



October • November • December **2015**

AMERICAL JOURNAL

DEDICATED AS A LIVING MEMORIAL TO ALL VETERANS OF THE AMERICAL DIVISION



UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

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Editor's Comments

By Gary L. Noller

In 1987 when I first joined the ADVA annual dues were \$5, life dues were \$50, and the Americal Newsletter printed six times a year. The newsletter was the work of James C. Buckle. It consisted of 12 pages and was reproduced by photocopying. Copy was composed on typewriters, mailing labels were applied by hand, and absolutely no computers were yet in use.

A few years later the newsletter went to four publications a year and the number of pages were gradually increased. The newsletter began adding more and more content related to the Vietnam War. Ron Ward and Rollie Castronova were early Vietnam editors. I began contributing articles in 1994 when I was Junior Vice-Commander and eventually became Vietnam Editor and then Editor-in-Chief. The past 20 years have gone by quickly and have involved many changes to the ADVA publication.

About ten or twelve years ago Jim Buckle stepped down as Editor-in-Chief and David W. Taylor took over. Dutch DeGroot joined the effort and the newsletter began to feature more photos and graphics, longer feature stories, and went to color. Modern magazine publication methods were utilized and the editions went to 40 pages. The new look was an instant hit readers and received many compliments. Dave, Dutch, and I discussed a renaming of the publication and it is now produced under the name Americal Journal.

The magazine consists of about 20 pages news and 20 pages of historical stories, ten each for World War II and the Vietnam War. The

journal depends on submissions from members for both news and history articles. Without the submissions the magazine would fail in a major mission to provide members a forum to publish their stories and to tell of their present activities. The publication is also the official print media of the ADVA.

A few months ago I proposed changes to the ADVA publication based on several trending factors. We no longer have the volunteer talents of Dutch DeGroot for design and art layout. We are able to obtain these services for a fee from Lisa Anderson. The resulting cost is substantial given the annual income of the ADVA. The 2015-2016 approved budget for the quarterly 3,300 issues of the journal is nearly \$30,000. This puts the overall budget in the negative. Suggestions from ADVA leadership were consistent in the desire to make a cut-back but at the same time keep quality in the product.

Adding to this is the fact that submissions to the journal are consistently falling off. This includes both news stories and history stories, particularly World War II. Many Americal veterans are sharing their first-hand accounts of service on social media sites such as Facebook. These can be tapped if and when necessary.

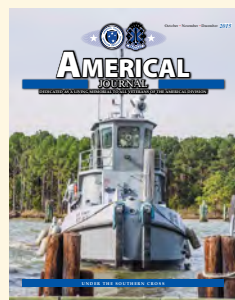
Another factor is that both Dave Taylor and myself have limited time to twist arms to get stories. This competes with time that we wish to devote to other activities involving the ADVA or on behalf of veterans in our communities. For example, I would like to get involved in bringing back the locator service on the americal.org website. We could use more volunteer help but that is an issue better left for discussion at a later time. But if anyone wishes to step forward I

am happy to explore opportunities of what is needed to be done.

My proposal involves a resurrection of the Americal Newsletter and a retention of the Americal Journal. Each would be published twice a year in alternating quarters. The newsletter would consist of 12 to 16 pages, be black and white with few photos and graphics, and be published in the second and fourth quarters. The journal would be up to 40 pages, be full color to include photos and graphics, and be published in first and third quarters.

The newsletter would be used for news items about the ADVA but not contain feature stories or articles. On the other hand, the journal would be an ideal format for longer stories of historical interest as well as for reproduction of photos and other graphics. Items such as Adjutant Notes, National News, Reunion News, ALF News, New Members, Taps, PX, Letters to the Editor, commentary from officers, and the like would be placed in the newsletter. World War II stories, Vietnam War stories, and limited news will be provided in the journal.

I know I am biased but from what I have seen I believe the Americal Journal is one of the best unit association publications regularly produced for its members. We want to keep this quality as ADVA members deserve the best possible product. Every reasonable effort will be made to achieve this goal. But you have to be a part of it. Please consider a submission for future publication as a news item or as a first-hand story, long or short, of your service in the Americal Division.



