

*The First
Screaming*

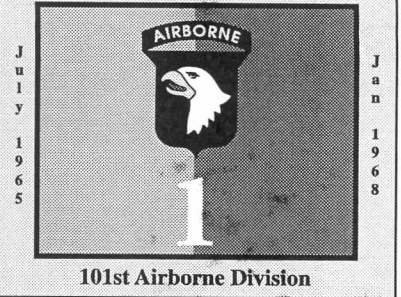
A HISTORICAL REVIEW OF
THE 1ST BRIGADE (Separate) 101st AIRBORNE DIVISION
in Viet Nam from July 1965 through January 1968



Published Quarterly
January - April - July - October

*Eagles
in Viet Nam*

1st Brigade (Separate) Viet Nam



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The ALWAYS FIRST Brigade



S-5 WINS HEARTS AND MINDS



Following is a warning message.
 Please mark your calendars now and plan to attend. Details will be mailed to you in a reunion packet and will appear in the April and July 2008 magazines.

**THE 11th BIENNIAL
 REUNION OF THE
 FIRST BRIGADE (S)
 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION**

**WILL BE IN HAMPTON, VIRGINIA
 SEPTEMBER 25 – 28, 2008**

**AT THE HOLIDAY INN
 HAMPTON HOTEL &
 CONFERENCE CENTER**

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).



(L to R) MAJ(R) Ivan Worrell, INFO OFF 5166-5167 and Claude A. Frisbie, 11327 A 7166-2168 at the 2007 Memorial Service at the 101st Airborne Division Monument just outside the main gate at Arlington National Cemetery.

The electronic generated portion of the magazine seems to be going through a transition. You can note that this issue contains no e-mails and very little from the guest book on the web site. I am not sure if this is progress or some failing in stressing the importance of these two medias. KEEP THOSE E-MAILS AND GUEST BOOK ENTRIES COMING ! I would like to hear from you and I know your fellow veterans would like to know about your important events.

I had already had Billy Spangler's eulogy to General Matheson set in the magazine when I received word of Billy's death. He will be greatly missed.

I have just survived my 80th birthday and look forward to the next 80.

James F. Shamblen, Secretary of the William C. Lee Chapter, 101st Airborne Division Association is working on the reunion registration form and will have it to me soon. Registration forms will be mailed to all First Brigade (S) veterans for whom I have an address. Announcements for the reunion will be sent to the veteran's publications.

Please note page 16 and the material about the First Brigade Combat Team in Iraq. I plan to use material from our brigade in Iraq in each issue until they return to Fort Campbell.

The new President of the 101st Airborne Division Association is Joe R. Alexander, 3/506 A 10/67-10/68. It is great to have a First Brigade (S) veteran at the helm of the association.

**I HOPE YOU HAVE HAD A
 JOYOUS CHRISTMAS
 SEASON AND WILL HAVE A
 HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS
 NEW YEAR.**

The front cover is art taken from a Department of the Army publication produced for the First Brigade (S). The artist was not identified.



TRUNG LUONG

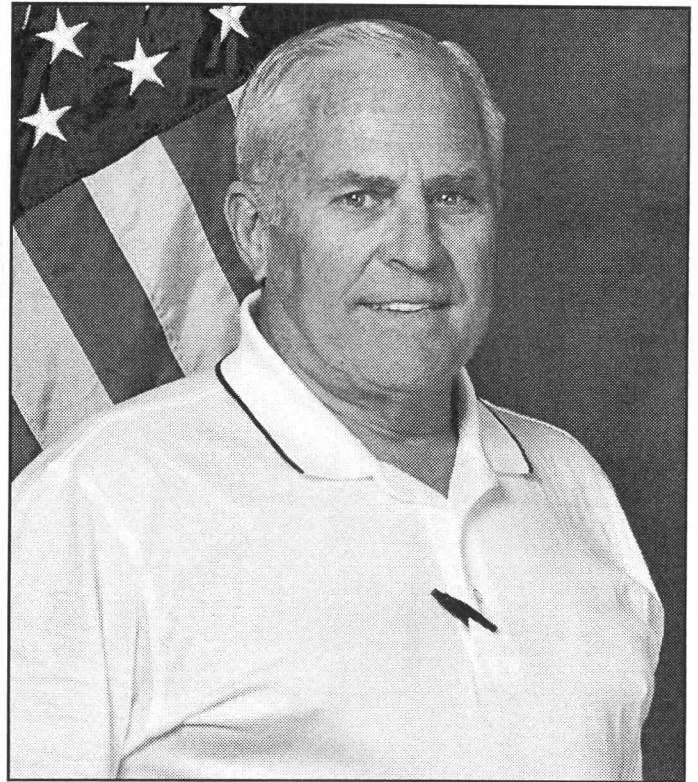
By LTC (Ret.) Tom Furgeson
(2/327 A & HHC 5/66-5/67)

18 June 66

Late in the afternoon, I was ordered to the Battalion CP for a warning order. It seemed that a U.S. Marine Corps Regimental Landing Team was going ashore for a training exercise North of Tuy An, (Map Sheet 6835 IV, Series L7014, coordinates 100790). Our Battalion was to go into an area Southwest of their AO to see what they might flush out. It was also noted that the Special Forces Camp at Dong Tre (coordinates 900700) had been hit fairly hard the previous night and that "maybe" several NVA units with main force back up were in the area. No information received in that warning order indicated that our Battalion (-) could not handle the impending operation. In fact, I went back and briefed the Platoon Leaders on the operation and requested that no one harass the Marines when and if we ran into them. The Company immediately set about preparing for this operation by briefing on LZs, formations to be used and order of movement. The Senior Aidman, Sp5 Cotton, checked those individuals who most likely would not be able to accompany the unit on this operation. Due to their medical conditions, two individuals specifically come to mind, Lt. Roberts (Mrvin J. nickname Bud), Platoon Leader and Sp4 Rick Salazar, (2/327 A 10/65 - 10/66) Machine-gunner. During the evening, helicopter chinks were determined and the order of movement into the LZ was established. The command group with FO party would land immediately behind the lead platoon and the FO's Recon Sgt was to go in with the lead platoon. Three LZs were picked and the terrain studied by all. The primary LZ was Hill 96 (coordinates 023672) <No. 1 on map>, and the touch down time was 1230 hours 19 June 66. We knew the temperature during this time would be around 100 degrees Fahrenheit and water was of the essence. Therefore, salt tablets and at least three quarts of water per man was established. Double basic load for all weapons systems was the norm and four grenades per individual would be carried. Morale and spirits were high and all were ordered to get a good nights sleep. Major Hinkle (Richard "Dick" 2/327 HHC 1/66-12/66) and I would fly out to the Marine Corps CP on board a helicopter flattop early on 19 June to receive a final update on their situation and any additional intelligence they might have.

19 June 66

Early in the morning, Major Hinkle, S-3, and I flew to the Marine Corps CP. I can remember the sun was just coming up and it was a beautiful morning as the sun shown across the South China Sea. As normal for that area, it was hot and humid. Once aboard the carrier we were briefed and established boundaries and no-fire lines in the event our units might run into each other or the enemy. I was not concerned and felt very confident that our Battalion could handle anything in our area of operation. The Marine units were just to the North of



LTC(R) Charles T. (Tom) Furgeson,
2/327 A & HHC 5/66-5/67

us and could reinforce our Battalion if necessary. Little did I know that the Marines were not prepared to do so. Upon completion of the briefing and coordination, Major Hinkle and I returned to Tuy Hoa base and went our separate ways. He to Battalion TOC and I to the Company. C Company was lined up on the PZ (Pick Up Zone) as we arrived therefore there was plenty of time to prepare A Company for its deployment. Everything was checked and I felt very confident that all would go well. All leaders went over procedures on how we would handle a "hot LZ." However, we did not expect that because we were to land on the highest piece of terrain around. We did discuss routes of march to the North and objectives to be achieved by each Platoon. There was concern about the dust kicked up by approaching helicopters on the sandy PZ and how we would protect our weapons from this problem. Each Platoon Leader had his own solution; therefore, I left it up to them to make that decision. The lead Platoon though, was to ensure no weapon would malfunction because of sand, therefore their weapons were covered in plastic bags until airborne. This was never really a problem during my two+ tours in VN. Those GIs would find a way to make their weapons work and the officers and NCOs continually checked their men and equipment to avoid this problem.

At approximately 1200 hours A Company lifted off for our assault LZ. The flight was uneventful and the artillery preparation was on target; the gun ships made gun runs; and the door gunners on each ship put down fire suppression. The LZ was cold, however, all the fire support set the dry grass on fire and that added to the heat of the day. Once all Platoons were on the

ground, combat formations were established and we moved quickly off the burning LZ. Lieutenant Colonel Wasco (2/327 CO 1/66-1/67), Battalion Commander, and Major Hinkle were with the Company but not with the command group. The heat was tremendous and we lost several men to this element, however, no one was medevaced. The individuals were doused with water from a stream and sent on their way. Throughout the afternoon, the Company moved to the North clearing the area. There was no contact with the enemy forces during this time. Also, I did not want to move too fast due to the heat and a sixth sense everything seemed to be too easy. There were reports from our Platoon Leaders of fire fights to the West where C Company had landed. Later the Battalion CO and S-3 left our unit to check on C Company. The more we monitored the communication between Battalion and C Company, the more concerned we became.

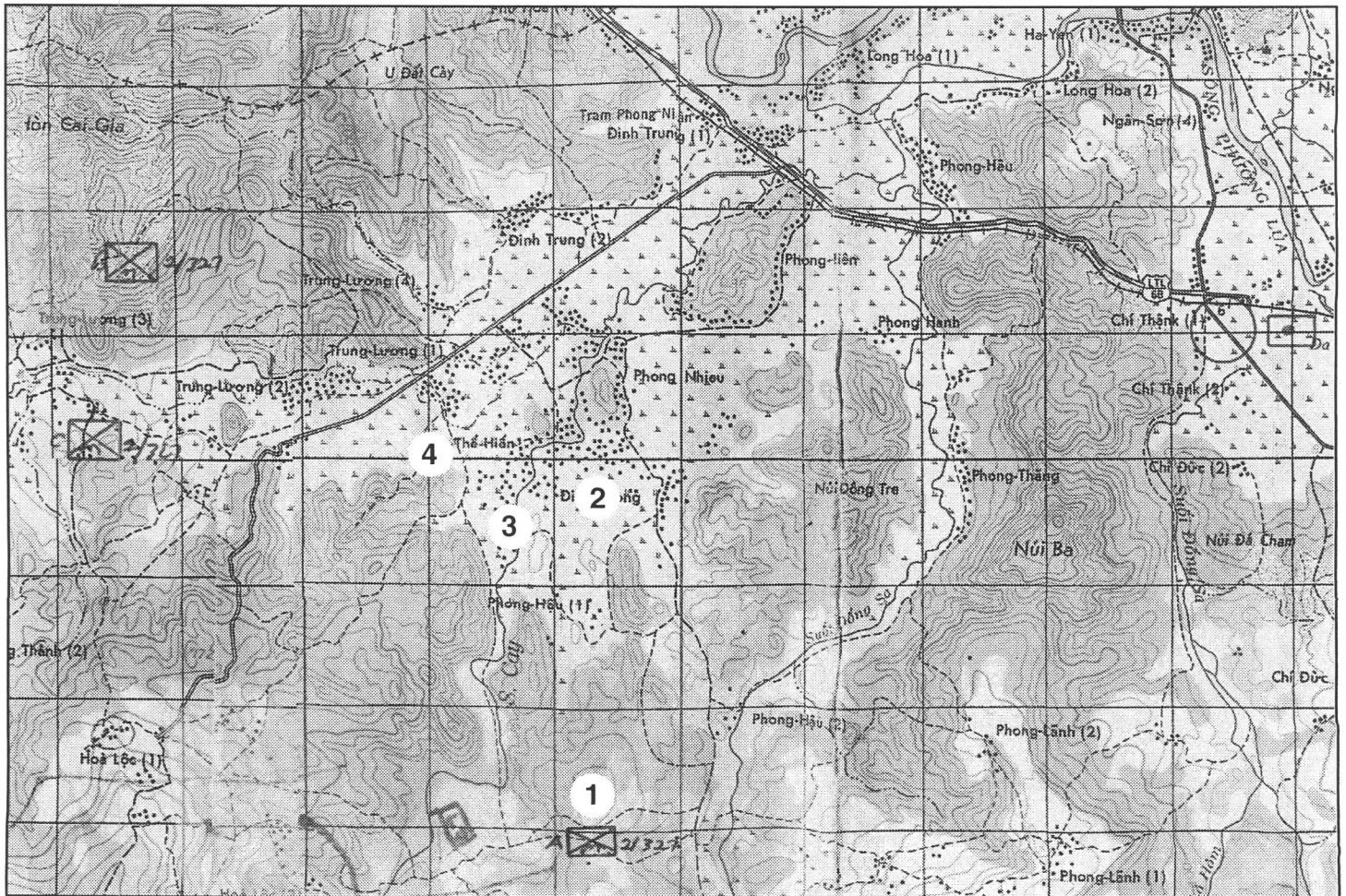
Our unit moved through some isolated villages and came across a school in Dinh-Phong (coordinates 020698) <No. 2 on map>. In one of the classrooms there was a blackboard with drawings on it and it seemed to be being used to plan defensive actions for the enemy. Evidently our operation had not been anticipated and everyone had left in a hurry and the blackboard was not erased. At the time it meant nothing, but looking back, the drawings were of a village and how it would be defended (possibly Trung-Luong). With the continuing fire fights to the West in C Company's AO, and no break in contact, a piece of high ground was picked and a perimeter defense was established. All Platoon Leaders were ordered to the Company CP. We had been monitoring Battalion transmissions with C Company

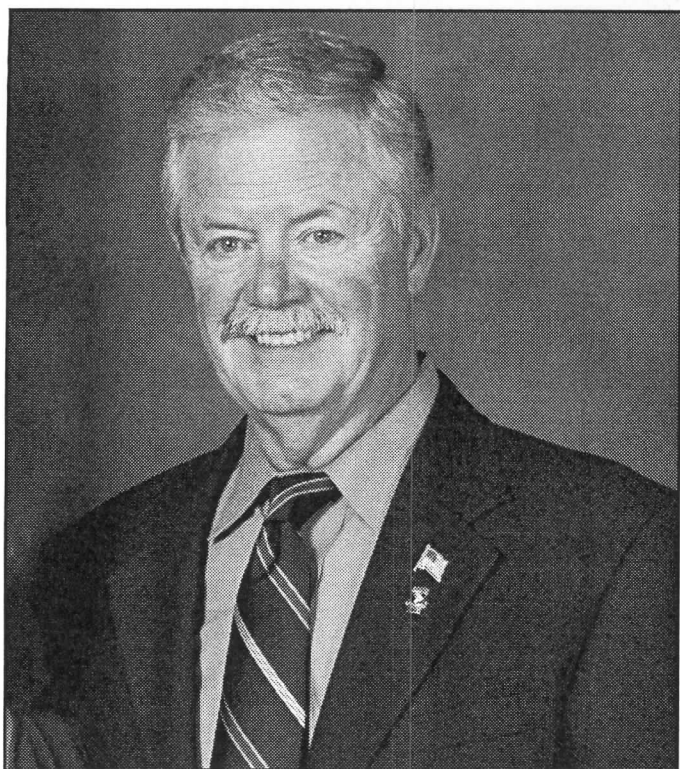
for some time and knew this was a determined resistance against them. Based upon this information only two ambushes, in platoon size units, would be sent out that evening after dark. Our three units, the two ambush platoons and the Company CP with Weapons Platoon and a Rifle Platoon would be mutually supporting. Each ambush platoon was to be prepared to return to the Company CP immediately after any contact.

After dark the ambush platoons left the Company perimeter and headed for their assigned sites. We watched and monitored C Company's activities all night long, realizing they were in trouble. Shortly after midnight, 1st Platoon sprung their ambush and killed several clean cut NVA. Once their ambush was sprung the other platoon was ordered back to the Company perimeter. The ambush platoon was ordered to remain in position and did not return until daybreak. All night long the XO, John Towers, and I discussed C Company's situation and what could be done about it. We both knew our Company would be ordered to attack in the morning and link up with them. We discussed all possible routes of advance with those Platoon Leaders and Platoon Sgts in the Company perimeter. Spooky, Puff the Magic Dragon, artillery and small arms fire went on all night long. I had not experienced this before. It was normally hit and run, this was determined resistance. So ended 19 June with A Company, 2 Battalion, 327th Parachute Infantry Regiment.

20 June 66

Throughout the early morning hours we continued to monitor the Battalion Command Net and attempted to make something





LTC(R) John J. Dorsey, 2/327 A 6/66-5/67

out of what was going on with C Company. At daybreak the 1st Platoon returned and was debriefed. The Platoon had set up an ambush along a North South trail (coordinates 016695) <No. 3 on map> expecting the enemy to come from either of those two directions. What the Platoon did not know was that there was an East West trail which lead directly into the center of their ambush position and terminated on the North South trail forming a T. That's the way the NVA came. Neither end of the ambush knew the enemy was there until the firing broke out. One NVA jumped on Sp4 Joe Housley's (2/327 A 3/66-3/67) back saying "how do I get the hell out of here!" or words to that effect, in perfect English. Several enemy got away, but there were also several who didn't. The bodies were searched and there were no documents or other information that might be of use to the S-2. Immediately after "Stand To," a warning order was issued, to be prepared to move West and link up with C Company, who by this time must be exhausted due to all of the fighting that had been going on for some 18 hours. Lieutenant Walter E. Eddy's (2/327 A 65-66) 2d Platoon was selected to be the lead element. Order of march was 2d Platoon, Command group, 3d Platoon, Weapons Platoon and 1st Platoon. The straight-line distance between our two companies was a little over four clicks.

At 0800 hours, just as expected, A Company received orders to move to the West and link up with C Company as soon as possible. I requested from the FO the location of the closest artillery and was told our direct support artillery position was located at the crossroads. (Intersection of Routes 1 & 68, coordinates 072712) {Please note the terms used are descriptions of locations we all knew} I also asked the FO what other fire support could be expected. I just was not too satisfied with the Lieutenant probably because he was new and we had not worked together that long. Therefore I depended almost entire-

ly on the Recon Sergeant Sp4 Pardick. He was good and I could always depend upon him being right there with me during the thick of it. The first order of business was water. 1st Platoon Sgt Marion D. Calvert (2/327 A 12/65-12/66) stated that there was water in the creek they had crossed that morning on their return. At 0830 hours we moved to the creek and the Company provided security as each platoon filled their canteens. Even at this early hour the heat was tremendous. The Company continued West to the finger just North of Hill 48, (coordinates 011699) <No. 4 on map> which was about two clicks East of C Company. Since C Company was only receiving sporadic fire at this time we established a company perimeter. 1st and 3d Platoons were to cover 2d Platoon as it crossed the 500+ meters of open area to Trung Luong (2) <No. 5 on map>. Lieutenant Walter E. Eddy crossed without any problem and called back and said there was plenty of fresh water in the well at the village entrance. He was ordered to move further into the village and prepare for the remainder of the company to cross the open area and join him.

