

The First

Screaming

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



Published Quarterly
January - April - July - October

*Eagles
in Viet Nam*

1st Brigade (Separate) Viet Nam



101st Airborne Division

Volume 17, Number 2

April 2015

\$7.50

The ALWAYS FIRST Brigade



AIRBORNE



Forty-eight-year-old Nguyen Bo, held captive by the Viet Cong for thirteen months, tells his story to Major I. G. Worrell, Information Officer of the 101st Airborne Division's First Brigade. Bo and nine other prisoners were rescued from a Viet Cong prison camp located in dense mountain jungle near Tuy Hoa in Phu Yen Province. The American Troops were led to the prison camp by an escaped prisoner who reported that 20 other prisoners were beaten to death by their communist guards.

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

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

Preparations for the 50th Anniversary gathering, in Nashville are on track. Early registration has been good (see page 1). This should be the tip of the iceberg. I would advise those of you who wish to stay at the Airport Marriott to make reservations soon because our celebration is in conjunction with the 101st Airborne Division Association 70th Annual Reunion.

I continue to be a resident of Wood Assisted Living in Sweetwater. The care I have received there has been outstanding. I have had some problems with weight control.

The death of LTG (R) Hank Emerson was a surprise. I will continue to use material about him if you can supplement the obituary in this magazine.

In the last issue I indicated the story about 2/17 CAV would be continued. After further study I discovered the end of the story in the January issue finished the units time with the First Brigade (S).

Preparation of the July magazine can start now.

+ = Subscriber, * = Dropped Subscriber,
 ** = Never Subscribed, *** = Unable to contact,
 **** = Not in database.



Photo by Joe Gonzalas

Issue #68

2015 Reunion Registrations

As of March 23, 2015

James Agins (326 MED D 7/66-1/67) and Diane
 COL (R) Joe R. Alexander (3/506 A 10/67-10/68) and Rikki
 Henry F. Beck, Jr. (2/327 Abn Inf HHC "Hawks" 4/66-4/67) and Barbara
 Jerry Bell (2/327 C 64-67) and Shirley
 Dan L. Boursaw (2/327 INF A 10/66-9/67) and Donnie
 William A. Bowen (2/327 Hawks 6/66-6/67) and Evelyn
 Chaplain (COL-R) Curt Bowers (1/327 HQ 7/65-6/66)
 John Clancy (326 Combat Engineer A & B 2/66-8/68) and Michele
 George Day (2/327 HQ & HQ Hawk Plt 6/65-7/66) and Shirley
 David K. Dever (1/327 INF HHC TF 62-66)
 Raymond Gerner (2/327 HHQ 5/65-6/66) and Charlotte
 Kenneth Godwin (2/502 A 5/67-1/69) and Linda
 Robert (Bob) Hudson (2/327 C & HHC 8/64-8/66) and Barbara
 Grady M. Jones (HHC S-3 7/64-7/66) and Obie, Ricky Jones and Peggy Rigby
 Robert Karpuzska (2/327 Hawk Recon 9/66-9/67) and Denise
 Donald Nelson (1/327 B & HHC 9/66-9/68) and Mary
 John Pagel (1/327 B 5/65-1/66)
 Robert A. Press (1/327 INF A 57-62 & 64-66) and Mae and
 Russell and Madelyn Stearns
 Fred Ranck (1/327 A 12/68-1/70) and Ellen
 HMOR David Rattee (3/506 A dates ??)
 COL (R) Larry Redmond (2/327 A 5/67-2/68) and Mary
 Thomas Rosales (1/327 HHC Tiger Force 8/66-8/67) and Lily
 Bill Rován (2/327 A 6/66-5/67) and daughter Dr. Janice Shieh
 Michael Sierra (2/327 A,C,&HQ 6/64-7/66) and Kaye
 Joseph Stifler (2/502 HQ 1/65-7/66) and Brenda
 John R. Stiles (2/327 HQ & HQ 12/64-7/66) and Linda
 Bill Tay (1/327 A 10/67-10/68)
 G. Rod Tillman (2/502 A & B 8/67-11/68) and Kathy
 Henry Willey (2/502 A 1/67-1/68) and Sharlene
 Charles (Larry) Wright (2/327 C 4/65-7/66)
 Dennis Rae Wright (2/502 HHQ Recondos 10/67-10/68)
 Tim Zumwalt (1/327 B 6/65-7/66) and Anna

50th Anniversary Commemoration



The two logos with a cash bar at 6:00 p.m. and dinner identify the July 2015 50th Anniversary will be the Nashville Commemoration Airport Marriott of the First Brigade and the schedule is (S) 101st Airborne a work in progress. Division landing in The 50th Anniversary Viet Nam. The back gathering will be of the logo will depict sponsored by THE the date and location FIRST SCREAMING of the reunion. The EAGLES IN VIET celebration will be NAM magazine. on July 29th, 2015



**REUNION REGISTRATION FORM
FIRST BRIGADE (S) 101st AIRBORNE DIVISION
THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM
50th ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION
WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 2015**



**IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE
70th ANNUAL REUNION
101st AIRBORNE DIVISION ASSOCIATION
JULY 29 – AUGUST 1, 2015
NASHVILLE AIRPORT MARRIOTT
600 Marriott Drive
Nashville, TN 37214**

**Registration Fee is \$50.00 per person
Includes Dinner, 101st Airborne Division Assoc. Hospitality Room (July 29th only),
Reunion coin and First Brigade (S) logo mug**

Number Registering _____ Total Registration Fee \$ _____

Last Name _____ First Name _____

Spouse / Guest _____

Name (s) on Badge (s) _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (_____) _____

Company/Battery _____ Battalion _____ Unit _____

From (Month/Year) _____ to _____

Email _____

Do you have special diet requirements? Yes _____ No _____

If the answer is Yes, please provide specific information on a separate sheet

I arrived in Viet Nam aboard the USNS General Leroy Eltinge. Yes _____ No _____

I was in the Brigade Advanced Party. Yes _____ No _____

**Registration Forms must be received no later than July 15, 2015
All others will be On Site Registrations at a rate of \$65.00 each**

**Make checks payable to: First Brigade (S) Reunion 2015
Mail registration material to:**

**50th ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION
First Brigade (S) 101st Screaming Eagles in Viet Nam
P.O. Box 675 • Sweetwater, TN 37874-0675
Phone 423-337-5983**

**Cash Bar
6:00pm**

**Dinner
7:00pm**



101st AIRBORNE DIVISION ASSOCIATION 70th ANNUAL REUNION

Nashville, TN
July 29- Aug. 1, 2015



Airport Marriott REGISTRATION FORM

Hotel Reservations for the 101st Airborne Division Association's 2015 Reunion must be made directly to the Marriott Nashville Airport. Please make reservations prior to 8 July 2015, as the hotel may not extend the room block or discount rate.

You may use this form or call the Hotel directly to make reservations at: 1-888-236-2427

PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE

Last Name _____ First Name _____ MI _____

Spouse/Guest _____

Street Address or PO Box _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

E-mail address _____

Deposit information if payment by credit card:

Credit Card Type _____ Number _____ Exp Date _____

Arrival Date/Time _____ Departure Date/Time _____

Transportation to/from hotel and airport with prior reservation: Do you need transportation? Circle yes or no

Special Needs _____ King Bed _____ Double Bed _____ Wheelchair _____



Price per Night: \$113.00

Return this form to:

Marriott Nashville Airport
600 Marriott Dr.
Nashville, TN 37214
PH: 615-889-9300
Toll Free: 1-888-236-2427



<http://screamingeagle.org/70th-annual-reunion/>

The
**SCREAMING
EAGLE**



SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER — 1965

101st Airborne Division Association

This is the cover for the 101st Airborne Division Association magazine (September - October 1965) the below material was copied from.

101 ARRIVES IN VIETNAM

The 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division, Col. J. S. Timothy, commanding, arrived in Cam Ranh Bay, Vietnam, in late July. They were welcomed by General Maxwell D. Taylor, Ambassador to Vietnam, who commanded the Screaming Eagle Division in WWII. Gen. Taylor addressed the men expressing full confidence in them to carry on the great tradition of the 101st Airborne Division. Present at the ceremony was Gen. William C. Westmoreland, commander of forces in Vietnam, who commanded the 101 at Ft. Campbell. The troops arrived aboard the transport Gen. LeRoy L. Eltinge from the West Coast via the Philippines. The troops were the 1st and 2nd Bns of the 327th Inf and the 2nd Bn of the 502nd Inf.; the 320th Arty, a support battalion, and an armored cavalry troop.

At this writing, your editor has noted several news items noting that the 101st is in active combat. He is attempting to open information channels so that news of the 101st Airborne Division's actions in Vietnam can be carried in *The Screaming Eagle*.

The Screaming Eagle desires to salute these defenders of our freedom, to wish them every success in their mission, and God's protection during their operations. As news becomes available, stories will appear on this, our Division, which continues on its "Rendezvous with Destiny."

Tiger Force in Kilo Valley

+ **SFC (R) SANTANA CARNERO**, 1/327 HHQ TF 11/65-7/67, 303 S. Teresa, Monahans, TX 79756-7111, work (915) 586-3671 home (915) 943-8142 sent the following story.



In early Aug 1966 Tiger Force was given a mission near Dong Tre Republic of Viet Nam. Cpt Agerton gave a briefing and the team leaders checked out our equipment to make sure we had all our pyrotechnics and I guess to make sure we weren't carrying things we weren't supposed to carry. Next morning we settled up and went to the airfield at Tuy Hoa. There were some choppers there already waiting for us. We were loaded on the choppers by team.

We finally left and we were inserted somewhere close to a place called Dong Tre. The insertion was done right after an air strike. We were inserted on high ground. Some of the teams landed in bomb craters. These bomb craters were huge and about ten feet deep. The trees around the bomb craters were chopped pretty close to the ground and the branches were blown away. The trees must have been huge because the stumps were huge too.

We did not receive any fire so we stayed where we landed for a while until the choppers left. The gunships circled around and we finally started moving down the hill (small mountain).

I don't know what team started on point, but we were moving slow. We had been warned that there were Bouncing Betties in this area because apparently they drop them during a bomb raid. We stopped to rest and

after a few minutes somebody spotted a Bouncing Betty close to the area so we were told to move out again. Somebody got hurt and they had to call in a medevac. The medevac came in and picked up the injured Tiger and we started moving again.

Our team took point and we picked up another trail. Sgt Gerard put me on point. I was told to take it slow and keep a sharp eye out. It was my first time on point. I heard some noise way out in front of me and stopped and called Gerard to come forward, I still wasn't very confident on point. Gerard called back to the CP group and asked to be allowed to send a reach out and check the area. Hand Grenade Hollbrook came forward and went out with us.

The platoon was brought forward and we stopped again to rest. It was very hot and humid down here in the valley and since it was our first day on the mission we were loaded down. While we were resting I was on forward security. Sgt Hollbrook, Gerard and the E-6 that wore a Special Forces combat patch were also in this position. We heard a noise and we backed into the brush, the VC or NVA just came walking towards us. I took my weapon off safety and I guess the Dink heard and he turned and took off. We took off after him but he disappeared. We started looking for him and I found him in a clump of grass. I yanked him (the Dink) by the feet and turned him over. I jumped on top of him and took a pistol he had on his belt. The Green Beret Sgt took the pistol and they (the NCOs) took the gook back to the CP group. The chopper came and picked up the POW and we continued the mission into what now was known as Kilo Valley.

I felt good and confident now that I had seen and captured a gook. I heard so much about them that I guess I believed I would never see one alive. I had seen a lot of dead ones at Dak To and in the Tuy Hoa area but never one close and alive.

I stayed on point and was still moving slow, observing every little detail to my front. I didn't have to look back because I knew Sgt Gerard was my slack man and he knew his job. We came to a river. It was not deep but it was wide and now we were getting into some dense jungle. The river was clear with a rocky bottom. Even the bomb strike had not scared all the animals away. There were all kind of sounds from birds, lizards and other wildlife in the area.



Gerard sent me across the river to pull security and told me to whistle when I was set up in place. He came across, and after our team was in place to secure the crossing, the platoon came across. There was a trail junction and a team was sent out to check the trail. They were gone a good while and when they returned they had some gook equipment. They had found some dead gooks apparently killed by the bombing. Somebody said the equipment looked like NVA. The equipment was broken down and taken with us so we would send it in when we were close to a Landing Zone.

I stayed on point, the jungle was getting thicker. Even if I was walking on a trail I had to take it slow because the jungle was thick and I couldn't see very far ahead of me. The trail followed along the river. We captured another gook and he ended up getting wounded in the legs so we bandaged him up and we carried him to an LZ to send him to the rear.

After the gook was sent off, the choppers left and a team was sent out to check a trail to our front. At this time we had two forces and two teams in each force and a reinforced team for the HQ element. HQ element set up a temporary CP, stayed in the area and all the teams were sent out to recon the area. (I am new to the infantry and learning to do recon and I am liking it.)

We were reconing along the river and came upon a gook lying by the river opposite from the side we were on. We couldn't tell if he was alive, we finally threw a rock at him (no response) so we moved across, we took his weapon and rucksack and called it in. I guess the bombing had killed the gook through concussion.

All the teams linked up at the CP and made out reports. Our team was the one who had found the least amount of VC-NVA junk. Some teams found food caches. One team found medical equipment and one team found some rucksacks. There was a lot of stuff to carry so they called in a chopper to come and take it in.

After the chopper left, teams were sent out to find a place we could defend and set up an operation camp because we would have to operate in this valley and try to find some NVA mortars.

We moved up river to the area, which had been selected, for our operation base. The area was a big washed out

area created by years of rain run off. A trail came in from the high side and some trails led toward the valley. The teams were on the outside of the CP setting up 360 degree perimeter. Sgt Gerard went to the CP and came back with a mission for our team. Knowing Sgt Gerard he volunteered us for the mission. Sgt Gerard told us we were going on an ambush. He told us to get our LBE (Load Bearing Equipment) taped up, get our claymores out of our rucksacks and we were not to wear insect repellent. He told us to leave our smoke grenades and to carry our trip flares and strobe lights. We ate, smoked and Gerard gave us a briefing on the mission.

Our mission was an ambush in the valley where we had been most of the day. We started on the trail then we moved into the elephant grass. It got dark on us and Gerard called for us to be allowed to move towards the river because the elephant grass was slowing us down to much. It was real dark down here because of the overhead canopy. We heard some noise, we called it in and we moved closer to see what was going on. We were on the opposite side of the river from where all the activity was going on. We could see a fire so we moved away from the area and Gerard called in artillery. The first round hit almost on top of the dinks, a couple more rounds came in and everything went quiet. We didn't continue the mission. We just stayed where we were until the sun came up. The mosquitoes were bad all night so we just lay there. The first round must have got a few gooks because we could see blood and there were signs of people crawling away or being dragged away. We called into the CP what had happened and we were told to wait for another team and we would check out the area together. We checked the area out and then the teams split up and went on different missions.

Our team moved to high ground and we found an abandoned Montegnard village. We found a foundry where they made their metal stuff. We reconed the area covering as much area as possible. We were slow moving around because there were animal traps and bunkers and spider holes (small foxholes) that were here for some reason. We found a cache of French coins, some propaganda leaflets. Some of the stuff we carried back to the CP and some we destroyed. We returned back to the CP so the platoon could be together for the night defense. All the teams had been on missions all day so nobody was sent out on ambush missions.



The night wasn't bad because we put on insect repellent and covered up with our poncho liners. Our team had one man awake to listen to the radio and keep a watch. Some time during the night an explosion woke us up, it was somewhere toward the river. It was too far to be a hand grenade and nobody heard an M-79 tube. After this happened everybody was awake. We all started to see shadows move and all kinds of things moving. It was just our imagination. I finally dozed off and somebody woke me up and handed me the watch and told me it was my turn on the radio. I felt around and found out where the claymore firing devices were. It was so dark all we could do on watch was listen for sounds. I woke up Sgt Gerard and he organized himself and told me to go to sleep. We all got up late; the sun was already up. We slept pretty well because we were tired. Our team had pulled a double and we were tired.