Cover: U.S. Army tug boat at 3rd Port
U.S. Army Transportation Center
Ft. Eustis, Virginia
October 2015
Photo by John (Dutch) DeGroot



AMERICAL

JOURNAL

The Americal Journal is the official publication of the Americal Division Veterans Association (ADVA). It is published each calendar quarter.

- Editor-In-Chief: Gary L. Noller
- Contributing Editor: David W. Taylor
- Creative Director: Lisa Anderson

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Adjutant's Notes

By Roger Gilmore, National Adjutant

Our new member counted improved dramatically for this reporting period, thanks due in large part to new members added through registrations for the Norfolk reunion held this past October. The association added fifteen new members from that event, and we thank PNC Larry Swank and his reunion staff for getting the new member list to me promptly so these names could be added to the ADVA roster prior to the mailing of this issue. In the new member listing, all names showing PNC Swank as sponsor are those signed up for membership through reunion registration.

Overall, we increased the roster count of members by thirty-one. Five existing annual pay members upgraded to life membership during this quarter. Fifteen former members who were previously dropped from membership reinstated their membership, some as part of the recent "re-recruiting" programs for former members outlined in this column of the last issue of the Americal Journal. We plan send more re-recruiting solicitations out this year; at the time of this article the plan was to mail to another 450 former members in mid to late November. That mailing will include a letter signed by NC David Chrystal, inviting the former members to reinstate their ADVA membership. To date, 71 former members mailed dues checks to Assistant Finance Officer Ronald Ellis for reinstatement as a result of the June mail out. This represents a nearly 16 per cent response, which is a very good percentage for this type of recruiting campaign.

We picked up a couple of new members as a result of an ad posted in the locator section of the July/August issue of the Veteran, the publication of the Vietnam Veterans of America. I will request a similar posting in the future to see if we can generate more interest in the Americal Division Veterans Association through this publication.

Three of our new members are WWII Americal Division veterans, two of whom served with the 182nd Infantry Regiment and are centenarians. Mr. Henry DiCicco resides in New Hampshire and reached his 104th birthday the end of August. Mr. DiCicco was referred to us by a veterans service officer working through the American Legion in his area. The other centenarian, Mr. D.J. McGriff resides in Alabama and was sponsored by PNC David W. Taylor. Look for another article on these two from the Greatest Generation in this issue by PNC Taylor.

Mr. Fritz Klein served with the 164th Infantry Regiment and was signed up for membership through the Norfolk Reunion registration. We are extremely honored to have these three Americal Division veterans discover our association and join the ranks.

As the new year quickly approaches so will the due date for mailing January 2016 annual pay renewal notices. I will have this complete and to the USPS the last week of December 2015 for mailing. Please check your renewal date in the address box on the back cover of this issue. If your renewal date is January 2016, please make your dues payment as soon as possible. It is important that the association keeps the bank balance in good shape since dues renewals have been on the decline for the past year. If you are a January 2016 annual pay renewal and do not receive a renewal notice by mid January, please contact me and I will re-mail your renewal notice and annual pay membership card.

Please remember to send me your address change if you move, or notify me of a member's (or Americal Division veteran) death. My contact information is listed in the directory section of this issue. Any written correspondence regarding address changes, membership status or death of a member or Americal Division veteran should be addressed to the post office box in Richardson, Texas. That address is listed on the back cover. You can also fax me your address change or any other membership changes to this telephone number: 972-412-0089. If you wish to contact me by electronic means, my email address is gilmoraces@aol.com.

New Members

Ronald H Backstrom
Americal Div Hdq
Hibbing, MN
★ *David Massich*

Tommy R. Birch
C/4/3rd Inf
St. Ann, MO
★ *Self*

Eddie Brown
5/46th Inf
Duchesene, UT
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

Michael Cerrone
1/52nd Inf
Yelm, WA
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

Michael Cundiff
C/2/1st Inf
Athens, GA
★ *Roger Gilmore*

Rodney Davis
B/1/6th Inf
St. Pauls, NC
★ *Dan Gross*

Thomas De Winter
B/1/52nd Inf
Yelm, WA
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

John S. DeLong
C/3/1st Inf
Belhaven, NC
★ *Self*

Henry R. DiCicco
182nd Inf Rgmt
Nashua, NH
★ *Roger Gilmore*

Albert J. Eley
1/82nd Arty D Btry
Dunkirk, IN
★ *Roger Gilmore*

Richard Ferguson
B/1/52nd Inf
Huntertown, IN
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