Upon our arrival, there had still not been any contact. Lt. Eddy was ordered to proceed and clean out the remainder of the village. Each platoon would fill their canteens, then form up and follow. The village appeared deserted and did not look like it had been inhabited for some time. The width of the village would only require one platoon on line to accomplish this mission. 2d Platoon moved out and 1st Platoon finished watering down and prepared to move out on the right when all hell broke loose. The automatic weapons fire was tremendous. The command group immediately moved forward as the battle grew in intensity. This was no hit and run action, we were in among them and they among us. It was close quarter fighting with rifles, pistols and grenades. Lt. Towers immediately set up a position for collecting wounded and dead as well as requesting resupply of ammunition, especially grenades, as soon as possible. Lt Eddy was one of the first to go down. Even without officers as leaders, the NCOs and privates took over and we were able to dominate the fight. Dead and wounded were evacuated and resupplies arrived quickly. As the battle continued the command post was set up in a concrete house close to the front on the left flank of the Company. There we were Pat Noonan (2/327 A 10/65-10/66), Roger Hazeltine (2/327 A 12/65-12/66) [Battalion and Company RTOs respectively], the FO Lt., Pardick and me. As I was laying there sending in a situation report, pieces of concrete wall 3-4 feet in diameter came flying off walls as the rounds penetrated. This was heavy. The enemy was using AA weapons in direct fire against us. Someone said "let's get the hell out of here!" As we ran out the back door, an M-60 LMG opened up right over our heads and we heard and saw an NVA body and an SKS rifle come crashing down from the roof of the building we were just in. Evidently an enemy soldier had been placed on the roof in a cut out chimney, and was picking off our men as they advanced passed him. (I remember thinking this is just like the cowboy movies I use to see in the local theater.) The reports coming in from the platoons were not encouraging, but everyone was doing his job and we were advancing slowly. I did hear several calls for "medic!" and just then Sp5 Cotton, our senior aidman, ran by me. I tried to grab him and yelled "no!" because the trail directly in front of us was zeroed in with enemy machinegun



fire. He made it only to be killed shortly thereafter. The command group made its way around and settled in for a breather near a pigpen. I tried to put together, in my mind, our positions and tried to get some movement out of the platoons. By this time we had been fighting about an hour and a half and exhaustion was setting in. Somebody had to do something and get things moving again. I heard someone out in front of us yell "medic!" and that's when I said to myself "do it!" and get the men moving. I ran towards the enemy positions and all hell broke loose around me. I can still feel the impact of the rounds hitting around my feet and whipping past my body as I ran that 20-30 meters. I dove behind a log and was up and running again for another 20-30 meters and dove next to a hedgerow and yelled "where the hell are you?!" the trooper called back; he was only about 10 meters from me on the other side of the hedgerow. I asked him how bad he was hit and he said that he was hit in the head but could crawl. I told him to crawl to me and I'd help him back. Once I saw the wound I cursed him, because even though he was bleeding from the head he had only been scratched by a grenade fragment and he could easily move without assistance and did not need a medic. I left him there and told him to move to the rear and I continued crawling along the hedgerow. All of sudden I saw a barrel of an AK-47 poke through and start firing into the left flank of 1st Platoon in the creek bed. I was close enough to feel the concussion from the weapon as the enemy soldier fired it. It seemed like I stayed there for hours watching the barrel poke through the hedgerow, fire a magazine, and then be pulled back to reload. I also heard Vietnamese talking right next to me as this was going on. I got a grenade, pulled the pin waited until the weapon was pulled back and I just rolled the grenade through the opening in the hedgerow. It felt like it went off right next to me, which it did. [To this day, I don't know whether or not I cooked the grenade off. I was just too scared and was reacting to each situation as I was taught.] There was moaning and crying from several enemy soldiers but I did not stick around to see what damage had been done.

I crawled into the creek bed on the left flank of 1st Platoon. SSG Calvert and SGT Hilliard Carter (2/327 A 12/65-9/66) were standing at a bend in the creek bed and one of them said, "Where the hell did you come from?" I asked SSG Calvert his situation and was informed he had a number of wounded and dead but didn't know how many. He was also very low on ammunition and grenades. [This is something many individuals need to know. Grenade usage was enormous because no one could see the enemy and also due to the close quarter of the combat. So instead of shooting your weapon you lob a grenade. Lucky for us most of the enemy's grenades were duds or we would have had many more casualties.] SSG Calvert was ordered to be prepared to withdraw when the order was given and make certain he had a complete accountability of all the men in his platoon. By this time, I did not know how long I had been out of contact with the Battalion and the Company. The RTOs did not accompany me on this excursion. I had to find the RTOs and report to Battalion. I soon found Sp4 Pardick, the RTO for the FO, but did not see the FO. Sp4 Pardick said the RTOs were crawling in the direction I had initially gone. He also added it was a good thing we moved when we did because it wasn't too long after we left, that an RPG



COL(R) Joseph Wasco, Jr, 2/327 CO 1/66-1/67

round landed right on top of that position. I could not see Noonan or Hazeltine. I yelled for them to get their asses back to me, they heard me and were back within minutes. They too had found the wounded GI who I had helped and he was reunited with his unit.

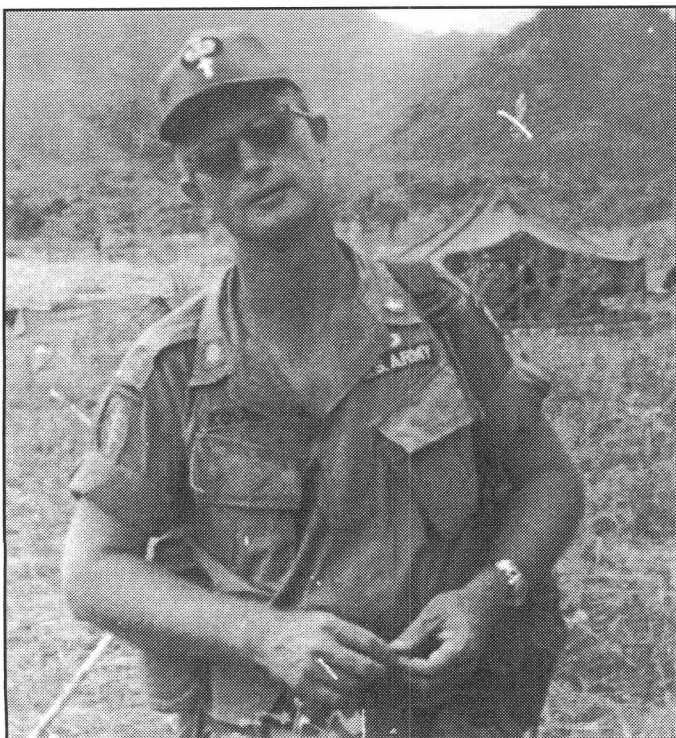
Due to the situation it was decided to request permission to withdraw to some high ground near Hill 48, which we had crossed earlier in the morning. Weapons Platoon was ordered to move back to the finger, secure that position for the remainder of the Company, which would follow. All three platoons were now committed and had suffered casualties. Battalion was called requesting permission to withdraw to the finger and reduce the battle area by artillery and air strikes. Permission was granted. The command group went back to the resupply point and found Lt. Towers wounded but still functioning. Resupplies of ammunition had been brought in and all wounded and dead had been evacuated. [As I look back, the enemy saw where the medevacs and resupply choppers were landing. On our second and third attacks they had the LZ zeroed in, causing us great difficulty in resupplying our unit and medevacing the dead and wounded.] Another problem we encountered was the absence of rifle slings in one platoon. It seems that the Platoon Leader decided that the slings would make noise on ambushes and during movement therefore he ordered them removed prior to departure. [Did you ever try to carry or drag a wounded man on an improvised stretcher and four to six rifles from other wounded at the same time without slings? It is impossible. During future operations all weapons had slings.] By the time the order was given to withdraw, both the NVA and we were exhausted. The battle had died down to just a few pop shots at each other and a grenade here and a grenade there. Lt. Towers accompanied us back to the finger that Weapons Platoon had secured. All ammunition was carried back also. The equipment that could not be carried was burned

and rendered useless to the enemy. Yes, we licked our wounds but the morale was still fairly high. We had been hit but we were far from being knocked down. Time 1230 hours.

**20 June 66
1230-1400 Hours**

The Company consolidated its defensive positions on the finger just North of Hill 48 and prepared for any eventuality. Artillery was first to be used extensively and the FO worked the fire missions from East to West through the village and then back again. Also air strikes were requested and arrived approximately 1300 hours. We placed an orange panel in front of our positions and brought the aircraft in, right over our heads, this we never did again. All the bombs and napalm landed right on target however these aircraft were F-100s and when they strafed all the empty shell casings fly over-board. These casing can kill individuals on the ground once ejected. As the 20mm casing came down we all took cover, however one of the men did get hit in the head, lucky for him he had his helmet on and did not sustain any injuries. [Never again did we bring close air support perpendicular to our lines, unless absolutely necessary. They were always brought in parallel. There is also a possibility of an early release of a bomb or napalm canister, this could be catastrophic.]

As these airstrikes were going on for our Company, C Company could not use the artillery positioned at the crossroads because the fighters had to fly through the gun-target line. The fighters were vectored in on a Southeast to Northwest line. After the first airstrike the FAC was instructed to vector all future airstrikes in from South to North for the remainder of the battle. As these airstrikes were going on reinforcements arrived. Lt. Bud Roberts returned to command his platoon; Lt. Abe Martin, who was about to DEROS, volunteered to come



Chaplain (MAJ) Francis Kovacic, 2/327 in a photo sent by LTC (R) Barry F. Gayer, 1/327 HHC 5/66-6/67 now deceased.

back out and take over his old platoon. LTC Wasco ordered Lt. Dan Hill, Assistant S-1 out also. As these officers and men arrived they were assigned to each platoon based upon platoon strength. This is when SSgt Synder, acting Platoon Sgt ordered PFC Kranig to take over his squad in the platoon. When PFC David Kranig (2/327 A 4/66-9/67) asked where his squad was Synder pointed to two new men that had just arrived and said, "That's your squad and I don't even want to know their names because they will be dead by tomorrow morning!" This comment scared the hell out of the two men and Kranig.

**20 June 66
1410 Hours**

There was some discussion with the Battalion Commander as to what the next move would be. We had to get through to C Company. B Company had just returned from an operation in the Dak To area and was about to land on Hill 258 (coordinates 986716) shortly, and it was felt that this would divert what was left of the enemy in our sector. Therefore we attacked a second time. The air strikes and artillery had a fairly devastating effect on the enemy's morale. With all the napalm that had been dropped, we knew the fresh water supplies in the wells and creek had been contaminated and could not be used by the enemy, nor us. What I did not know was what lay beyond the village between Trung Luong [2] and C Company. But we did know that a Brigade of the 1st Cav had been alerted and was coming in to reinforce us. In fact their Brigade Commander Col Hal Moore had already assumed command of this operation. It was relayed over the radio from him to "get moving, it was only a squad holding you up!" This did not set too well with the Company when the word spread. The order was given to drop all unnecessary equipment, leave it with Weapons Platoon, and fill all canteens. Weapons Platoon was ordered to give up all canteens to the assaulting platoons and to request all the HE ammunition they could get their hands on to support this attack. If B or C Company took priority over our Company for artillery support we would at least have some indirect fire support from our own mortars. Weapons Platoon was also ordered to be prepared to defend the current position, independent of the rest of the Company, when we broke through to C Company. Close fire support for the lead platoon, which was Third Platoon, was requested. Command group followed, with First Platoon and Second Platoon bringing up the rear.

We used what artillery was available as a rolling barrage ahead of Third Platoon and it was brought in to within 75-100 meters of our advance. However, the artillery was diverted due to unexpected enemy contact on Hill 258 by B Company. Therefore the Weapons Platoon was called into immediate action and the FO was told to inform the Battalion Fire Direction Officer, Cpt Jerry Grandru, of the gun-target line and of the maximum ordinate of their fire. We also informed the FAC to cover all bases. As we entered the village there were fires burning everywhere and as anticipated, all water supplies were contaminated. Lt. Abe Martin and Lt. Marvin Roberts had taken over their old platoons, 3d and 1st respectively, which gave the men confidence because they had all served together and knew one another. Lt. Hill also joined the unit from the S-1 staff and was given the 2d Platoon as reserve. We were able to push past the advance made earlier in the day.



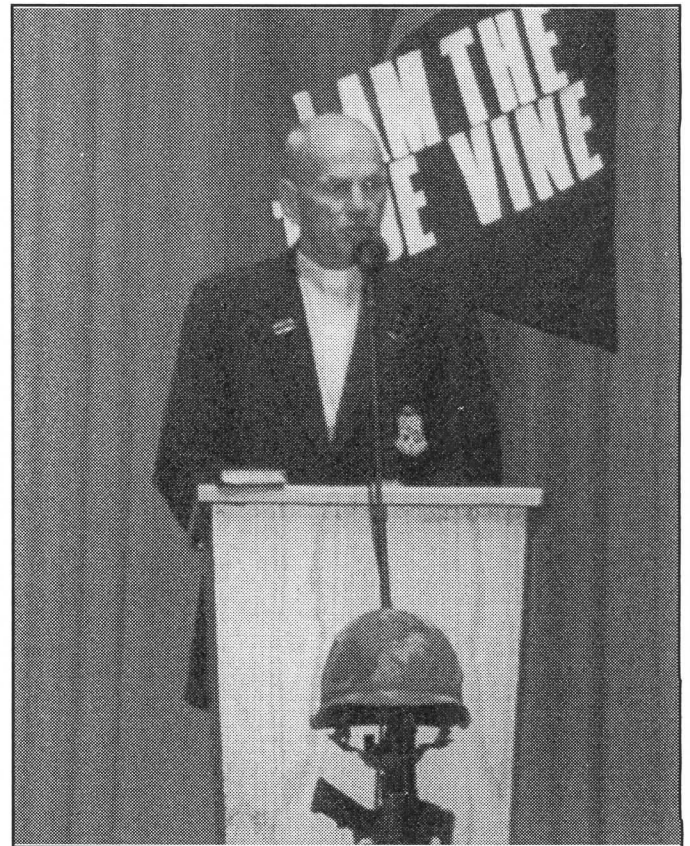
That is when all hell broke loose again. It was close combat but the men kept moving forward. Casualties again started mounting. Lt. Martin was down and his RTO Comazzi (Joe) was made Platoon Leader due to the fact that he had the radio and could direct the remainder of the Third Platoon. Lt. Robert's First Platoon was on the right flank and was stopped. The left flank was able to keep moving therefore we would keep the pressure up on that side.

At this time Sp4 Moore (Communications Sgt) brought two prisoners through the CP. They were in sorry condition, all they had on was a string around their waist, their clothes had been mostly burned off, all hair had been singed off and they were oozing lymph. They were immediately taken to the medical evacuation collection point being run by 1st Sgt Rader. It was learned later that they died before they could be evacuated due to their extensive burns. The fighting kept on for it seems like hours. We were stopped on the edge of a clearing about two thirds of the way through the village. The NVA on the West side of the clearing and A Company on the East, just slugging it out. I advanced along the Southern flank of the company and found a good position to bring in airstrikes which were there in short order. 1st and 3d Platoons popped smoke; it was identified by the FAC, and in came the fighters. My Battalion RTO Sp4 Noonan yelled to me that the first strike was too close and to move it out. My response was, "You don't like the way I bring in air strikes?" His response was, "Hell no, move it out!" That is when I threw the hand set at him and said, "OK, then you call them in!" Noonan said, "How do I do it?" and I said, "just talk to the FAC and the Platoons." Noonan did an excellent job and brought it in real close as I coordinated with the two lead platoons. I later told him he had to learn sometime, because if anything happened to me he was the individual everyone would rely on for supporting fires. "OJT" as I put it.

It was about 1500 hours, the firing had died down considerably and I moved back to the collection point to discuss their situation over with 1st Sgt Rader. When we arrived it was noted they were placing the dead on the medevacs while there were still wounded lying around. The order was given to off load the dead immediately and to load the wounded ASAP, which was done and the dead were covered with ponchos. Once the medevacs had left, I turned to see how 1st Sgt Rader was making out. Lt. Martin was leaning against a tree all shot up [He returned to the States and was married in a body cast], Sgt Bierowski, Reiner looked up at me, with a crease across his skull, tried to say something, gasped and died, Montgomery (Richard 2/327 A 65-66) and Kranig were both laying there hit as were several others. I left and went over to where no one could see me and vomited because I could see Bierowski's brains hanging out. When I turned around enemy machinegun fire was completely raking the PZ and the enemy seemed to have it zeroed in. I moved back down the South flank of the Company and came upon Sgt Synder from 3d Platoon. At that moment some bushes, from across the clearing moved and I said, "That bush is moving!" Synder said, "Shit sir all those bushes are moving. I've been picking them off one by one." Just then to our South four enemy soldiers popped up from an irrigation ditch and started firing. We immediately took cover behind a concrete wall but could tell they were not firing at us because the crack of the rounds coming at you is very distinct. I looked over the wall,

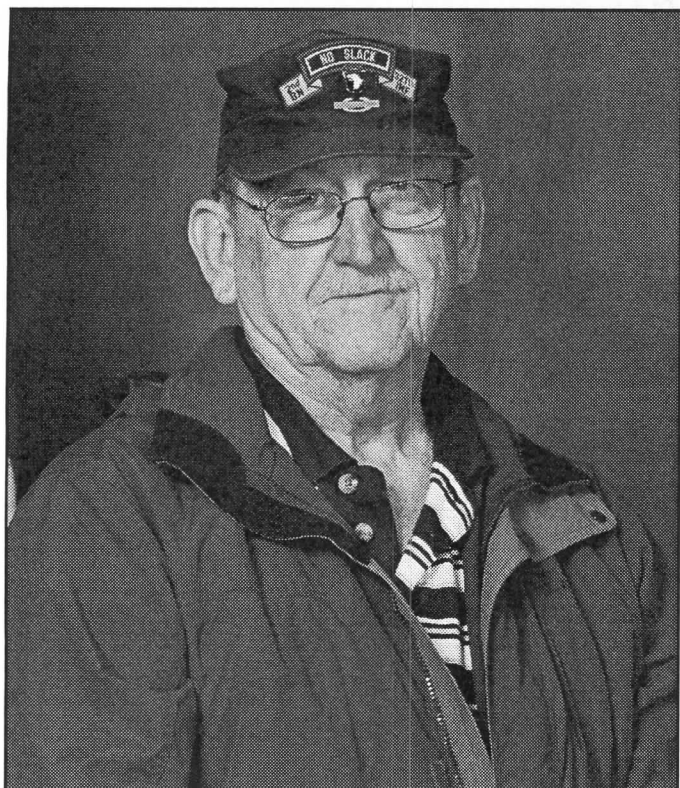
saw that they were firing at an incoming medevac. I took careful aim at the machine gunner and fired. Since I carried all tracers, and my weapon was not zeroed, I saw my round go about five feet over his head. I readjusted my sighting and the second round missed but the third hit him in the side of the face. It made a sucking noise just like when you hit a deer, out hunting. His assistant gunner tried to take over and I got him with the next round. I was able to hit the other two and the firing stopped. The medevacs and resupply choppers were able to come and go for the remainder of the day without incident.

By this time a PFC was leading 3d Platoon only because he had the radio on his back. We had a number of unknown wounded and dead; Lt. Roberts still had 1st Platoon fighting; Lt. Hill, had what was left of 2d Platoon to the rear where they were assisting in loading the medevacs. I received word that the Company was taking fire from the rear. Lt. Hill was ordered to cease assisting the medevac loading and clear the rear area. It was just in the nick of time. 2d Platoon caught the enemy in the creek bed trying to encircle the Company and cut us off from the East. They killed about a dozen and captured seven, most were wounded. They captured one heavy machinegun and several other crew served weapons. I started pulling what was left of 1st and 3d Platoons back and made certain they had all their men with them as they did so. As in the first attack the firing died down and only an occasional burst of machinegun fire or grenade explosion could be heard. The stench of burned flesh hovered over the battlefield. It is a smell one never forgets.



Chaplain (LTC) Richard L. Heim, USA, Ret., who served as the 2/327 Chaplain from May 1966 to May 1967 conducted a memorial service for soldiers killed in action at the Battle of Trung Luong June 19-22, 1966. (Photo taken 6/19/99) Chaplain Heim died in 2002.





Bruce A. Masters, 2/327 A 12/65-7/66

About 1730 a call was placed to the Battalion Commander requesting permission to withdraw to the position held by Weapons Platoon, "Wild Gypsy" approved. A Company conducted an orderly withdrawal, under the cover of darkness, carrying several of our dead with us. We moved into a defensive position, with Weapons Platoon, on the finger just North of Hill 48. TIME: 1845 HOURS. The dead were evacuated from this position later the night of 20 June. As the Medevac chopper came in I said to 1st Sgt Rader, "those guys have done a fantastic job for us, [this crew had lost three choppers and one wounded to enemy fire taking our wounded out that day], I wish there was something we could do for them." 1st Sgt Rader ran over to the side of the chopper as it was being loaded and handed the pilot something. Later he told me that he had given them some "scrip" and told the pilot to buy the entire crew a drink when they got back to Tuy Hoa.

Throughout the night there were numerous flash lights and signal lights on the hills to the South of the valley, from the village, and lines of lights moving South out of Trung Luong (2); fires burned; flares were continuous over all three companies. Everyone was completely exhausted, both the enemy and us. We continuously fired artillery at these targets. The lights would go out for a period of time and right back on again, almost as if they were tantalizing us. There were several discussions with the Battalion Commander about the battle and how A Company fared. It was requested that if we have to go back into the village, we make it a night attack. In fact this was insisted upon. We were at an advantage at night and they at a disadvantage. We had starlight scopes, and they didn't. By attacking at night we would be able to identify their firing positions. The Company was confident we could do it. All the

alternatives had been thought over and this seemed to be the best bet. We had the advantage and we could take the night away from the enemy. I am still convinced today, that our Company could have successfully accomplished that night attack! Those men were, beyond a doubt, the best men I have ever served or been with. They would have done it!!! Throughout the night there were several attacks on the defensive position but nothing in earnest...automatic weapons and grenades.

