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Special Distribution:
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Maj. AGC
Lieutenant General



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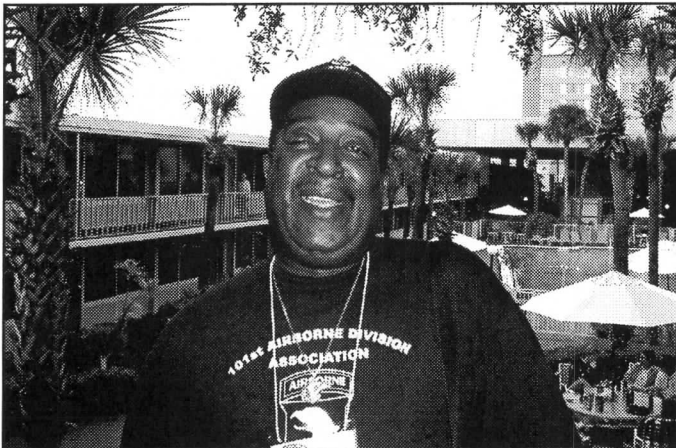
GENERAL Harold K. Johnson, Army chief of staff, receives a Chicom AK-47 Automatic rifle from Brig. Gen. Willard Pearson and Sgt. Maj. Trinidad Prieto. Gen. Pearson is the commanding general of the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division and SM Prieto is his top sergeant. Gen. Johnson visited the "Screaming Eagle" unit on a recent Vietnam tour.

COL(R) Thomas H. Taylor (2/502 B 7/65-6/66), 73 Telegraph Place, San Francisco, CA 94133 sent the following article.



Captain Thomas H. Taylor, 2/502 B 7/65-6/66 is met on the beach at Cam Ranh Bay on July 29th 1965 by his father General Maxwell D. Taylor who was then serving as U. S. Ambassador to Viet Nam. General William C. Westmoreland, Commanding General Military Assistance Command Viet Nam is in the left background.

LARRY ANGLIN 2/502 B 10/60-7/66



Lawrence D. Anglin, 2/502 B 10/60 – 7/66 at the Snow Bird Reunion in Orlando Florida in 2003.

I first met the guy who was to become one of my best friends when he was pissed at the Oh-deuce, at the war, maybe the Army and was prepared to be pissed at me. And this was when he'd just come back from R&R!

In September 1965 I'd just taken command of B Co., which had been chewed up pretty bad in 1st Bde's first pitched battle at a village named An Ninh. Eight dead, a dozen wounded including my predecessor, along with the Bn XO KIA. The Bn CO had remained in helmet defilade throughout the two-day fight and the Bde S-3 (the venerable David Hackworth) had not brought artillery close enough to support the Oh-deuce airhead. Sgt. Larry Anglin, who had excelled in the fighting, was steamed by the whole experience. Even seven days in Bangkok had not cooled him off.

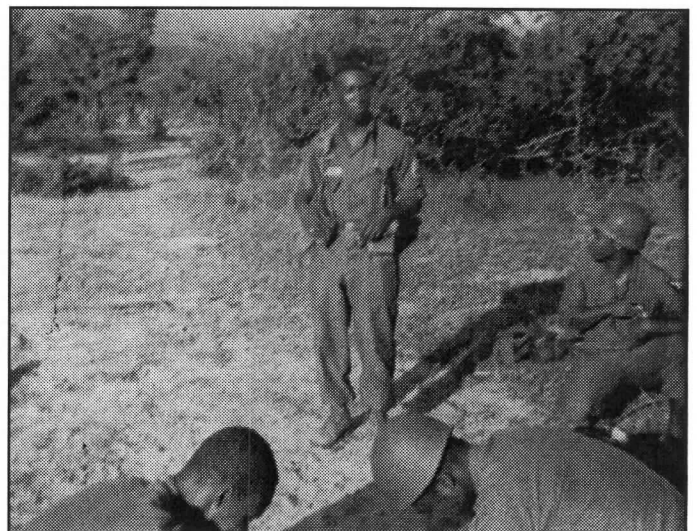
Similarly on R&R were many others in B Co. that I'd yet to meet. I'd spoken to the company minus as a whole but still needed to be introduced to the returning veterans from whom I had a lot to learn. As Anglin approached my CP tent in the twilight at Cam Ranh Bay, the 1st Sgt. whispered something to me like, "This sergeant may have an attitude."