Victor Girling
1/14th Arty A Btry
St. Paul, MN
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

Bill Hottendorf
A/5/46th Inf
Wheaton, IL
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

Fritz Klein
164th Inf Rgmt Co C
Fair Play, SC
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

Ralph Lucas
D/4/21st Inf
Charleston, WV
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

John May
123rd Avn Bn Co B
Rosemead, CA
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

William McAlhaney
B/1/52nd Inf
Fletcher, NC
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

D.J. McGriff
182nd Inf Rgmt
Decatur, AL
★ *David W. Taylor*

ADVA MEMBERSHIP 31 October 2015

World War II	387
Vietnam	2,528
Cold War	7
Associate Members	206
Total Members	3,128

J. Courtney McKoy
HHC/1/6th Inf
Arab, AL
★ *Roger Gilmore*

Michael McQueen
D/3/1st Inf
Brandon, FL
★ *Les Hines*

Bob Meier
579th Sig Bn
Bumpass, VA
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

John C. Mosely
Div HDQ (G-1)
Brinson, GA
★ *Self*

Ron Norfleet
C/4/31st Inf
Coeur D Alene, ID
★ *David Eichhorn*

William M. Oswald
D/2/1st Inf
Westland, MI
★ *Self*

Clarence F. Phinisee
196th LIB
Dallas, TX
★ *Self*

Louis Rea
No Unit Listed
Hyde Park, NY
★ *Anthony Lupporelli*

Larry Scott
3/16th Arty A Btry
Austinville, VA
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

Ted Stauffer
A/5/46th Inf
Brunswick, ME
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

Roy Thornton
3/21st Inf
Phoenix, AZ
★ *Spencer Baba*

Russell T. Waters
59th IPSD
Hershey, PA
★ *Self*

George Willbrandt
B/1/52nd Inf
Ocean Isle Beach, NC
★ *PNC Larry Swank*

New Paid Life Members

Stephen W. Dant
C/5/46th Inf
Colorado Springs, CO
★ *Dave Hammond*

Richard A. Field, Jr.
408th RR Det
Aurora, CO
★ *Self*

George M. Morris, Jr.
HHC/3/1st Inf
Dallas, TX
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

William D. Price, Jr.
D/4/21st Inf
Hiram, GA
★ *Self*

Edward W. Voros
A/1/46th Inf
Perry, NY
★ *Self*

Re-instated Members

Randy Cline
A/1/20th Inf
Harrisonburg, VA
★ *Self*

Ronald Goodrich
11th LIB HHC
Omaha, NE
★ *Harold Hansen*

Harvey Griffin
A/5/46th Inf
Silverstreet, SC
★ *PNC David W. Taylor*

Sammie Knox
C/3/21st Inf
Cornelius, NC
★ *David Eichhorn*

Edward J. Mahoney
3/16th Arty A Btry
Spring Hill, FL
★ *Self*

Patrick W. Merten
14th CAB
Woodstock, GA
★ *PNC Rollie Castronova*

Stephen A. Miles
B/1/20th Inf
Bayport, NY
★ *Self*

Steven J. Mishler
11th LIB
Ft. Wayne, IN
★ *Dennis Zimmerman*

Roger Nordstrom
C/5/46th Inf
Plymouth, MN
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Romeo Q. Salas
B/4/21st Inf
Moreno Valley, CA
★ *Randy Fox*