21 June 66
0630-1000 Hours

Throughout the early morning there was sporadic fire from the village and several enemy soldiers were observed moving around and were immediately brought under fire. I felt that I would just like to find a well and douse myself with water. I did a very stupid thing at this point and informed Lt. Roberts to remain at the CP while I found a well. There were several huts on the East side of our position which I headed for and found a clear well about 50 meters from the perimeter. My left leg had a burning sensation just below the knee. Upon examining I noticed two bullet holes through my trousers. Both the trousers and my leg were caked with dried blood. Evidently I had been grazed the previous morning from enemy small arms fire and didn't realize it. As I was washing down I saw two brown clad figures with weapons walking on a trail towards me. We all saw each other at the same time and I grabbed my rifle but they immediately turned and ran before I could fire. Believe me, I stopped everything and ran back to the perimeter. I never went anywhere after that incident without someone with me for security.

Approximately 0930 hours Sp4 Salazar (Rick) and about a dozen walking wounded from the Company arrived and hopped off the two choppers. I said to 1st Sgt Rader, "What the hell is he (Salazar) doing here, he can hardly walk?" Sp4 Salazar's comment to me was, "Sir my platoon needs me, where are they?" Sp4 Salazar had gone into a GP Medium tent in the rear where all the dead were being brought and saw our senior aid man, Sp5 Cotton's body, also his machinegun had been evacuated with another wounded man. That is when he got mad and rounded up all the walking wounded from A Company. He said something to the effect that, "our comrades are dying out there and they need our help, now let's go!" to the men and they loaded on two choppers and returned to duty. When I saw Salazar and the other men get off the choppers, I knew A Company had been welded into a unit where we were all one. It wasn't for duty, honor, country, it was for each other and our Company we would never let each other down! These men were my life! I'm so proud of them. They set the standards, not I! I only hope and pray in some small way I measured up to what they expected in a leader and there was no way I could let them down. I'm a religious man and I prayed every night, "Lord, please, may I not make an ignorant decision that costs a man his life." To this day I know that prayer is what sustained me during very trying times.

Shortly after Sp4 Salazar arrived, approximately 30 reinforcements arrived in the way of officers and rear echelon soldiers, to include a Lieutenant from the Military Assistance Command Viet Nam in Tuy Hoa. Lt. Scaglioni was just standing around in the rear and asked Col Wasco if there was anything he could

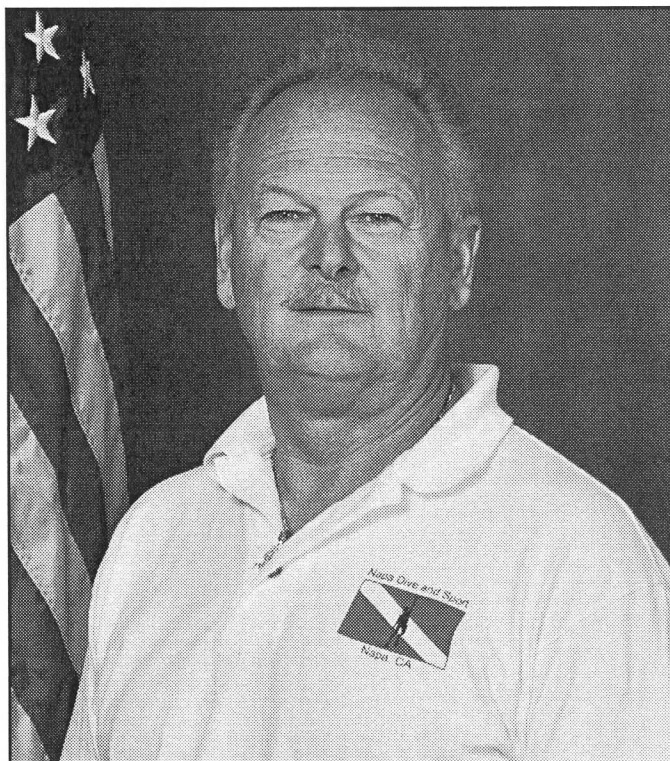


do to help. Before he knew it he was on a chopper and in command of 3d Platoon and I later had to explain to his commanding officer why he was out there. He was to stay with A Company through the remainder of the battle and did an outstanding job. We were also blessed to have the arrival of the two chaplains, Maj (Father) Francis Kovacic and Captain Heim (LTC (R) Richard L. Heim, now deceased). Father Kovacic was to spend the remainder of the battle with A Company and Chaplain Heim spent several hours with A Company and then on to C Company. Each one of these combat Chaplains were fearless in the face of enemy fire. They administered first aid to the wounded, last rites to the dead and continuously assisted in loading the medevacs with the dead and wounded, sometimes under intense enemy weapons fire. This behavior demonstrates the comradeship that the entire 1st Brigade had, something only those who have experienced it would understand.

Around 1000 hours, air strikes were requested to be laid on the village for 1100 hours. We knew that we would be ordered to attack again. At 1045 hours Col Wasco ordered us back in. When asked for permission to wait for the air strikes, Col Wasco said A Company was to attack immediately and that the air strikes had been diverted. I was a little ticked but complied with the order. (Later I was to find out Wasco had not diverted the air strikes but Col Moore of the 1st Cav had.) This was to be a coordinated attack by A Company, C Company and several companies from the 1st Cav. A Company was to attack West along the creek bed and C Company was to attack East along the creek bed with one platoon. The Cav units were to make an air assault North of A & C Companies of the 2/327th and assault South and link up with these companies.

A Company jumped off as scheduled at 1100 hours and proceeded along the same route as in the previous two attacks. A heavy rolling barrage was laid down about 50 meters in front of 1st Platoon as we advanced. Just prior to entering the village the barrage was shut down and A1E's came to our aid. The flight of four pounded the village with napalm and 250-pound bombs for about 15-20 minutes then strafed it for about another 10 minutes. Once the air strike was over the barrage began again and the Company advance continued with 1st Platoon on the right flank, 3d Platoon on the left flank and Lt. Hill's 2d Platoon in reserve. Weapons Platoon remained in our night defensive position just North of Hill 48 where they could observe our advance and provide necessary fire support as needed. This they were able to do very effectively under the leadership of MSGT Sample, Platoon Leader. They were also ordered to be prepared to defend their location as required without assistance from the Company. As we entered the village 10-12 NVA came staggering towards 1st Platoon waving a white flag wanting to surrender. They were in neat khaki uniforms with the exception of three who were burned and were begging for water. As before, all the water was contaminated and evidently they had been without water for some time. The temperature was 100+ degrees and we too needed all the water we could carry, therefore, the POWs were ushered to the rear, and on to Weapons Platoon.

1st Platoon made fairly decent progress along the creek bed and 3d Platoon was making very good progress on the left



Roger Haseltine, 2/327 A 12/65-12/66

flank. Lt. Roberts was on the right flank and came under automatic weapons and MG fire about half way through the village. By this time the artillery had been shut down because the platoon from C Company was attacking East and both of our units were on the gun target line and in close proximity to each other. We were just too close to bring the supporting artillery fires in between us therefore our 81mm mortars were used very sparingly. There was still no word on the 1st Cav movements, which was of concern. I moved to Lt. Roberts' position and asked for an up date on his situation and he was satisfied the 1st Platoon was progressing satisfactorily. As I started to head back to the RTOs and medical evacuation point, we were attacked by enemy gunners using B-40 rocket launchers. Several rounds landed short of us and several overshot us and exploded on the buildings behind us. It just seemed that the NVA were shooting everything they had in their arsenal at us. I can remember seeing an NVA come out of a hedgerow and saying to myself in slow motion, "There is an NVA soldier, what is he doing, he has an RPG, he's going to shoot that RPG, he is going to shoot it at us!" You could see that rocket coming and we all scattered. Lt. Roberts took off and so did I. That round landed right near where we were and lucky for me my rucksack took up most of the shrapnel and I was hit by several pieces in the back of my left leg and left elbow. It didn't hurt that much but it sure burned. When the medic Sp4 Arny took some of the shrapnel out later, he asked me, "how come I got hit in the back?" I told him I was running like a son-of-a-gun to try to get away.

At approximately 1300 hours I looked out across the open field between our positions and those of Weapons Platoon, and what did I see, but one dumb individual just walking along towards us. Little did he realize that that field had been under intense automatic weapons and MG fire the previous day and all morning. Next thing I knew he was laying down beside me

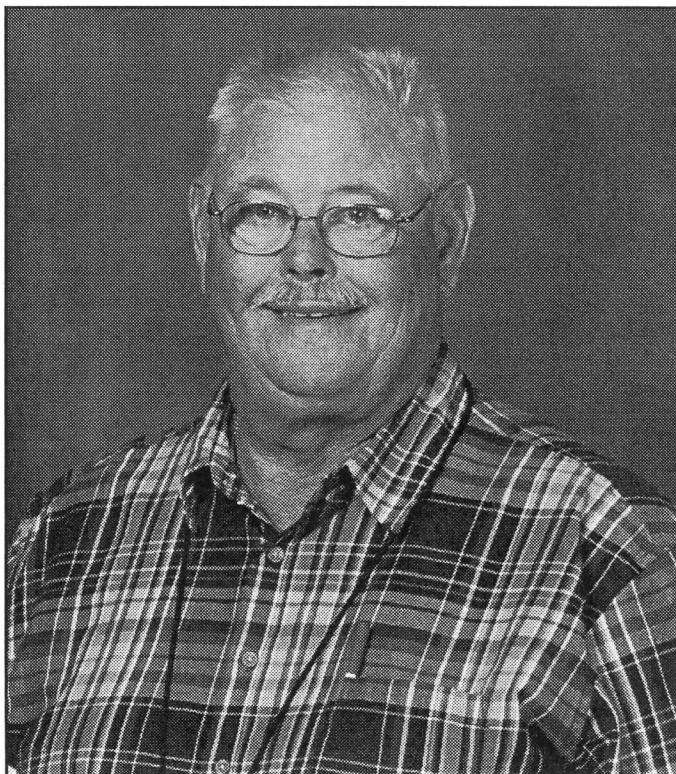
reporting in "Lt. Dorsey reporting for duty sir!" he said. I asked what rank he was and he said 1st Lt., I told him he was second in command, XO, and immediately ordered him to set up a collection point to evacuate the dead and wounded and bring in ammunition and water. He looked at me and wondered why, at which point Sp4 Bruce A. Masters (2/327 A 12/65-7/66) came running by saying, "I'm going home, I'm going home!" as he was holding his mangled hand. I pulled him to the ground and told him to get his ass down or he wouldn't make it home. Upon observing this, Lt. Dorsey went about his duties with an efficiency of a veteran combat soldier and this was only his first two or three hours with the unit, he had just reported into the battalion that morning from CONUS. Lt. Dorsey was to be my closest comrade and friend for the remainder of my command and life. He was and is a true professional officer. I checked the collection point shortly thereafter and again noticed that dead were being loaded as wounded were coming in, therefore, Lt. Dorsey ordered the dead removed and the wounded placed on immediately.

As the medevac took off another chopper was inbound. I started for the lead platoons, before I could get too far I saw that "Wild Gypsy" had landed and another Col was with him, Col Moore, 1st Cav. He immediately said cover the dead and chewed out the XO and 1st Sgt, who did not have a chance to cover them as we always did. I briefed Col Moore on the situation, and gave him my assessment of what A Company was up against. My overall assessment was that the force is at least of regimental size. His only comment to me was, "get moving -- that's only a reinforced squad holding you up!" My response was, "that's the toughest fucking squad I've ever run into." With that off my chest I immediately turned and left without saying anything more. In so many words he did not trust my judgement.

Time approximately 1430 hours. I started for the 3d Platoon with the command group. By this time 2d Platoon had been put on line in the center, 3d on the left flank and 1st on the right flank. The Company had advanced beyond the point we had advanced to in the second attack. As I made my way behind 2d Platoon, mortar rounds started raining down on us and we immediately took cover in a small drainage ditch. I looked at the soldier lying next to me and asking his name as we were hugging the ground. His name was Sp4 Mulae, battalion legal clerk. He was from Rochester, NY, which was only 30 miles from my hometown. Funny, we just discussed upstate NY as the mortar rounds were coming in. One round came in real close and landed near or on the back of another soldier. It blew him into the air and spun him around in slow motion, just like a rag doll. I reached up to pull him in and his right arm came off. He had been killed instantly. One thing I remember very vividly is the fact that the incoming rounds did not make any sound. All of a sudden there is a deafening explosion. Very, very terrifying. The incoming barrage lasted about 15-20 minutes, but it seemed like several hours. As I was looking around I happened to pick up an incoming round and got the general direction it had come from. I quickly got my compass and shot an azimuth. Since gunships were in the area the azimuth was furnished them and they flew along it and reportedly found the mortar site and destroyed it. Finally the barrage ceased and we moved on to 3d Platoon. We again came upon Sgt Synder on

the very left flank of the Company with what was left of his platoon. Due to casualties, he had been acting Platoon Sgt since the first attack. We discussed the situation and did not fire to the West unless targets could be identified because we thought C Company would be pushing through at any time. We did not know, at that time, that the platoon from C Company had withdrawn back to their perimeter with heavy casualties.

Again, as the day before, to the South, as a medevac came in, LMG and automatic weapons fire was directed at the aircraft from along a roadbed this time. SGT Synder and I suppressed this fire. Noonan the [Bn RTO] directed the gunships, which were in the area, at additional enemy positions and they made several passes strafing and rocketing them. Lt. Roberts called and said that he was being attacked along the creek bed by an unknown enemy force using cows and water buffalos as cover. Within 10-15 minutes he notified me that his platoon had sustained some casualties from small arms and RPG rounds, but, had turned the enemy back killing an unknown number. 2d Platoon had taken the brunt of the mortar attack and suffered more casualties. By this time Lt. Dorsey had been placed in command of the 2d Platoon due to Lt. Hill's evacuation for heat prostration before the Company's attack that morning. 3d Platoon was depleted but was better off than the other two. So here was the situation at about 1630 hours or one hour before dark: In the village we numbered approximately 35 officers and enlisted men; Lt. Roberts had 1st Platoon and wounded; Lt. Dorsey had 2d Platoon; Lt. Scaglioni had 3d Platoon; 1st SGT Rader was in command of the resupply and medical evacuation point; MSGT Sample commanded Weapons Platoon. A Company had done what was asked of them and we held our positions. I ordered a consolidation and pulled into a tight perimeter around the medical evacuation point, we were not going to pull back to the Weapons Platoon again. We would



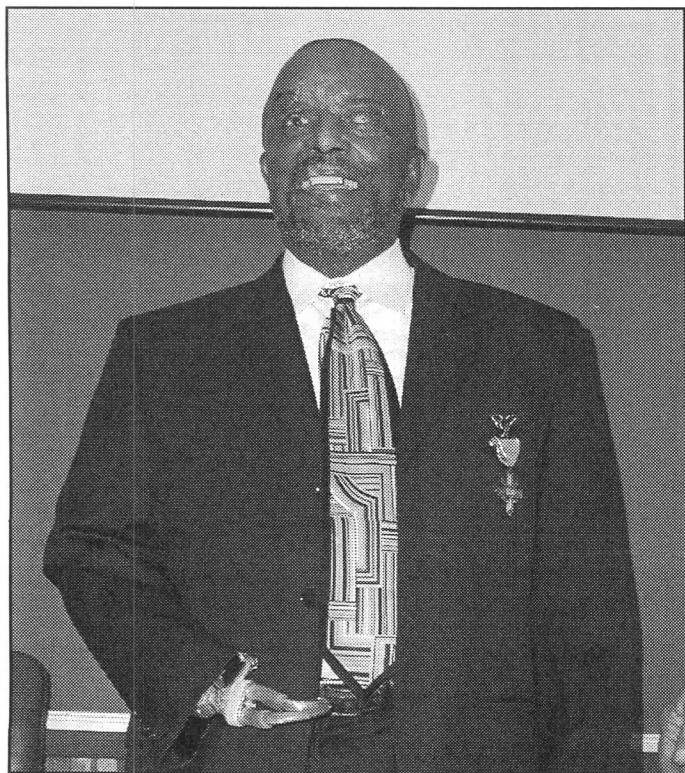
R. Pat Noonan, 2/327 A 10/65-10/66

remain until relieved by the 1st Cav. A resupply of ammunition and water had been delivered however there were still several bodies that had to be evacuated. This was done shortly after dark. Fires were burning everywhere and the stench of death and cordite was all consuming. All the Platoon Leaders were called together and told we would not move, so dig in and be prepared to defend your current positions.

The next 2-3 hours we received small arms and automatic weapons fire and some grenades however we did not respond and give away our exact locations. About 2200 hours Weapons Platoon called and said they had made contact with the 1st Cav and that the company commander wanted to talk to me. I explained the situation and he then decided to move his unit to our position. Once he arrived we discussed the defense and decided the best possible action was to move back to the high ground North of Hill 48, which was secured by our Weapons Platoon. This we did. The 1st Cav Company Commander and I discussed our defensive posture. A Company assumed a portion of the perimeter defense as did the 1st Cav Company. Date of rank was in favor of the 1st Cav Company Commander therefore he was the commander of the defensive position and I would defer to him. Throughout the night there was sporadic firing and minor probing but nothing of any significance. Time 2330 hours.

**22 June 66
0500 Hours**

We were awaked by the sounds of heavy contact in the direction of C Company and the firing kept up for some time. In monitoring the battalion frequency it was learned that C Company was being attacked by an enemy force of undetermined strength. This battle raged for about one hour before everything fell silent. Approximately 0630 we received orders



SSG(R) Hilliard Carter, 2/327 A 12/65-9/66, who was awarded the DSC for an action subsequent to Trung Luong.



to attack to the South along the high ground as the 1st Cav attacked through the village towards C Company. Throughout the next several hours our units attacked West to affect a linkup. By 1000 hours the 1st Cav had linked up with C Company. A Company, moving along the high ground to the South, had not made any contact with the enemy. Finally at 1030 hours A Company was ordered to the valley floor for extraction back to Tuy Hoa. This was accomplished without incident.

**22 June 66
1100-1700 Hours**

Upon A Company's return to the base camp a formation was held and I was appalled at the number of casualties the company had suffered. 2d Platoon had six men. In all A Company had 42 men left and two officers. I found a secluded area, sat down completely exhausted and cried. Church services were scheduled for that afternoon. Cpt Massadi, Catholic Chaplain conducting the Catholic service and Chaplain Heim conducted the Protestant service. When he asked who is taking communion and I did not raise my hand, Father Massadi asked me why and said I was an Episcopalian. His comment to me was, "You understand what goes on here, you take communion!" Probably the best decision Col Wasco and Maj Hinkle made was to immediately send our unit right back on operations within a couple of days. Our mission was to secure the Cong Song Road, West of Tuy Hoa. Once in position replacements were received, training began and limited operations were conducted. A Company was rebuilt, and became once again a very formidable force to be reckoned with.

ACRONYMS:

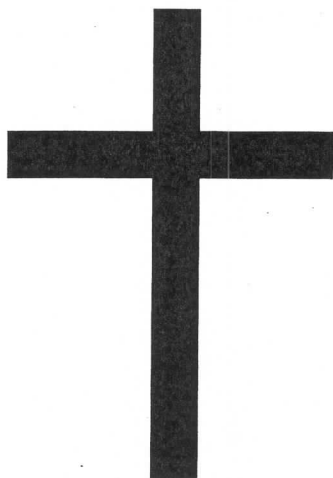
- AA – Anti Aircraft
- AO – Area of Operation
- ASAP – As Soon As Possible
- CP – Command Post
- FO – Forward Observer
- FAC – Forward Air Controller (Air Force)
- GI - Government Issue (private soldier)
- HE – High Explosive
- LMG – Light Machine Gun
- LZ – Landing Zone
- MG – Machine Gun
- NCO – Non Commissioned Officer
- NVA – North Vietnamese Army
- OJT – On the Job Training
- PFC – Private First Class
- RTO – Radio Telephone Operator
- S-2 – Intelligence Section
- S-3 – Operations and Training Section
- TOC – Tactical Operations Center
- VN – Viet Nam
- XO – Executive Officer (second in command)

SLANG

- CLICKS – kilometers
- PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON and SPOOKY – AC-47 Air Force gunship with a mini gun capable of extraordinary firepower.



CELEBRATION
of the life of
Major General Salve H. Matheson
United States Army
A GREAT SOLDIER - IRON DUKE



*He will swallow up death in the victory and
the Lord God will wipe away tears off all faces*

29 April 2005

10:45 AM

The Old Post Chapel

Fort Myer, Virginia

BORN: 1920

ENTERED LARGER LIFE: 2005

Music

The Us Army Band

Pershings Own

Renditions:

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

"Screaming Eagles"

101st Airborne

Honorary Pall Bearers

Ed Abood - "Black Panther"

Dan Danford - "Bald Eagle"

Ben Harrison - "Phantom"

Mike Matheson - "Son"

Bud Sydnor - "Cock Robin"

Will Wallace - "Grandson"

Mat Wallace - "Grandson"

Bob Yerks - "Grey Hound"

SMJ Sam Young - "Zebra"



*A reception will be held immediately following the Internment
at the Fort Myer Officer's Club.*

MASS OF THE RESURRECTION ORDER OF CELEBRATION
Order of Celebration

The Funeral liturgy, "Order of Christian Funerals" Booklet is found in the Pew Hymnbook racks.