We ate breakfast and about 10 o'clock Gerard came and told us to pack our rucksacks. We took our rucksacks to the CP. We took our LBE and our claymores. Gerard told us we were going up to the highest part of the mountain to recon and destroy mission. He said we are still looking for the NVA mortar tubes. Longbottom was on point. I was the RTO. We picked up the trail, which we had been on the day before and moved at a good pace. We went past the area where we had been the day before and found what looked like another village. We passed the village and here Gerard spotted some bunkers. Gerard said we would split up and maneuver towards the bunkers. We called in to the CP and we were told to check the bunkers out but if we received any fire to call in and the CO would already have artillery fire on the bunkers. We cleared the bunkers. They were organized as if they had planned an ambush or setting up a blocking position. From the looks of the area the gooks would probably outnumber us two to one or more. Gerard called the CP for permission to go after the gooks. We were not allowed to because there were some line companies in the direction the gooks were moving.

We returned to the bunker complex and started destroying it. The bunkers were strong enough to stand up to an artillery strike. The thing that puzzled me was that the bunkers looked as if they had been here a long time. Gerard said that the VC & NVA had probably built the bunkers a few months back. He said imagine what they could do to a line company if they were waiting for them. Gerard said the gooks probably ran

because they had some casualties from the bombing or didn't see any reason to give away their strength to such a small unit. We returned to the CP area and we had some sunlight so we got cleaned up in the river. We had enough time to cook a good LRRP meal.

We prepared in case we had to go out on ambush but Sgt Hanahaki was going out to the area they had reconed during the day. We were told to set up our radio watch because we would not be going out on any mission tonight. I talked to some of the guys in other teams and was telling them about the bunkers. This night was an easy night for us. The team, which was on the high side of the CP, spotted a fire on the ridge coming from the highest point in this area. The commander tried to call in artillery but it was disapproved. The team on that position was told to keep an eye on the fire and stay alert. The night was just like any other. Whoever was on guard would see things or they would imagine they saw something move and they would throw out a grenade.

Next morning one of the teams was sent out to check out the area where they had spotted the fire. Before they walked across the open farm field they spotted a gook in gray PJs. The gook was waving a Chu-Hoi paper. The team brought him to the CP. The gook didn't understand what they were asking him. The Brigade Commander (Gen Pearson) and a military intelligence team came and talked with the gook. They told us the gook was an NVA Captain in the unit that was supposed to be in this area. He was supposed to be the awards and decorations officer. Somebody said he had a briefcase full of medals.

When the General got ready to go, he said we were doing a good job. I guess Crazy Clark made the remark "that we could use a beer." The General said he would send us a couple of beers. The Brigade Commander made his word good. When the re-supply chopper came in, there was a duffel bag full of beer and not just Black Label but Bud and Schlitz as well. We got two beers a piece, it wasn't cold but it tasted good.

This was a good day of R&R. We had been out here doing recon and ambush missions for about nine days. We were told that the Hawk Platoon and the Recondo Platoon had been pulled out and going back to Tuy Hoa. Next day it was back to patrolling, recon, and search and destroy missions again. Our team went back



on high ground and found another abandoned village. We found a cache of rice and more Indo-Chinese coins. I found a sword; it looked just like a ninja sword but smaller. It was light but it was so sharp, the scabbard was made of bamboo and the handle was separated from the sharp blade with a big coin. After we searched the area, we followed the ridge down towards the bottom of the valley. We ended up by the river close to where Gerard had called in the artillery. We were called back to the CP for extraction. We were all pretty happy. We had been here for eight or nine days. A bunch of choppers came in and picked up the Recondo Platoon. They were in the valley in the area where we had captured the first gook.

After the choppers moved out, we were given a new mission. We were to move to the highest point on the mountain range. We started moving up the mountain and we stopped as soon as the jungle got dense. Gerard got us together and explained what was going on. He said all the extractions and everything that happened that day with the Recondos and Hawks getting extracted was used to cover up our movement up this mountain. We were going to the very top and set up an observation of the valley which we had been operating from this past eight or nine days. Word came down for us to go ahead and eat because we would start moving as soon as it was completely dark. When it got dark it was really dark. We were on a trail so we were moving pretty good, and then the trail went in a direction we weren't supposed to go, so we tried cutting across the jungle. It was useless so we were told to stand fast until we could see.

In the morning when we could see, we were close to the top. When we got to the top there were supplies there. They must have dropped the supplies in while all the choppers were flying around the area. We gathered all the supplies and put them at the CP. We were assigned areas of responsibility for each team. The NCOs went out and found a good place for the LP-OP. We were told to set up a good fighting position. Our area of responsibility was in some huge boulders and it was not a good location to set up a fighting position. Digging was not possible because it was solid rock. So we just assigned ourselves some firing positions and hoped for the best.

The LP-OP was close to Sgt Rose's area of responsibility about 100 meters away. It was on a boulder, had some

trees for shade and cover and you could see the entire valley to the edge of the wood line. The position was only big enough for two people. When we went out on LP-OP duty we had a radio, binoculars, a note pad and pen for recording whatever we saw down in the valley. We were told not to use the radio unless it was an emergency.

It was very boring being here on this mission. We had been given the mission of reporting any gooks coming back into the valley. We had been here about three days and hadn't seen any gooks come back into the valley. Then on this afternoon whoever was on the LP-OP called in to report that there were seven gooks coming into the valley. We all wanted to go and see what was going on. The gooks made it to the hole we had used for the CP and stayed there. Next morning a few more came in. One was wearing what looked like a light color (beige or tan) cowboy or Australian bush hat. This dude was bigger than the gooks and he must have been an advisor or in charge of whatever was getting ready to happen. I don't know how many days we had been up here now but there were gooks all over the valley. I believe that the total count we had reported already was about 300. Seguin and me were on the LP-OP all day and we had a lot to report. We had seen the cowboy a few times.

By now we were running low on all our supplies. We could manage except for the water. The water situation was getting bad. We organized a water patrol. There were about ten of us. The 4.2 mortar F.O. was in charge. We went about 100 meters or more and found a drip on a side of a boulder. We dug a hole under it and started filling the canteens with a canteen cup. I think each one of us had about ten canteens and we had brought one of the five-gallon cans that had been dropped with the supplies. It took forever but finally we had water. We were ready to return to the CP when we heard some noise down the trail below us.

We moved into the bushes on the side of the trail. Two gooks were coming up the hill. They were not looking for anything or they would have seen where we got the water. They went right by us, if they had seen us they would have died for sure. We just let them go and when they were out of sight we moved out as quiet as possible going back to the CP. I guess they heard us because as we went around a big boulder some gooks fired some rounds towards the area where we got off the trail. We



stopped and waited to see if they were going to follow us. We returned to our area and everybody was on alert. The LP-OP had been pulled in. We briefed the Commander (Cpt Agerton – Lt Cary) what had happened. He told us we had better be very careful from now on, the dinks know we are up here somewhere. They may think we are a LRRP team and they may try and locate us. He told us to set up claymores, trips flares and prepare for some night probes.

Nothing happened this night. Next morning one of my team members and I went to relieve to LP-OP. Things were just like everyday, gooks moving around in the valley. The cowboy had some people down by the CP (almost where the General's chopper had landed). He was pointing towards where we were. Seemed to pull out some binoculars and was scanning the area. The little group stayed there a long time and finally they left and went towards our old CP. We were relieved from the CP and we returned and turned in what information we had collected that day. The commander felt we wouldn't be able to remain in this location. Our food supply was all gone and we were eating what we could find. We were low but not starving. Some of us found cans of peanut butter and other cans in the dumps we had made over the days we had been here.

Two new members relieved the LP-OP. The Commander called for permission to move or to be extracted. Right before dark an airplane came over the valley and dropped leaflets. We could have called in artillery all over the valley and killed hundreds of gooks but instead they dropped leaflets. The LP-OP was relieved just before dark. Just a few minutes after the new relief arrived, they were hit with an RPG. They returned to the CP and left their equipment at the LP-OP. The two guys were wounded. I think one of them was in my team so I went to check. The Lt grabbed me and told me to take a couple of people with me and bring the equipment back. We went out and got everything and returned to the CP. I was told to return to my position and for us to stay alert and not to fire our weapons unless absolutely necessary.

The gooks kept firing all night long. I don't know how many hand grenades we threw out that night but my hand grenade bag was empty next morning. It was a long scary night and in the morning we were expecting a big fight. We were glad to see one of the biggest air assaults we had ever seen. I guess that if it hadn't been

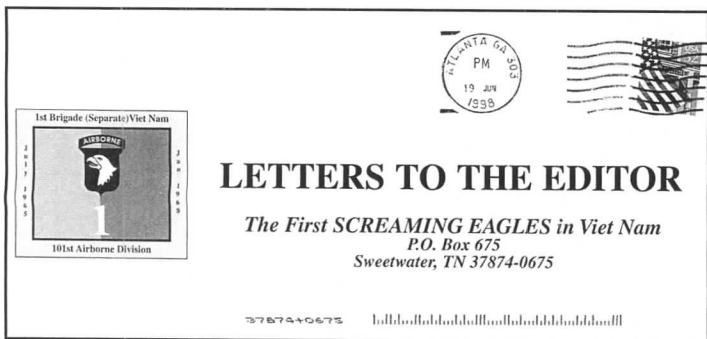
for the 1st CAV the Tiger Force would have been hit hard again. I think that the gooks pulled back down to the CP and moved out of the area when they saw the 1st CAV come in. We were told to move to the rear of the mountain and we were resupplied and the wounded were sent out. We were sent to set up a blocking position. We traveled as fast as we could but never made it to the blocking position. We moved towards higher ground and about an hour before dark we were eating and somebody heard somebody coming. They called the unit that was in command now and they did not have any patrols here. Gerard was sent out to see if we could get the gooks. Gerard was on point and we stopped where we could see up the trail. After a while two gooks in gray PJs, no weapons, so we just pulled into the bush and waited and captured them. They had Chu-Hoi papers so we just took them back to the CP. It got dark and the chopper never came to pick up the POWs. The CP group kept them at their location all night. The night wasn't too bad. There was a breeze, it was quiet except for the birds and the lizards and other animals. Next morning we ate breakfast and were sent out on patrols to check out the area. I guess the gooks were extracted.

After we checked out the area, we were told to move and link up with the unit, which had made the air assault. We moved to the area that we had used as our operation base camp and along the way back to the area we could see signs where the gooks had camped. We went to the area where we had set up the CP for our operation base. The CAV still had units out in the valley moving out livestock.

Later on Cpt Agerton went to the CAV's CP and came back and told us that the Commander had given us some good compliments. That night we were inside their perimeter and rested all night. Next morning the CAV brought hot chow for their troops but did not have any for us. Some Chinooks came and picked us up and took us to Dong Tre. While we were in Dong Tre the Strike Force Vietnamese soldiers took us to their compound and they had a bunch of POWs with bags over their heads and they said they were going to kukado (sp) them.

The Caribou came and picked us up and took us back to Tuy Hoa. The 101st Airborne Brigade (Separate) had moved and was located by an abandoned school. Maybe it was just the 1/327 INF that had moved to this area.





U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

+ **LUIS VARGAS**, 2/502 C 6/65-6/66, 511 Pineview Lane, Brandon, MS 39042-9748, (601) 825-4121 wrote: Greetings and trust that all is well with you and your family.

After 50 years, my memory of the Vietnam War is still very much alive. The dedicated and loyal troopers of the Screaming Eagles will forever remain the best our country has produced.

Those of us that were blessed to survive the Vietnam War have the responsibility to always Honor – Respect – Remember the service and sacrifice of our fellow troopers and their families.

I am looking forward to the reunion and hopefully reuniting with some of my old friends.

Wishing you and your family a blessed healthy and prosperous New Year.

Thank you for your dedicated work in memory of the "Always First Brigade."

+ **JOHN L. WILSON**, 2/502 HHC 5/67-5/68, 2181 W. Escondido Canyon Dr., Green Valley, AZ 85622-6333, (520) 207-6780 along with his renewal wrote: Some extra – this magazine helps me stay connected. I appreciate the effort to keep the magazine going.

+ **NANCY HESLER**, Associate, 602 Taft Ave., Charleston, IL 61920-4133, (217) 345-5377, wrote: Dear Ivan and Crew ---- Am enclosing dues for this year. Hope all goes well with plans for your 50th celebration and your health issues.

+ **LT GEN (R) DONALD E. ROSENBLUM**, 2/327 HQ CO 6/66-6/67, 32 E. Bull St., Savannah, GA 31401-2665 sent the following note with his subscription renewal. Hope you're feeling better and looking better. Seriously, get well and take care!

+ **LTC(R) FRANKLIN "LIN" (BUGS & GAS) HASKINS**, HHC 6/66-6/67, 4601 Gilling Ct., Virginia Beach, VA 23464-5829 wrote: Sorry to hear about the pelvis. Nice looking PJs. I also have backbone problems with numerous fractures in the

vertebrae and a loss of five inches in height. Bottom ribs now rest on hipbone. Never thought I would get to handicap parking -- but here I am.

I am sure all of us from the 1st Brigade are wishing you a speedy recovery. Thanks so much for all you do to keep us connected. It is always a treat to get the magazine. Our local chapter is looking forward to again hosting the national reunion in 2016. Hope to see you then.

Enclosed is a little extra to help with expenses (along with his subscription renewal).

+ **COL(R) MARVIN ROSENSTEIN**, 2/327 HHC 5/66-7/67, 2104 Chinaberry Cir, Harker Heights, TX 76548-8713, work (254) 289-7276 home (254) 698-6675 wrote: Appreciate all you are doing for the 1st Screaming Eagles in Vietnam. Trust you have rehabbed and are up and around. It has been quite a while since sitting around the mess table at Tuy Hoa. Enclosed is my renewal for a couple of years and some help covering any additional expenses that may come up.

+ **JOHN L. PATTEN**, 2/320 ARTY HQ 4/67-10/67, 600 Vine Street, Middletown, PA 17057-2263, (717) 944-4940 wrote: It is always a great day when the quarterly arrives. My wife knows that there's not much use talking to me until I've had a chance to catch up on the people and events of a long time ago. I especially enjoy looking at the names on your mailing list and recalling a good number of them from my time with the brigade and some that I served with subsequently. Thanks for keeping that special time and experience fresh in our memories. You do a great job and we are much in your debt for your efforts.

Hope you are back in good form again and that a Tennessee spring will lift your spirits.

I am re-upping for two years and look forward to the pleasure each journal provides.

Take good care.

+ **DALE N. WAGNER**, 2/17 CAV A TRP 5/66-6/67, PO Box 7720, Reno, NV 89510-7720, work (775) 688-4000 home (775) 852-9419 wrote: Sorry to hear about your bad PLF. Sounds like you are making progress though!!

I've been very fortunate health wise. Still climbing mountains (this last year in Bosnia and Croatia) and skiing two to three times a week here in the Sierra – though snow is thin and sheep and chukar hunting here in Nevada.

Enclosed are my dues and something extra for the "pot." Thank you again for all you do for us old guys' memories. Looking forward to the next edition of "First Screaming Eagles."



+ LTC (R) PAUL W. APFEL, 2/327 B CO ELT 7/64-7/66, 1585 Summerhill Lane, Lincoln, CA 95648-8348, (916) 408-1308 wrote: Here's my renewal and a little extra to help with overhead expenses.

Sorry to hear about your sloppy PLF and the resultant injuries. Nevertheless, you are doing a magnificent job of keeping 1st Brigade veterans informed about current events as well as reminded of past achievements.

Looking forward to hearing more about the reunion plans and at least a general idea of the events to be included.

I'll be searching my scrapbook to see if I have anything from that first year that might be useful for the mag or the reunion.

Above the Rest/Second to None.

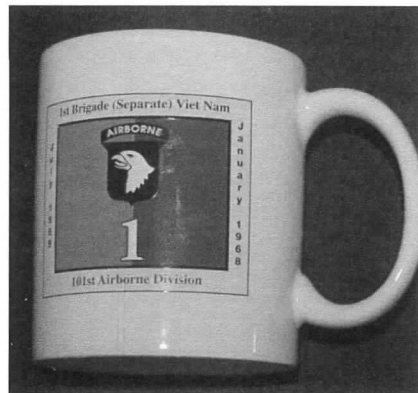
+ DEWEY E. SMITH, 1/327 B 7/66-7/67, 3395 Early Avenue, Lima, OH 45801-1164, (419) 604-0693 along with his subscription renewal wrote: Been a subscriber from day one. You are putting out a very interesting magazine. My children and grandchildren love to read it so they can learn what Vietnam was really like for the 101st. Keep us the good work.