Ronald L. Scroggins
6/11th Arty C Btry
Vancouver, WA
★ *Dave Hammond*

Vincent Ventrino
26th Cmbt Engrs C Co
Brick, NJ
★ *Jan F. Miles*

Roger Verschueren
Associate
Belgium
★ *PNC Dutch DeGroot*

George C. Yates
182nd Inf Rgmt
Canonsburg, PA
★ *PNC David W. Taylor*

Robert W. Zimmerman
C/1/6th Inf
Columbus, OH
★ *PNC David W. Taylor*

TAPS LISTING; MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

World War II Veterans

Anthony M. Albini *
26th Signal Co.
Southington, CT
October 21, 2015

Bernard Brown *
132nd Inf Rgmt
Des Plaines, IL
Date Unknown

Tillman J. Cole *
182nd Inf Rgmt Co B
Lindale, TX
October 4, 2015

Leon Foote *
182nd Inf Rgmt Co C
Seminole, TX
September 3, 2015

Michele G. Lombardo *
182nd Inf Rgmt Co H
Cape Coral, FL
September 17, 2015

Robert A. Rutledge *
57th Engrs
Huntsville, AL
September 16, 2015

Don Squire *
132nd Inf Rgmt Co I
Hurricane, UT
Date Unknown

Elbert Van Volkenburg *
182nd Inf Rgmt Co I
St. Petersburg, FL
August 14, 2015

Cold War Veteran

Jack Rudder *
23rd Recon
San Pedro, CA
April 30, 2015

Vietnam Veterans

William S. Augerson *
5/46th Inf
Shelton, CT
★ *PNC David W. Taylor*

Barry N. Carlson
198th LIB
Liberty Township, OH
March 18, 2015

Harry F. Ehret
HHC 5/46th Inf
Essex Jct, VT
February 15, 2015

Freddy "Beruk" Falqoust, Jr.
Unit Unknown
Chackbay, Louisiana
September 19, 2015

Gilmore Kerry *
6/11th Arty
Leesville, LA
March 12, 2014

Gene McGrath *
1/82nd Arty
Pahrump, NV
September 16, 2015

Thomas L. Rodgers
17th Cav F Trp
Hodges, AL
September 16, 2015

William Charles Valentine
Unknown Unit
Albuquerque, NM
July 13, 2015

James C. Wark *
601 Radio Research Det.
Lufkin, TX
October 21, 2015

Associate Members

Hilda M. Benkart *
Cranberry Twp, PA
August 2, 2011

* ADVA Member

Americal Legacy Foundation Report By Roger Gilmore, Chairman Board of Directors

Americal Legacy Foundation Web Site

As reported in the last issue of the Americal Journal, we expected the Americal Legacy Foundation web site to be fully functional as of September 1, 2015. Mission accomplished – the web site was actually up and running ahead of schedule, August 13, 2015. Our goal of having the web site communicate the Americal Legacy Foundation's mission and goals to educate site viewers about the legacy of the Americal Division is alive and well.

Web site features include a brief history of the Americal Division in its three eras of activation, biographies of all directors, a gallery of pictures showing the Americal Division in action and complete Americal Division scholarship program information. For the Americal Legacy Foundation scholarship program, the link is in place to download the scholarship application form. More on the Americal Legacy Foundation Scholarship program later in this article.

The donation link permits visitors to make a donation to the Americal Legacy Foundation by credit card or PayPal.

Americal Legacy Foundation director and ADVA Americal Journal Editor In Chief Gary L. Noller continues with his many duties by taking on the duties of the Americal Legacy Foundation web site maintenance and updates. Gary has received some initial training from MEC Systems on the web site functionality and maintenance process, and will assume these duties completely in the near future.

Americal Legacy Foundation 2016 Calendar

Director Taylor is in the process of planning the layout for the 2016 Americal Legacy calendar in the coming weeks. David is working with Lisa Anderson, our creative designer for the Americal Journal for the layout and picture selection. Plans are to mail the calendar in early December. If you do not receive your 2016 by early January 2016, please contact me (contact information on the back cover of this publication) or David W. Taylor at 330-722-7455.

We, the foundation directors, deeply appreciate your past support with generous donations and look forward to continued support from all ADVA members.

If you have not mailed a donation for the 2015 calendar or feel you can make an additional donation, please mail your donation, payable to Americal Legacy Foundation, to director Gary L. Noller.

Mr. Gary L. Noller
P.O. Box 1268
Center Point, TX 78010

Americal Monument at Fort Sill, Oklahoma

We continue to experience inaction and slow responses to our requests for a status of the Americal Monument gifting packet that is supposed to be making its way through the Fort Sill chain of command for approval. The hang up is in the civilian part of the entire process, the Fort Sill Master Planning Department. Numerous attempts to contact the Chief Planner there have gotten no response or a "disinterested" reply when contact has been made. Promised follow-ups to determine where the packet is in the approval process have gone undone.

According to the action memo initiated by the Department of Public Works and accompanying our gifting letter, the approval was to be complete and back to the Chief Planner

by September 27th. This did not happen. When I was able to reach the Chief Planner by telephone in mid October, he advised me he had no idea where the Americal gifting letter and approval signoff document was.