Prelude	"Ave Maria"	Franz Schuber
Rite of the Church Entrance		Booklet
Processional Hymn		Booklet, No. 74, Pg 70
	"Sing of Christ, Proclaim His Glory" (Stanza 1 & 2)	Hymn to Joy
First Reading		
Wisdom 3:1-6,9	Read by Molly Matheson	Booklet, Pg. 29
Psalms 27	Read by Will Wallace	Booklet, Pg. 34, No. 3
Second Reading		
Romans 6:3-4.8-9	Read by Catherine Wallace	Booklet, Pg. 3
Gospel Acclamation		
	<i>Refrain: Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ, king of endless glory!</i>	
Holy Gospel (<i>please stand</i>)		Matthew 5:1-2a
Homily		Chaplain Augustyn
General Intercessions (<i>stand</i>)		
Communion Hymn	"On Eagle's Wings"	Booklet No.45, Pg. 42
Remembrance of "Iron Duke"		Billy Spangler
Prayers of Final Commendation (<i>people stand</i>)		Booklet, Pg 20
Song of Sending Forth		Armed Forces Hymnal, No. 25
	<i>"Holy God, We praise Thy Name"</i>	



Procession to the Gravesite and Burial with Full Military Honors.

The Third U.S. Infantry

The Old Guard of the Army

Bury Me With Soldiers

I've played a lot of roles in life:
I've met a lot of men.
I've done a lot of things I'd like to think I wouldn't do again.
And though I'm young, I'm old enough
To know someday I'll die.
And to think about what lies beyond,
Beside whom I would lie.
Perhaps it doesn't matter much:
Still if I had my choice,
I'd want a grave 'mongst
Soldiers when
At last death quells my voice.
I'm sick of the hypocrisy
Of lectures of the wise,
I'll take the man, with all the flaws,
Who goes tough scared, and dies.
The troops I knew were commonplace
They didn't want the way.
They fought because their fathers and
Their fathers had before.
They cursed and killed and wept...
God knows
They're easy to deride...
But bury me with men like these;
They faced the guns and died.
It's funny when you think of it,
The way we got along.
We'd come from different worlds
To live in on where no one belongs,
I didn't even like them all;
I'm sure they'd all agree.
Yet I would give my life for them,
I know some did for me.
So bury me with soldiers, please,
Though much maligned they be.
Yes, bury me with soldiers, for
I miss their company.
We'll not soon see their likes again;
We've had out fill of war.
But bury me with em like them
Till someone else does more.

Eulogy for Major General S. H. Matheson

Eulogy given by
COL(R) Billy E. Spangler, First Brigade INFO OFF 4/67-4/68

Major General S. H. Matheson
Arlington National Cemetery
29 April 2005

Let me say up front that General Mat cared little for speech making. "Bugling," he called it, and when a staff member ignored brevity, General Mat would hand him a brass bugle. Though in jest, the new bugle custodian looked forward to the day when another forgetful steward was deemed more worthy of the honor.

Should I stumble, it is because he is whispering in my ear, "You're bugling now." So be it.

(PAUSE)

It was raining.

Some would have called it a gully washer.

Still others would have defined the downpour in bovine terms.

It was a slashing rain that cut into the night with anger, a blinding, berating storm that mocked and defied human resistance.

It was an ugly storm that battered the upper coast of South Vietnam from Duc Pho to Da Nang to the DMZ.

Beneath the thunder, lightning and driving rain the paratroopers in three battalions of the First Brigade, 101st Airborne, were fighting for their lives against elements of the 2d North Vietnamese Army Division.

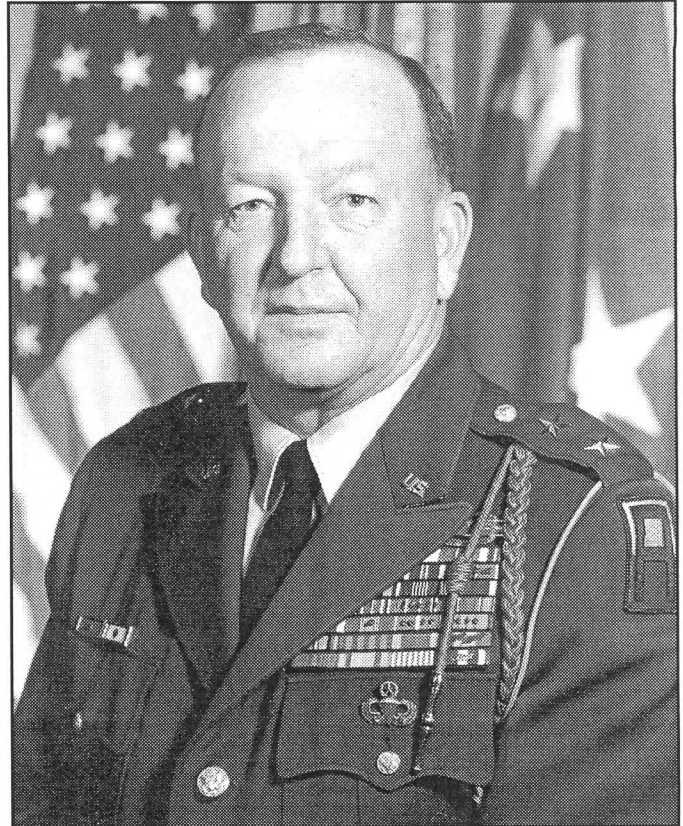
The cacophony of battle raging several kilometers from Chu Lai punctuated short, urgent radio messages ... messages heard in the brigade tactical operation center ... messages that crackled like water splattering in hot grease.

Paratroopers were bleeding, some dying, all needing help.

Captain Johnson was the operation center duty officer. A black officer, Johnson had a radio handset clipped to each shoulder strap of his equipment harness, and a land-line telephone in each hand. His mettle also was being tested by the fury of a monsoon storm and a determined enemy.

A hand pulled back the flap on the operations center tent, and a soldier ducked his head to enter. A naked light bulb made the water glisten on his three-quarter length O-D raincoat and parka hood. Only the bill of his cap stood out.

The soldier shook the water from his coat and Brigadier General S. H. Matheson turned to face Captain Johnson.



Major General S. H. Matheson

A bit startled, Johnson gestured to General Mat with both telephoned hands. "Sir, I'll brief you in a minute," the captain said hurriedly.

General Mat replied, "Johnson, you don't have time to brief me; you've got a war on your hands. I have been listening to the net. I just wanted to see if you were all right."

Johnson nodded. A smile of relief crossed his face. General Mat snapped up his raincoat, tightened the parka hood and disappeared into the stormy night.

The story is more than 37-years-old, yet I remember it as though it happened last night. I remember it because what happened in that brief moment epitomized for me a quality of character and leadership held by a precious few in positions of great responsibility.

I thought of how others might have reacted to the situation. Some perhaps would have authoritatively taken charge. Others perhaps would have issued instructions. Still others might have lingered to let their presence remind of who they were.

Only men forged like General Mat would have sensed that what Johnson needed most in those demanding moments was reassurance, the calming confidence of his commander, telling him to "carry on" under difficult circumstances. That kind of leadership does not come from an Army field manual.

Years later historian Stephen Ambrose would write a book about such men ... the officers of Easy Company, 506th Parachute Infantry ... General Mat's World War II outfit.

Ambrose said E Company platoon leaders included OCS graduates Dick Winters, Pennsylvania, Walt Moore, California, Lewis Nixon from New York City, and S. H. Matheson, an ROTC graduate from UCLA.

"ROTC paid a quarter a day at the advanced level and I needed the money to get through school," General Mat told me one morning at Duc Pho. "The dean of students talked me into going airborne prior to my commissioning in 1942."

Ambrose goes on to quote Private Don Malarkey writing in 1942: " ... this was the beginning of the most momentous experience of my life ... There is not a day that has passed since that I do not thank Adolph Hitler for allowing me to be associated with the most talented and inspiring group of men that I have ever known."

Another private, Robert Rader said, "We could not believe that people like Winters, Matheson, Nixon and others existed. These were first-class people, and to think these men would care and share their time and efforts with us seemed a miracle. They taught us to trust."

The look on Captain Johnson's face that Vietnam night held the same emotions felt a quarter century earlier by Malarkey, Rader and others in the 506th.

"Tell me about D-Day, 1944," I said.

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

"How do the paratroopers troopers here in First Brigade compare to those in the 506th," I asked.

"I've never seen anything like him," he answered. "The First Brigade paratrooper is a measure of dedication and stamina without equal. You can't do enough for him."

But General Mat tried.

One day he asked a bone-tired trooper how he was holding up. The battle worn paratrooper grinned at his general, "I'd give most anything for some strawberry ice cream." A few days later the scruffy trooper received a cold metal container with enough ice cream for him and his squad.

That kid probably is a grandfather today. And when the menu of happenstance is opened, he tells his grandchildren or the waiting customers in the barbershop — not about war — but

about a general in Viet Nam who cared enough to answer a prayer for strawberry ice cream.

He cared about Oscar, too. Oscar E. Dog, to be exact. That was its name. A scrawny little cur of 10-15 pounds or so. Oscar mooched General Mat and a half-dozen others for hand outs. Headquarters Company troopers told a variety of stories about the dog, including how it got pregnant. When its namesake— Brigadier General Oscar Davis returned for a visit — General Mat presented him with a puppy, Oscar E. Dog, Jr.

That was General Mat. A light-hearted moment sprinkled with his own unique spices of sensitivity and tenderness. A very private person, he never talked about himself. Sometimes he would recall something humorous that happened at Bad Tolz, or a quail hunt at Ft. Campbell. His focus centered always on the safety and welfare of the men in First Brigade.

Some of us also remember the time when one of the staff officers explained in great detail how he had screwed up a task and what he had done to correct it.

We held our breath, waiting for General Mat's reaction. A familiar grin claimed his face. "It couldn't have been that bad," he said, "look at the experience you got out of it." That's awe inspiring leadership.

Soldiers remember their leaders for two reasons — what you do to them; what you do for them. For General Mat that choice was easy.

The staff saw another dimension of his extraordinary leadership at Duc Pho when Lt. Col. Frank Dietrich was on the staff.

General Mat held Frank Dietrich, with high regard and admiration. Both of them — World War II airborne veterans — worshipped a slick-sleeved paratrooper they called Joe Tent-Peg.

Our brigade was always on the move. Nomads. At the planning briefing for our relocation to another area of operation, General Mat questioned his staff, ending, as always, with Colonel Dietrich.

"What do you think, Frank?" General Matt asked, and then a knowing grin began to creep across his face.

The staff was silent.

The Dietrich ritual had begun.

Frank, who was trying to quit smoking, fished a tobacco tin from his pocket, carefully smoothed out a wrinkled paper, sprinkled tobacco onto the paper, rolled it up, twisted one end, fumbled in a trouser pocket for a wooden match, struck it on his thigh, held the match to the drooping cigarette, took a puff, and said, "I think about 7:30 Friday morning would be about right."

With a slight nod, a smiling General Mat said, "Friday morning. Any questions?"



A post World War II philosopher said war creates a comradeship that "at its height is an ecstasy ... that men are true comrades only when each is ready to give up his life for the other, without reflection and without thought of personal loss."

General Matt's leadership gave us membership in that ecstatic comradeship -- a comradeship he honored and preserved in all his deeds:

- whether in acts of deference and respect to Frank Dietrich — long tested in the rigors of war;
- or Captain Johnson — preoccupied with the demands of a ferocious and fearsome night of battle;
- whether in conferring the balm of strawberry ice cream on weary kids fate had made battle-hardened men before their time;
- or Purple Hearts he pinned on his bandaged troopers in the field hospital at Chu Lai.

The last of his soldiers are here today.

We are here because he touched our lives in a way that made us better soldiers, husbands, fathers, neighbors, citizens.

We are here because General Matheson imparted to us the sterling qualities of his character:

- a love for the Joe Tent Pegs of every war;
- the scale of trustworthiness upon which he daily weighed the responsibilities of command;
- a reverence for the sanctity of life;



- a selflessness of service;
- a happy, knowing heart filled with the love of his wife and children who understood his calling, prayed for his safety, longed for his return, coveted his presence.

We are here because we loved him too, and by being here, we honor him and his life in the only way we know how.

We are here because we give thanks for the ecstatic comradeship he gave to us.

Now his life has become for us something like love as the poet Carl Sandburg described it decades ago:

"Love is a clock and the works wear out.
Love is a violin and the wood rots.
Love is a day with night at the end.
Love is a summer with fall time after.

And when there is nothing more to it, then we say
This is the end. It comes always. It came to us.
And now we will bury it and put it away
Beautifully and decently, like a clock or a violin,
Like a summer day near fall time
Like any lovely thing brought to the expected end."

Editor's Note: See Billy Spangler obit on page 27



President Bush Nominates Dr. [LTG(R)] James B. Peake, 2/502 A 6/67- 6/68 to be Secretary of Veterans Affairs

Roosevelt Room

THE PRESIDENT: Caring for our military veterans is a solemn responsibility of the federal government. It is our enduring pledge to every man and woman who puts on our nation's uniform. And it is the daily work of the Department of Veterans Affairs. I am pleased to announce my nomination of an Army doctor and combat veteran who will be a strong new leader for this department: Lieutenant General James Peake. (Applause.)

Public service is a family commitment, and I'm especially grateful to Dr. Peake's wife, Janice -- a fellow Texan -- who is with us today. I appreciate you supporting Jim once again as he does the nation's work. I'm also proud to welcome Kimberly and Thomas. Thank you all for coming. We just met in the Oval Office and there's no question in my mind they're certainly proud of their dad.

Dr. Peake grew up in a home where service to country was a way of life. His father started out as an enlisted man in the Army, and became an officer who spent most of his 30-year career in the Medical Service Corps. Doctor Peake's mom was an Army nurse. His brother was a naval aviator. And as a young man of 18, he set upon his own lifetime of service when he arrived at the United States Military Academy.

After graduating from West Point in 1966, Second Lieutenant James Peake was sent to Vietnam with the 101st Airborne. There he served as a platoon leader, he led men in combat, and earned several medals for his courage -- including the Silver Star. One of those who knows him best describes his leadership this way: "End of a chow-line officer -- everyone else first."

In Vietnam, he also earned two Purple Hearts. While in the hospital recovering from his second wound, he learned that he had been accepted to medical school. And after completing his medical studies at Cornell University, he devoted his



career as an Army doctor to improving care for our wounded servicemen and women. Long before the global war on terror began, Dr. Peake was changing the way we deliver medical care to our troops. As a result of his reforms, many who once might have died on the battlefield -- now they come home to be productive and having fulfilling lives.

As a medical officer and combat vet who was wounded in action, Dr. Peake understands the view from both sides of the hospital bed -- the doctor's, and the patient's. He brought that understanding to many jobs. These jobs include command surgeon in the Army hospitals, commanding general of the largest medical training facility in the world, and Army Surgeon General -- where he commanded more than 50,000 medical personnel, oversaw 16 hospitals across the world, and managed an operating budget of nearly \$5 billion.

Since leaving the Army, he has served as Executive Vice President and Chief Operating Officer of Project Hope. There he helped one Navy hospital ship respond to the victims of the Asian tsunami and another that was sent to care for those hit by Hurricane Katrina. Most recently, he has served as Chief Medical Director and Chief Operating Officer with QTC Management, which provides military veterans with timely medical examinations, as well as electronic medical record services.

When confirmed by the Senate, Dr. Peake will bring his unique set of skills and experiences to the Department of Veterans Affairs. He will be the first physician and the first general to serve as Secretary. He will apply his decades of expertise in combat medicine and health care management to improve the veterans' health system. He will insist on the highest level of care for every American veteran.

One of Dr. Peake's first tasks as Secretary will be to continue to implement the recommendations of the Dole-Shalala Commission on Wounded Warriors. And Senator, thank you for joining us. Some of their recommendations are the responsibility of the executive branch, and Dr. Peake will be a leader in carrying them out. Others require the approval of United States Congress, and that's why this month I sent a bill to Capitol Hill that will make those recommendations the law of the land.

As Secretary of Veterans Affairs, Doctor Peake will be a powerful advocate for the prompt enactment and implementation of this vital legislation. And he will work tirelessly to eliminate backlogs and ensure that our veterans receive the benefits they need to lead lives of dignity and purpose.

In all these ways, Dr. Peake will build on the fine records of Secretary Jim Nicholson and Secretary Tony Principi. Jim is a West Point man who knows the meaning of duty, honor and country. He's a Vietnam vet and a former ambassador and a good friend. I thank him for his service and I thank his wife, Suzanne, as well, and wish them all the very best.

Principi is with us. It's good to see you, friend; thanks for coming. He's a graduate of one of our military academies -- although it's not West Point, it's the Naval Academy. Like the other two men here today, he is a combat veteran of Vietnam. And like the other two, he has served our veterans with *dignity and integrity*. And I appreciate your service.

Jim and Tony can be proud of their record at the Department of Veterans Affairs. Under their leadership, federal spending for veterans increased by more than two-thirds. We extended treatment to a million additional veterans, including hundreds of thousands returning from Iraq and Afghanistan. We expanded grants to help homeless veterans across the country. These men have worked well with the VSOs and I thank the leaders for joining us here today. Dr. Peake is going to work well with you, too.

And speaking of working well, it's time for the Congress to do its job for the veterans. Congress needs to send me a clean VA appropriations bill that I can sign into law by Veterans Day.

I want to thank Acting Secretary Gordon Mansfield for leading the department these last few weeks. (Applause.) He's done a fine job. He's earned the respect of all those who've worked under him. He's earned the gratitude of our nation's vets.

I appreciate Dr. Peake's willingness to step forward at this important time for the department. He's a man whose been tested in battle; he has proved himself as a soldier, as a physician, as a leader and as a good family man. He will be a superb Secretary of Veterans Affairs, and the United States Senate should promptly confirm him.

Doctor, I appreciate you stepping up again. On behalf of the United States of America, congratulations. (Applause.)

DR. PEAKE: Mr. President, Secretary Mansfield, Secretary Principi, Senator Dole, ladies and gentlemen, thank you very much for being here. And sir, thank you for this opportunity to come back in service. Fundamentally, I'm a soldier. I've been taking care of soldiers essentially all of my adult life. And to have that chance again, especially at this time -- at a time when the American people and you, Mr. President, have so clearly committed to the well-being of those who have served -- well, it's a high honor indeed.

I do understand that though it's an honor, this is not an honorary position, and there's a lot of work to be done as we move forward on implementing the Dole-Shalala Commission recommendations. The disability system is largely a 1945 product -- 1945 processes around a 1945 family unit. About everybody that has studied it recently said it is time to do some revisions.

I am really proud of the military medics who have done such remarkable things, in terms of bringing wounded soldiers back home -- soldiers that in other conflicts would never have made it off the battlefield. I think each of these men and women deserves the right to lead as full and productive a life as is possible. This great VA system of ours reaches across the nation into every community and touches veterans and their families in so many ways, committed to the principle that I just talked about.

Well, I'm committed to that principle as well, and that's why I'm here. I know personally many of those who lead in the VA. It is a great team. If confirmed, I look forward to working with them. I look forward to working with Congress. I look forward to working with the veterans' service organizations, and particularly with the Department of Defense as we move forward to do the right thing -- not just for the short-term, but for the longer-term -- to set the future so that we can continue to meet our commitment to those who deserve our care.

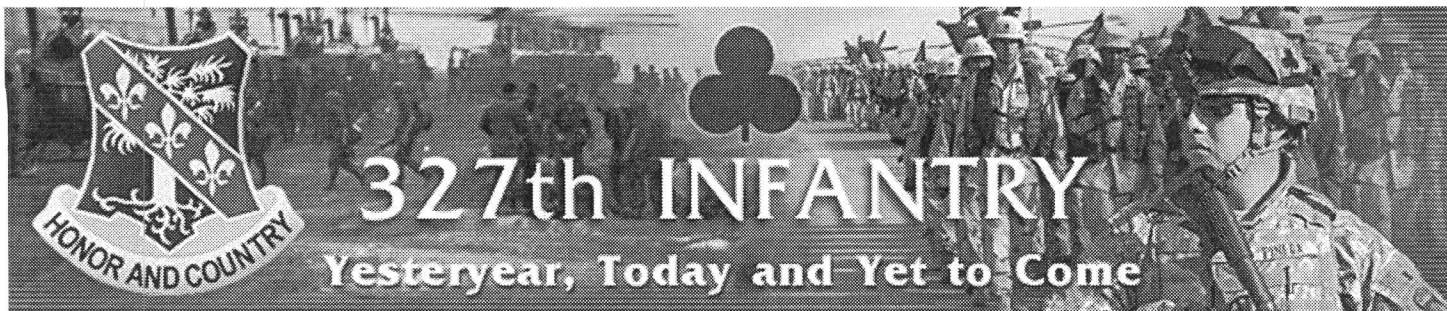
Janice, thank you so much for allowing me to come on this journey, and coming with me. Mr. President, thank you so much for the confidence and the opportunity, and I'll see you on the high ground. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you all.