+ = Current Subscriber

Editor's Note: ONLY subscriptions for one year are now being accepted



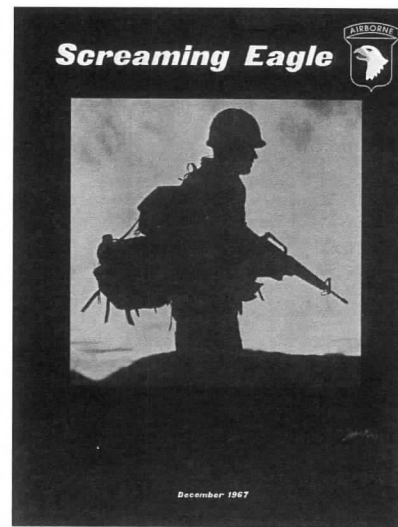
This four (4) inch diameter round decal is manufactured so that it may be used both inside and outside. The patch is full color. Price is \$2.50 each postpaid. See order form on page 35.



This white ceramic 11 ounce mug has the FULL COLOR FIRST BRIGADE (S) logo on two sides.

\$13.00 + \$5.50 shipping through the U.S. Postal Service a total of \$18.50.

See order form on Page 35.



Reprint of the December 1967 issue of THE SCREAMING EAGLE magazine. The magazine covers First Brigade (S) history from July 1965 through December 1967. See page 35 for order form.



CSM (R) Sidney Brown Honored

Received from Austin Peay State University, University Advancement

On November 5, 2014, the APSU Military Alumni Chapter initiated our newest endowed scholarship with the creation of the CSM (Ret.) Sidney Brown Endowment to honor the lifetime career of this distinguished individual of our community. As a recipient of this letter, you know firsthand the impact CSM (Ret.) Brown has had on the lives he has touched and those he served.

The APSU Military Alumni Chapter has established a goal of \$25,000 to support the Military Chapter Endowment. Once endowed, the scholarship will benefit active duty military, veteran students, their spouses and children and APSU ROTC cadets in their pursuit of a college education.

When CSM (Ret.) Brown became aware of the effort to endow the scholarship, he requested the honor of making the first gift to this endowment – another example of his servant leadership. He presented his \$1,000 contribution to the endowment at the APSU 2014 Military Alumni Homecoming Dinner.

To contribute to this scholarship endowment or for more information on the Military Alumni Chapter, contact the APSU University Advancement Office at 931-221-7127. Online contributions can be made at www.apsu.edu/advancement/giving or you can mail a check or money order to APSU Advancement Office, ATTN: Sidney Brown Endowment, P.O. Box 4417, Clarksville, TN 37044.

I am excited to be part of this worthy endeavor.

Best Regards,

Signed/Joe Shakeenab, Military Representative, APSU
National Alumni Board

Signed/ Vonda St. Amant, Asst. Executive Director, APSU
University Advancement



CSM (Ret.) Sidney and Jimilla Brown (Robert Burlison photo)

CSM (R) SIDNEY BROWN'S BIO

Sidney R. Brown was born on July 24, 1931, in Birmingham, Alabama. He completed Daniel Payne High School in May 1949 and entered the U.S. Army in August 1950. He completed basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky and Airborne School at Fort Benning, Georgia.

In 1957, CSM Brown was ordered to go with the 101st Airborne Division to Little Rock, Arkansas, to help escort nine black students to their first day of school in a formerly all-white school.

While assigned to Company C 2nd Battalion, 502 Infantry Regiment, he deployed with his unit to Vietnam in July 1965. His other assignments include a second tour to Vietnam, two tours in Germany and two tours in Korea. Awards and decorations presented include the Legion of Merit, Bronze Star w/ V Device, ten awards of Good Conduct, Meritorious Service Medal w/three Oak Leaf Clusters, Vietnam Palm Cross w/Gallantry Vietnam Service Medal, Korean Occupational Medal, European Occupational Medals, Master Parachutist Badge and Combat Infantry Badge. Mr. Brown attained the rank of Command Sergeant Major and retired after 30 years of service.

Following his retirement, CSM Brown graduated from Austin Peay State University in 1985 with a Bachelor's of Science, while employed at the Earl C. Clement Job Corps Center.

CSM (R) Sidney Brown was elected as Montgomery County Commissioner of District 9 and served from 1994 to 2002. He also served as the Chairman of the Youth Detention Committee of Montgomery County and was appointed as representative of the Montgomery County School Board. Mr. Brown has served with Habitat for Humanity, Community Action Agency, Tennessee Commission on Aging, Fort Campbell Historical Foundation and the Tennessee Kentucky Chapter of AUSA.

CSM (R) Sidney Brown has served on APSU President's Circle of Advisors for the past 15 years. CSM (R) Brown currently serves as Chairman of the Board for the Dynamic Six Country Club, President of Elester Garner Chapter, 555th Parachute Association and he serves as the VP of Enlisted Affairs for the AUSA.

CSM (R) Sidney Brown has been appointed as a member on the Tennessee Coin Commission by Governor Sundquist and appointed to be the Commissioner for the Middle Tennessee State Veterans Nursing Home Board.

CSM (R) Sidney Brown has a long tenure as a community advocate and he is a supporter of Veteran programs. The Austin Peay State University Military Alumni Chapter is honored to have its first scholarship endowment named in honor of CSM (R) Sidney Brown.

New Subscribers

January 11, 2015
through March 23, 2015

Gilbert E. Cardenas
2/502 HQ 9/66 - 8/67 - 10/15
2616 Arizona Ave.
El Paso, TX 79930

Mike Sierra
2/327 C 2/64-6/66 - 10/15
35629 Williams Gap Rd.
Round Hill, VA 20141-2229

Renewals

January 11, 2015
through March 23, 2015

James D. Agins \$
326 MED D 7/66-2/67 - 4/16
33 Sunset Blvd.
Hamilton Sq., NJ 08690-3940

LTC(R) Paul W. Apfel \$
2/327 B CO ELT 7/64-7/66 - 1/16
1585 Summerhill Lane
Lincoln, CA 95648-8348

Larry Atkins
2/502 A 7/65-7/67 - 1/16
2150 Little Cedar Dr.
Kingwood, TX 77339-1715

CSM(R) Peter Bacerra
2/327 HQ 5/66-5/67 - 1/16
7164 Paprika Lane
Columbus, GA 31909-2607

Beldon Baker, Jr.
2/17 CAV A 12/63-4/66 - 1/16
3804 Nassau Circle
Hopkinsville, KY 42240-5342

Al (Thomas A.) Bateman
2/502 HHC 9/66-10/67 - 1/16
205 Walnut Street
Hamlet, NC 28345

John E. Boeddeker \$
1/327 B 9/66 - 9/67 - 1/16
800 Ridge Pl
Falls Church, VA 22046-3630

Dennis R. Boland
1/502 HHC 3/62-3/65 - 1/16
314 Lake Ave.
Lehigh Acres, FL 33936-1439

Tommy (DOC) Brown
2/502 HHC, B & A 6/67-5/68 - 1/16
P.O. Box 278
Chadbourne, NC 28431

Antonio B.(Tony) Cardon
1/327 C 4/67-4/68 - 1/16
5704 Vanegas Dr.
Las Cruces, NM 88007-5867

ISG(R) Jim Carner
181st MI Det 8/65-8/66 - 1/16
6621-2 North 52nd St.
Tacoma, WA 98407-2248

MAJ(R) George H. Carter \$
2/502 C 2/65-6/66 - 1/16
P.O. Box 220
Cortez, FL 34215-0220

Joseph Colantoni
326 ENG A 7/67-7/68 - 1/16
1069 Main St.
P. O. Box 348
Housatonic, MA 01236-0348

Robert E. Crebbs
326 MED D SPT 8/66-2/67 - 1/16
8422 Meadowlark Lane
La Palma, CA 90623-2237

John C. Davis \$
2/327 C 6/67-4/68 - 1/16
12712 W. Georgia Ave.
Litchfield Park, AZ 85340-3020

Edward W. De Simone, Jr.
SPT C 1/66-3/68 - 10/16
94 Elk Run Drive
Middleboro, MA 02346-3065

Wm. (Bill) H. Duff, Jr. \$
1/327 A&HHC 6/66-1/68 - 4/16
611 Fairlawn Ave.
Danville, IL 61832-2335

Matthew A. English
2/327 Recon 6/65-6/66 - 1/16
164 Memphis Ave.
Staten Island, NY 10312

Jake M. Epperson
2/17 CAV A Trp 10/66-10/67 - 1/16
4074 NW 2 Lane
Delray Beach, FL 33445

Thomas S. Evans
2/502 A 5/65-7/66 - 1/16
985 Beaty Swamp Road
Monroe, TN 38573-5121

Judge G. Mallon Faircloth
Family (Johnnie 2/502 KIA) - 1/16
United States District Court
P.O. Box 117
Columbus, GA 31902-0117

Sidney Fuller \$
2/327 HHC 3/67-9/67 - 4/16
13622 Chestnut St.
Westminster, CA 92683-2630

Benito R. Garcia, Jr.
2/327 A 10/66-9/67 - 1/16
3535 W. Lemoyne St.
Chicago, IL 60651

Raymond W. Gerner
2/327 HHQ 5/65-6/66 - 1/16
1423 Oxford St.
Slaton, TX 79364-2811

Kenneth Gormley, Sr. \$
326 ENGR A 7/66-6/67 - 4/16
1836 Lake Easy Rd.
Babson Park, FL 33827

Danny Guthrie \$
A Trp 1/17 CAV 82nd Dom Rep 4/65-12/65 - 1/17
709 Hidden Lake Road
Blairsville, GA 30512

Michael E. Hadden
2/327 HHC 7/65-6/66 - 1/16
274 Pleasant Street/Rte 22 B
Peru, NY 12972-5405
Ben R. Hammack
2/327 HHC 8/67-10/67 - 1/16
65 Arrowhead Dr.
Carson City, NV 89706

CPT Barry Hana
HQ-PIO 3/67-3/68 - 1/16
80 Jewel Ln N
Plymouth, MN 55447-3565

Wade D. Hansen
2/327 B 6/67-11/67 - 1/16
3835 N Kootenai Ct
Casa Grande, AZ 85122-6512

LTC(R) Franklin "Lin" Haskins \$
HHC 6/66-6/67 - 1/16
4601 Gilling Ct.
Virginia Beach, VA 23464-5829

Glenn A. Heins \$
2/327 A 9/67-9/68 - 1/16
1804 Century Hills Dr. NE
Rochester, MN 55906-7629

Joseph Hennessy
1/327 HHQ T.F. 3/66-7/68 - 1/16
1819 Alamingo Dr.
Quakertown, PA 18951-3223

Nancy Hesler
Associate - 1/16
602 Taft Ave.
Charleston, IL 61920-4133

Thomas J. Horner, Jr. \$
2/502 A 7/67-10/67 - 4/16
340 Taylor St. NE, Apt. P-33
Washington, DC 20017-1551

Spencer Huntoon \$
2/327 A 6/65-2/66 - 1/16
435 Deer Pass Drive
Sedona, AZ 86351-7557

BG (R) Julius F. Johnson
1/327 A 6/67-6/68 - 1/16
2159 East Cedar Place
Chandler, AZ 85249-3536

John Kerins
2/320 FA A Btry 11/67-11/68 - 1/16
11612 Via Montana
Fontana, CA 92337-7934

David L. Kimberling
ADMIN SPT 7/65-7/66 - 1/16
605 Hyde Park
Clarksville, TN 37043-6026

William V. Larsen
2/327 B ELT 65-7/66 - 4/16
442 Otisco Drive
Westfield, NJ 07090-2716

Perry B. Larson
2/320 FA C 6/66-6/67 - 1/16
130 Red Bird Ln
Landrum, SC 29356-1242

David Lindwall
2/327 C 1/67-10/67 - 1/16
136 Newbolds Corner Rd.
Southampton, NJ 08088-8820

Luis M. Lopez
2/502 A 3/67-3/68 - 1/16
1700 Onyx Lane
Lake Havasu City, AZ 86403-5620

ISG(RET) Robert O. Martin
2/327 Recon 1/67-11/67 - 1/16
5872 N Magellan Ct.
Coeur D Alene, ID 83815-8698

SGM(R) Henry B. Morton
1/327 HHC 3/65-2/66 - 4/16
1325 Hoopes Ave., Apt. 4
Idaho Falls, ID 83404

COL(R) Robert C. Murphy
2/502 C 6/65-4/66 - 10/15
4947 Island Lane
Fernandina Bch, FL 32034

Dr. Bradford E. Mutchler \$
1/327 HHC 11/66-11/67 - 7/16
255 Jennifer Lynn Drive
Paducah, KY 42001-4861

Jesse W. Myers, Jr.
2/327 C 6/67-6/68 - 1/16
8564 Kilty Court
Charlotte, NC 28269-6113

Donald A. Nelson
1/327 B & HHC 9/66-3/68 - 1/16
490 Fairbanks Road
Farmington, ME 04938-9405

Reverend Michael O'Bryan
1/327 C 7/65-3/66 - 1/16
300 South Tarver Avenue
Lebanon, TN 37087

Art Osborne
2/327, 3/506 7/67-7/68 - 1/16
3650 Denewood Ct.
Columbus, GA 31909-3741

John L. Patten \$
2/320 ARTY HQ 4/67-10/67 - 1/17
600 Vine Street
Middletown, PA 17057-2263

Anthony Saucedo \$
2/327 B 7/66-7/67 - 4/16
4419 SE 33rd Ave.
Amarillo, TX 79103-7315

SGT Jesse Talley
501 SIG BN A 7/65-1/67 - 1/16
280 Stratton Ct.
Brentwood, TN 37027-4228

Address Corrections

January 11, 2015
through March 23, 2015

Jim Pomilia
2/502 C 5/64-5/67 - 1/16
2486 Bay Berry Dr.
Clearwater, FL 33763-1202

Michael E. Schaub \$
2/502 C 7/68-11/68 - 4/16
P.O. Box 1796
Crestline, CA 92325-1796

Dale N. Wagner \$
2/17 CAV A TRP 5/66-6/67 - 4/16
PO Box 7720
Reno, NV 89510-7720

1SG(R) Jim Carner
181st MI Det 8/65-8/66 - 1/16
6621-2 North 52nd St.
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Bob Raleigh
2/327 HHC Hawk Plt 4/66-4/67 - 4/17
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Cleveland, OH 44111-4531

Steve S. Simmons
2/502 A 5/66-12/67 - 1/16
12893 Adams Way
Thornton, CO 80241-2126

CSM(R) Dewey Walker
1/327 HQ 3/63-7/66 - 1/16
P.O. Box 7452
Jacksonville, FL 32238-0452

Joseph Hennessy
1/327 HHQ T.F. 3/66-7/68 - 1/16
1819 Alamingo Dr.
Quakertown, PA 18951-3223

1SGT(R) James B. Rawlinson
2/502 12/65-12/66 - 1/16
139 Michael Lane
Talladega, AL 35160

Lyndol Sizemore
1/327 C 7/65-6/66 - 1/16
1745 N. St. Paul
Wichita, KS 67203-1736

Brian G. White \$
2/502 HHC 10/66-4/68 - 1/16
17646 Gainsford Lane
Huntington Beach, CA 92649-4723

Maurice Jefferson
326 ENGR A 6/66-4/68 - 1/15
1378 Southridge Ct.
Golden, CO 80401-8555

Donald M. Reddeman \$
2/502 A & E 8/67-3/69 - 1/16
5115 Eagle Rd.
Highland, MI 48356-1401

LTC(R) David B. Smith
2/320 FA A Btry 7/65-6/66 - 1/16
18311 Short Road
Vernonia, OR 97064-9426

MAJ(R) Fred M. White
2/327 C&A 8/67-8/68 - 1/16
3 Fairway Drive
Elizabethtown, KY 42701-8104