I don't remember much about our conversation but Larry does. He just wanted to check my headspace. I'd never served at Campbell and had come down from Bde S-2, so I was an unknown quantity to the troops. Larry submerged into 2nd Platoon as we prepared for Operation Checkerboard down in III Corps. It went well. We had a new rompin' stompin' Bn CO, Hank Emerson, who had a novel notion about how to conduct area recons. Break down into three or four-man patrols and spread them like a minefield throughout the AO. Even though he was a platoon sergeant Larry went out on these patrols which were really OP's. Checkerboarding, by the way, is now a part of the 101st's Tactical Manual.

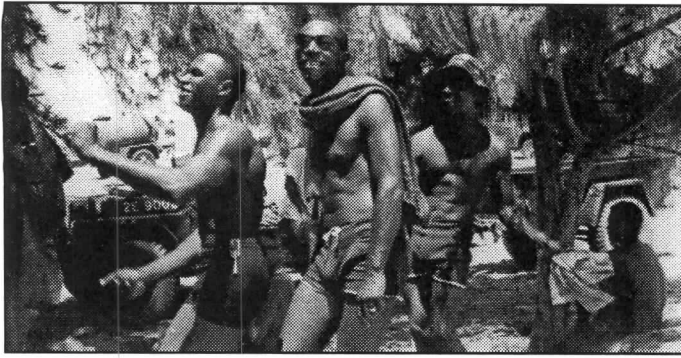
It was up in Tuy Hoa in February 1966 that I became really familiar with Larry. We'd just had our first big fight since I took command, overrunning a company of the 95th NVA in the village of Can Tinh. The battle took all day and we barely consolidated by dark. My CP was in a duplex hootch, Larry on the other side of grass mate partition. I'd just fallen asleep when an M16 burst bounced me off my air mattress. Assuming someone had fired accidentally, I yelled over to put weapons on safe. A respectful voice came back, "Sir, would you come over here?"

There, sprawled halfway out of a pit fire, was a dead NVA who had tried to come out of his tunnel. By his hand was a Chicom grenade he'd been ready to throw. If Larry hadn't drilled him the NVA would have fragged me. I recognized Larry whenever I saw him after that.

We went on campaigns in II Corps and down around Phan Thiet, then the big fight brewed up at Dak To. Larry was coming back from his second well deserved R&R when Emerson sent out the call for all guys back at Phan Rang to get their asses



SSG Larry D. "Razor Charlie" Anglin with his squad members at Phan Rang 1965.



This photo sent by Larry Anglin was taken at Tuy Hoa and features SSG Willie "Sweet Willie" Lee Mess Sergeant Headquarters Company 1/327 (he died in August of 1995), SSG Ranger Crawford Communication Sergeant Headquarters Company 1/327 (he died in Germany in 1972), SSG Larry Anglin Weapons Squad Leader B Company 2/502 and Sergeant Lopez Fire Team Leader in B Company 2/502. Sgt Lopez was shot in the jaw shortly after this picture was taken. The round went down into his chest area. Larry Anglin says that is the last time he saw him.

up to the border. A Chinook was waiting to carry a load, including the battalion chaplain, and Larry was to be on it. But he had a premonition. For the only time in his career he missed movement. In the highlands the Chinook crashed, killing all aboard. The next time I saw Larry was at one of the Memorial Day services in DC. He had gotten out, returned to New Jersey, worked for the Post Office (where he met his wife) and sold Cadillac's. He was the secretary and a stalwart in the McAuliffe Chapter of the 101st Association and became a governor for the Oh-deuce.

When people ask what "wartime buddy" means I tell them about Larry. A wartime buddy is not someone you get drunk with -- you can do that with anybody. Instead you sort of grow up and grow old together. Your shared experience is something you start with but it's far from the end of what you have in common. It's like a marriage that can be extended or terminated every time you meet or talk. Larry and I are enjoying our fortieth anniversary.

Tom Taylor



LTC(R) Dave Campbell, 2/502 B Recon 1/66-5/67,
84 Middle Creek Rd., Irmo, SC 29063-8528;
(803) 781-8656 sent the poem below.

"MEMO TO CHARLES"

We're giving you a warning Charlie,
A warning you better heed,
So sit down where you can concentrate,
Sit down where you can read.