+ CSM(R) Ed Burkhalter 2/502 A 3/67-5/68 wrote: I served as a platoon sergeant in A 2/502 in 67 - 68, 1SG B 1/506 3rd Brigade, 1SG L Co 75th Rangers 70 - 71, 101st Division.

As a platoon Sergeant in A 2/502 I had lost my platoon leader and didn't get a replacement for some time. LT James R. Peake joined the platoon from a re-supply chopper some where along the Son Bay River. A blond haired, blue eyed Airborne Ranger Lieutenant who looked 16 but had the guts of Audie Murphy. After serving tours as an infantry officer he attended medical school. Lieutenant General Peake is now the Surgeon General of the Army. We've stayed in touch over these 30 plus years.

[Signed] Ed Burkhalter, A Screaming Eagle.



Taking Care of Business Iraqis Work to Secure Their Country

Story by Spc. Eric Rutherford
Posted on 11.28.2007 at 12:00PM

Multi-National Division – North Public Affairs Office
By Spc. Eric A. Rutherford, 115th Mobile Public Affairs Detachment

TIKRIT, Iraq – Iraqi army soldiers led a raid into an area of Ad Dawr with Iraqi police and a small contingent of U.S. Soldiers, Nov. 21, to put a stop to insurgent activities there.

The 1st Battalion of the 1st Brigade, 4th Iraqi army led the pre-dawn raid into the area to capture insurgents and disrupt illegal traffic checkpoints used by those insurgents to rob and kill local Iraqis. The Iraqi police provided security for the team. The U.S. Army Military Transition Team of the **1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division** provided guidance and support for the Iraqi army who planned and executed the mission.

Maj. Jackie Kaina of the 1st Brigade, 4th Iraqi army MiTT said the operations are driven by intelligence, which is mostly gathered by the Iraqi army. The mission was coordinated by the IA when an informant who had been ostracized by the insurgents came forward with information.

The operation, called Hellstorm, was a success in that the IA captured several of the High-Value Individuals on their list, and in the process seized several vehicles used in the illegal operations. They also discovered an emplaced improvised explosive device hidden under a bridge. The MiTT called in a U.S. Explosive Ordnance Disposal team, who detonated the IED in place.

The IED is one of the reasons that the MiTT accompanies the IA on larger operations. Their mission is to train, advise and mentor the IA. They bring with them capabilities like aeromedical evacuation, air weapons teams and other military assets that the IA doesn't have yet, said Kaina.

The present-day IA formed in 2005 when it transitioned to an actual army, Kaina said, who worked with Iraqi army soldiers during his last deployment.

"As an Army they have come a huge way since 04-05," said Kaina. "They have come a lot further than I thought they

would. Two years later, I really didn't think they would be at this point. Maturity-wise, the officers act like officers, and the NCO corps is starting to grow."

Since his last deployment with the IA, Kaina said he has seen them grow by leaps and bounds.

"Their improvement is in their command and control," Kaina said. "Now they are much more objective focused and much more professional. They are very visible—that is one of the biggest improvements. To the Iraqi populace, they know who the IA is."

Kaina said that he believes that at this point, The Iraqi army is mature enough on the ground that they are taking the lead, and the U.S. forces are no longer in the lead by any stretch of the imagination.

The MiTT is there to assist if the IA needs it, but it is the IA making the decisions and conducting the missions on their own.

The IA is already conducting daily patrols and company-sized raids on their own, without the help of the MiTT.

"They are very much in the lead and very much taking control," Kaina said. "Where before they would have come to us and asked what to do next. Their leadership has matured to the level at which they no longer need to ask us those questions, they have done enough, know enough and are successful enough to know where they are going."



Col. Michael McBride and Command Sgt. Major Robert Wright uncash the 1st Brigade Combat Team, 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) Colors October 25th during the Transfer of Authority Ceremony at Contingency Operating Base Speicher, Iraq. The Bastogne Brigade replaced the 3rd Brigade Combat Team, 82nd Airborne Division, which was responsible for the Salah and Din Province over the last 15 months.

*Bastogne Public Affairs Office
1st Brigade Combat Team,
101st Airborne Division (Air Assault)
COB Speicher
Tikrit, Iraq*



Medal of Honor to Paratrooper

WASHINGTON — The first Medal of Honor for a Screaming Eagle of the 1st Brigade was presented posthumously to Lt. James A. Gardner, Hq. Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. The medal, given in the name of Congress, was presented to Gardner's widow, Mrs. Joella G. Gardner, Clarksville, Tenn.

The nation's highest award cited Lt. Gardner's conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action at My Canh village, Feb. 7, 1966, where he personally destroyed five enemy bunkers. The hero was the leader of Tiger Force, the battalion reconnaissance platoon.

Gardner's platoon was to relieve a friendly company by encircling and destroying the enemy force. Even as they moved to begin the attack, the enemy fire intensified.

The citation reads:

"Leading the assault and disregarding his own safety, Gardner charged through a withering hail of fire across an open rice paddy. On reaching the first bunker, he destroyed it with a grenade and without hesitation dashed to the second bunker and eliminated it by tossing a grenade inside. Then, crawling swiftly along the dike of a rice paddy, he reached the third bunker. Before he could arm a grenade, an enemy gunner leaped forth, firing at him. Gardner instantly returned the fire and killed the enemy gunner at a distance of six feet. Following the seizure of the main enemy position, he reorganized the platoon to continue the attack.

"Advancing to the new assault position, the platoon was

pinned down by an enemy machine gun emplaced in a fortified bunker. Gardner immediately collected several grenades and charged the enemy position, firing his rifle as he advanced to neutralize the defenders. He dropped a grenade into the bunker and vaulted beyond. As the bunker blew up, he came under fire again.

"Rolling into a ditch to gain cover, he moved toward the new source of fire. Nearing the position, he leaped from the ditch and advanced with a grenade in one hand and firing his rifle with the other. He was gravely wounded just before he reached the bunker, but, with a last valiant effort, staggered forward and destroyed the bunker and its defenders with a grenade. Although he fell dead on the rim of the bunker, his ex-

traordinary actions so inspired the men of his platoon that they resumed the attack and completely routed the enemy."

The citation concluded: "Lt. Gardner's conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity, above and beyond the call of duty, were in the highest traditions of the United States Army."

Other decorations accorded the Tiger Force commander included the Bronze Star and Purple Heart. The National Order (Fifth Class) and the Gallantry Cross with Palm, were presented by the Republic of Vietnam.

Gardner enlisted in the Army at Memphis, Tenn., March 21, 1963, was commissioned from Officer Candidate School, April 1964, and subsequently attended Ranger and Airborne Schools.



The Screaming Eagle



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1st Bde, 101st Abn Div

November 29, 1967

Platoon Blasts 14 NVA

CHU LAI — A 101st Airborne paratrooper's alert eyes and good unit tactics combined to help kill 14 NVA during Operation Wheeler west of here recently.

The 4th Plat. of C Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf., was sweeping a valley when pointman Spec. 4 Russell F. Deitchler, Rosebud, Mont., detected movement in a treeline ahead.

"I thought it might be animals or friendlies," said Deitchler. He and Pfc. David C. French, Concord, Mass., held their fire.

Lt. Cecil P. Kimberling, Denver, maneuvered his platoon to cut-off whatever was ahead of the paratroopers.

Deitchler guided the Americans through chest-high elephant grass, carefully avoiding any terrain favoring an ambush. The Montana trooper discovered a fresh enemy trail and led the platoon to a safe position in the trees ahead. He motioned the platoon leader forward.

"I couldn't believe what he showed me," said Kimberling.

Ahead were 20 or 25 NVA digging an ambush position.

"They were jabbering away without a care in the world," Kimberling recalled.

A radio operator whispered a message to the 3rd Plat., instructing them to cut off any fleeing enemy.

Once each paratrooper was in position, the Screaming Eagles pounced on the NVA with grenades, machine gun and M-16 fire.

The enemy was confused by the surprise attack. Those who ran were cut down.

In minutes the battle was over. Fourteen NVA were dead. Five AK-47's, a Mauser rifle and a Russian machine gun were captured along with ammunition and grenades.



Detainee?

A Vietnamese pig, political outlook undetermined, peers at paratroopers of the 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. as they search a village during Operation Wheeler. (Photo by Staff Sgt. Art Campbell)

'Hawthorne' Surpassed

'Wheeler' Becomes Largest Operation

CHU LAI — Operation Wheeler, the 101st Airborne's sixth offensive action in I Corps, is now the largest combat operation for the Screaming Eagles since they arrived in Vietnam, July 29, 1965.

After seven weeks of combat, 862 enemy had been killed by paratroopers in some of the most bitter fighting of the war.

Prior to Wheeler, Operation

Hawthorne had been the brigade's largest action with 531 enemy killed in 18-days of fighting in Kontum Province.

The 2nd NVA Division was the target of Wheeler when the Screaming Eagles penetrated enemy strongholds 18 miles northwest of here on Sept. 11. Twenty-seven days later, the body count reached 518.

On Oct. 8, Typhoon Carla triggered a monsoon storm that raked the Chu Lai area with winds of 75 knots and dumped 15 inches of rainfall in less than 24 hours.

During the storm, A Co. of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. fought a pitched battle with elements of the 2nd NVA Division, killing 60 enemy in a savage encounter that climaxed in hand-to-hand fighting.

Operation Wheeler became the largest offensive when officials announced Oct. 8 that enemy losses totaled 586.

An NVA captain rallied to Free World Military Forces and told of dissatisfaction, degenerating morale and poor living conditions in the 2nd NVA Division.

He explained why he chose to rally: "I wasn't politically convinced of their (Communist) cause."

As evidence of his discontent with Communism, the former enemy led Capt. Lyndol L. Cook, Marina, Calif., and his paratroopers of A Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. to three weapons caches containing 21 individual and seven crew-served weapons.

Jump Off Mine!

Two recent actions carried by THE SCREAMING EAGLE concerned paratroopers standing on the prongs of mines, believing their weight prevented the mines from exploding. In the two incidents reported, the mines had defective fuses.

"Standing on a mine will not keep it from exploding," said Maj. Benjamin Schlapak, brigade engineer. "The best procedure is to drop to the ground after triggering a mine. Quick action during the two second delay between activation and explosion may save your life."

Old Man Leads Way To Enemy

CHU LAI — A senior citizen in a small hamlet near here recently helped paratroopers of the 101st Airborne find a hidden NVA squad during Operation Wheeler.

Paratroopers of A Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., entered the small hamlet and questioned residents about enemy troop movements in the area. An old man, his hair streaked with white, stepped forward and said he would help.

"He guided us to a place where NVA had bivouaced," said Lt. Allen A. Jonsen, Syracuse, N.Y. "Discovering the enemy gone, he offered to take us to a location where he believed enemy soldiers were hiding."

"After walking for a couple of hours, the old man motioned us to halt at the bend of a trail," Jonsen said. "He pointed toward dense foliage ahead."

Quickly the paratroopers maneuvered and found a squad of NVA in an ambush position off the trail.

"Thanks to our Vietnamese friend, we killed five NVA, captured two and got two weapons," said the officer.

Again the paratroopers moved out, following their elderly guide. As they traveled farther from his hamlet, the old gentleman's knowledge of enemy operations lessened. The paratroopers gave him food from their packs and thanked him for his kindness and help.

"He was the nicest old man I've seen over here," said Spec. 4 Terry L. Wren, Bradley, Ill. "We liked him."



Action Under Fire

Three paratroopers of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf., move quickly under sniper fire as they load a wounded Screaming Eagle and his equipment aboard a Medevac helicopter as the chopper just touches the ground. (Photo by Pfc. Robert Mosey)

Resupply Helps

Company Weathers NVA Ground Attack

By SGT. Bob Chambers

CHU LAI—Hard fighting by paratroopers of the 101st Airborne and a courageous helicopter pilot accounted for 14 NVA dead in an Operation Wheeler action near here recently.

A Co. of the 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., was conducting search and destroy operations through a valley when they captured two NVA butchering a water buffalo.

A monsoon storm developed and blanketed the valley as Capt. Peter Mitchell, Levittown, N.Y., moved his company across rice paddies toward a tree line. The 2nd Platoon was leading when the enemy opened fire.

"We could see the NVA setting up a mortar position about 100-yards away," said Sgt. Leon Hicks, Houston.

Lt. Thomas Lowrie, Sturgeon Bay, Wis., led the platoon in an assault on the enemy mortar. The surprised NVA lowered the tube and tried to fire point blank. All but two paratroopers sustained minor shrapnel wounds.

"We didn't care about the wounds," said Pfc. Donald Jones, Braddock, Pa. "We wanted that mortar tube in the worst way."

The enemy fire failed to slow the platoon. The enemy fled with the mortar into the jungle—leaving the ammunition behind.

The 2nd Platoon destroyed the mortar shells and moved back to rejoin the company. Enemy mortar fire resumed and A Co. started digging in. The enemy then counterattacked with heavy automatic weapons fire as their mortars shifted. Repeatedly the enemy tried to overrun the company, but the paratroopers drove them off.

Sgt. Murry Thompson, Pittsburgh, laced the charging enemy with a constant stream of bullets from his machine gun. Assistant gunner, Spec. 4 James Collier, Toledo, said the enemy came as close as 50 yards.

Ammunition now dwindled and a resupply was requested. A Co. wondered if the helicopter could get to them through the storm. Because of the close contact, artillery was ineffective. A Co. fought off the attack and hoped for quick resupply.

WO Marion L. Mark, Redding, Calif., a pilot with the 176th Aviation Co. volunteered to fly the mission. Capt. Robert Hopkins, York, Pa., went along to drop the ammunition.

As the chopper came in low over the enemy position, door gunners and NVA blasted away at each other. While the chopper hovered to drop the ammunition, the enemy opened up with mortars.

No sooner had the ammunition been released when the chopper took several hits. Mark's legs were shattered by machine gun fire. Despite his wounds, the pilot maintained control of the helicopter and landed it.

The door gunners unhooked their machine guns and joined the infantrymen of A Co. Now, with extra guns and a fresh supply of ammunition, the paratroopers drove the NVA back into the jungle as night fell.

Fourteen NVA bodies, four automatic rifles and a Russian light machine gun lay as evidence of the attack.

Screaming Eagle Briefings

Sgt. Saves Life

A paratrooper sergeant of the 101st Airborne braved hostile fire from three sides to rescue a wounded buddy from almost certain death during Operation Wheeler.

A platoon from B Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. was conducting a search and destroy action when the unit approached what appeared to be a deserted village.

Lt. John C. Finnucan, Springfield, Pa., ordered the platoon to conduct a systematic search of each hut, hoping to find a cache of enemy weapons or food.

"The point man had just entered a small clearing when a hail of enemy bullets knocked him down," said Finnucan. "We returned the fire immediately. The next thing I saw was Sgt. Casher running to the wounded man."

"Just as I reached him, the NVA began firing on me," said the Mobile, Ala. sergeant. "I tried to pull him back, but I couldn't because of the heavy fire."

Casher gripped the wounded man with one hand and fired on the enemy with the other. "I didn't know exactly where the enemy was, so I just aimed in the direction of the heaviest fire."

Casher then picked up the pointman, put him on his back and dashed to our position.

"I don't know how they escaped being killed," said Finnucan.

Casher no sooner reached his

platoon when a grenade exploded on the spot where the wounded man lay.

"I had to get him out," Casher said. "The only way to do it was to pick him up and run."

Refuses Help

A wounded 101st Airborne medic, his neck and shoulder raked by tiny steel fragments, braved enemy fire to aid five wounded paratroopers, refusing aid for himself until they had been evacuated.

"I was running from man to man, too busy to worry about my own wounds," said Spec. 4 Kenneth W. Gates, Detroit, a medic with B Co. 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf.

Gates' platoon was engaged and receiving fire from three sides. Five men were wounded almost simultaneously. As Gates treated the nearest wounded paratrooper, a bullet tore into his steel helmet sending fragments into the medic's neck and shoulder. Ignoring his wounds, Gates ran from man to man treating them.

A Medevac helicopter approached and the paratroopers broke off the contact.

The helicopter landed and the five wounded men were carried aboard. Realizing that one more man might be too many for the helicopter to lift, Gates refused to leave.

"I wanted to make sure they got the other men out first. Some of them were badly hurt," said Gates.

Another helicopter arrived and the wounded medic, his own

wounds untended, climbed aboard.

Bayonet Success

A paratrooper in the 101st Airborne preferred his bayonet to his M-16 rifle in killing an enemy trail watcher during Operation Wheeler.

Sgt. Leroy L. Jackson, Pittsburgh, Pa., was leading a patrol ahead of C Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf., searching for an ambush site against the Viet Cong.

"My point man motioned me forward," said Jackson. "He whispered a bend was ahead in the trail and suggested I send a man above it to check for trail watchers."

Jackson took the job himself. "I skirted above the main trail and before I had gone 50-meters I saw a black pajama-clad figure crouched in the bushes. He had his hand on a detonating device and I could see the outline of a Chinese Claymore mine near the trail."

The trooper decided against using his rifle for fear the shot would warn any enemy nearby. Instead he used his bayonet.

"He didn't make a sound," said Jackson.

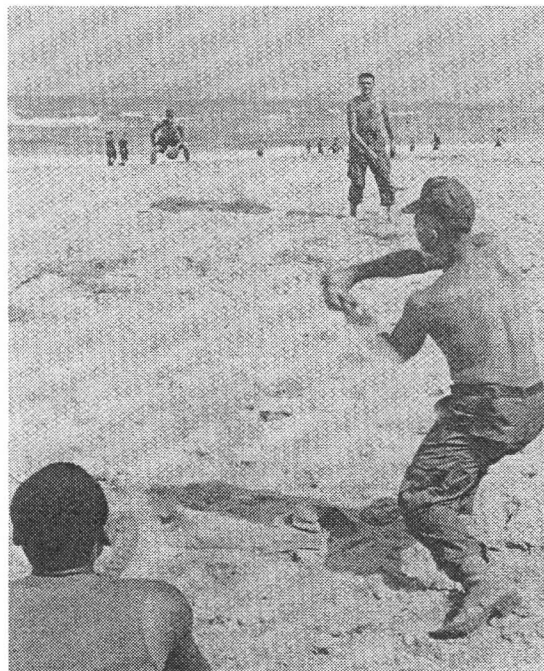
Later that day another patrol killed three VC further down the trail. Had Jackson fired, those three probably would have gotten away.

Errors Made In R&R Plans

HONOLULU — American Red Cross personnel here report an increasing number of dependent wives traveling to Hawaii on one-way or student fare tickets and arriving without sufficient funds to defray expenses for their return home.

Numerous cases have also been reported wherein the dependent arrived days before the serviceman arrived, causing severe hardship on the waiting dependent.

Dependents should not make arrangements to travel to Hawaii until the service member has a confirmed R&R reservation on the date desired. Sponsors should have orders for Hawaii R&R before making arrangements to meet dependents.



Mighty Casey?

Paratroopers of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., enjoy a game of baseball on the beach near Chu Lai, when their company had a break from duty in the field. (Photo by Spec. 4 Dan Stroebel)



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'Currahees' Bolster 1st Brigade



Brig. Gen. S. H. Matheson (right) and Lt. Col. John P. Gerarci, battalion commander, review the 3rd Bn. (Abn), 506th Inf., immediately after the paratroopers debarked at Cam Ranh Bay. (Photo by Staff Sgt. Mike Mangiameli)

Battalion Arrives—Ready for Action

CAM RANH BAY — The 1st Bde, 101st Airborne Div. added another infantry battalion recently as the 3rd Bn. (Abn), 506th Inf., arrived here from Ft. Campbell, Ky.

Jungle boots glistened as the "Currahee" paratroopers marched down the gangway of the USNS General Weigel, placing their colors alongside the other Screaming Eagle battalions in Vietnam.

Lt. Col. John P. Gerarci, Brooklyn, and his battalion were greeted by Brig. Gen. S. H. Matheson, brigade commander. Gerarci is entering his third tour in Vietnam.

Gerarci was the first officer assigned to the 3/506 at Ft. Campbell after it was reactivated April 1. Sgt. Maj. William R. McCorkle, Denver, was the first non-commissioned officer and Pfc. Virgil W. Bernard, Houston,

its first enlisted man.