Our liaison and project advisor at Fort Sill, ADVA member David Laukat, met the Fort Sill Commanding General (CG) in late October and expressed to him our frustration with the lack of action from the DPW. According to the conversation David had with the CG, the CG has a great interest in seeing the Americal monument project get done, and advised he will do what he can from the top to get the Fort Sill approvals complete and the document on its way to the Assistant Secretary of the Army for final approval.

David forwarded to the CG my email to him in which I outlined the recent lack of action on our request. David's email outlined the chain of events in this monument planning over the past two years so the CG has an overview of what we have experienced.

If the CG follows through on his promise to get the approval moving forward, we expect to see the documents going to the Department of the Army before year end.

The ALF Scholarship Program

As part of the migration of Americal Division Veterans Association legacy programs to the Americal Legacy Foundation, the Scholarship program was moved into the Foundation by approval of the ADVA Executive Council at the 2014 ADVA National Reunion in Houston.

The Scholarship Program has been an integral part of ADVA for a number of years, and has been instrumental in helping hundreds of children of ADVA members achieve financial assistance in the form of grants to help with college tuition. We pledge to continue that fine tradition started by the ADVA helping children and grandchildren of ADVA members meet their higher education goals.

Last year qualified scholars were awarded a total of \$35,000 in scholarships from the Americal Scholarship program. This program is over twenty years old and has benefited from outstanding support from ADVA members, family, and friends. It is estimated that nearly \$600,000 has been distributed in scholarships since the first award in 1994. Over 800 contributions were received in 2015 with the average donation just over \$25. Please continue your giving to this worthy cause. Approximately 97% of donations received are sent to schools on behalf of scholars. This is one of the most efficient charitable activities that you can support with your dollars.

The Americal Legacy Foundation website link for Scholarship lists all requirements for submitting an application for a scholarship grant, including the application deadline each year. Any applicant that meets Americal Legacy Foundation scholarship program requirements can download the form and fill in the required information.

Should you wish to make a donation towards the Americal Legacy Foundation Scholarship fund, please make your check payable to Americal Legacy Foundation – Scholarship. Scholarship donation checks should be mailed to:

Mr. William Bruinsma
5425 Parmalee Rd
Middlevale, MI 49333

Our thanks go out to Americal Legacy Director and Scholarship Chairman William Bruinsma and his staff of scholarship trustees for all the work they do to make this program a success.

ADVA Elections Scheduled for 2016

Voting for ADVA officers will be held in early 2016. Commander Dave Chrystal has appointed Lee Kaywork as chairman of the Nominating Committee. The appointment of Lee and other members of the committee will require approval of the ADVA Executive Committee. Contact Commander Chrystal if you have comments on the nomination process.

Officer positions up for balloting include Commander, Senior Vice-Commander, Junior Vice-Commander, and members of the Executive Council. Current terms will expire on June 30, 2016 and the new term of officers will begin on July 1, 2016. Active members in good standing will receive a ballot in the mail about April 1, 2016.

ADVA bylaws detailing the duties of the Nominating committee and procedures for elections are provided in Article IV.

Nominations and Elections

Section 1. Nominating Committee:

A. A Nominating Committee comprised of not less than five (5) members appointed by the National Commander and approved by the National Executive Council.

B. The Nominating Committee shall present a slate of elective officers to the National Adjutant by February 1 in the year of the election. The elective officers are (1) National Commander, (2) Senior Vice-Commander, (3) Junior Vice-Commander, (4) Executive Council Members, (5) Trustees of Scholarship Fund. The National Adjutant shall verify the eligibility of the Nominated members.

C. Further nominations for elective officers shall be submitted to the National Adjutant no later than February 1 in the year of the election. Nominations of candidates for elective officers made in this manner must be endorsed by fifteen (15) members in good standing. The National Adjutant shall determine the good standing of the candidates and endorsing members and forward these results to the Nominating Committee..

D. The balloting for the election of officers shall be held every two years in even numbered years and shall be at the direction of the Nominating Committee. The election ballot may also contain any questions to be decided by a vote of the membership. The balloting and tabulation of ballots shall be held between March 1 and May 31 of the election year. The results of the ballot count and all returned ballots shall be provided to the National Adjutant within seven (7) days of the tabulation.