SFC(R) Jim Knox
2/17 CAV A Trp 7/65-6/66 - 1/15
1540 Slash Pine Ct.
Orange Park, FL 32073-4595

John D. Roberts
2/502 A 8/66-7/67 - 1/18
617 McDonald Church Rd.
Rockingham, NC 28379-8525

Dewey E. Smith
1/327 B 7/66-7/67 - 4/16
3395 Early Avenue
Lima, OH 45801-1164

Henry I. Willey
2/502 A 1/67-1/68 - 4/16
408 Silver Pine Lane
Tamworth, NH 03886

COL(R) Robert C. Murphy
2/502 C 6/65-4/66 - 10/15
4947 Island Lane
Fernandina Bch, FL 32034

LT GEN(R) Donald E. Rosenblum
2/327 HQ CO 6/66-6/67 - 4/16
32 E. Bull St.
Savannah, GA 31401-2665

Dwight D. Stacy \$
HHC 67-68 - 4/16
2828 E 700 N
Pine Village, IN 47975-8033

John L. Wilson \$
2/502 HHC 5/67-5/68 - 1/16
2181 W. Escondido Canyon Dr.
Green Valley, AZ 85622-6333

Richard J. "Rich" Walsh
2/327 C 6/67-6/68 - 4/15
7 Bay Colony Drive
Norwood, MA 02062-5300

COL(R) Marvin Rosenstein \$
2/327 HHC 5/66-7/67 - 1/17
2104 Chinaberry Cir
Harker Heights, TX 76548-8713

MSG(R) Bobby G. Still
1/327 A 6/66-6/67 - 4/16
8245 Knollbrook Lane
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Dennis Rae Wright
2/502 HHQ 10/67-10/68 - 1/16
4510 Custis Ave.
Sacramento, CA 95822-1440

Bad Addresses

January 11, 2015
through March 23, 2015

MAJ(R) David R. Sablan
2/327 B 5/65-6/66 - 1/16
1406 SW 58th Avenue
Portland, OR 97221

Robert M. Stoneburner
2/327 HHC 6/67-6/68 - 1/16
812 S. Jefferson St.
Princeton, KY 42445-2370

MAJ(R) Burrwood Yost \$
2/502 C LRRP 12/65-7/67 - 1/16
1012A Natures Walk Dr.
Fernandina Bch, FL 32034-4608

Manuel Vargas
2/502 A 7/65-11/65 - 10/14
P.O. Box 370293
Cayey, PR 00737-0293

\$ = Above Subscription Price

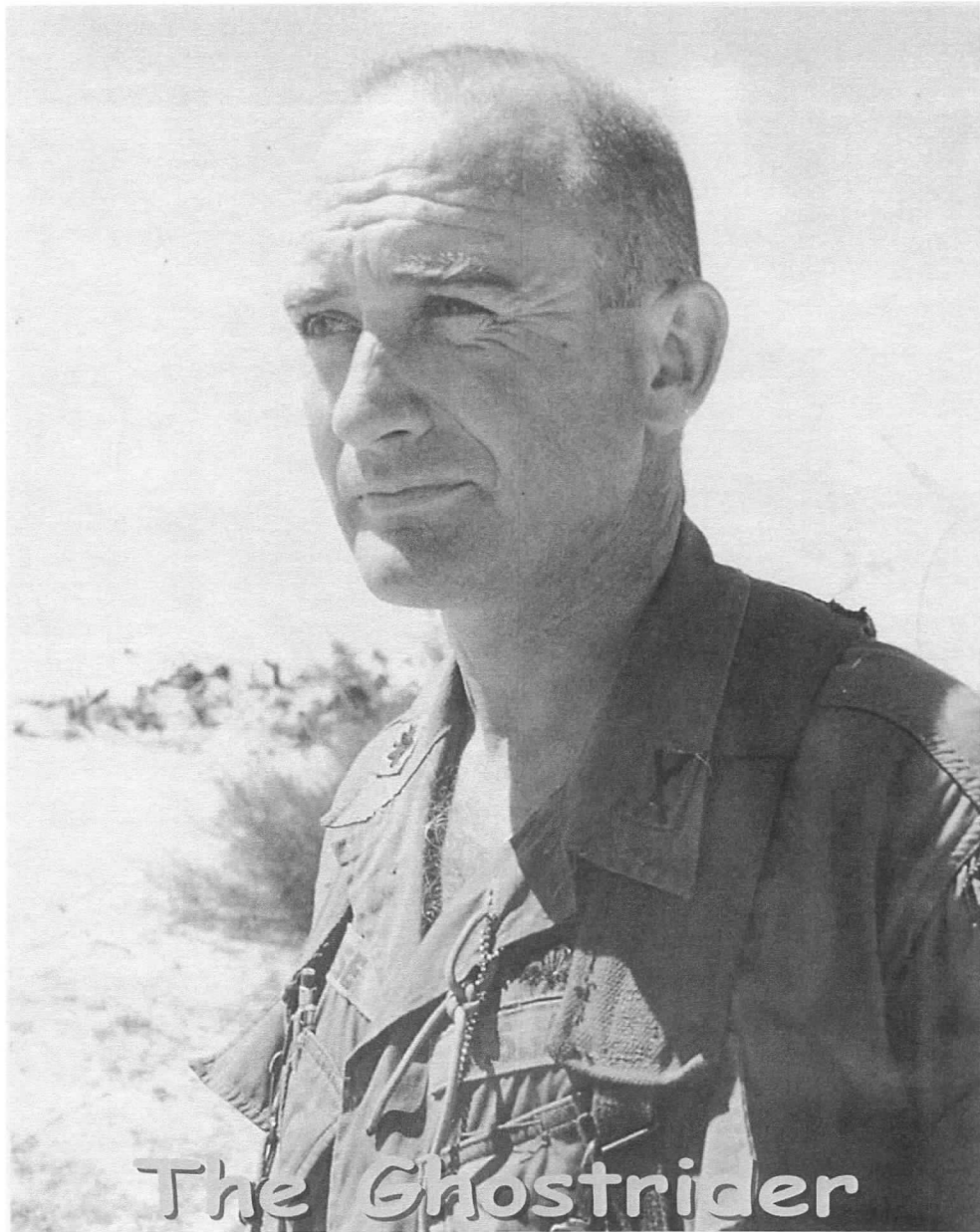
50th Anniversary Commemoration



The two logos are the artwork to identify the July 2015 50th Anniversary Commemoration of the First Brigade (S) 101st Airborne Division landing in Viet Nam. The back of the logo will depict the date and location of the reunion. The celebration will be on July

29th, 2015 with a cash bar at 6:00 p.m. and dinner at 7:00 p.m. The hotel will be the Nashville Airport Marriott and the schedule is a work in progress. The 50th Anniversary gathering will be sponsored by THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM magazine.

COL(R) Gerry Morse, 1/327 C.O. 7/67-7/68 – has been a long and consistent contributor to the magazine. Many pictures from his scrapbook have been used in the magazine and on the back cover.



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. See order form on page 35.

FIRST 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.



FIRST BRIGADE SCRAPBOOK



The FIRST BRIGADE, 101st Airborne Division SCRAPBOOK was compiled by Department of the Army "For Fighting Men too Busy to Keep Their Own!"

The SCRAPBOOK contains 105 8.5 x 11 inch pages and is three hole punched ready to be secured in a regular three ring notebook. Great care was taken to make copies that are true to the original.

Cost is \$15.00 per copy postpaid. See the order form on page 35.



This center section is an edition of **THE SCREAMING EAGLE**, March 8, 1968. Those mentioned in this paper who are in the First Brigade (S) magazine database, are listed below.

PAGE 1, 'O-DEUCE' CHARGE FELLS 17 REDS; SEVEN TROOPERS CITED FOR VALOR, + Lt George R. Tillman (LTC-R G. R. (Rod) Tillman, 2/502 A&B 8/67-11/68), + Sgt. Raymond A. "Chip" Lynch (2/502 A 5/67-3/68 & 69-70 Pathfinders).

PAGE 3, LRRPS AMBUSH VC COLUMN; CAPTURE ROCKET LAUNCHER, ** Sgt. Ray (Reynel) Martinez (LRRP 12/66-6/68).

PAGE 4, NEW TROOPER ARRIVES FROM SAN ANGELO, * Pfc. Raul A. Aguero, SGM-R (1/327 C 67-68).**

This newspaper was published a few weeks after the 101st Airborne Division absorbed the Brigade. Some First Brigade (S) veterans were mentioned in this publication.

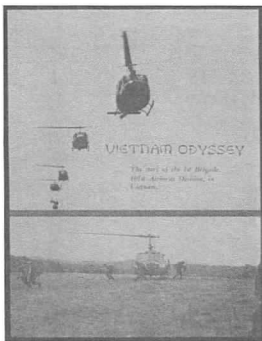
+ = Subscriber, * = Dropped Subscriber, ** = Never Subscribed, *** = Unable to contact



VIETNAM ODYSSEY, The First Year is available for ALWAYS FIRST BRIGADE veterans.

The story of the first year of action of the 1st Brigade in Vietnam is filled with photos of brigade activities written accounts of all operations, drawings by brigade artists, statistics and other interesting personal and unit material.

The book was edited by 1LT Charles J. Apodaca. The writing and layout was done by SGT Robert F. Barry with



sketches and art by SGT Robert Finney and PFC Raymond Brown. Photographs were by SGT Bernardo Mangaboyat, SP4 Richard Houghton, SP4 Oddvar Breiland and SGT Jack Baird. PFC Robert B. Gray furnished special mechanical assistance. Frank Faulkner and Steven Van Meter, who served with the

brigade for the first six months in Viet Nam, provided many of the photographs.

VIETNAM ODYSSEY is a 108 page 8.5 by 11 inch format, soft cover, with four pages of color photos. The layout is excellent, the photos, sketch art and text were produced by members of the 1st Brigade who were part of the history that is recorded. The manuscript was completed in Viet Nam and sent to the 101st Airborne Division Association for publication.

This third printing of VIETNAM ODYSSEY is now in short supply and will probably never be printed, in quantity, again.

If you wish to obtain a copy of VIETNAM ODYSSEY, postpaid, send a check for \$15.00 to: The First Screaming Eagles in Viet Nam, P.O. Box 675, Sweetwater, TN 37874.

airborne salute

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Screaming Eagles Clobber NVA Bn

QUANG TRI—Screaming Eagles of the 2nd Brigade stalked an NVA force for two days near here recently and lured the enemy into a day long battle which claimed more than 100 enemy dead.

The contact began at first light when an estimated NVA battalion attacked the combined perimeters of A and B Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf.

"They hit us with everything they had," said A Co. commander, Lt. Gregory F. Mills, North Miami Beach, Fla. "We were dug in and ready."

Developing maximum firepower with small arms, artillery and gunships, the paratroopers laced into the attacking enemy. The men of B Co. charged the attackers, met stiff resistance and pulled back to call in more artillery.

When the supporting fires lifted, B Co. moved in a second time and killed 25 NVA in extremely close fighting.

The enemy broke contact at sundown. An observation helicopter reported more than 100 bodies littered the battlefield.

"Judging from the weapons captured and the ferocity of his attack, I estimated the enemy force as two reinforced companies or a battalion," said Capt. Paul M. Pritchard, Vallejo, Calif., commander of B Co.

"We had been stalking them for two days," added battalion commander, Lt. Col. Bertram J. Bishop, Ft. Campbell, Ky. "They made a costly mistake when they chose to attack."

One paratrooper died in the fighting.

Small Price

PHUOC VINH—A paratrooper from the 101st Airborne Division paid 16 cents to save a small boy from danger near here recently.

Staff Sgt. Richard Dickie, Hopkinsville, Ky., D Co., 3rd Bn. (Abn), 187th Inf was on a road clearing operation when he tried to move a group of Vietnamese children out of the way.

The sergeant stopped short when a small boy displayed his new toy—an M-79 grenade round.

Dickie reached into his pocket for trading material and pulled out 20 plasters (about 16 cents). The child eagerly accepted the exchange and walked away.

Rakkasan Heroics

Two Rescued from Swirling River

By Spec. 4 Douglas R. Harrell

PHUOC VINH—Every Screaming Eagle in the platoon knew it wasn't going to be an ordinary day. The sun was brighter, hotter. Jungle humidity added to the weight of their rucksacks. Sweat stained their web equipment and their eyes smarted from rivulets of perspiration coursing down their faces.

For what seemed like an eternity, the paratroopers of the 2nd Platoon, D Co., 3rd Bn. (Abn), 187th Inf. pushed toward their objective beyond the Song Be River.

The platoon radio crackled.



Vol. 1, No. 6

101st Airborne Division

March 8, 1968

'O-Deuce' Charge Fells 17 Reds; Seven Troopers Cited for Valor



Beak to Beak

Amidst the harshness of war, a fluffy baby chick finds a moment of warmth and security in the palm of Staff Sgt. Thomas R. Lamb, Fayetteville, N.C. Lamb found the chick as he and members of B Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 506th Inf. conducted a MEDCAP visit to Bo Muea. (Photo by Spec. 4 Michael Sugar)

SONG BE—A company of paratroopers from the 101st Airborne Division turned a reconnaissance mission into an assault on an NVA bunker complex near here recently, killing 17 and destroyed bunker rocket sites.

Seven of the "Strike Force" infantrymen from A Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf. were decorated for their actions by Maj. Gen. O.M. Barsanti, division commander.

"The 1st Platoon was leading the way when two men were wounded by snipers," said the company commander, Capt.

Robert S. McGurk, Manlius, N.Y.

McGurk placed Lt. George R. Tillman, Mobile, Ala., in charge of the other three platoons and sent them ahead while he and the lead element waited for a medivac.

"We killed one of the snipers and captured his AK-47," McGurk said.

Meanwhile Tillman maneuvered the rest of the company across an open field. "I put the platoons on line when we reached a thickly vegetated ridge on the other side," he said.

The 4th Platoon, taking the center position, approached the bunker complex head on.

"All of a sudden we were 20 meters from a bunker," said Sgt. Raymond Lynch, Nassau, N.Y., who led the point squad. "We hit the dirt and fired immediately."

"Our volume of fire was so heavy 'Charlie' must have thought we were a much larger force," Tillman recalled.

The point squad killed four and destroyed the bunker. NVA soldiers from ten other fortified positions fled down the ridge toward the 2nd Platoon.

Staff Sgt. Harrison Woods, Clarksville, Tenn., heard the enemy approaching. His men waited in prone positions.

"Some of them came as close as five meters from our positions," Woods added.

Woods accounted for three of the six NVA killed by his squad.

"The enemy scattered out," said the 2nd Platoon leader, Lt. Jose R. Morales, Brooklyn, N.Y. "We began receiving rounds from three directions. I told my men to fire only when they could hit something, so we wouldn't give away our positions."

After killing five more NVA, the 2nd Platoon began pulling back.

Enemy rockets started coming in from the rear. Gunships had arrived by this time, however, and they quickly silenced the rocket site.

The 3rd and 4th Platoons destroyed the bunker complex.

"We had to be back by nightfall," the company commander said. "This was only a reconnaissance mission."

(Continued on Page 2)

Command Changes

TAN SON NHUT — Lt. Col. Charlie A. Beckwith, Atlanta, assumed command of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf. in a recent change of command ceremony here.

Beckwith succeeded Lt. Col. Robert G. Yerks, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., who was named executive officer of the 3rd Brigade.

Yerks succeeds Lt. Col. John D. Foldberg, Ponca City, Okla., who now commands the 1st Bn. (Abn), 501st Inf.

Previously, the 1/501 was commanded by Lt. Col. Joseph L. Piotrkowski, Ft. Campbell, Ky., who sustained wounds during the Communist Tet attack.

At Phan Thiet, Lt. Col. Robert Elton, Cleveland, received the colors of the 3rd Bn. (Abn), 506th Inf. He succeeded Lt. Col. John P. Geraci, Brooklyn, who joined the G-3 staff at USARV.

Company commander Capt. Paul Bucha, Chicago, asked: "Are you still in water up to your neck?"

"Negative," replied platoon leader Lt. Jeffrey L. Wishik, Montgomery, Ala. "Right now the water is only in my boots. All we've done is go from swamp to trees and back into the swamp again."