The battalion began training for Vietnam last May. The "Currahees" — Indian for "We Stand Alone" — executed a large-scale field training exercise (dubbed "Goblin Hunt") which saw the paratroopers deployed as guerilla forces.

"That was quite an experience for us," said Gerarci. "It forged the spirit of the battalion and

set the stage for the drive that carried us through other training."

Later training exercises saw the "Currahees" in Georgia and Tennessee as they honed their proficiency to a fine edge.

McCorkle, a Korean combat veteran, says the NCOs are experienced.

"We have many who served with the brigade during its first year in country," he said. "Oth-

ers have served with the 173rd Airborne Brigade or the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile)."

Among those serving earlier tours were SFC John Boes, First Sgt. John R. McDonald, and Staff Sgts. William Clark and Jessie Cook.

Following their arrival the paratroopers convoyed to Phan Rang ready for orientation training prior to beginning Operation Rose in II Corps.

Platoon Slays 7 NVA

CHU LAI — A 101st Airborne platoon battled a larger NVA force during Operation Wheeler near here recently and killed seven enemy and destroyed five bunkers in one of the most bitter battles of the operation.

The 3rd Plat. of B Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf., was conducting search and destroy sweeps when contact was made with an unknown size enemy force.

"We weren't sure of what we were up against, but they really had fire power," said Lt. Thomas J. Courtney, Knoxville, Tenn.

Courtney maneuvered his platoon to take maximum advantage of the terrain and the 2nd Plat. moved to flank the enemy force. Quickly it too became heavily engaged.

The enemy was firing on the 3rd Plat. from heavily-fortified bunkers. Courtney realized the bunkers had to be eliminated and led the assault.

While he maneuvered his platoon, two anti-tank rockets exploded less than ten feet away.

"The first rocket knocked me to the ground and the second one hurled me over two wounded men," the paratrooper said.

When night fell, the enemy disengaged and the paratroopers established their perimeter and waited for evacuation of the wounded.



Welcoming Treats

Red Cross representatives greet paratroopers of the 3rd Bn. (Abn), 506th Inf., with cake and cold lemonade after the Currahees arrived at Cam Ranh Bay from Ft. Campbell, Ky.

(Photo by Staff Sgt. Mike Mangiameli)

Trooper Covers Buddies

CHU LAI — The courage and sacrifice of a 101st Airborne paratrooper saved the lives of their platoon leader and other members of the platoon during a recent fire fight northwest of here.

A heliborne assault carried paratroopers of B Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. in search of a suspected NVA regimental headquarters. The terrain was flat, dotted with sparse knolls and rice paddies.

"We had just crossed the top of a small hill when we spotted about 30 NVA in a paddy below us," said Plat. Sgt. John E. Quinn, Green Bay, Wis.

"It was like a shooting gallery," he said. "We caught them by surprise."

Quinn then called in artillery, air strikes and gunships on the suspected enemy locations. As the gunships made their final pass over the target, the platoon started across the rice paddy.

"We were more than halfway across before 'Charlie' opened up," Quinn recalled. "They had everything."

When the volume of enemy fire increased, the platoon sergeant decided to withdraw his forces.

"The squad leader told me to crawl back while he provided covering fire," Quinn added. "That was the last time I saw him alive. He saved my life and some of the others too."

Paratrooper Crawls to Safety

By SP4 Dan Stroebel
 CHU LAI—The wounded 101st Airborne paratrooper could not crawl any farther. He almost had given up. A lieutenant, wounded trying to help the crawling paratrooper, yelled over the din of battle: "I didn't get shot for nothing! Get over here!"

Pfc. Jerry W. Patterson, Albuquerque, N.M., was walking with the lead element of the 3rd Plat., B Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., when the 2nd Plat. made contact with the enemy in fortified bunkers. The 2nd Plat. was pinned down by the enemy fire.

"We were told to reach the area as fast as possible," said Patterson. "We broke into a trot and headed towards the firing."

As the element approached the area of contact, they were fired upon by an enemy machine gun. Three men in front of Patterson fell. Two were wounded, one was dead.

"I didn't know how much lead was flying," Patterson recalled. "One of the squad leaders grabbed a machine gun and ran to where I lay," said Patterson. "He had just started firing when he was hit. I was hit

a second later."

"I looked down and saw a hole in my chest. I thought it was a sucking chest wound," Patterson said.

Calmly, Patterson applied a field dressing to his wound. "It was about all I could do for myself," he said. "Everyone around me was wounded."

Lt. John C. Finnucan, Springboro, Pa., 2nd Plat. leader, watched the 3rd Plat. maneuver against the enemy position. Directing what fire support he could spare on the enemy machine gun position, Finnucan

yelled at the paratroopers to start crawling towards him.

Patterson crawled towards the officer.

"I didn't think I could go any farther," he said. "I dropped my head and just lay there."

Finnucan saw the exhausted paratrooper and ran out to help him.

"As I was about to reach Patterson, something hit my head and knocked me halfway back to where I had started," the lieutenant recalled.

A bullet had creased his skull. Blood ran down the side of his head.

"I was dazed for a few minutes," Finnucan said. "When I came out of it, the man was still lying there. I started yelling at him to get moving. I probably said some things that weren't very tactful, but he started moving."

"I heard him yelling and he sounded mad," said Patterson.

Slowly, Patterson started to crawl towards the platoon leader.

"I was exhausted," said Patterson. "My shirt was covered with blood and I felt faint, but I knew I was going to live. The worst part was over."

Trooper Spots Disguise

CHU LAI—Two NVA regulars tried to conceal their uniforms under black pajamas near here recently and failed because their weapons gave them away to a sharp-eyed paratrooper of the 101st Airborne.

Spec. 4 Gary "Hillbilly" Jones, Shawnee, Okla., was providing rear security for an element of C Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. as the paratroopers rested along a trail. Jones concealed himself behind a large rock facing the trail.

"I no sooner had gotten down behind the rock when I saw four men in black pajamas walking toward us," said Jones.

Jones realized he could not warn the resting paratroopers of the approaching enemy without giving away his position.

"I just took aim on the first man and opened fire," he said.

"The firing scared the hell out of me," recalled Pfc. Richard Gantier, New Fairfield, Conn. "Then I heard 'Hillbilly' yell: 'NVA!'"

Gantier rushed to Jones' position as other paratroopers scrambled to their feet.

The two Americans moved slowly toward the two bodies lying on the trail. Beneath their black pajamas, the paratroopers discovered the two enemy wore khaki uniforms of the North Vietnamese Army.

Quick Burst Snares Enemy

CHU LAI—A quick-draw, hip-shooting machine gunner in the 101st Airborne dropped an NVA soldier during Operation Wheeler west of here recently.

Pfc. Jesse D. Salazer, Los Angeles, was guarding a trail while the rest of his platoon from C Co. of the 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., searched a number of huts for signs of enemy activity.

Suddenly three persons appeared in the trail 50-yards away.

"I wasn't sure they were enemy," Salazer said. "There was a lot of brush and I moved a little to get a better look."

"Just as they turned, I saw their weapons," Salazer recalled. "I jerked my M-60 up and fired a quick burst as fast as I could."

Two NVA escaped, leaving the body of their friend, his AK-47 automatic rifle and two Chinese-Communist grenades.



Motorized Vigil

Paratroopers of A Troop, 2nd Sqdn (Abn), 17th Cav., patrol Highway 1 near Tam Ky while engineers of A Co., 326th (Abn) Engineers sweep the road ahead for mines.

(Photo by Spec. 5 William P. Singley)

Experienced 'Top' Is Example For Troopers of Hqs. Company

CHU LAI — In 1948, Pvt. Warren S. Eichelberger, Hagerstown, Md., could not pass the minimum weight requirement for jump school.

Today, Eichelberger is the first sergeant of Hqs. Co., 1st Brig., 101st Airborne Div. and a veteran of two wars.

"The recruiter showed me a page filled with every unit patch in the Army and asked which one I wanted," said Eichelberger. "I couldn't go airborne so I pointed to the big yellow and black patch of the 1st Cav."

Following basic training, the young soldier went to Japan.

"I couldn't gain any weight in Japan," he grinned. "There was too much for a 17-year old to see."

When the 1st Cav. went to Korea, he went with them. After a tour on line, Eichelberger was assigned to a provisional company, but it was not to his liking, so he volunteered to go back on line as a medic.

When the Communists overran his position at Unsan, he was taken prisoner. "An F-80 made a pass at us the next day," he said. "The guards ducked and we took off. I think they were glad to get rid of us."

The next day he was back fighting again.

Later wounded, Eichelberger was evacuated to Fitzsimons Army Hospital, Denver. "I gained weight there, but still not enough to go airborne," he said.

Then, in 1954, the minimum weight requirement was dropped to 120 pounds. Eichelberger was ready.



"All week before the physical, I drank milkshakes," he recalled. "The day I went in for the physical, I stuffed myself with food. I even taped pennies to the soles of my feet."

He passed, with one pound to spare.

In airborne school, the skinny sergeant had to put out. "I made it," he laughed. "Nothing could have stopped me."

After graduation, he joined the 508th Airborne Regimental Combat Team at Ft. Campbell and went to Japan. In 1956, he returned to Campbell when the 101st was reactivated. Later he was an aerial observer above the DMZ in Korea.

When Eichelberger returned to the U.S., the 1st Brigade was in Vietnam. "I wanted to catch up with my old outfit," said Eichelberger, lighting up a cigar. "I made it back and was the first sergeant of C Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. Ten months later, I got malaria and was sent home."

Following recovery, he was assigned to the 82nd Airborne Div. where he volunteered for Vietnam.

Why?
 "Here's where the soldiers are—in the 101st," he said.

Civilian Invades Brigade

CHU LAI — For a few days, the 101st Airborne operations section had a civilian working with them, but the civilian continued to act like Staff Sgt. Ed Burkhalter, Hattiesburg, Miss.

When his enlistment expired he was too busy to re-enlist.

Although staff personnel addressed him as 'Mister', Burkhalter said he never had time to think about being a civilian.

The tall, blond sergeant said: "I threatened to walk out once or twice, but the sergeant major recommended I stay around."

When Burkhalter arrived in Vietnam he was assigned to a platoon in A Co. of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf.

"I had taught in jump school at Ft. Benning before I came to Vietnam," he said. "When I arrived in A Co. I found a lot of former students. I felt at home right away because so many of them remembered me. It seemed I had to tell them everything to do in jump school, but when I joined them here, I was the one who had to push to keep up."

The veteran paratrooper hopes to rejoin the faculty at the Airborne School when his tour here is finished.

Sergeant Sees Enemy Soldier

CHU LAI (1/327-10)—A sixth sense that develops from jungle fighting paid off for a squad leader in the 101st Airborne during Operation Wheeler near here.

A platoon from C Co. of the 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf., had engaged three NVA on a jungle trail and killed one.

As they moved through the edge of the jungle in pursuit of the other two, the paratroopers were fired on from a nearby village.

"While we were moving through, my squad leader turned around and walked back to a bunker we had passed," said Spec. 4 Carlos Trevino, McAllen, Tex.

"It was just a hunch," said Sgt. Edward Colley, Chicago. "I had that peculiar feeling I was being watched."

No one answered. Colley caught a glimpse of a khaki uniform.

"I saw the NVA moving and fired," said Colley.

Inside was the body of an NVA regular, carrying assorted documents and ammunition.

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1/327 HHC 1/66-4/66 - 7/08
150 Wild Rose Trail
Dobson, NC 27017-6151

William J. Northquest
1/327 C 6/66-12/67 - 10/08
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Flowery Branch, GA 30542

Henry E. Olney (Groovy)
1/327 B 6/67-6/68 - 10/08
2123 S.W. 15th Terrace
Cape Coral, FL 33991-2227

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2/327 HHC 3/67-3/68 - 7/09
4312 Meadowview Ct.
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Robert R. Papesh
1/327 ABU 8/65-7/66 - 7/08
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Ravenna, OH 44266

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Calumet City, IL 60409-5809

Pete Pepper
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San Luis Obispo, CA 93401

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8628 Appleton Ct.
Annandale, VA 22003-3806

Gene "Hard Core" Perry
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P.O. Box 144
Harrisville, WV 26362-0144

James Peterson
2/502 HHC 65-66 - 4/08
873 Shady Oak Dr.
Santa Rosa, CA 95404-2783

Gilbert Petramalo
Family(B 502 6/67-8/67KIA) - 7/08
603 State Route 21
Palmyra, NY 14522

John A. Pippin
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336 Desmond Drive
Fayetteville, NC 28314-0135

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Chesterfield, MO 63017-2207

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Mike Pritchard
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Oak Grove, KY 42262-9211

Edward R. Reddin
2/502 A 6/66-6/67 - 7/08
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T. Brian Redington
2/320 FA HQ 9/66-3/68 - 10/08
1340 White Hawk Drive
Crown Point, IN 46307-2689

Alton C. Rye
2/502 C 11/67-9/68 - 10/08
2441 Bedford Circle
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William D. Schlegelmilch
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P. O. Box 2086
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Michael E. Seguin
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Steven E. Sharsmitt
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15560 Shannon Way
Nevada City, CA 95959

Bill Singley
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Manhattan Beach, CA 90266

John Eagle Smith
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Fernandina Bch, FL 32034-7612

Jeffery L. Soff
2/502 B 11/69-11/70 - 4/08
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Tallahassee, FL 32303-4433

Robert H. Sunday
Family - Q. Sunday - 10/08
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Eufaula, OK 74432-0430

Charles W. Taylor
2/502 B 6/67-6/68 - 10/08
337 Madison St.
Coatesville, PA 19320-2956

Richard "Dick" Thoma
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Robert Tidwell
2/320 FA C Btry 4/65-6/66 - 10/08
793 Fairfax Court
Fairfield, CA 94534-7409

William S. Ungerman
2/502 C 6/67-12/67 - 10/08
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Assoc. - 10/08
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Boca Raton, FL 33486-3540

Robert H. Vaughn
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Kerrville, TX 78028

Johnny Velasquez
2/502 B VN 67-68 - 10/08
113 Lasata Drive
Tracy, CA 95377-8328

Stuart Wait
326 Med D 3/67-3/68 - 7/08
15570 Tuxon Way
Reno, NV 89521-8867

James J. Waldeck, USA Ret.
2/327 HHC 7/67-4/68 - 10/08
102 N. Sulgrave Ct.
Williamsburg, VA 23185

Chap(Col-R) Fred "Max" Wall, Jr.
2/327 4/67-8/67 - 7/08
348 Boulevard
Gainesville, GA 30501

Mal Wallace (COL-Ret)
1/327 HQ 6/67-6/68 - 10/08
20431 Longspring Dr.
Katy, TX 77450

Thomas T. Washington \$
1/327 HHC 5/66-3/68 - 10/08
1032 Crayton Circle
Fayetteville, NC 28314-2018

Leon Watson
1/327 A 9/67-9/68 - 10/08
269 Lake of Pines Dr.
Jackson, MS 39206-3226

Tom Willard
1/327 RECON Med 65-66 - 10/08
1711 Valle Moor Dr.
Bismarck, ND 58501-2579

COL(R) Herbert D. Williams III
2/327 A&B 7/67-6/68 - 7/08
124 Artillery Road
Winchester, VA 22602-6945

Address Corrections

September 1, 2007 through
November 30, 2007

LTC(R) Charles L. Beegle
2/327 C 1/66-1/67 - 10/08
12302 Greenlea Chase West
Oklahoma City, OK 73170

Arthur W. "Ossie" Burton
2/327 Inf B 12/65-5/66 - 4/08
410 W Madison St. #2
Louisa, KY 41230-1360

George E. Lyons
1/327 B 6/66-6/67 - 4/08
1729 Linden St., Apt #3-R
Ridgewood, NY 11385

Cheryl Nester-Bowers
Family-Donald 2/327 B 8/66-8/67-
10/04
252 Muirfield Ave SE
Salem, OR 97306-8594

Ernest L. Taylor
2/502 C 1/68-7/69 - 4/08
1625 Chestnut St. Lot 3
Canon City, CO 81212-5147

John P. Wayrynen
Family(Dale MOH 2/502 B) - 4/08
20442 315th Ln
McGregor, MN 55760-5783

\$ = Above Subscription Price



SAFEGUARD YOUR WARTIME MEMENTOS (PUT THEM IN A BOX WITH THIS NOTE ATTACHED)

TO MY FAMILY OR EXECUTOR

Please do not throw away or sell any of my personal effects, letters, diaries, clippings, photographs and / or other souvenirs of my Viet Nam service.

If no one in my immediate family wants the above, please send them to:
101st Airborne Division Historian, Don F. Pratt Museum, Bldg 5702, 26th & Tennessee, Fort Campbell, KY 42223

or

US Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, Carlisle, PA 17013

Do not throw away my wartime memories or sell them to a souvenir hunter.

Name _____

Army Unit _____

Army Serial Number _____

Date _____



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The First SCREAMING EAGLES in Viet Nam
P.O. Box 675
Sweetwater, TN 37874-0675

MESSAGES FROM THE 101stabndiv1stbrigade.com WEB SITE GUEST BOOK

JOHN J. WEKERLE, 2/327 A 9/66-9/67
28 Brinsmade Lane, Sherman, CT 06784
(860) 350-0514
sadtan666zjw@yamhoo.covm

Looking for any of my old cronies.

E-MAIL MESSAGES NO MESSAGES

FROM U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

+ BILL CARPENTER, 1/327 HHC TF 12/66-12/67, 1041 CR. #14, Rayland, OH 43943, (740) 859-4447, along with his early subscription renewal sent the following note. Ivan, Please renew my subscription to THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM. I enjoy reading about the days of long ago. However, they are days that will never be forgotten. In fact it seems as though it were just yesterday.

+ JOEL E. PITTENGER, 2/320 FA HHB 6/67-6/68, 275 Portico Dr., Chesterfield, MO 63017-2207, work (314) 469-7080, home (314) 878-9889 sent the following with his subscription renewal. Ivan, I'm just starting to do catch up after going through hospice/death of my mother.

I plan to put together an obit/article on Bernard "The Scuffer" Gordon in about a month.

Sorry to be so late with this.

RAY L. STRENGTH, 2/327 HHC 7/65-6/66, 240 Drive 1283, Tupelo, MS 38804, (662) 842-2617 is looking for Paul Stepp.

Editor's Note: Paul Stepp is not in my database. Can anyone help?

+ ROBERT DICKSON, 2/320 FA B Btry 7/65-8/66, Box 203, New Hartford, IA 50660, (319) 983-2777 wrote: Here is my \$20.00 for my one year renewal plus a little extra toward postage. In the October 2007 issue on page 15, the picture of 105 being fired -- I was the assistant gunner on #3, Sgt. Guillory's gun. I



certainly remember Sgt. Burney and I think the trooper putting the round in the gun is Dillard Reed (2/320 B 65 -?) and if those are Cpl. stripes on the assistant gunner it might be Raul Cantu. I know it's been over forty years and the photos are from the back but they look familiar. If you can locate Sgt. Burney he may be able to tell you who was on his gun in 1965-66.

The other picture on the bottom right on page 15 is Peter Ramierez (2/320 Arty B Bty 5/65-7/66) from B Battery 320th Artillery. He was a forward observer who was attached to the 327th when the photo was taken. I spoke to him today and confirmed it. He also told me that Sgt. Burney is deceased.

I also called Reed's Barbecue looking for Dillard Reed "B" Battery 320th and the girl there told me they have no idea where he is.

I have enclosed the battery roster from "B" Battery of all of the men that originally went to Viet Nam in July 1965. These men were all volunteers! I hope it is useful to you.

Editor's Note: Thank you for the clarification about the men in these 1966 published pictures.

+ DONALD W. BREWER, 2/17 CAV A 67-69, 213 W. 10th St., Beardstown, IL 62618, (217) 323-5011 sent the following letter. To whom this may concern: After repeatedly reading and studying pictures and articles of the October 2007 issue (THE ALWAYS FIRST BRIGADE), I'm still trying to make myself believe you can write, proof-read, edit, write and publish a magazine completely omitting not a Platoon or even a Company but an entire Calvary Troop. Can the dead and wounded of A Troop 2/17 Cavalry 101st Airborne Division at least be an asterisk!

Please cancel my subscription.

Donald W. Brewer
A Trp 2/17 CAV 101st Abn Div

P.S. I believe that when paratroopers from A Trp 2/17 CAV saluted an officer (WE) "First Kill" (THEY) Airborne. Just an interesting note. Glad you didn't forget about HHC.

Editor's Note: Sorry you are dissatisfied with contents of the magazine. I publish most of the unit information sent to me. I do not recall your sending material about 2/17th CAV.