We're paratroopers from Battlin' Bravo,
Men of the mighty five o'deuce,
And you better look around you, Charlie
'Cause we're running on the loose—

We're climbing up the highest hill,
And searching out the deepest draw,
So don't cry when we find you, Charlie,
'Cause out here there is no law—

The Widowmaker is coming, Charlie,
Slow and steady with blood in his eye,
And when he finds you there in your hole,
There in your hole is where you'll die—

For we don't mess around, dear Charlie,
With our fightin' and our killin',
We took on a battalion of your best,
And they found us ready and willin'—

It was on the 13th of August,
When we fought them off our hill,
They tried to beat the Eagle's best,
And quickly got their fill—

Tracers lit the midnight sky that night,
Shooting and screaming all around,
When the sun rose the next morning,
Thirty-six of you lay on the ground—

Then we got out of our holes, dear Charlie,
A mission to look forward to,
To avenge our dead who lay so still,
For we weren't through with you—

We followed the trail you left behind,
And we followed it all through the day,
But the remainder we did not find, ol' Charlie,
Once again you slipped away—

We respect you for your cunning, Charlie,
But as a soldier you're undone,
For when the Widowmaker makes a stand,
You turn around and run—

You try to hit us when we travel,
The hidden ambush you do love,
But you'll get your noses blooded,
When Charlie "push" meets Airborne "shove."

We carry our rifles ready,
Deadly weapons sleek and black,
And we've got the guts to use them,
The trait of courage we do not lack—

So bring on your very best, ol' Charlie,
And meet us -- The Strike Force Elite,
We'll fight you and we'll kill you,
So the devil you can meet—

Yes, we're from Battlin' Bravo,
And we're coming after you,
And there's no escape this time, Charlie,
For our aim is as deadly as it is true—

"The Provider"
BCSS





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Issue #5

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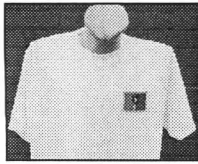
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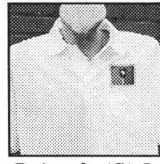
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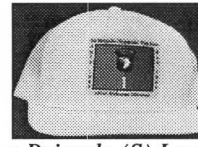
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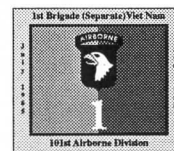
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Issue #31



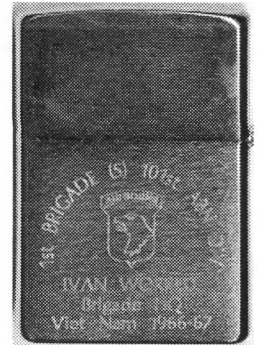
Issue #32



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.

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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

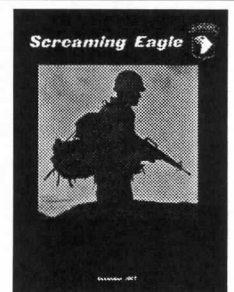
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a comprehensive history of the 1st year the 1st Brigade served in Viet Nam.
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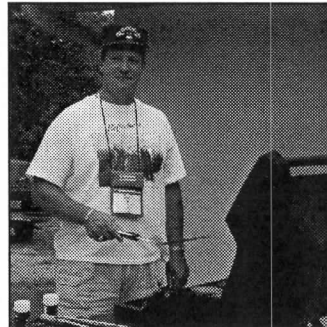
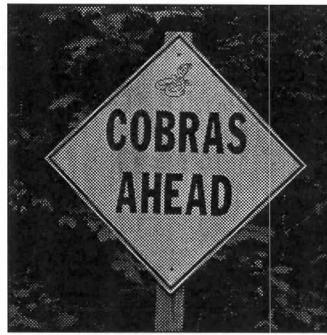
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Cobra Lake

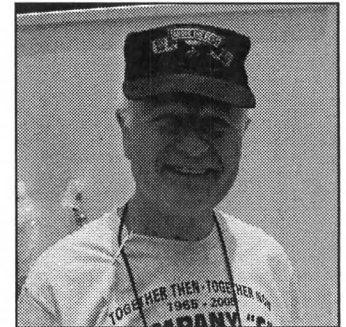


Kenneth F. Ihle, 11327 C 3165-7166 and his wife Angela pose in front of the welcome home sign during the Cold Steel Cobra three day reunion on their wooded retreat, COBRA LAKE, near Crossville, Tennessee in June of 2005. Ken and Angie are the perfect host and hostess as evidenced by the fact the reunion attendance grows each year.