Ahead the platoon could see sunlight reflecting on the fast waters of the Song Be.

The river was nearly 100 yards wide. It had to be crossed.

A machine gun security team

went first to protect the men who would use the line to cross the river.

Cpl. Warren C. Walkabout, from Oklahoma City, was among the first to cross. Before climbing up the bank, the Cherokee Indian looked back. He saw a paratrooper who had tired quickly. The man groped wildly for the rope. He failed to find the safety line and disappeared beneath the surface.

Walkabout dived into the water. Squad Leader Sgt. Glen G. Geilhearth, Stillwater, Minn., followed. They reached their drowning buddy and the two

leaders denied the water's bid for their friend's life.

Moments later, as the half-drowned man was cared for, the safety line snapped. Another paratrooper, holding the rope with one hand and pushing a poncho raft with the other, lost his grip. He bobbed in the swirling, muddy water.

Sensing the man's desperation, Wishik dived into the water and pulled the thrashing trooper to safety.

Re-assembled now on far shore, the paratroopers rested and moved on.

The objective was still ahead:

Screaming Eagles Assist 2,000 Cong Than Refugees

BIEN HOA—Screaming Eagle paratroopers delivered 13 tons of food to 2,000 Vietnamese refugees in Cong Than District, recently devastated by Viet Cong.

"We're showing the people that we back them with human aid and concern as well as firepower," said Maj. Paul S. Moscovic, Canonsberg, Pa., division civil affairs officer.

The major added, "This is part of the overall program of providing assistance when and where it is most needed."

The distribution included 16,000 pounds of rice from a 100-ton Viet Cong cache captured by division troopers.

Maj. George S. Kuffel, Kalamazoo, Mich., senior district advisor, visited Maj. Gen. O. M. Barsanti, division commander and thanked him for the assistance.

"The Viet Cong destroyed 274 homes in the area," Kuffel said. "They also extensively damaged bridges, schools and pagodas."

When the homes were destroyed, most family food supplies were lost, Kuffel said.

In addition to the rice, the Cong Than homeless were given 4,824 pounds of rolled oats, 2,900 pounds of flour, 2,688 pounds of cooking oil and 300 pounds of powdered milk.

The rice alone was sufficient to feed the refugees for over a week.



Hurt Healer

Spec. 4 Wolford Palmatory, Benthon, Md., applies bandages to the injured foot of a village miss near Thuoc Vinh during MEDCAP operations of the 1st Bn. (Abn), 506th Inf. The young medic treated numerous villagers during a day-long mercy mission. (Photo by Spec. 4 Charles Smith)

Troopers Prove Persistent Foes on Search Mission

CU CHI—In a rice paddy five miles east of here, paratroopers of the 2nd Brigade proved Screaming Eagles are persistent foes.

Five Viet Cong were reported sighted early one morning in a rice paddy. Gunships and helicopter paratroopers of D Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn.), 501st Inf. took off immediately to engage the insurgent force.

When the paratroopers arrived, they found the VC had fled, leaving pistol belts, litters, flashlights and rucksacks at the scene. Nearby, the airborne soldiers found a kettle of simmering food.

The search was about to be abandoned when gunships spotted three VC in another rice paddy 500 yards away.

Again the paratroopers assaulted. This time they found 2,500 pounds of rice and sundry cooking equipment. The enemy had fled.

Airborne and enroute to their

base camp again, VC were reported in another paddy.

The choppers circled back and the paratroopers leaped from the ships, weapons blazing.

"Fire a long burst into that hedgerow," commanded Lt. William D. Lofton, Locksburg, Ark. Spec. 4 Howard McMichael, Riedsville, N.C., opened fire.

Searching the area, the paratroopers found two VC sprawled in the paddy.

Assault . . .

(Continued From Page 1)

Tillman and Woods were awarded Silver Stars for their heroism.

Receiving Bronze Stars for valor were Lynch; Morales; Staff Sgt. James L. Gabbard, Hobbs, N.M.; Spec. 5 Richard C. Brown, Uncasville, Conn.; and Pfc. Juan J. Caraballo, Brooklyn, N.Y.



Milk Man

Staff Sgt. Richard M. Burt, Warren, Pa., distributes fresh milk to children of Bo Mua village. Burt is a civil affairs NCO for the 3rd Brigade's 2nd Bn. (Abn), 506th Inf. (Photo by Spec. 4 Michael Sugar)

Commander's Corner

MG O.M. Barsanti



I am encouraged by the emphasis commanders are demonstrating toward maintenance of equipment at all echelons of command. Preventive maintenance is as important as good tactics. Without equipment that works under all conditions—the mission fails.

One area of concern to me is the effectiveness of individual riflemen. If the rifle is in top shape, and the rifleman uses it in a professional manner, the effect on the enemy is devastating, our casualties are minimized and success is achieved.

To correct what appears to be questionable marksmanship, I have directed a two-hour refresher training program for personnel armed with the M-16. Each soldier in this division will zero and fire familiarization with the weapon. Zero will be re-confirmed at least every two weeks.

There has been a tendency to use too much tracer ammunition in the M-16. Argument for using tracers contends the rifleman can better adjust his fire on the target. However, if your weapon is properly zeroed, and if you aim, you know you are on target, regardless of the ammunition. Moreover, excessive use of tracer ammunition can clog the M-16 gas port, contributing toward a malfunction. Accordingly, I have directed that tracer ammunition in M-16 magazines be confined to one tracer round for each four rounds of ball ammunition.

In order that weapons, properly zeroed, may function correctly at all times, I have directed that all weapons and magazines will be cleaned daily, and that squad and platoon leaders are to conduct inspections to insure proper care is rendered. Each man must carry cleaning materials and use them.

Commanders at all echelons are responsible to make spot checks to insure weapons, magazines and ammunition are clean and serviceable at all times. I regard this a most important duty that cannot be over-emphasized.

Take care of your weapon, and it will take care of you.

Eagle Patch Holds Special Meaning

BIEN HOA — The Screaming Eagle insignia worn by paratroopers of the 101st Airborne Division here has a special significance to the Vietnamese people according to Maj. Nguyen Van Trong, division liaison officer.

"When the eagle appears, it means peace, happiness and good harvest," Maj. Trong explained as he recounted the ancient oriental belief.

In addition to his liaison duties between ARVN units and the division, Maj. Trong commands the ARVN interpreters attached to the 101st.

"Already I've given much advice to intelligence and civil affairs officers here and their staffs," he said.

Maj. Trong speaks with experience of the Communist threat to his country. Born between Hanoi and the DMZ, he fled from North Vietnam after his country was partitioned in 1954.

"The Communists killed my father and I was held captive in 1947 for a year," he said. "They did it because we were Catholic and nationalists."

Maj. Trong, a veteran of 17 years service, has held many significant military assignments in command and counter-intelligence and was a district chief in Quang Ngai Province.

Chow Cans M-60 Jams Says Gunner

PHUOC VINH—Spec. 5 Richard Ruhnke, East Rutherford, N.J., a helicopter door gunner in A Co., 101st Avn. Bn., knows a can of C-rations will keep a soldier alive in more ways than one.

"I attach a can of C-rations to the bracket on the side of the M-60 machine gun," said Ruhnke. "This prevents rounds jamming in the feed tray."

The paratrooper uses the machine gun to support ground troops of the 101st Airborne Division.

"After a day is completed I just open up the can and enjoy the contents," he said.



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LRRPs Ambush VC Column; Capture Rocket Launcher

PHAN RANG—The dense jungle loomed menacingly on each side of the trail. The men of the 1st Brigade's Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol (LRRP) were alert for enemy ambush positions. Quietly, they moved down the narrow path.

Suddenly the point man, Staff Sgt. Lester E. Hite, St. Louis, dropped to his hands and knees. The rest of the column repeated his movement. Where once a string of men had stretched down the trail, no one could be seen. Camouflaged fatigues blended into the dark green foliage.

Sharp-Eyed Sgt Sees Thru NVA

QUANG TRI — Second Brigade paratrooper Joseph K. Korosec, Cleveland, proved that clothes do indeed make the man.

Staff Sgt. Korosec was manning the daylight perimeter of A Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf., near here when an unarmed man approached the American.

He wore brown khakis, the same uniform worn by North Vietnamese Army (NVA) regulars. Korosec detained him and summoned an interpreter.

"He said he was a South Vietnamese civilian," said Korosec, "but he had no identification." The man explained that he was very poor and had taken the clothes from a dead soldier.

"He's lying," Korosec said. "Watch his eyes. He won't look straight at you. Those clothes are his and he's an NVA."

When these words were translated the man sighed and admitted that he was an NVA and the clothes were his after all. He soon began talking freely to the Americans about NVA weapons and operations in the area.

"His morale was pretty low,"

Korosec said. "He had been in South Vietnam for about a month and his outfit had been hit hard twice by the Americans."

The detainee said he had lost his weapon and did not want to fight any more. "I just want to go home," he said.

Phew!

PHUOC VINH — Seven hundred-fifty pounds of potential trouble turned up at the division artillery fire support base south of here recently.

Spec. 4 Charles Millender, Pittsburgh, Pa., D Co., 168th Combat Engineers, was bulldozing a ditch for B Btry., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 319th Arty. when several paratroopers yelled at him to stop.

"I had uncovered a 750-pound bomb," Millender said. "It had wire leading from it to the treeline several hundred meters away."

"If it had exploded where we found it, the bomb would have taken the battery ammo dump and most of the fire base with it," said SFC Freddie Mahone, Annapolis, Md.

The late afternoon sun filtered through the heavy jungle. Barely audible, footsteps could be heard on the trail ahead.

Hite removed his rucksack. Inching his way forward, he saw the point element of the enemy squad.

Sgt. Ray Martinez, Los Angeles, crawled forward with his M-60 machine gun. The Viet Cong point man noticed the movement and shouldered his rifle. Quickly Hite fired a burst from his M-16. Martinez immediately raked the area with machine gun fire.

As the volume of fire increased, Hite saw an insurgent aim a rocket launcher.

"That was a pretty nervous moment for me," said Hite. "We started firing with everything we had. We couldn't allow them to fire that damn thing."

Spec. 4 Jack McGill, Los Angeles, moved alongside Martinez and Hite.

"We crawled forward to throw grenades," said McGill. "But that bamboo made the going slow."

The paratroopers pitched grenades into the enemy positions. In return, a VC tossed a grenade toward Hite, Martinez and McGill.

"Grenade!" yelled Hite. The explosion shattered the staccato beat of the automatic weapons. Shrapnel ripped through the area. Hite felt hot metal cut his back.

"It knocked me over, but I didn't have time to think about it," he said.

The VC abandoned the heavy rocket launcher and fled. The LRRP's moved into the enemy positions, found the rocket launcher and two rockets.

"We didn't find any bodies, but that rocket launcher won't be used to hit any of our companies," said Hite.



Smoked Jumper

Patrol leader Sgt. John L. Decker, Atwater, Calif., emerges from a pall of smoke during search and destroy operations near Phuoc Vinh. Decker is a member of A Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 506th Inf. (Photo by Spec. 4 Charles Smith)

VC KO'd by Redleg's Punch

PHUOC VINH — A 'Redleg' medic treated the blistered hands of an ammunition gun crew here after they had pounded Viet Cong positions with 23 tons of explosives in a grueling two and one half hour fire mission recently.

Maneuver elements of the 3rd Brigade discovered a complex of 72 bunkers and called on B Btry., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 319th Arty. to soften the stubborn enemy.

SFC. George M. Markman, Hopkinsville, Ky., chief of firing battery, set a demanding pace as he yelled out the missions.

Ammunition Staff Sgt. Isaiah Phillips, Bryan, Tex., and his three-man crew rushed ammunition to the howitzers. Mess sergeant Juan R. Garcia, Denver, joined in helping the ammunition handlers.

Soon every available man was working feverishly to meet the tempo established by Markman. Battery commander, Capt. Helmut J. Heneman, Wichita, Kan., ran to No. 2 gun and joined his men in passing ammunition.

A medic, Spec. 4 Willard Gutierrez, Joliet, Ill., darted from gun to gun, examining the blistered hands of the crews.

After more than 1,400 rounds had been hurled into the enemy position, the forward observer radioed: "Enemy positions destroyed cease fire. End of mission."

As the sweat-soaked artillery men leaned on sandbags to catch their breath, Gutierrez treated their blistered and cut hands.

Hours later when the tired infantrymen returned to the base camp, a young, tall paratrooper walked over to No. 1 gun crew. He reached across the sand-

bags and shook hands with cannoner Pfc. Bertram King, Detroit. Neither spoke. They didn't have to.

Ants Prompt Boonie Strip

PHUOC VINH — The world's fastest strip-tease does not take place in Las Vegas, Reno, or Hollywood — it happens about once a day in the jungles of Vietnam.

One of the latest stars of the "Boondocks Revue" was Spec. 4 Douglas R. Harrell, Carrollton, Tex. The audience was small — it included only the members of his squad, an element of D Co., 3rd Bn. (Abn), 187th Inf.

"Boy, was he ever great!" said one of his buddies.

A radio-telephone operator on a patrol mission, Harrell was keeping a careful eye on the flanks of the small column. He did not notice a leaf covered with large, red ants until it touched him.

Within seconds, his 26-pound radio came off his back. His fatigue shirt followed in short order. He continued on with the show as his buddies watched in laughter.

"They bite worse than bees sting," Harrell observed later.



Fire Mission

Pfc. James L. Washington (left), Detroit, waits to slam a 105 round in the breech of the howitzer fired by Spec. 4 Daniel C. Brewster, Kankakee, Ill., while Pfc. James A. Selton, Nashville, Tenn., readies another round. The gun crew are members of the 101st Airborne Division's B Btry., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 319th Arty. (Photo by Sgt. Donald Coley)



Safety Check

Making a last minute check before take-off, Air Force Capt. Dean Jones, Colorado Springs, Colo., prepares to fly another mission in support of the 1st Brigade. Jones is a Forward Air Control, (FAC) pilot attached to the Screaming Eagles. (Photo by Pfc. Robert Mosey)

Noses Stuff

'Bird Dog' Hounds Enemy

PHAN RANG—Helicopter gunships, with machine guns and rockets blazing, strafed the dense jungle to the left of a winding trail. On the right, F-100 Sabre jets executed lethal bomb runs.

Elements of the 1st Brigade had called for air strikes against the Viet Cong.

Circling above the action was a single engine aircraft. Busy at the controls was Capt. Dean H. Jones, Colorado Springs, Colo., an Air Force forward air control (FAC) pilot.

Jones had marked the enemy location with white phosphorous (WP) rockets. His instructions were barked over the radio: "Your runs are from east to west. Helicopters peel left, jets to the right. The target is all yours. Go to it."

Jones gained altitude and watched the strikes below. As the helicopters and jets made their last passes, he nosed the little aircraft toward the ground and a second target. He flipped a switch and pulled a trigger mechanism. The aircraft shuddered as a rocket, mounted under the wing, streaked for the jungle below. The gunships and jets, with the target clearly marked, came screaming in on the enemy positions.

Three passes later, the armed air support sped back to their bases. The FAC pilot took one last look, banked his aircraft and started home. A "many thanks" crackled over the radio from paratroopers of the 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf. on the ground.

To Jones, the mission was routine. He's been in Vietnam 11 months and can't begin to estimate the number of air strikes he's directed. He loves working with the jets and can't wait for the day he'll return to the high-speed cockpit.

"It's all in a day's work," Jones said. "Sometimes I direct air strikes, sometimes I adjust artillery fire and occasionally I fly reconnaissance for truck convoys, checking ambush sites."

Jones know his job. With more

than 700 combat hours in the air, he's experienced at marking targets.

"The aircraft carries four WP rockets under each wing," he says. "FAC pilots love to test their marksmanship. We also

FAC Pilot Corrals VC Trio

PHUOC VINH — Three members of a Viet Cong company tried to out-run a forward air controller (FAC) and two Air Force F-100 jets near here recently and failed.

Capt. Richard Salazar, Phoenix, Ariz., FAC pilot with the 3rd Brigade, monitored a radio message reporting a Viet Cong company had been spotted by a helicopter crew.