E. Members nominated for elective officers shall have their names drawn for position on the ballot.

F. The plurality of votes cast by members voting the election shall decide the election.

G. The term of office for elective officers shall begin on July 1 following the election. The term of office for appointed officers shall begin immediately upon appointment by the National Commander.

Section 2. Notifications.

A. The Nominating Committee shall notify each nominee of the intention of placing the nominee, including those made from the field, on the ballot. The Nominating Committee shall ascertain that the nominee agrees to be on the ballot and will serve the post before placing the nominee on the ballot.

B. The Nominating Committee shall notify each nominee, the National Commander, and the Chairman of the Executive Council of the results of the ballot count within fifteen (15) days of the tabulation of the ballots.

Americal Veterans in the News

Ms. Mary Ann Ford regularly searches the internet for stories about veterans of the Americal Division. Some of the listings in the Taps section of the Americal Journal are located by her. She also finds newspaper, magazine, and website stories by or about Americal Division veterans. Some of the recent findings are provided below.

Rocky Bleier and Roger Staubach are famous NFL stars. Both served in Vietnam. SP4 Bleier served near Hiep Duc with 4/31 Infantry (Polar Bears) of the 196th Lt. Inf. Bde., Americal Division. Bleier, a draftee, was wounded in action but made was able to recover and resume his football career with the Pittsburgh Steelers. Staubach with the U.S. Navy in Da Nang and Chu Lai. He attended the Naval Academy at Annapolis and while there he won the 1963 Heisman Trophy award. He volunteered for Vietnam and upon his release from the Navy he was drafted and played for the Dallas Cowboys.

The Defense Video & Imagery Distribution System (dvids) posts a story written by David Vergun about Bleier and Staubach's recent meeting at the Pentagon with Vietnam veterans to discuss the 50th anniversary of the war. The story may be viewed at <https://www.dvidshub.net/news/179664/football-legends-bleier-staubach-discuss-vietnam-war-experiences#.VixWUW7SMnh>.

The Quad City Times published an article titled "Those Who Served: Soldier remembers day of big battle". It tells of David Woods, a member of Co. B, 1/46th Infantry, and the battle the Hiep Duc area in which he was wounded on June 12, 1970. During the battles in June 1970 his 23 man platoon lost 18 men to include two KIA. The story is found at http://qctimes.com/news/local/vietnam/those-who-served-soldier-remembers-day-of-big-battle/article_5915402c-1f74-5628-92ca-65058d370bf4.html.

The Sioux City Journal feature article related to the 50th anniversary of the Vietnam War. The story is called "VIETNAM: Service with honor: Michael Monroe: "God was with me that day". It tells of Monroe, veteran of the 196th LIB, who served in the brigade from May through September 1969. His tour ended when he was seriously wounded in the eye. A twist to the story is that in 1966 Monroe joined the 133rd Infantry of the Iowa National Guard. This unit was activated in 1968 and he was subsequently sent to Vietnam. Read the story at http://siouxcityjournal.com/news/local/vietnam/vietnam-service-with-honor-michael-monroe-spencer-iowa/article_4d1b9562-1767-51c0-ae39-0c3ad77b479a.html.

PennLive writes of Pvt. Harold "Sam" Barrick who lost his life in Vietnam while serving with 3/16th Artillery. The story is titled "His legacy lives on: Bridge named for Cumberland County soldier killed in Vietnam War" and can be found at www.pennlive.com/midstate/index.ssf/2015/09/his_legacy_lives_on_bridge_nam.html.

The Kokomo Tribune featured an article called "Brothers forever" written by Mike Fletcher. It tells of Denny Clelland and Mo Henderson who first met in the 11th LIB in Vietnam in 1969. The story is at www.kokomotribune.com/news/brothers-forever/article_c624c166-5e3e-11e5-b03e-9f8ca9fc9b72.html.

Albert (Al) Cotta; 1918-2015

Albert Cotta, 97, passed away at the Armed Forces Retirement Home (AFRH) in Gulfport, Mississippi on the afternoon of November 5, 2015. Al was a founding member of the Americal Division Veterans Association and its first National Adjutant.