+ DR. BRADFORD E. MUTCHLER, 1/327 HQ 11/66-11/67, 255 Jennifer Lynn Drive, Paducah, KY 42001, work (270) 441-6000, home (270) 575-3406 wrote: Dear Sir, I recently became a subscriber of your publication. When you sent me an application to subscribe, you were kind enough to send a picture of me taken in Sept-Oct 1967. In the picture I was taking care of a wounded helicopter pilot. Needless to say it brought back many memories, some good and some not so. I was wondering if you had that photo on a disc that I might purchase or get a copy of same. I would like to get it enlarged.

I will also look and see if I can find other old photos at home.

Editor's Note: Please send any photos or other material you may have. I will scan it and return. A digital picture of the back cover is on the way.

+ ROBERT O. MARTIN, 1SGT U.S. Army (Ret), 2/327 Hawk Recon 1/67-11/67, 1041 55th St., Downers Grove, IL 60515, work (630) 915-6702, home (630) 968-3852 wrote: On August 6, 2007 I turned 60. And what a very special time it was. For at least a year prior, unbeknown to me, my lovely wife, Diane collaborated with the guys I served with in the Hawk Platoon, 2/327, and their wives, to ambush me at this benchmark in my life.

On August 3, I was driven to a mountain retreat in the Smokey Mountains just outside of Gatlinburg, TN, complete with pool room, air hockey and a massive jacuzzi. When we arrived, my friends ambushed me in the breeze way. Needless to say we had a super-terrific time! I was stunned, to say the least. These guys traveled from various points in the country to share this time with me, and I was humbled.

I've enclosed a photo of all of us at the chateau, and I would like to give a brief history of each man. (The "Hawk Hats" were provided by George Fallon.)



From left to right is Rich Luttrell (A/327) Bronze Star, 2 PH, who was on Dateline NBC; the tall guy next to him is George Fallon, DMR, Silver Star, and my closest friend in the Hawks; Terry Wren (A/327) the RTO who saved the day on 10/8/67, Silver Star, PH; the big guy in the white shirt is Jay "Doc" Molleneux, Hawk Medic, wounded only two weeks after arriving at the platoon, but returned two months later to save many others; next is myself, R.O. Martin, next to me is Allen Lloyd, who I greatly admire. Al lost a leg and an eye on 8/13/67, earning a Silver Star in the process. He went on to build a very successful CPA firm in Florida.

It just goes to show, that the friends you make in combat, become like family. We are indeed a Band of Brothers.

+ MAJ (R) WILLIAM E. GROVES, HHC (AG) 6/66-5/67, 576 Coast Oak Circle, Lawrenceville, GA 30045-6114, (770) 963-9947 sent the following:

26 Sep 2007

Ivan, enclosed are some photos of the S.O.Y (Soldier of the Year) presentation, my commission, and a couple while in Vietnam. The slides that I had hoped to convert to prints did not materialize. Kodak claimed that they could not print them. Again, I'm not sure what you are looking for and I am not one to blow my own horn but here is a short brief.

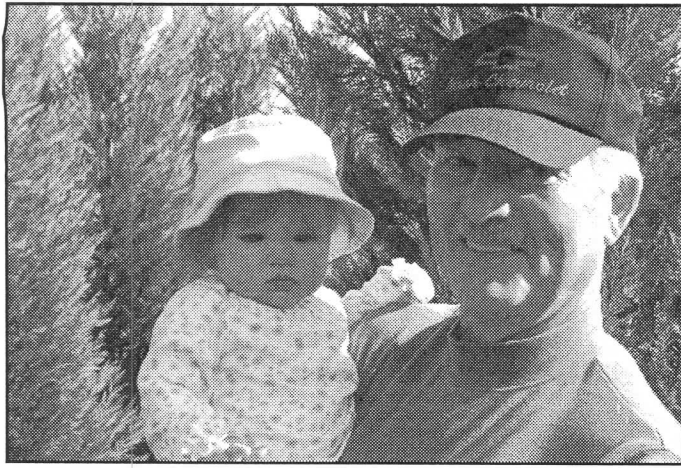
Selected Soldier of the Year October 1965. Commission 2d Lt 4 February 1966. Attended the Officer Basic Course, Fort Benjamin Harrison and arrived in country (Vietnam), base camp Phan Rang mid May 1966. Completed the "P" course they had set up for new arrivals, and then joined the Brigade Forward in Dak To on or about 6 June 1966. My assignment as the AG Forward put me in charge of casualty reporting, administrative and postal operations, and coordination with the Brigade S-1. My casualty crew and I were on the receiving end with the medical unit when casualties from the 502nd started coming in a couple of days after I arrived in Dak To. I worked with the Brigade Forward until early December 1966. From Dak To, to Tuy Hoa, to Phan Thiet. Upon returning to base camp, I took over the duties as chief of administrative services, which included postal and special services. My claim to fame while in Phan Rang was the completion and dedication of the 1st Brigade beach complex. This was completed in my last 45 days in country. The complex was dedicated by Major Ed Strong, the brigade AG, and General Collins ... I was pretty proud of what was accomplished by the few troops that worked on the project.

I departed the 1st Brigade in June 1967 and returned to the 82nd Airborne Division. The rest is history. The October 2005 edition of the Screaming Eagle carries the article that I had sent initially.

And lastly, I am including a picture of yours truly (currently) with my granddaughter. Time and age does make for changes. I trust this will help you. Take care and keep up the good work. Check for renewal fee included also.



Groves commissioned 2nd LT, 4 Feb 1966. Left to right: MG Beverley E. Powell, Groves and wife, Kay



Yours truly and my granddaughter, Audree Kay Rosenthal, eight months at time of picture – December 2006.



Yours truly -- taken at Dak To or Tuy Hoa.

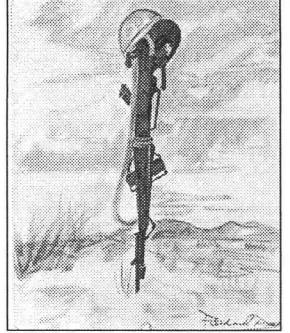


Presentation of plaque S.O.Y. General Powell and W.E. Groves

+ = Current Subscriber



OBITUARIES

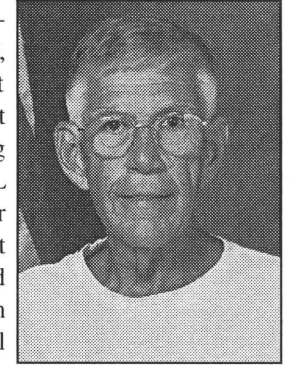


Ricardo Velez
1/327 A 7/65-?/66

Ricardo Velez of Sweetwater, Texas, passed away in January 2007 according to the 327th Roster.

COL(R) Thomas LaKomia
2/502 HHC & B 5/67-3/69

Thomas LaKomia, COL (Ret), a former Platoon Leader in B Company, 2nd Bn, 502nd Infantry, 101st Airborne Division in Vietnam, met an untimely passing in a boating accident on August 24, 2007. COL LaKomia, a recipient of the Silver and Bronze Stars and Purple Heart among his other awards, was buried at Arlington National Cemetery on September 19, 2007. The funeral was attended by his surviving spouse, Lynn and their three sons, their wives and four grandchildren, also many other family and friends. Chapter members, Charlie Gant (2/502 A&D 12/67-12/68), Dick Schonberger (2/327 HHC 7/66-7/67), Dennis Husereau, all 502nd members, and C.K. Gailey and Bob Ponzo also attended the services.



Editor's Note: From the September National Capital Area Chapter Newsletter.

Fred Tomlin
1/327 HHC 5/67-5/68

Fredrick Eugene Tomlin was born May 20, 1939 in Hutchinson, Kansas, to Thomas Lincoln and Elaine Liston Tomlin. He passed away from this life on Sunday, November 4, 2007, after a long battle with cancer at Cheyenne Lodge Nursing Home at the age of 68. He served in the Army during Vietnam as a paratrooper and as a combat medic in Southeast Asia in the 101st Airborne 327th Division. His many awards include the Combat Medic's Badge and two Purple Hearts. He is survived by his wife: Carolyn Tomlin of the home; daughter: Tanya Penner and husband JT, Sedgwick, KS; step-daughters: Cirsten Englebach, Jamestown, KS; Holly Dodson and husband Steve, Chestertown, MD; and Amber Englebach, Rock Hall, MD; 6 grandchildren; numerous nieces and nephews, cousins and friends. He was preceded in death by his first wife Phyllis "Penny" Gordon Tomlin and parents.



Col. Billy E. Spangler INFO OFF 4/67-4/68

Retired U.S. Army Colonel Billy E. Spangler, Boerne, Texas, died of leukemia Nov. 19, 2007, at his home. He was 78.



His widow is the former Melba Brown of Herrin, IL. Two sons, Kelly, Evan and wife, Marina survive also two sisters, Juanita and husband, retired Marine Lt. Col. Robert Hofstetter of Salem, IL, and Rosemary Harlow of Brownwood.

Spangler joined the Army as a private after graduating from high school and served in Italy. A G-I Bill graduate of Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, IL, he received a direct commission in 1953 and later served in Vietnam with the First Brigade, 101st Airborne Division.

He subsequently participated in planning for the return of America's Vietnam POWs and was in Hanoi Feb. 12, 1973, when the first element of American service members was released.

Later assignments included the Army Staff at the Pentagon; the commander and editor-in-chief, European Edition, THE STARS & STRIPES, a daily newspaper for the service personnel stationed in Europe, the Middle East and the United Kingdom.

His last assignment was Commandant, Defense Information School, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. He retired to Boerne in 1983.

Colonel Spangler's inurnment will be at Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D.C. A memorial service was held at the First United Methodist Church on Saturday, Nov. 24, 2007, at 11 am.

Memorials may be given to the Dr. Maxine Surber Lorenz Foundation, Inc, P.O. Box 269, Boerne, TX 78006. To leave a message or tribute for the family, please visit www.vaughan-funeralhome.com and select the obituaries icon.

Funeral arrangements entrusted to Vaughan's Funeral Home of Boerne.

Editor's Note: Billy Spangler was my replacement in the First Brigade (S) in April 1967. He attended and spoke at all the brigade reunions I have attended. Billy was an accomplished leader, writer and administrator who was very proud of his service in the First Brigade. The obituary was forwarded to me by Barry Hana, HQ PIO 3/67 - 3/68, and was published in the (San Antonio) Express News on 11/20/07.

A Sad, Yet Joyous Passing

By Barry Hana, CPT-USAR

The 40-year friendship between Colonel Billy Spangler and me began in the heat and conflict of Vietnam, 1967-68. Major Spangler (then) was my C.O. in the 1st Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, Public & Command Information Office, at HQ Company. As an ROTC graduate/lieutenant, I benefited greatly from his experience and guidance.

His passing is a time of sadness, yet joyous relief from suffering for a man who knew God, and God knew him.

Billy and I worked closely together with a dozen or so 101st reporters and photographers to tell the stories of the men in the Screaming Eagle units we served, the fighting battalions and the combat support units -- heroes all. Our office published the Screaming Eagle daily Eagle-Gram, the weekly Screaming Eagle newspaper and Screaming Eagle magazine. Our PIO staff consisted of airborne soldiers* who accompanied the units in the field and reported on their operations -- for the Screaming Eagle, but also Stars & Stripes Pacific, Army Reporter, and civilian media. We also escorted civilian reporters from newspapers and television networks into field operations and assisted them in getting their stories and film delivered to Saigon. This came to be known as "the care & feeding of the media."

The focus of all this work was to perform like a "small town newspaper" and a "big town news agency," where names and photos of people and their accomplishments were the most important elements. The late Major General S.H. Matheson lovingly called his troops, "Joe Tent Pegs," the everyday soldiers of the 1st Brigade. General Matt's care for his troops was carried out in everything Major Spangler's unit accomplished. It was noticed, as the 1st Brigade earned Department of the Army Journalism Awards in those years. Vietnam in 1967-68 was a unique place, time and responsibility that all members of the 1st Brigade shared.

NBC-TV News Documentary

A highlight of 1967 was a visit from the late Frank McGee of NBC-TV who came to the 1st Brigade to tell the story of a black platoon sergeant, in command of both white and black airborne soldiers. (You will recall, the civil rights movement was the most important, ongoing news story of this period in the U.S., and Frank wanted to tell the military side of it.)

Colonel Spangler helped facilitate McGee coming to the 1st Brigade to select the people to be featured. Newsman McGee walked the jungles with 1st Platoon, C Company, 2nd Battalion, 327th Infantry for a month. The focal point of the story was how Platoon Sergeant Lewis D. Larry, born in Mississippi, and resident of Chicago, led his troops. The title for this hour-long news report, which was telecast December 1, 1967, was "Same Mud, Same Blood." The title came from a quote in the documentary from C Company Commander, Captain Anthony Mavroudis, call sign Zorba, who said: "We don't see black or white here. We see the Army colors of the khaki and green. The color of the mud and the color of the

blood is the same for all of us.” (Several weeks later, Captain Mavroudis was killed by an exploding land mine.) The result of this documentary was to demonstrate combat leadership, and Army racial relations. McGee demonstrated racial cooperation to be more advanced in the 101st Airborne in combat, than in the U.S. civilian population torn by racial strife in those days.

A Personal Friendship Became Family-to-Family

My personal friendship with Colonel Spangler, expanded into a family-to-family relationship over four decades, well after I left the Army. Billy and his wonderful, caring wife Melba became the big brother and big sister that neither I nor my wife Bonnie had in our blood families. I worked with him at DINFOS (Defense Information School) for several months before my discharge. We corresponded, visited each other’s homes (once while the Spangler’s were stationed in Germany), watched our children grow into adults, attended their weddings, and enjoyed 1st Brigade reunions that he was instrumental in starting with General Matheson and General John W. (Rip) Collins, both respected friends of his. While we were living in San Rafael, CA, we helped Billy’s son Evan and family surprise him on his 70th birthday in Napa, CA. Invited guests from Billy’s past assignments came from all over the world to attend.

A Writer, Speaker, Leader

Colonel Spangler was a gifted writer and speaker, having polished those talents working for CBS Radio in Cincinnati prior to active duty in Vietnam. One of his former commanding officers was “right on” in describing Billy’s gifts when Billy delivered the eulogy at General Matheson’s funeral prior to burial in Arlington Cemetery. “Billy just has a way of saying what’s in the hearts of soldiers -- about their service, loved ones, God and country.”

Billy had two sides, firm and loving. Both came from his roots growing up in Elkville, Illinois. He had a strong sense of right and wrong, and communicated that to those around him. In retirement, he and Melba were members of the 1st United Methodist Church in Boerne, TX. For more than 25 years, he led a Sunday School Class, Genesis, which grew to more than 100 attendees. He made fellowship, studying God’s Word in the Bible, and outreach to the needy, a priority. He was a beloved leader in the congregation, as the class members grew in their faith and provided care for the less fortunate.

All who knew Billy join his family in mourning their loss. But we also rejoice in a life spent in service and an inspiration to others. God knows Billy Spangler. Well done, good and faithful servant. Knowing Billy, he would respond loudly and with a smile, AIRBORNE!

I had the privilege of visiting Billy while he was in Milford Hospital in San Antonio prior to his passing. We talked, prayed some, and reviewed all the good times we shared. I recalled what John Donne wrote: “No man is an island entire of himself . . . any man’s death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee.”



* Men serving in the 1st Brigade PIO in Vietnam with Colonel Spangler at one time or another:

PFC Daniel Stroebel; SSG Mike Mangiameli; PFC Michael Willey; SP4 Alva Tate; SP5 Robert Lloyd; SP5 William Singley; ILT Arthur Barnett; SP4 Thomas Cleland; PFC James Nelson; SP4 Scott Christofferson; ILT Barry Hana; SP4 Dennis Stout; SP4 Matt Pesce; SP4 James Lohr; PFC Bob Mosey; CPT Wes Groesbeck; MAJ Ivan Worrell; PFC Perry Ambrose; SP5 Thomas Holzauer; SP4 Lou Glossen; SSG Art Campbell; SP4 Ben Croxton; SGT Bob Chambers; SP4 James Parker; SSG Al Wilson; SP5 Richard McLaughlin; SP4 Dayle Edwards; PFC Jerry Berry; SSG Robert Hughes; SGT Fred Pearson; SFC Henry Dryer; SP4 Jack Linzey; SP4 Johnny Jackson.

Two staff members, SP4 Thomas Cleland and Sp4 Scott Christofferson, were killed in action covering combat elements of the 1st Brigade.

“Christopher Robin?,” whispered Pooh.

“Yes, Pooh Bear?”

“I’ll never not remember you . . . ever.”

God gave us memory so that we can have roses in winter.

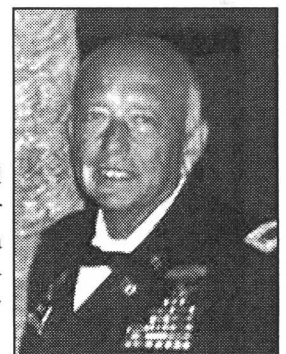
Editor’s Note: We look forward to joining Barry and others at Billy’s interment in Arlington National Cemetery, when the time and date are announced by his family. Barry is a retired USAR officer who has degrees in business and journalism. He says one of his greatest experiences was serving his active duty with the Always First Brigade. He and his wife live in St. Louis where he is retired from a sales and marketing career. They have two children, and three grandsons — their best blessings of all.

Donald H. Bowers

2/327 B 8/66-8/67

January 3, 1947 - August 22, 2007

SALEM, OR – Donald Harold Bowers died August 22, 2007, after a five-year battle with melanoma cancer. He celebrated his 60th birthday and 20th wedding anniversary this year.



Don was born in Montevideo, Minnesota, to Robert Bowers and Leona Bartlett on January 3, 1947. Both parents preceded Don in death. He retired from the United States Army after 22 years of service to his country. He later retired from the California Department of Corrections after 10 years of service.

Don served his country proudly and with honor including two tours of duty to Vietnam in 1967 and 1969. During his first tour in Vietnam he was a member of the 101st Airborne Infantry, an

all-volunteer unit. His next tour was as a helicopter pilot with the 23rd AmeriCal Division. He was highly decorated for bravery in battle. His Distinguished Flying Cross cites his bravery as repeatedly risking his life to help save other lives. A few of his honors include the Purple Heart, five Army Commendations, the Bronze Star and two Distinguished Flying Crosses. His call sign throughout life was Slow Motion 9 and is the personalized license plate of his beloved 1959 Corvette.

Don is survived by his wife, Cheryl and five sons and daughters-in-law: Brandon and Katarina Bowers, Bryan Bowers, Steven and Stefanie Zenk, Richard and Katie Zenk and Lawrence and Irene Zenk. He is also survived by five grandchildren: Bryan, Savanna, Tyler, Mackenzie and Alexis.

Lastly, he is survived by his band of brothers of the 101st Airborne and the AmeriCal Division and many life-long friends.

Funeral services were held at Worrell Memorial Primitive Baptist Church in Laurel Fork, Virginia. Interment took place at the Nester Family Cemetery in Laurel Fork. A celebration of Don's life was held at the home of Steve Zenk in Salinas, CA on September 8, 2007, at noon.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Salem Hospital Homecare, 665 Winter Street, SE, Salem or Willamette Valley Hospice, 1015 3rd Street NW, Salem. Arrangements were by Virgil T. Golden Funeral Service of Salem.

Published in the MONTEREY HERALD on 9/1/2007.

September 5, 2007, (William Porter, 2/327 B 11/66-10/67) Don...Farewell for now until we meet again. I was honored to have served with you. You will be missed very much. Bill Porter (Eureka, CA)

September 2, 2007, (COL(R) Richard I. Porter, MD, 2/327 HHQ 4/67-4/68) Our paths crossed and I am honored that they did! No Slack Quack Rip Porter (Sioux Falls, SD)

September 2, 2007, (Wade D. Hansen, 2/327 B 6/67-11/67) Don, I will miss our long phone calls. Brothers forever. The best PLF has been made. Say "hi" to our other Brothers. We will meet again my friend. Wade Hansen (Foxhome, MN)

September 2, 2007, (Lawrence P. Boecklen, 2/327 B 1/67-1/68) Don, we will miss your presence and friendship. You were always a great example that happiness is a method of life. In our hearts you will live forever as you will never be forgotten. There will be a special toast to you when we gather in Hampton. Rest well and we shall meet again... NFS... Larry Boecklen (Grey Ghost) Larry Boecklen (Bonita Springs, FL)

September 1, 2007, (James A. Wilson, 2/327 B 9/66-8/67) So long old friend, you fought the good fight and kept the faith. We will forever be proud to have called you friend, for "he today that sheds his blood with me, shall be my brother." Rest in Peace Don. Jim Wilson, B/2/327, 101st Airborne Division 66-67 Jim Wilson (Lodi, CA)

September 1, 2007, (Ray Millard, 2/327 B 1/67-1/68) Farewell

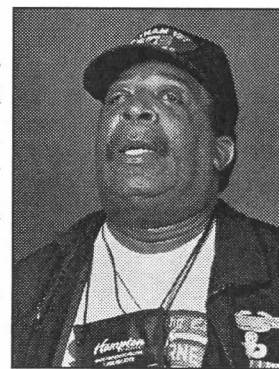
Don, you served your country well in 1967 in a far-off land. I'm proud to have walked that ground with you to do a job we both felt was important. No Slack, LTC Ray Millard, Commander, Company B 2nd Battalion, 327th Airborne Infantry, 101st Airborne Division. Ray Millard (Monterey, CA)

LTC(R) Louis M. McDonald, 2/327 B 5/66-10/66, 364 Patteson Dr. #179, Morgantown, WV 26505-3202, <louis-tamc@yahoo.com> sent the following e-mail: Don Bowers died 22 August 2007. He was a member of B Co 2/327th during 1966-67 during his first tour and he was a pilot on his second tour. He received two Distinguished Flying Crosses and a Purple Heart.