"I realized the location wasn't far from my position and flew over to investigate," said the FAC. "I saw four gunships hovering over a wooded area along a trail."

"The enemy force dashed for cover when they realized the choppers had spotted them," Salazar continued. "The choppers turned out of the area and I rolled in and fired two rockets to mark the target."

Two F-100's on station took their cue and began the bomb run.

"As the second rocket exploded, three VC jumped out from the bushes and started running down the middle of the trail," said Salazar. "For a moment they ignored the gunships and jets, but after running about 150 meters, they realized they couldn't outrun the jets."

The three insurgents dived for the bushes again and a 750-pound bomb exploded less than 25 meters away.

Salazar confirmed the three enemy kills.

carry smoke grenades. Occasionally we'll drop them out the window to mark a target.

The most important skill for a FAC pilot is reading maps quickly and accurately, according to Jones.

"You've got to know the enemy location and where the friendly are," he says. "One poorly marked target can make those paratroopers on the ground extremely nervous."

But reading maps isn't all that Jones does in the air. He flies the light aircraft in tight, 360-degree turns with his knees and feet while maintaining radio contact with three elements—troops on the ground, helicopters and the jets.

His eyes flick to the map and then back to the jungle below. Everything is done with speed and accuracy. Lives on the ground depend on it.

Jones is married and the father of three children. He says he is anxious to return to them . . . and the jets.

"The 'Bird-dog' is great and the job is important," said Jones. "But once you've piloted jets you want to stay with them."

Strike Force Springs Twilight Ambush On Lone 'Charlie'

PHAN RANG—An ambush set by paratroopers of the 1st Brigade recently accounted for a Viet Cong kill during Operation San Angelo west of here.

Pfc. Graham Mills, Portsmouth, Va., killed the enemy as a Co., 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf. sprung the ambush.

"We weren't expecting anyone right away, so I opened my bedroll," said Mills. "The sun had just set and night birds

provided the only noise."

The Screaming Eagle element had set an ambush along an intersection of trails where the Viet Cong had located a mortar two nights before.

"It was twilight when the VC came down the trail," said Staff Sgt. Harrison Woods, Clarksville, Tenn. "I told Mills to keep him in sight but to hold his fire. If there were more enemy following, we didn't want to alert them to our position."

Mills watched the enemy walk into the killing zone.

The VC kneeled suddenly and raised his rifle to a firing position," said Lt. Leonard Anderson Jr., Bauxite, Ark. "That's when Mills fired."

The paratroopers waited. The jungle remained quiet. The enemy had been alone.

Mills and another paratrooper moved into the ambush site and recovered one AK-47 rifle and four magazines of ammunition.

New Trooper Arrives from San Angelo

PHAN RANG—An eager replacement finished "Proficiency Training" at the 1st Brigade camp here and boarded an aircraft for Song Be, the brigade's forward command post.

The trooper, Pfc. Raul Agüero, felt right at home. A native of San Angelo, Tex., Agüero soon would be participating in Operation San Angelo, a search and destroy operation north of Song Be.

According to Agüero, his home town has a population of 62,000 and is located in western Texas. It also boasts of a Medal of Honor winner from World War II.

"I don't think I can reach that level," said Agüero, "but I'm here to do my job."

Agüero was assigned to C Co., 1st Bn. (Abn), 327th Inf.

Personalize Boots, Belts

Regulations require all footwear, headgear and belts to be marked with the individual's name and service number.

Details are spelled out in 101st Airborne Division Circular 746-1, dated 8 February 1968.

Screaming Eagle Briefings

Neighbors Meet

Though they lived two blocks apart, Staff Sgt. John Jurinsky, 29, Worcester, Mass., never met his platoon leader, Lt. James R. Bondard, 25, until the officer reported to the 1st Brigade's base camp at Phan Rang.

"I never expected to meet anyone from home, much less someone who lived on the same street," said Bondard, commander of the 3rd Platoon, 2nd Bn. (Abn), 502nd Inf.

"We have visited some of the same hangouts," said Jurinsky, winner of two Bronze Stars for Heroism and the Army Commendation Medal for Valor.

"But the lieutenant came a few years after I did. He was probably one of the little kids we ran out of the baseball field. It's funny we both knew the same people and places but we never met."

Half Century NCO

MSgt. James E. Blake, Hopkinsville, Ky., believes he's the oldest enlisted man in the 101st Airborne Division.

"I entered the Army March 12, 1942, and haven't lost a day of service," said the 51 year-old division food supervisor.

Blake says he welcomes any challengers.

Double Citing

One highly decorated lieutenant in the 3rd Brigade received a cluster to his Silver Star and was promoted to captain in the same week recently.

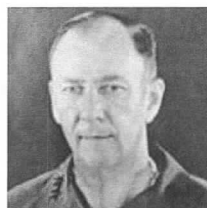
Capt. Fred P. Crepeau, Orlando, Fla., was presented his second Silver Star by Maj. Gen. O. M. Barsanti, division commander, for rescuing a wounded Phantom Force paratrooper under enemy fire.

Three days later, Col. Lawrence L. Mowery, South Gate, Calif., brigade commander, presented Crepeau with his captain's bars.

OBITUARIES



LTG(R) Henry E. (Hank) Emerson* (Gunfighter)
CO 2/502 10/65-9/66
February 4, 2015



Henry Everett Emerson "Hank"

"Hank", a retired United States Army Lieutenant General, best known for being the commander of the 2nd Infantry Division in South Korea during the mid-1970s when Colin Powell served as a battalion commander, passed away February 4, 2015. General Emerson was born in Washington, DC on May 28, 1925, the son of Brig. Gen. Governor Vincent Emerson M.D. and Marie McLaughlin. He graduated from West Point in the class of 1947 as a Second Lieutenant of infantry and served as a company commander with the 5th Regimental Combat Team during the Korean War. He then served on the staff and faculty of the infantry school followed by an assignment as a tactical officer at the United States Military Academy at West Point. He was a graduate of the Navy Command and Staff College, the Armed Forces Staff College and the Army War College. General Emerson was best known as a combat commander in three wars: a Company Commander in the Korean War; a Battalion Commander in the Dominican Republic and Brigade Commander in the Vietnam War. His General officer assignments were as the Assistant Division Commander, 82nd Airborne Division; Commanding General 2nd Infantry Division; Commanding General, John F. Kennedy Center for Military Assistance and the Commanding General, XVIII Airborne Corps. According to those that knew him best, such as Colin Powell, who would go on to become the U.S. Secretary of State, what set him apart as a combat commander was his great love for his soldiers and his concern for their welfare. During his command in the Vietnam War, he conceived aerial reconnaissance and combat methods that employed effectively against the Viet Cong. These included a checkerboard concept that involves small groups covering grid squares to seek out an enemy, and jitterbug tactics which are complex maneuvers using helicopters to surround an enemy. This would seem jittery like the *dance when Eagle Flights*, which were helicopters loaded with local soldiers, were flown in quickly to assist foreign troops in certain situations. He demonstrated that American soldiers could effectively "out-guerrilla" the Viet Cong. Emerson also developed the "seal-and-pile-on technique" (the rapid build-up of combat power to surround and destroy an enemy force). General Emerson, who was fraternally called "The Gunfighter" by his troops, was one of the most decorated officers in the history of the United States Army. He received a Master Parachutist - a Combat/Infantry Badge with Star - Two Distinguished Service Crosses - three Distinguished Service Medals - five Silver Stars - and two Purple Hearts among others. General Emerson had a saying on his wall "Old soldiers never die,

they just fade away." Today, the General has "Faded Away" and we salute him one last time. General Emerson is survived by his nephew, Richard Emerson Wilkins of Wilmington, NC; a niece, Marie Page Riggle of Towson, MD; a grand-niece, Elizabeth Page Wilkins of Melrose, MA and her husband, Lt. Colonel Joseph G. Marine, USMA and two great-grand-nephews, William Quinn Hardisty and Joseph William Marine. Memorial Services and interment will be held at the Arlington National Cemetery later this spring and will be announced at a later date. Donations should be made to the Fisher House at 12 Bassett Street, Fort Bragg, North Carolina 28307.

Published in *The Washington Post* on Feb. 8, 2015

From: + Dr. Henry F. Beck Jr., Ph.D., 149 Sheryl Drive, Deltona, FL 32738, 407-323-8898, Oda5432000@yahoo.com

It is with a Heavy Heart, that I advise you of the loss of one of our own. Suddenly, without warning on the night of February 19th, 2015, Richard passed away at his residence.

Richard was a long lost, and then found Warrior, who served two tours with the 101st Airborne. He served with honor and was truly "Proud" to have served with the 101st, 1st Brigade (S).

Richard G. Murphy *
HHC Hawk-11 2/327 & B 1/506
February 19, 2015

Richard G. Murphy, 67, of Springfield, PA, passed away at home on February 19, 2015. Richard was the devoted husband of Patricia, and a loving father and grandfather.

Richard grew up in the Springfield area and joined the U.S. Army, serving two tours of duty with the 101st Airborne. Richard was proud member of the "Hawk Platoon" and received several medals to include the Bronze Star, CIB and Presidential Unit Citation.

Richard was the owner of Murphy's Heating & Air, Inc., and Plumber of the Year, for the past 11/eleven years, for the greater Philadelphia area.

A celebration of Life Services was conducted at Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Morton, PA and interment was at Saint Peter and Paul Cemetery with full Military Honors. These services were attended by hundreds. Representing the Hawk Platoon was Mr. William A. Bowen and Dr. Henry F. Beck Jr., Ph.D.

+ = **Current Subscriber**
* = **Dropped Subscriber**

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Chapter 9

Mama-San

By Staff Sergeant Billy R. Robbins



Sergeant Billy R. “One Zero” Robbins, Weapons Squad Leader, Ft. Campbell, KY. Courtesy of “One Zero.”

We off-loaded the choppers in the Qui Nhon (Quinn Yon) area and were met by United States Marines. They immediately led us to their defensive posi-

tions as both units conducted a relief in place. Our new mission: Secure and maintain this area for the arrival of the Korean White Horse Infantry Division, who planned to establish their base camp in the Qui Nhon area.

Then came the bitching! “Here we go again! Nobody secured our base camp! We haven’t even used our base camp yet! When are we going to get some new clothes and boots? We’re always moving, like a bunch of damn gypsies. Moving, moving, all the damn time!” “Shut up! Ya’ volunteered for the Army... and Airborne...huh?” Someone said, “Oh shit, don’t let the first sergeant see that Marine vehicle; he’ll have us dig it out so he can trade it.” The Marines had left a large boat-looking vehicle, with large wheels stuck in a muddy rice paddy. The Marines called it a “duck,” and they would return and recover it when the water recedes. Our Company CP was on flat ground adjacent to a dirt road, at the bottom of a large hill. The next morning, it was clear and hot. First Sergeant Finley gave Heavy-Drop Jim Wagoner and me a wad of Vietnamese money and sent us into town in the company’s $\frac{3}{4}$ ton truck to purchase ice, beer and soda-pops.

We stopped at a shop in Qui Nhon and I bought 10 black pistol belts with holsters, made from elephant hide, for each of my men in the M-60 machine gun squad for twenty dollars. After we bought

the soda pop, beer and blocks of ice, Big Jim drove that truck like Dale Earnhardt Senior drove a race car, because it was hot and the ice was melting. The heavy volume of slow traffic didn't help our cause, but Jim zigzagged through it, constantly blowing the horn as we passed heavy laden, slow carts being pulled by a water buffalo, with slow, loaded buses, and mopeds on both sides of the road.

By the time we returned to the company CP, the mess tent had been erected and Staff Sergeant Jackson, the company mess sergeant, had his portable field stoves roaring with blue flames. The cooks were working-out and preparing food, while the aroma of fresh coffee was drifting through the company area. The spoons (cooks) grabbed the ice, beer and sodas and dumped them into a ¼ ton jeep trailer. I waited until the first sergeant walked over to the mess tent, then I slipped into the back of his tent to repay a debt and left a case of Coca-Colas, with a M-16 bullet on top and a note: PAID-N-FULL! When we were back in An Khe I was sitting in the first sergeant's tent, waiting for a debriefing from a patrol, when I spotted an ice cold cola. As I walked closer to the soda-pop, the first sergeant said, "One-Zero, don't mess with my soda. Get away from it. My rifle may accidentally discharge and you might be down range, and there won't be a purple heart!" "Top, I ain't going to mess with your soda-pop, I don't even like Coca Colas, and if it disappears, don't-chu go blaming me." "One-Zero, if my soda disappears, I'm going to send your ass on a one man patrol to Hanoi!" After being debriefed by the commander, let me flat ass tell you right now, the only thing on my mind was that iced cola and I was damn sure going to confiscate it. In return, I left an M-16 bullet in its place.



1SG Duane E. Finley (sitting) with his ¼ ton Jeep Trailer filled with free ice, cold beer and soda.

The 3rd Platoon was in company reserve and although the Marines told us that this was a secure area, we still placed out LP's/OP's (listening post/observation post). The troopers were sitting around cleaning weapons, writing letters, shaving, washing clothes, playing cards and catching up on some sleeping. Lieutenant Howard and I were laying in the shade under my poncho lean-to, waiting to eat, and laughing at John T. using an aluminum pan of water to take a whore's bath.

The 1st and 2nd Platoons were conducting small security patrols around our company CP area. The 1st Platoon was on a reconnaissance patrol mission; they were moving along a dirt road that was flanked by flooded rice paddies, checking out a supposedly abandoned village, about a mile away, and then were to return to the CP for supper.

About 1600 hours, we started smelling steaks, chicken, and fresh vegetables being cooked. Good God Almighty! Oh man! That food smelled fantastic! The troops always reacted happily about hot meals in the field. Slowly, troopers started edging closer to the mess tent, volunteering for KP, savoring that wonderful smell of food being cooked and coffee being perked. Our lounging around was rudely interrupted by the company commander hollering, "3rd platoon—saddle up! 1st Platoon was just ambushed!"

Someone hollered, "God damn it! What about the food?" John T. began grabbing his clothes and kicked over his pan of water, while Lieutenant Howard and I were laughing our asses off at him. John T., a Korean War combat vet, didn't have to think about what to do. He hollered, "Robbie, round them up, full combat gear...moving out in ten minutes!" I told Lieutenant Howard, "LT—go check with the CO!"

By the time Lieutenant Howard returned from the CP tent, the 3rd Platoon was ready to rock and roll. Lieutenant Howard gave the platoon a frag order: "1st Platoon was ambushed at the edge of a village and is taking casualties. Order of March: 1st Squad right side of road, 2nd Squad left side of road, 3rd Squad bring up the rear, an M-60 with 1st Squad and one with 3rd Squad, single file on the red-ball (road). Robbie take the front left file; I'll be

front right! John T., bring up the rear. Move out!” Usually, when a reserve unit is deployed, it means serious things have happened, or about to happen to the element being reinforced.

In Abu Company, the SOP was thus: when a reserve unit is deployed, it usually carries everything available, including the kitchen sink. In Abu’s order of battle plan, when going into action from a reserve unit status, be prepared for the worst, be loaded for bear, taking extra ammo, grenades, M-79, M-72 LAW’s (light anti-tank weapon used on bunkers and concentration of troops), water, food, medical supplies, the whole nine yards to re-supply the engaged force plus for ourselves, and the 3rd Platoon used the code of XE...Extra Essentials...warring toys so the unit in contact can also be re-supplied...today was no exception.

As we hurried along the hardened dirt road, we passed the remnants of a small, abandoned hamlet on the right side of the road. “Clank,” the distinct sound of an M-1 rifle bolt slamming home rang out. If you’ve ever heard that sound, you’ll never forget it. It seemed like every trooper in the platoon reacted simultaneously, just as they were trained, hitting the dirt and immediately crawling into water-filled ditches, assuming an all-around defensive position, observing, listening, ready to unleash a heavy volume of fire, and a lot of grenades. Lieutenant Howard asked, “Anybody have a location?” About thirty men pointed to thirty different directions.

After maneuvering fire-teams and squads through piles of debris, and after surrounding the area and checking it for about ten minutes, we didn’t find anyone. I guess the enemy had disappeared... if he was ever there. Most of the men in the platoon heard the sound of an M-1 bolt slamming shut. Was it a sniper, imagination, or perhaps nerves? Combat will do that to you!