Al was born and raised in Boston, Massachusetts and joined the 182nd Infantry Regiment of the 26th Infantry Division (Massachusetts National Guard) in 1937. Like many of his time the National Guard provided a much needed source of extra income. The 182nd was later orphaned as the Army went from the square division of four regiments to the triangular division consisting of three regiments. After the attack on Pearl Harbor the 182nd was federalized and sent to New Caledonia as component of Task Force 6814. Al served as a hospitalman with the 121st Medical Battalion and served in the South Pacific for the entire duration of World War II.

After the war Al moved to California as he did not like the cold weather of his native Boston. He joined the Navy Reserve and completed a career in the postal service in the Los Angeles area. He loved the South Pacific and made trips back to former duty stations to include Tahiti.

He was a resident of the AFRH for over 20 years. He learned to play the piano during the Great Depression and played every chance he could. He donated a grand piano to the AFRH in Gulfport but it was lost in Hurricane Katrina.

Al attended many ADVA reunions until declining health made the trips too difficult. He was a great story teller and a strong supporter of Vietnam veterans. He appreciated the fact that Vietnam veterans were continuing the organization that he helped found. He was a generous donor to the ADVA to include its scholarship program.

He has no known relatives. He was befriended by Bob Macy, Army veteran of the Korean War, while living in California. Bob also lives at the AFRH and handled many chores for Al over the years. Bob joined Al at several ADVA national reunions. Bob states that Al provided his remains for medical science and will be cremated at a future date. No services are yet scheduled. [GLN]

2015 Reunion Recap

By Larry Swank, Reunion Chairman

The 2015 ADVA National Reunion was a lot of fun and well attended with 429 participants, including six WWII members. We got lucky with the weather and all of the tours and events went smoothly.

We had 148 take part in the Thursday tour to Fort Eustis and Colonial Williamsburg. In addition to the Army Transportation Museum visit, the Joint Base Langley-Eustis public affairs office delivered on a side tour to 3rd Port to see the most current U.S. Army watercraft. We had 335 participants on the Friday Spirit of Norfolk lunch cruise that

was an ADVA only tour. Sites included two aircraft carriers at the Norfolk Naval Station, the largest Navy base in the world. The Saturday morning tour of the Norfolk Botanical Garden was joined by 73 spouses and guests.

The Saturday night banquet was enjoyed by 316 attendees. Frank Cubillo, Frank Sings Frank, entertained before and after the dinner. As advertised, he took the gathering back to the grand Sinatra-style age of music and got a lot of folks on the dance floor for a wonderful time. The hit of the evening was the exceptional performance during the dinner of the amazing Strolling Silver Strings, a program sponsored through the Music Education Department and Programs for the Gifted for Norfolk Public Schools. The talented string orchestra students from the five Norfolk high schools compete for the select positions in this group. They were formed in 1986 and average 60 performances yearly.

2016 ADVA Reunion- Albuquerque, New Mexico

The 2016 reunion will be held September 14-18 in Albuquerque. Reunion chairman is PNC Ron Ellis ably assisted by PNC Ron Ward, Roger Gilmore, PNC Gary Noller, and others who last worked on the 2014 reunion in Houston, Texas. More information will be in the first quarter 2016 Americal Journal and the ADVA website americal.org (after January 1). If you have questions before then contact Ron Ellis at re196thlib@aol.com.

2/1st Infantry Chapter Meeting By Chuck Holdaway

The 2/1st Infantry chapter held our annual meeting in Norfolk right after the annual ADVA reunion general meeting. We covered our financial report and held elections for the top three chapter offices. I and Rich Heroux retained their offices of commander and vice-commander, respectively. We now have a new Secretary/Treasurer- Jesse Mendoza. He will be assuming the duties so ably performed by Don Hicks for our first four years. Chapter council member, Stan Disorda, was elected to become our representative on the ADVA Executive Council. CDs of Don Sloat's Medal of Honor ceremony were given out. Everyone was reminded the VFW has highly recommended that all Vietnam vets apply for Agent Orange claims. Recruitment of new members for the chapter and the ADVA was also covered. As an aside, chapter members from Bravo Company presented Vice-commander, Rich Heroux with the beautiful "Bravo Knife" made by Bob "Doc" Tatum. Rich will be the guardian of the knife until the next annual chapter meeting at which time it will be passed onto another Bravo member. Last but not least, I'd like to welcome to our newest members William Oswald (D Co.) and Rich Rinaldi (A Co.). Members who attended the annual reunion really enjoyed themselves and were very complimentary of the city and people of Norfolk and the overall reunion. Our thanks to the ADVA for another well run event. Keep safe and may the bond of battle never be broken!