Lawrence D. "Larry" Anglin 2/502 B 10/60-7/66

Lawrence D. Anglin, 69, passed away Saturday, December 1, 2007, at the Virtua Memorial Hospital in Mount Holly. Born in the Bronx, NY, he had been a resident of New Jersey for several years.

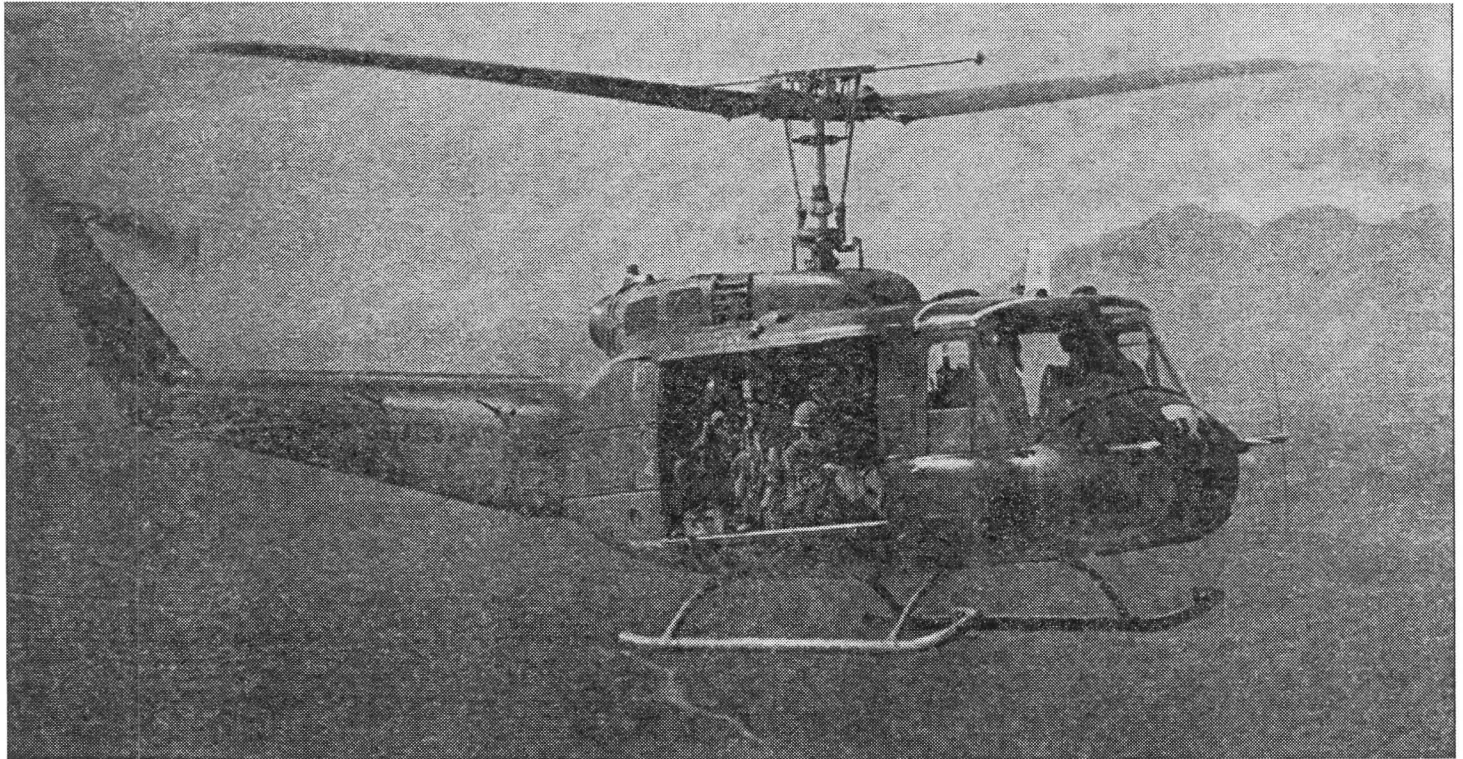
He was a retired postal supervisor, having worked at the Cooper and Radio City Stations in New York. Lawrence served in the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War and served with the 101st and 82nd Airborne Divisions. He was an active member of the General Anthony C. McAuliffe New York New Jersey Chapter and the V.F.W. He was also a devoted and active member of the Galilee Baptist Church.



Son of the late Lawrence B. Anglin, he is survived by his wife Ionie Sinclair Anglin of Columbus; his mother, Louise Johnson Anglin of Mercerville; a son Lawrence and wife Jackie Anglin of Louisiana; daughters Beverly Anglin of New York and Tiffany Anglin of Virginia and many cousins.

Funeral services were held 7 p.m. Sunday from the Galilee Baptist Church, 440 Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd. in Trenton. Burial was held noon Monday at the Brigadier General William C. Doyle Veterans Cemetery in North Hanover Township. The Kingston & Kemp Funeral Home, 260 White Horse Ave., Hamilton, was in charge of arrangements. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Galilee Baptist Church, 440 Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd., Trenton.

Soldiers Stalk N. Viets Near Chu Lai



PARATROOPERS OF THE 101ST AIRBORNE BRIGADE ARE FLOWN OVER THE RUGGED I CORPS AREA IN HUEYS AT THE START OF OPERATION BENTON.



TROOPERS WADE THROUGH SHIN-DEEP MUD AND START THE SEARCH FOR NORTH VIETNAMESE ARMY UNITS.



DENSE JUNGLE NEARLY HIDES PFC PAUL R. HOLMES OF THE 3271 INF.

**Photos and Story by
GERALD F. FORKEN
S&S Vietnam Bureau**

Operation Benton is moving through its second week as units of the 101st Airborne and 196th Light Inf. Brigades hunt North Vietnamese Army units in the rice paddies, dense jungles and rugged hills 10 miles northwest of Chu Lai.

Early in the operation the 2nd Bn., 502nd Inf. of the 101st found a Communist hospital, weapons factory and rest center.

They uncovered 300 bottles of penicillin with French and Chinese labels, 100 mortar rounds and 150 grenades. They also found 250 partially-made grenades and material for 300 more.

General William C. Westmoreland along with Brigadier Gen. S. H. Matheson, commander of the 101st, visited the area Friday to inspect weapons captured during the first six days of the operation.

Pacific Stars & Stripes
Wednesday, Aug 23, 1967



CAPT. ROGER M. JOHN (L) BRIEFS TWO OF HIS PLATOON LEADERS IN THE JUNGLE 10 MILES NORTHWEST OF CHU LAI.



BRIGADIER GEN. S. H. MATHESON, (R) 101ST COMMANDER, SHOWS CAPTURED MORTAR ROUNDS TO GEN. WILLIAM C. WESTMORELAND.

Airborne Unit Gets Taste of Battle, VC-Style

By HAL DRAKE
S&S Staff Writer

CAM RAHN, Vietnam—A small knot of townspeople gathered around the American jeep and watched impassively as its grim burden was unloaded.

First Lt. William R. Wilson, a 24-year-old platoon leader with 1st Squad, Alpha Troop, 17th Inf., 101st Airborne Div., untied the body of a Viet Cong guerrilla and slid it off the hood of the vehicle onto the sand along the Song-cai River, which flows outside the town of Dien Khahn 170 miles northeast of Saigon.

An hour before, the shirtless Viet Cong with the American pistol belt and the blue work pants had been alive and dead. He had been flushed from a

thatched-roofed hut and chased up a tree.

Called on to surrender, he elected to fight, hurling a grenade at the Americans who had caught up with him.

And Wilson's four-man hunter-killer team—the oldest soldier 23, the youngest 19—shot him out of his perch, inflicting the division's first casualty since the last days of World War II, when troops wearing the "Screaming Eagle" patch battled up the slopes of Hitler's mountain lair at Berchtesgaden.

"Everyone did the right thing fast," related Wilson, who is from Merced, Cal.

"My people were great, simply wonderful. They really reacted. They wanted to get into a fight

and get this thing over with."

"For seven days we were out getting shot at," added 23-year-old 2d Lt. Seth F. Hudgins, a thin, hard-looking New Englander who graduated from West Point only last year.

"They shot at us and ran, all the time. We could hear their shots cracking overhead but we could never see them or hit them. At last we shot back and got something."

The paratroopers had moved from their camp at Cam Rahn Bay—a shoreline wilderness they share with scorpions as big as lobsters and green, finger-sized reptiles that are kin to the American coral snake—to join soldiers of the 1st Bn. Combat Team, 18th Inf., 1st Inf. Div., in

a three-day sweep of a dusty valley between two jagged mountain ranges.

More than 30 dead Viet Cong had been counted—and young soldiers from both outfits, novices when they arrived only a few weeks ago, had drawn first blood and emerged as veterans.

One fight was sudden and furious—and over very fast.

Sgt. Carl H. Killgrove, 23, of Percy, Ill., found the operation a long, hot, flustering walk, "until we saw him (the Viet Cong) go into a house.

"We moved toward it. He came out, saw us, and ran for this tree. We couldn't tell whether he was in it or behind it.

"We ran up in spurts, covering each other, and saw him up in

the tree. He didn't have a rifle. We shot over his head and motioned for him to come down. I emphasize that. We tried to take him alive.

"He got halfway down and threw a grenade, likely a homemade one. It was black and about as big as a softball. It landed about 15 feet away, between me and PFC (James R.) Johnson. If it had been an American grenade, we'd both be dead."

Killgrove and Johnson, a rangy 19-year-old from Fort Myers, Fla., replied with shattering bursts from their M-16 rifles. PFC Robert Dawkins, 21, of Union, S.C., opened up with a machine gun.

PFC Richard E. McWilliams, a strapping, 19-year-old farm lad from Norman, Okla., shook the tree with an explosive round from an M-79 grenade launcher.

The dead guerrilla was laid across the jeep's hood and driven to the Dien Khahn, there to be placed beside the body of a Viet Cong killed two days before.

The operation was over, although armed helicopters still blistered a nearby hill range with machine gun fire and flashing rockets.

Naked children swam and frolicked in the river as jeep-mounted machine guns and 106mm recoilless rifles swung around to cover towering clumps of bamboo that spread like green fans on the opposite bank.

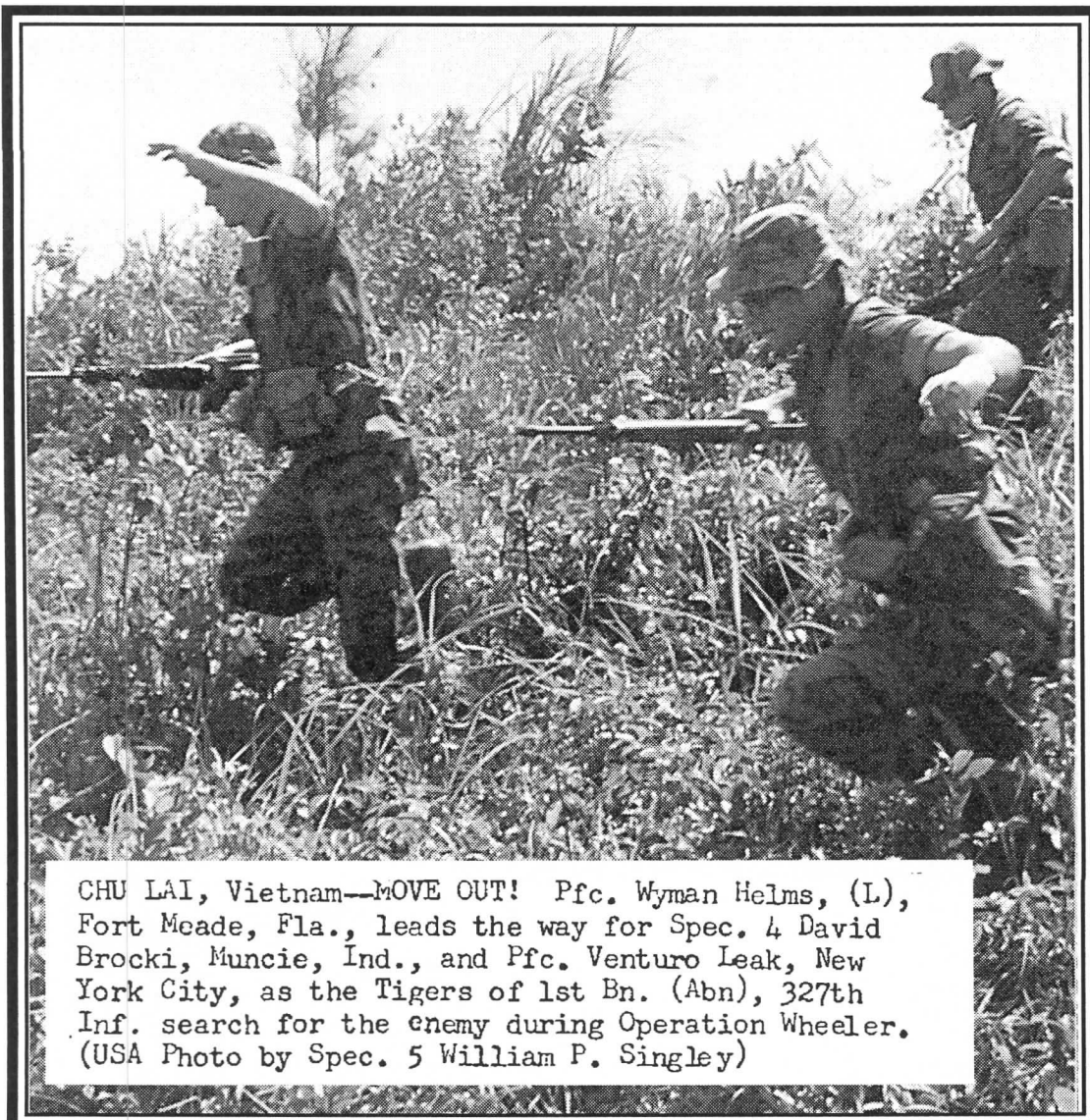
A long column of two-wheeled and four-legged traffic was held up on the north end of the bridge.

The townspeople waved, smiled or watched blankly as sweaty, dog-tired, green-clad soldiers slogged past them and climbed into a row of trucks. In a few minutes, they were rolling through the streets of a sturdy little French colonial town that had straw roofs on the outskirts and ornate old villas that looked like chess pieces.

It was just another day in the life of the old town. Soldiers were nothing new to the townspeople. Nor was war—nor was the sight of death. The sun came up, the sun went down and life went on.

"Look at that," Wilson said, nudging the man next to him.

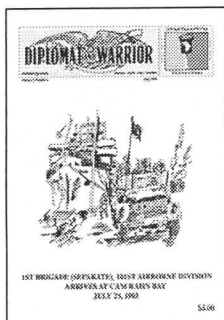
The wadded belongings of both dead Viet Cong had been dropped beside their bodies. A cyclo (bike ricksha) driver spotted a roll of long, thick cigars. He scooped them up, lit one and stuffed the rest into his shirt.



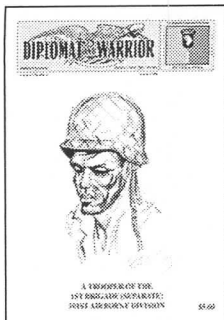
CHU LAI, Vietnam—MOVE OUT! Pfc. Wyman Helms, (L), Fort Meade, Fla., leads the way for Spec. 4 David Brocki, Muncie, Ind., and Pfc. Ventura Leak, New York City, as the Tigers of 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. search for the enemy during Operation Wheeler. (USA Photo by Spec. 5 William P. Singley)

From the COL(R) Gerry Morse, 11327 C.O. 7167-6/68 scrapbook.

Pacific Stars & Stripes 7
Sunday, Sept. 5, 1965



Issue #1



Issue #2



Issue #3



Issue #4



Issue #5



Issue #6



Issue #7



Issue #8



Issue #9



Issue #10



Issue #11



Issue #12



Issue #13



Issue #14



Issue #15



Issue #16



Issue #17



Issue #18



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Issue #20



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Issue #22



Issue #23



Issue #24



Issue #25



Issue #26



Issue #27



Issue #28

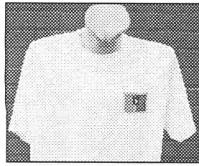


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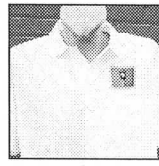


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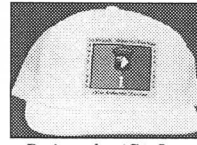
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Issue #35



Issue #36



Issue #37



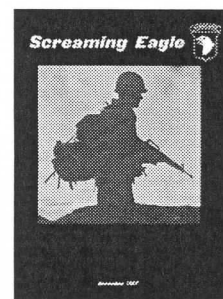
Issue #38



Issue #39



Viet Nam Odyssey



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



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.



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

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

1st Brigade (S) CHALLENGE COIN

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



[Actual 1 1/2 inch size]

The 1 1/2 inch diameter coin is crafted in vivid colors, has a beveled edge and is coated with a clear acrylic to preserve the coin's surface. (It is unfortunate that it cannot be shown here in color.) Cost is \$10.00 per coin, postpaid. See page 34 for order form.

THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM

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e-mail: firstbrigades101magazine@yahoo.com

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

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

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

Deadline

**Material to be published in the
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Following is a description of most of the items published in the January 2008 issue of THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM magazine. The editor sends his sincere thanks to all those who contributed material to make the magazine more interesting for all veterans of the brigade who make this magazine possible.

TRUNG LUONGPAGES 1 – 10
The story of the battle of Trung Luong as told by Tom Furgeson who was the company commander of A Company 2/327.

EULOGY FOR General MathesonPAGES 11 – 14
The eulogy delivered by Billy Spangler at the funeral of MG Matheson in the Old Post Chapel at Arlington on April 29, 2005.

LTG PEAKE MAY BE VA DIRECTORPAGES 14 & 15
Dr. [LTG (R)] James B. Peake has been nominated by President Bush to lead the Department of Veterans Affairs.

FIRST BCT IN IRAQPAGE 16
A story about the First Brigade Combat Team, 327th Infantry sent by the brigade Public Affairs Office in Iraq.

THE SCREAMING EAGLEPAGES 17 – 20
The November 29, 1967 issue of the weekly newspaper published for the soldiers of the First Brigade (S) in Viet Nam features the story of the first Medal of Honor awarded to a member of the brigade, LT James A. Gardner.

SUBSCRIBER INFORMATIONPAGES 21 – 23
The list is composed of NEW SUBSCRIBERS, RENEWED SUBSCRIBERS and ADDRESS CORRECTIONS.

SAFEGUARD YOUR STUFFPAGE 23
A form that can be completed to give your family instructions about what to do with your Viet Nam memorabilia.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORPAGES 24 – 26
Messages from the First Brigade (S) web site and the postal service. No e-mail messages were of the type to publish in the magazine.

OBITUARIESPAGES 26 – 29
All veterans of the First Brigade (S) in Viet Nam are urged to forward reports of the death of any Above the Rest veteran you become aware of.

STARS AND STRIPES STORIES PAGES 30 – 32
Photo feature about actions near Chu Lai in August 1967 along with a story about A Troop 2/17 Cav in the Cam Rahn Bay area in September 1965 and a Tiger Force picture taken near Chu Lai.

ITEMS FOR SALEPAGES 33 – 35
Covers of all the past issues of the magazine are shown in thumbnail format along with other First Brigade(S) memorabilia. An order form with prices is included.

AIRBORNE ASSOCIATIONSPAGE 36
On the facing page is a list of some associations that may be of interest to veterans of the First Brigade (S).



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CHU LAI, Vietnam – The face of Capt. Bradford Mutchler, Paducah, Ky., mirrors the tension of paratroopers in the 101st Airborne as they give care and comfort to an injured helicopter pilot. Mutchler, who has since returned to the U.S., was the surgeon for 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. engaged in Operation Wheeler 18 miles west of here. (USA Photo by SSG Art Campbell)

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