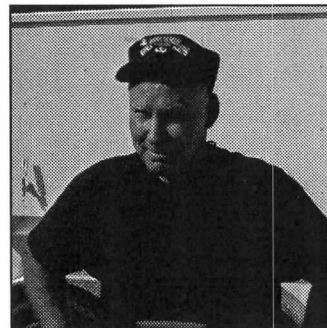
The Cobra Lake Reunion is scheduled for June 22 – 23 – 24, 2006. Registration Chairman is Carl S. Coulthard, 1/327 B 6/66-6/67, 904 County Home Road, Hamlet, NC 28345-4391, phone (910) 582-8147, e-mail CarlandMarla@carolina.rr.com. Contact him for information about registration fees, motel locations and schedule.



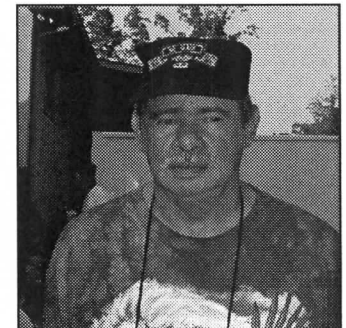
*John J.M. Kolenc,
11327 C 10163-6166,
a great cook!*



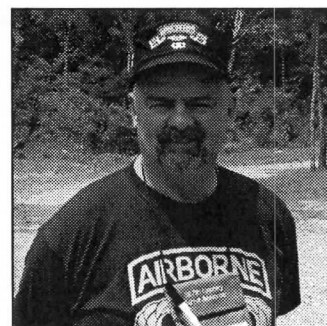
*LTC(R) Allen C. De Graw,
11327 CO C 7165-7166 ELT*



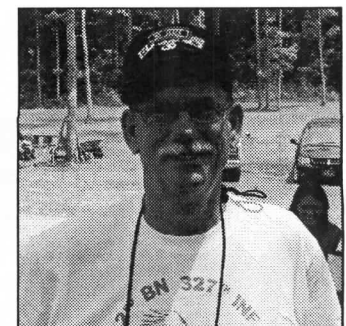
*Joe R. Warren,
11327 C 65-66*



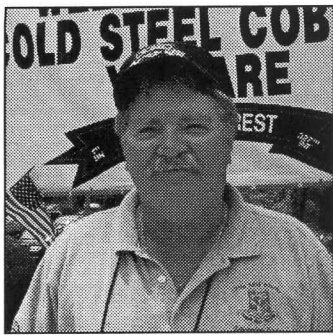
*Theodore "Weasel" Penton,
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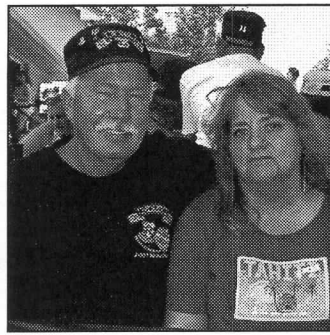
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11327 C 10166-10167*



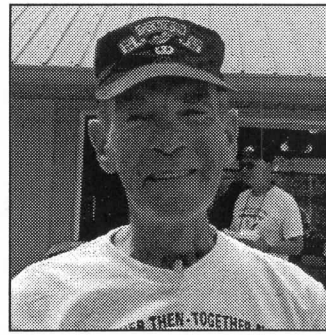
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21327 C 5167-12168*



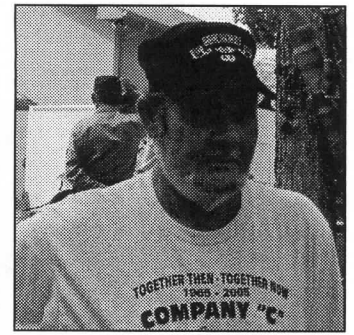
Dale "Hannibal" Hansen,
21327 D 8/68-8/69



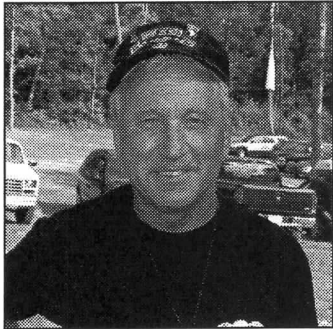
Richard A. Luttrell,
21327 A 4/67-3/68 and Carole