The VC/NVA are experts in the art of initiating ambushes on a relief force/reserve unit that was rushing forward to help a unit in contact, or pinned down. And sometimes the enemy attempted to confuse their opponents by using a ruse to delay the reinforcing unit until the pinned down unit is annihilated, or until their comrades can escape.

Later we learned from captured enemy prison-

ers of war and documents that revealed the fact that the enemy tried to avoid contact, if possible, with “American soldiers with a black and white bird on their uniform, and carrying a little black gun.” The enemy wanted no part of the “Screaming Eagles.” But, if necessary and under the right circumstances to their advantage, those little bastards would fight their asses off, displaying unbelievable courage and tenacity.

I said, “LT! We gotta go. We gotta move it.” John T. walked up nonchalantly and said, “Good reaction, now on your feet, we have to move out NOW! First platoon is pinned down and being flanked. We have to get to-um fast!” After we were back on the road, we started running toward the village as a strong wind began to blow and I could see a sheet of rain coming across the water covered rice paddies toward us; then a torrential monsoon rain engulfed us. We disregarded the rain as no big problem, but later we found out that the rain would definitely be a big damn problem.

The battle din rode the wind right through us and I could smell the cordite from the powder of gun fire and grenades, and it sounded like we were in the middle of the battle. A medevac chopper had landed on the road in front of us and had departed by the time we arrived at that location, successfully evacuating some wounded troopers. As we ran along the road, we passed patches of blood, first aid bandages, clothes, and equipment lying in the road, which was picked up as we ran by.

Lieutenant Howard was in the middle of the road and in the lead and I was right on his ass. I looked to the left edge of the road and saw a civilian AM/FM portable radio. I never slowed down as I scooped up the radio. Written on the side of the radio was, Sgt. James D. Mullins, Abu Co., 1st Platoon. To me, it seemed like time stood still and took forever to run that last *quarter of a mile* to where the 1st Platoon were pinned down in the water behind rice paddy dikes. As we neared the village, I could see the lead squad of the 1st Platoon on the left side of the road, pinned down in the edge of the village, and the rest of the platoon was pinned down in waist deep water behind rice paddy dikes on the left side of the road about one hundred feet from the

edge of the village. They couldn't enter the village on the road because a tall wooden gate blocked the village entrance.

As the rain fell harder, hitting my helmet with loud sounding splats, I could see the rain hitting the water in the rice paddies so hard that the water was uplifting in grey/white spurts similar to water white-capping. I could also hear the closeness of the sharp-cracking M-16's, popping of M-79 grenade launchers, and the automatic distinctive sounds of the enemy's AK-47's, (standard weapon for NVA) and the ka-booming of hand grenades, along with shouting from the pinned down troopers.

Over the radio, the 1st Platoon informed us that the enemy in the north side of the village had pinned down their lead squad at the edge of the village, and the rest of their platoon in the water filled rice paddy, while the enemy in the south side of the village was attempting to flank the rest of the 1st Platoon.

As we meshed with the 1st Platoon in the water, we were told to hold up until their FO called in artillery fire. The FO, an artillery second lieutenant, along with the 1st Platoon, was down in the water, peering over the road, shooting an azimuth with his magnetic compass and reading his map. He planned to place a barrage of HE (high explosive artillery shells) rounds to the right of the road in the edge of the hedgerow and in the water filled rice paddy on the southwest side (right side of the road, our side) of the village. The FO was attempting to blow an opening in the thick hedgerow that grew atop the embankment that surrounded the village, hopefully, to facilitate our entry into the village, and then the FO was going to lift that fire and walk the artillery to the east and south sides of the village. The FO couldn't place supporting fire on the enemy in the northwest side of the village confronting the lead squad because the combatants were within close proximity of each other.

I saw red and green tracer bullets streaking at each other in the northwest side of the village. Green (enemy) tracers bullets were also streaking, zipping, and popping over our heads as we huddled in the dirty stinking water of the rice paddies by the road embankment. Then I heard the artillery shells overhead, whistling and roaring, and sounded like

a freight train. Then I saw huge geysers of water, mud, tree limbs, and other debris rising upward as black and grey smoke billowed upward, then the debris fell in slow motion, as the wind blew the smoke through our position. Then I saw black and grey smoke, orange-red flames dancing in the edge of the hedgerow and in the edge of the village.

Immediately after the first volley of artillery rounds splashed down, I heard a second freight-train passing over head, landing in the village farther to the east and to the south. The FO began walking the artillery eastward as the artillery shells exploded with deafening sounds. I thought, "Man! That FO has his shit together." I smelled and tasted the cordite on my lips from the exploding shells, which always did get my adrenaline flowing.

John T. hollered, "Move-out!" We were on the road again, running. As we closed on the village, the strong distinctive cordite smell, and the popping of weapons made me run faster...I think? We were in a flat-ass foot race toward the village, and I don't even remember being tired; I guess my adrenalin



Zoomed in picture of Mama-San Village with entrance/ gate on right side, just prior to receiving fire.

Approaching the big wooden gate with a large sign that had a white background and black lettering above the gate, I could see large plumes of white, grey, and black smoke rising up through the trees in the village. Parts of trees and houses were being blown up into the air, then like before, the debris fell slowly to earth. The artillery was on target and really tearing up the village. I could hear people hollering and shouting amongst the battle din.

I forgot that time was also on the move, and the heavy rain and clouds was causing it to get dark sooner. Yet, I saw Sergeant Paul Shamp, Jr., and his pinned-down fire team laying in the edge of a hedgerow on the left side of the road. Shamp hollered, "One-Zero! Take the path to the right—outside of the hedgerow. Get some!" I hollered at Lieutenant Howard, "Run! God damn it, run!" We took off running to the right along the path headed south along the outer berm of the hedgerow. I was about ten yards behind Lieutenant Howard. We were looking for an entrance in the thick hedgerow, so we could enter the village.

I heard a loud whistling sound getting closer... like it was drilling into my head. In the mud on the side of the hedgerow, I saw a splash! Then I heard a sizzling sound, announcing that an over-head round had landed on the side of the berm right between Lieutenant Howard and me. We both froze! The 4.2 mortar round was apparently a short round and also a dud. Thank the Lord for duds, sometimes! About six inches of the round was sticking out of the mud as gray smoke rose, and the hot round was sizzling like fat-back being fried in hot lard on a red hot wood stove. Some people later said it was a 4.2 mortar round from our battalion's mortar section, however, I don't know where it came from, and all I thought about was getting out of the area.

Lieutenant Howard looked at me. We stared at one another, and then looked at the mortar round sticking out of the mud, then looked back at each other. I can close my eyes now and still see that picture as clear as the day it happened. I can't erase it from my brain. It's stuck there forever. I didn't get scared then, but later I started shaking all over, uncontrollable—it scared the shit out of me to the point I couldn't even talk.

I hollered, "Run! God damn-it! Run!" We ran about ten steps and found a gaping opening blown through the hedgerow. Lieutenant Howard knelt by the opening as I ran through it firing my M-16 rifle on fully automatic, extracting and flipping my two magazines that were taped together, reloading, and continuing firing, spraying the area in front of me. Lieutenant Howard directed troopers through the opening, left and right of me...while some of the

troops stepped on me and tripped over me in the semi-darkness, while I was cursing at them to get off me and spread out. They fanned out and hit the prone position and began firing on fully automatic. Realizing we weren't taking any fire, I hollered, "Cease fire!"

The enemy had disappeared. Like they always did, which always made me think that they could see in the dark and could fly...well not really fly, but it seemed that way because they could get gone so damn fast...day or night.

As the rest of the platoon rushed inside the village, stepping on and tripping over us, the men lying prone were hollering and cursing. It was funny as all get out. I told the LT, "Get some illumination flares popping so we can see how to set up a platoon defensive position!" John T. arrived and said, "What the hell are you all bunched up for? Move!" Someone said, "We can't see, Sarge." "Crawl... move it...move it!" They began crawling forward and outward from his barking.

POP! An illumination flare high above us turned the darkness into something like a football field at a Friday night football game back in the States, but brighter than daylight. I was amazed to see how torn up the village was; the artillery really messed it up. John T. said, "Look at you! If people back home could see you all now. Get up and spread out—one grenade will get you all. Squad leaders organize your squads. Make a hasty upside down U position around the platoon CP, which is right here. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Squads from left to right! M-60 with the 1st and 3rd Squads! Move it!" About thirty five men sprawled all over each other jumped up and ran to whatever cover they could find.

After staying there for about ten minutes, Lieutenant Howard received a call from the Company Commander, Captain George Shevlin, to secure our position and tie in with the 1st Platoon on our left flank and that 2nd Platoon had returned from an uneventful patrol and was now the company reserve back at the company CP. I immediately thought... oh shit! They're eating our steaks and chicken. What a bummer!

"Robbie, take the platoon CP group, while pointing at a nearby house, and check out that house

for a CP. The squad leaders and I will make defensive positions, place out OP's /LP's and tie in with the 1st Platoon on our left flank. Lieutenant, keep those flares on station."

I took four men and occupied the house. It had a covered porch over a cemented floor raised about two feet above ground level. The house had two rooms; the front room had two side windows; and the rear room didn't have any windows. The windows were quickly covered with ponchos, candles were lit, and C-4 (a plastic explosive) fires were boiling water for coffee. John T. arrived and checked the house. Specialist Fourth Class Ashley Stetson, Jr. held a cracker can filled with boiling hot coffee by the opened lid and handed it to John T. Upon grabbing the can, John T. hollered and dropped the can of coffee, saying, "As a waiter, you're fired!" Someone offered John T. another can of steaming coffee, and he said, "Put it on the floor."

Lieutenant Howard and I perused the map; John T. finished his coffee and a stinking Camel cigarette and then told us to follow him. We walked the platoon's defensive lines as the rain continued to fall. The men were digging-in quickly and erecting ponchos over their positions for protection from the rain. Lieutenant Howard and the 81mm FO, Staff Sergeant Bobby R. Salt, plotted defensive fires. I checked my two M-60 teams, and as always, they were ready to put some hurt on the bad guys.

According to Platoon Sergeant Press, late in the afternoon his platoon pushed through the village until they reached the flooded river that ran through the village. He could see san-pan boats that were docked on the far side of the river that the VC used for escaping. His men were firing wildly, fully automatic, into the village on the far side of the river, spraying everything, wasting ammo. Press said he hollered, "Hold your fire. Cease fire...you numb-nuts!" Then I launched into a scene reminiscing of Fort Campbell when I taught marksmanship training classes. "You're wasting ammo. You act like there's a supply sergeant behind every tree with a re-supply of ammo! Get behind a tree, a hut, or a mound of dirt and take up a good firing position and focus on a specific area, and when one pops his head up, take well aim, squeeze the trigger, one

shot, and you'll have success...like this." I got behind a mud hut and aimed at a certain spot...and, right on cue, a VC slowly raised his head and I shot him right between the eyes. "See, that's how you do it!" I looked over to my left and I saw my M-60 machine gun squad leader, Staff Sergeant Noe Quesada, standing behind another mud hut, his face was depicting a smile of approval at my fortunate deed.

I began to chew the asses of some of my men because they were standing up openly, uncovered, walking around like a walk in the park. I instructed them to get down and use cover and concealment. About ten minutes after I finished my lecture, I heard a shot from across the river and since I thought I heard the bullet go out into the rice paddy to our rear, I didn't really pay much attention to it. Then I saw Private First Class Charles (Charlie) Jones fall—he had been gut-shot. We didn't have a litter, so some of the men ripped a door from a hut and Charlie Jones was placed on the make shift litter. I looked down at Charlie and I saw blood, feces, meat, and intestines hanging from his stomach and dripping off the litter and I thought he's not going to make it. Charlie was medevac by an H-34 chopper. That was the last I saw or heard of Charlie... until about four months later when someone in the company received a newspaper from Fort Campbell. The Courier Journal's front page was adorned with his photo—a smiling Charlie Jones, with a big smile that engulfed his entire face. Charlie Jones had survived. You never know.

Lieutenant Howard and I walked to the road that ran through the middle of the village and talked with Sergeant Shamp. Then we walked over and coordinated with the platoon leader of the 1st Platoon and his FO. Their CP was in a mud house with one large room with no windows. There was a small wooden bed over in the corner covered with dried blood, and French cigarette butts, dried blood and bandages littering the floor. Apparently, some wounded enemy soldiers had recently occupied the house, and the room contained a strong pungent Vietnamese odor, which was about to gag me. In a dim and flickering candlelight, the artillery FO pointed out his artillery plots/targets and Lieutenant Howard marked them on his map.

About an hour later we returned to our CP; the oscillating overhead flares caused eerie shadows to dance throughout the village as the rain continued to fall in sheets. The temperature was dropping, getting chilly, and we were all wet and shivering.

I prepared the after action report and the resupply request and gave it to John T. for approval. I also set up the radio watch between Stetson (platoon RTO), Salt's RTO, a runner, Salt and me, one hour apiece from 2200 hours to 0400 hours. I took the last watch, with stand-to at 0500 hours, which meant 100 percent awake and ready for a possible enemy attack. John T. told Lieutenant Howard to sack out on the wooden bed in the back room, and told the rest of us, "If you all have to fart, go outside; don't be cutting any damn stinking C-Ration farts in here!" However, John T. farted all night.

While I was on radio watch, about 0430 hours in the pitch-black room, I heard a familiar sound coming from where the lieutenant was sleeping. About five red-filtered flashlights clicked on and reddish beams of light shown through the pitch-black darkness, creating weird shadows on the walls and ceiling. The lieutenant was hollering, "What the hell's going on?" We jumped up and ran to the door of the rear room and shined our flashlights inside the room, as the wooden bed rose and began wobbling, then started moving toward the doorway as Lieutenant Howard fell off the bed onto the cement floor and said, "Damn, that hurt!" The bed banged against the door frame as we jumped out of the way. When the bed reached the big room, the bed crashed into the radios, then fell over onto the floor, as a big, white ass, sway-back sow wobbled out the door snorting and grunting.

Everybody started laughing, except the lieutenant, who said, "It wasn't funny!" I said, "Right LT, it wasn't funny! It was hog-larious! You are now Abu's champion hog rider. If I had made a movie of that ride, I'd get rich!" Everyone started laughing again, including the LT. He said, "John T., when you get back to the States, and you're ready to retire and purchase a house; hire a professional house finder instead of a wise-ass Staff Sergeant! If you don't, you might wind up with a house full of hogs!" Everyone started laughing again, including LT How-

ard. Lieutenant Howard said, "Sergeant! Since you thought it was so funny, you can spend the rest of the night on radio watch."

"No sweat LT. It's stand-to time anyway." John T. always had me pull the last shift of radio watch, and then wake the entire platoon for 100 percent stand-to for a minimum of about one hour prior to first light or BMNT (before morning nautical twilight, which begins when the sun is rising and is twelve degrees below the horizon) and for stand-to at EENT (ending evening nautical twilight, which means until the sun has set and is twelve degrees below the horizon). Usually, those are prime times for the enemy to attack. "LT, if you go back to sleep now, that damn hog might return looking for her sleeping spot, so you might as well stay up with me." The LT just stared at me and then walked outside, mumbling something about a sergeant.

I walked to each squad to ensure they were all awake. About an hour later, at first light, John T. and Lieutenant Howard began walking the platoon line, checking the platoon's positions, and then they were going to visit the 1st Platoon. When John T. returned, he said that the LT stayed with the 1st Platoon. I was off radio watch, and everybody had moved outside under the covered porch in the daylight to cook C-Rations, heat coffee, and eat. I flopped down on the bed to take a nap.

I woke up with the feeling that someone was looking at me. The little hairs on my neck and arms rose, and I felt my skin tingling a little. I kept blinking my eyes, focusing in the early morning twilight. I was staring straight up at the ceiling when I saw an eyeball blink through a cigarette size hole. The blinking eyeball looked as big as a horse eye. "God damn" I thought, as I attempted to get up, trying to grab my rifle, steel pot, and run all at the same time. I guess I turned into assholes, elbows, kneecaps and all thumbs; because all I could manage to do was fall off the bed onto the hard cement floor, scraping the skin on my elbows and knees, while jumping through my ass trying to get up. I started hollering and cursing, and moments later Stetson and the medic started running into the house through the open doorway, as I began running out the same doorway. We all three met in the open doorway, and

all three of us were knocked on our asses, as our rifles and steel pots went flying. John T. was sitting on the cement porch making coffee, laughing his ass off at us.