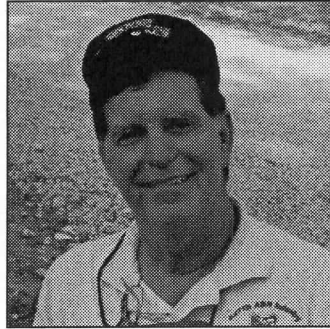
Jim R. Van Lone,
11327 C 65-66



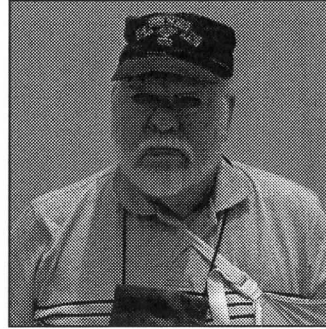
Gerald D. Deck,
11327 C 65-67



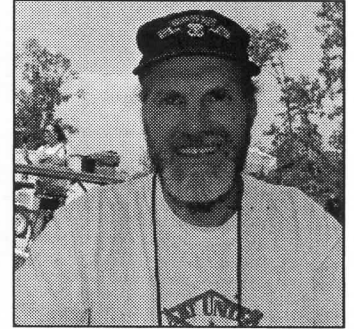
Claude A. "Fritz" Frisbie,
11327 A 7/66-2/68



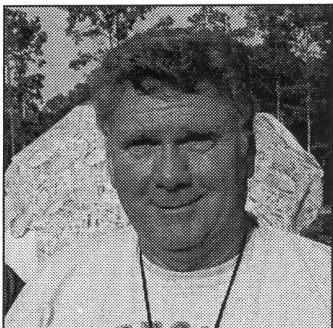
COL (R) Kenneth W. Pfeiffer,
11327 C 66-67



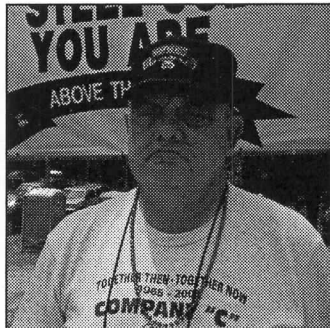
Fred C. Brander,
11327 C 65-66 PSG



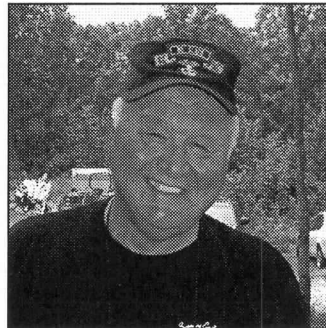
Charles "Chuck" Heyn,
11327 HHQ 66-67



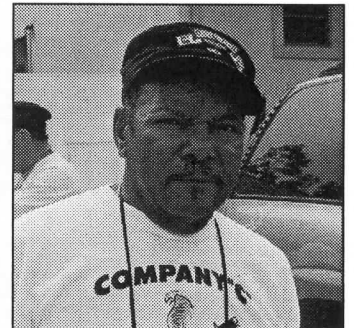
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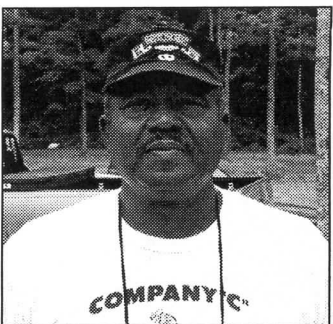
SSG (R) John Raymond,
11327 C 67-71



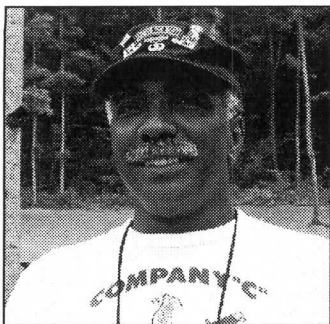
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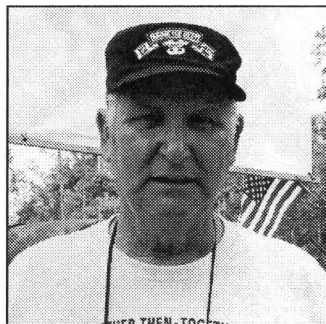
Joseph A. "Tony" Young,
11327 C ELT 62 - 65



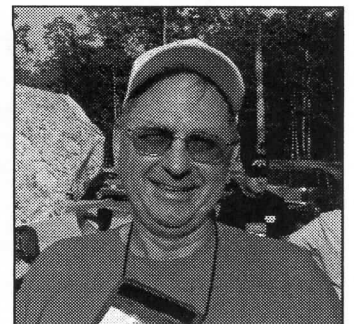
MacArthur Rogers,
11327 C 6/65-6/66



Bill Richardson,
11327 C 65



Robert Lindamood,
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Greg M. Gerhart,
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THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM

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The following will give you some insight into the contents of the April 2006 issue of THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM. Thanks to each of you who have contributed material to make this magazine possible.

TRUTH ABOUT DAK TOPAGES 1 – 7
By General S. L. A. Marshall who progressed from a combat soldier in WWI to become the premiere military historian of WWII, Korea and Viet Nam. He published at least two books about Viet Nam and many more with subjects covering the Korean War and World War II.

SILENT CRIES OF A SOLDIERPAGES 8 – 11
Material developed by Nick Fondo, 1/327 A 2/66-6/66, about his experiences in the 1st Brigade (S) in Viet Nam. His evaluation of some of the troopers he served with is new material for the magazine.

OBITUARIESPAGE 12
Most of the obituaries for the past quarter are from mail returned marked "deceased." This was from a mailing of about 2,500 with 1st Brigade (S) 2006 reunion material.

"COBRA TOP"PAGES 13 AND 14
A story about CSM (R) John R. "Russ" McDonald, 1/327 C 1/64-7/68 by one of the brigade's successful writers, Tom Willard, 1/327 RECON Med 65-66 who chose "Top" as his subject because he admired his leadership in Viet Nam.

2006 1ST BRIGADE (S) REUNIONPAGES 14 AND 15
Information about the availability of material regarding the 10th Biennial Reunion in Atlanta, Georgia, September 20 – 24, 2006. A list of those who have submitted their registrations is included.

UPCOMING EVENTSPAGE 15
A list of events that should be of interest to all airborne veterans.

101ST AIRBORNE WHIP VIET CONGPAGE 16
Roderick J. Marshall, 2/327 HHQ Hawks 5/66-5/67, went to the Memphis, Tennessee Public Library and obtained a copy of this story that was published in The Commercial Appeal of Memphis on January 29, 1967.

DIPLOMAT AND WARRIOR, Jan. 16, 1967PAGES 17 – 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITORPAGES 21 – 23
Messages received from and about veterans of the 1st Brigade (S). They are gathered from the 1st Brigade web site, e-mails and material sent through the United States Postal Service. Most mail received is from subscribers. The editor welcomes material from and about those who are not subscribers.

SNOWBIRD 2006PAGE 24
Two short stories from the Snowbird Reunion in Orlando, Florida, tell about Operation Torch, an organization to keep alive the Dutch remembrance of their 101st liberators by encouraging the next generations to learn of the liberation history of Holland and attend liberation ceremonies. The story of Warrant Officer Salina Nicole Ash, USMC, daughter of Michael F. Wilson, 2/327 A&C 6/67-3/68.

SUBSCRIBERS' LISTPAGES 25 – 28
A list made up of new subscribers, renewing subscribers, address corrections and bad addresses collected from returned mail. If you can help with the correct addresses of those listed in bad addresses please contact the editor.

LARRY ANGLINPAGES 29 AND 30
A great story by another 1st Brigade veteran who is a successful writer. COL(R) Thomas H. Taylor, 2/502 B 7/65-6/66, tells how combat can help you choose your "best friends."

"MEMO TO CHARLES"PAGE 30
A poem that tells how LTC(R) Dave Campbell, 2/502 B Recon 1/66-5/67, gives his opinion, of how Bravo Strike Force feels about contact with "Charlie."

ITEMS FOR SALEPAGES 31 – 33
Items for resale are shown, along with back issues of the magazine. An order form is included on page 32.

COBRA LAKE PAGES 34 – 35
A picture feature of the Cold Steel Cobra Company Reunion in June of 2005 along with information about the 2006 reunion.

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"Operation Van Buren" - 8 February 1966

Vietnamese villagers are escorted to the American lines. They will be questioned by the Vietnamese interpreter who is helping a little girl across a water hole. This operation was held to prevent rice harvests falling into Viet Cong control. Photo by S/Sgt Gilbert L. Mayers

10th Biennial Reunion
1st Brigade (S) 101st Abn Div
Atlanta, Georgia
September 20-24, 2006
See pages 14 & 15

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