I began hollering, "Somebody's in the attic!" "Robbie, did you have a bad dream? Here, take a sip of hot coffee. It'll clear your head." I then began shouting, "John T., somebody's in the attic, somebody's in the attic!" I haven't had a bad dream, and I don't drink coffee. I don't even like people who drink coffee. Coffee will rust your pipes anyway. Listen to me John T. I know damn well that I saw someone looking at me. I saw an eyeball blink through a hole in the ceiling. Stetson and the medic started rolling on the porch, laughing like crazy. I said, "Knock it off, shit birds! God damn it—get up, grab your weapons and come with me, NOW!" We walked back into the house and I pointed at the little hole in the ceiling, and said, "Right there! See that damn hole! I knew I saw an eyeball looking through it, blinking!" We searched around inside the house, but couldn't find any opening in the ceiling. My mind was racing...and then it hit me. "Entrance to the attic is outside."

I whirled around and started running back through the doorway, only to meet the rotund John T. in the middle of the doorway and he knocked me on my ass. Stetson and the medic started laughing, and the medic said, "Hey Sarge, you want me to medevac you? Maybe you've lost it, have combat fatigue or hog fever." "Shut up, damn it, and come with me." John T. said, "Robbie, you've gone crazy."

I jumped up and we ran around the house looking. Then I saw a little wooden louvered vent on the rear gable end of the house. I grabbed the canteen of water the medic was getting ready to drink from. "Hey, give me my canteen back!" Too late! I threw the canteen at the vent. Whack, sounded the plastic canteen when it hit against the wooden vent. I hollered in Vietnamese language, "Lai day, do tay len!" which is supposed to mean, come with me, hands up. Nothing happened, not a sound came from the vent.

John T. hollered from the other side of the house, "Robbie ain't no Vietnamese going to un-

derstand your southern lingo shit for the Vietnamese language—its piss poor." I jumped on top of a small wooden table resting against the house and climbed onto a cement wall, and smacked the vent with the butt of my rifle. The vent fell to the ground, revealing the attic. Again, I ordered any occupants to come out with their hands up or I would shoot. I heard some noise from inside the attic. The medic also heard the noise, and as he unholstered his 45 pistol said very excitedly, "Damn, Sarge, someone is in the attic." "Hold on doc, don't shoot! I see fingers on the vent sill!" Stetson hollered, "Yeah, me too, Sarge!" "Come out...fast ...hands up," I said again in Vietnamese.

"I'll be God damn," I shouted, as a little dried up woman about eighty to ninety years old stuck her hand out, and after feeling the rain, jerked her hand back inside. I hollered at her again. She started climbing out of the vent hole and stood on top of the cement wall. She then squatted at my feet, her thumbs were raised upward, and started jabbering, praying and spitting red beetle nut juice from her toothless mouth as rain water splattered against her brown weather-beaten face, and ran along the deep wrinkles etched into her face.

I jumped onto the ground and motioned for her to come down from her perch. The old woman slid off the cement wall and landed on the ground squatting in front of me—jabbering and praying again. Then I crawled up on the wall and entered the attic with my pistol in one hand and a flashlight in the other hand. Damn! A strong odor of human feces, body odor, odors from other moldy and spoiled items hit me. All I found was bedding, clothing items strewn about, pots, pans, and some beef jerky hanging in the pitch of the attic with flies swarming on it, some black bananas, and a few coconuts. I didn't find anything of military value. The stench took my breath. I couldn't get out fast enough. Whew! I was gasping for fresh air so hard and quick, almost like I was biting the air. I jumped down where the woman was still squatting on the ground jabbering, praying...and now soaking wet.

John T. walked around the corner of the house to see what the commotion was about. "Where did you find your girlfriend, Robbie?" "In my dream,

John T.! She was hiding in the fuc-n attic, like I told you.” With a concerned look on his face, John T. said, “You mean she was up in the attic all night?” “Is water wet? Hell yeah, John T.! Maybe she was watching you. She could have shot your dick off while you were sleeping!” Stetson and the medic started snickering, then laughing real loud. John T. gave them a strong stare; they stopped laughing and then hurriedly moved to the front of the house. John T. turned and said to me, “Nobody likes a wise-ass Staff Sergeant, and especially, talking about me being dead...or losing my dick!” “Think about it John T., all night long! Remember, you picked the house! And think about this...you thought I was dreaming, huh?”

John T. said, “Take her over to the 1st Platoon for interrogation.” (They had a Vietnamese interpreter assigned to them.) Then he walked into the house. I told the runners, Specialist Fourth Class John L. Toney and Private First Class Joe G. Salinas to tie her hands, blindfold her, and take her over to be interrogated. About an hour later they brought her back. Salinas, explained what she told the Vietnamese interpreter—she owned the house and hog. She also said the NVA took over her house, made her cook for them, and told her they were going to kill her hog. She said when the NVA departed last night they took her husband, her two young grandsons and her dog. She further said that yesterday when the big booms (artillery) barked, the rest of the NVA rode san-pans (small boats) across the river. She said that the NVA told her the Americans with the chicken on their uniforms (they had no word for Eagle) and with the little black guns would rape her, then kill her; and if she told the Americans anything about them, they would kill her family, the dog, and then return to eat her hog and kill her.

It kept raining and at times, it poured like you were directly under a faucet. On our side of the river in the village, water was really overflowing its banks, and the flooded rice paddies were nearing the top of the hedgerow berm. Like most small villages surrounded by rice paddies, this one was built up about two or three feet above the top of rice paddy dikes. Most of the floors of structures in the village were also built up by an additional foot or

two above ground level. A lot of the houses like the house we used also had a cement patio type porch. We kept shrinking our platoon defensive position as the water rose and inched toward the center of the village.

We began running patrols every day, all day long, for about a week and employing ambushes every night. The rain continued to fall, and the water continued to rise. The mosquitoes ate our asses up, day and night, and the leeches kept swimming toward us. It came to a point where we had to use the tallest men to go on patrol. So of course being the tallest squad leader, I was that damn bug again. I had to take out a patrol each day, and out in the rice paddies the water was up to the middle of my chest. Back at the platoon CP, the water was slowly inching toward the top of the porch, as the little old Mama-san was running around with a straw broom continually sweeping the water off her porch, like a crazy person.

We gave the women a case of C-Rations and she was happy, happy...happy as a pig in mud. She boiled water for us all day so we could make coffee and cocoa. At night Mama-san would crawl back up into the attic to sleep. When she crawled down in the morning, she brought down some chicken and duck eggs and dried meat. She would then take our C-Rations and mix them together in a big pot and cook it on a kiln. However, the medic wouldn't let Mama-san add her dried meat to the food. Mama-san cooked all day long for the platoon. Old Mama-san became pretty damn good at cooking C-Rations.

Troopers continued to bring her unwanted C-Rations. By the time we left the village, old Mama-san had enough food to last her for a year. The men gave her some socks to wear on her feet and hands at night because it was so damp, and at night it was chilly. Mama-san was smiling all day.

Then one day she started crying, worrying about her family, and because she was so short, she couldn't wade through the water to look for her hog. By now the men were fond of her. The medic checked her out and placed ointment and Band-Aids on her scratches and sores. Mama-san walked around very proud, displaying her bandages to all. Other troopers fussed over her, attempting to

learn some Vietnamese words and trying to teach her some English words, but she continued to speak Vietnamese and French.

I still had the portable radio that also contained a cassette tape, and we played it every day for morale boosting. Mama-san would squat right in front of the radio, listening to the tape playing soul, rock n roll and whatever else was on the cassette. When someone turned the dial and picked up a Vietnamese station, Mama-san would go crazy. The 1st Platoon's ARVN (Army Republic Viet Nam) interpreter said that Mama-san thought the "black box" (radio) had spirits inside. She had never seen or heard spirits coming from a box. That old woman couldn't get over the radio. At first she was a little leery of it and she refused to touch it. However, when the troops woke up each morning, Mama-san would nudge the nearest troop to the radio, then point to the radio. She squatted in the Vietnamese traditional style, about a foot in front of the radio, staring at it intently—listening and watching the radio as if she was expecting someone to jump out of the radio. When the announcer would say the word Saigon, or another well-known Vietnamese city, she would beam with pride, smiling and displaying her reddish-black gums, and dancing around like an American Indian performing a rain dance. Some of the men helped her like she were their own grandmother, and they kept telling her that probably her hog had found some high ground out of the water and was waiting out the flood. She smiled, happy again.

When I was told to take out another patrol, I asked the LT, "Why do we have to run these stupid patrols, Sir? The Gooks are much shorter than us. They can't walk through that deep ass water!" "The old man (Company Commander) said so, Sergeant. The NVA can use san-pans to move around." I could always tell when the LT was pissed at me—he'd call me Sergeant. Other times, he'd call me Sarge, or Robbie. And when he was really, really pissed off at me, he'd ignore me, or walk away from me without uttering a sound. "Well, why can't we use san-pans LT?" Well that did it! The LT became madder than hell at me. He was obviously pissed at something else too—maybe he had discussed these nonsense patrols in the deep water with the com-

pany commander and the answer had been to keep running the damn patrols. If a patrol got into trouble or made enemy contact, it would be extremely hard to assist the patrol. I said, "Ok LT. I'll see if I can find that big, fat-ass hog and bring it back so you can learn to ride it without falling off."

That broke the ice. The LT laughed and said, "Find some dry, high ground so you can observe a large area, and report any enemy activity directly to the old man. Then inform me." Then I became pissed off, "Lieutenant! Where the hell am I gonna find high, dry ground? All I'm gonna see are cruise ships. Have you checked the weather lately? It's still raining. It's been raining for two weeks!" "Well if it'll help, I'll go with you." "LT you can come if you want, but your presence won't part the water, and it won't lower the water level—if anything, it will cause the water to rise. We departed on patrol without the LT.

While on patrol, wading through the deep water, a little puppy came floating by and clinging to a small tree branch. I reached out and scooped up the puppy and placed her into my left front breast pocket and named her "No-Nuts." Most of the morning as we walked around on patrol, No-Nuts kept her head sticking outta my pocket, looking around and looking up at me, yawning. No-Nuts would fall asleep and slide down to the bottom of my pocket. Sometimes water would get into my pocket and No-Nuts would come up for air, sticking her head up outta my pocket, sputtering as water flew out of her mouth; then she would shake water from her head.

It took us until midafternoon to conduct our slow, short patrol. I'm six two, and most of the time the water was up to the middle of my chest, until I stepped in a depression and the water was then over my head. What a damn joke. Shorter troopers were really having a hard time walking. Sometimes a man would trip and become submerged—then thrash around, flapping in the dirty, muddy water like a hooked catfish on a trot line. The closest man would fish around in the water and drag the floundering man upward, lifting and carrying him to water not over his head. We didn't see any dry, high ground or Gooks. However, we saw plenty

of water...water, mosquitoes, snakes, and leeches floating by us. The point man carried a bamboo pole to aid walking and to check the depth of the water, and every time an unwanted guest would get too close, it would get whacked with a bamboo pole. If the enemy was watching us, they probably thought we were crazy. I thought we were too. When I returned to our platoon CP, I gave the puppy to Mama-san; she had a fit and became very excited. She carried that puppy with her all the time, even sleeping with it.

About a week later, the rain slacked off a bit and the water began receding. One day M-17 approached Mama-san; she grabbed his hand and rubbed on it with her hand, as if to see if the black hue had rubbed off of M-17's hands. M-17 flung his hands and arms as if to shoo her away, saying, "Go hed-on fu-uul! Get away frum me...you old bitch! Ya ain't nutin but ah old ugly Gook no-how!"

The batteries in Moon-Mullin's (Sergeant James D. Mullins) radio had died. Mama-san kept staring at the radio, picking it up, shaking it, holding it up to her head as occasional static and vaguely, garbled noise emitted. Mama-san placed the radio on the porch, walking around it like it was the end of the world for her, albeit, that had already occurred when the NVA took her family. I told one of the runners to take the radio over to the 1st Platoon and give it to Moon-Mullins and tell him we found it on the road.

Mama-san sensed by our activity that we were leaving. I could tell she was worried, yet her body language was trying to present an attitude of denial of the inevitable. Mama-san just squatted, holding her puppy, looking at us. She knew something was up; Mama-san looked very concerned. Each day troopers visited her and fed No-Nuts and that puppy acted like she recognized each trooper. I guess because each had a distinctive strong odor. But on this day, no one had time to feed No-Nuts, and the puppy was squirming, yapping, and running around in small circles. The little dog also

sensed a change of routine, she knew something was up.

About midmorning, we started walking out of the village through the open gate. Mama-san stood by the gate crying, and sometimes, running around in little circles as the puppy ran after her jumping, yapping and wagging her tail. As Abu troopers walked passed her, they said, "good-bye Mama-san...good-bye No-Nuts." Most of the men lightly tossed cans of C-Rations at Mama-san's feet. Mama-san was running around, squatting down, trying to pick up all of the C-Rations before other Vietnamese could grab them. She was dropping them, standing up, and wringing her hands, crying, as red beetle nut juice ran out of her toothless mouth.

As Abu's exited the village and passed through the gate, Mama-san would run after them, grabbing their arms, trying to prevent them from leaving. I was the last Abu to exit the village, and No-Nuts ran behind me jumping and yapping. After tiring, No-Nuts lay down in the road, resting her head on her front paws, and her eyeballs looked like they were going to roll out of her head. No-Nuts lay on the dirt, whining. I stopped, walked back and knelt in front of No-Nuts and rubbed her head, picked her up, and pointed her in Mama-san's direction and gave her a little shove. No-Nuts walked about four steps, stopped, turned around and flopped down in the dirt, watching me as I walked away.



Vietnamese women going to market near Qui Nhon, in October 1965. Where are the men?





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Issue #2



Issue #3



Issue #4



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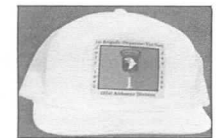
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Post Office Box 675

Sweetwater, TN 37874-0675

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THE FIRST SCREAMING EAGLES IN VIET NAM

is published quarterly by Worrell Publications, Post Office Box 675, 117½ North Main Street, Sweetwater, Tennessee 37874-0675, as a service to veterans who served in the 1st Brigade (Separate), 101st Airborne Division from July 1965 through January 1968 and is mailed Standard Presort postage paid under Postal Permit No. 210, Sweetwater, Tennessee 37874.

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Material to be published in the
July 2015 issue of

The First SCREAMING EAGLES in Viet Nam
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Following Is A Short Description Of The Contents Of This Magazine.

2015 50th ANNIVERSARY PAGES 1 – 3

Information and forms relative to the 50th Anniversary celebration.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST PAGES 13 & 14

Names and addresses of new subscribers, renewing subscribers, address changes and one bad address.

BRIGADE ARRIVES IN VIET NAM PAGE 4

101st Airborne Division Association magazine story of Brigade arrival in Viet Nam.

THE SCREAMING EAGLE PAGES 17 – 20

This copy of the unit newspaper was published a few weeks after the brigade was no longer separate.

TIGER FORCE IN KILO VALLEY ... PAGES 5 – 9

A great Tiger Force story by a Tiger who lived it.

OBITUARIES PAGE 21

Two obituaries, LTG (R) Henry E. (Hank) Emerson and Richard G. Murphy, fill one page.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR PAGES 10 & 11

Letters are important and they are getting scarce.

CSM (R) SIDNEY BROWN HONORED PAGE 12

Austin Peay State University honored CSM (R) Sidney Brown by naming an endowed scholarship to honor him.

FATE UNKNOWN PAGES 22 – 32

Chapter 9 of Galen Mitchell's book. If you have not ordered it you are missing some great stories about Abu Company in Viet Nam.

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From the scrapbook of COL(R) Gerry Morse, 1/327 C.O. 7/67-7/68