2016 Reunion Highlights

Eve of Destruction

[A tour of the U. S. Army Transportation Museum at Ft. Eustis, Virginia uncovered a contribution from the Americal Division. A gun truck named Eve of Destruction is featured in the Vietnam section of the museum. Members of the 523rd Transportation Company used this truck to provide security for convoys. Les Hines, ADVA Vietnam Historian, searched his records and found an article in an August 16, 1971 edition of the Army Reporter news magazine. The text of the article is reprinted in its entirety. -Editor]

DA NANG - There will soon be an "Eve of Destruction" at the United States Army Transportation Museum, Fort Eustis, Virginia. A "hardened security" vehicle of a type designed specifically for the Vietnam conflict, the "Eve of Destruction" is commonly known as a gun truck by members of the 523rd Trans. Company, U.S. Army Support Command, Da Nang, who have operated it during its four-year tour of duty in the war zone.

Heavily armed yet surprisingly maneuverable for its size and weight, it has been used for protecting convoys traveling the dangerously-uncertain roads between allied installations and fire bases in the northern provinces of the country.

The gun truck used as a combat vehicle is a relatively new development. So new, in fact, that there is as yet no standardized method of construction. One type makes use of an armored personnel carrier mounted on the frame of a five ton truck, while another reveals a welded box-type body immediately attached on the frame. In each case, however, the upper structure is covered with steel plating that varies from one-quarter to one-half inch in thickness. The "Eve of Destruction" is of the second variety. Its cab is completely armor-plated and even has a bullet-proof windshield. The truck bed itself is enclosed by double walled sides of one-quarter inch steel filled with sand bags.

The gun truck carries as much firepower as an entire infantry platoon, and "Eve" is no exception. she is armed with four .50 caliber machine guns (two single side mounts and a twin mount on the tail), three M60 machine guns and a twin mount on the tail), three M60 machine guns as back-up for the .50's, two M79 grenade launchers, and nearly 10,000 rounds of ammunition in addition to spare parts and barrels for the guns, a radio, and spare tires for the trucks she protects.

The primary mission of the gun truck in Vietnam is to provide security for convoys conducting resupply and retrograde operation in insecure area. When a convoy is ambushed, the gun truck moves directly to the "kill zone" to return the enemy fire, while at the same time maintaining radio contact with air cover and directing air strikes if necessary. After the rest of the convoy has escaped the ambush, the gun truck remains with any vehicle immobilized by the attack, calling in "dust off" (medevac helicopters) for the wounded. When the convoy is not under attack, the gun truck serves as a control vehicle in the line of march.

In the Fall of 1967, the "Eve of Destruction" was built, and until January of 1971, provided convoy security along regularly traveled routes (QL 1, QL 19, QL 14) from Qui Nhon to such far-flung bases as Tuy Hoa and Ben Het in the south; An Khe and Pleiku in the west; and, LZ English and

Chu Lai in the north. During the Cambodian incursion, May 27-June 30, 1970, the gun truck participated in convoy operations from Qui Nhon to Polei D'Jerane and the Cambodian border.

On January 22, 1971, the "Eve of Destruction" led the advance party of the 8th Transportation Group north to MR1 to take part in Operation Lam Son 719. At the beginning of the operation, the 523rd was deployed to Forward Support Activity 1 (Vandergrift), west of Quang Tri, and conducted day and night convoys from Quang Tri to Khe Sanh and the Laotian border.

The "Eve of Destruction's" retirement is the result of action initiated by Capt. Donald K. Voightritter, CO of the 523rd Transportation Company.

On June 8, the 523rd received word that "Eve" had been accepted by the U.S. Army Transportation Museum at Fort Eustis, Virginia, for permanent display. Immediate preparations for shipment required a thorough cleaning of the body of the truck, which is the only part remaining intact as originally built, and the tractor; dismantling, cleaning and packing the weapons; and removal and careful packing of communication equipment.

One June 11, 1971, the gallant veteran of the Vietnam War was loaded aboard ship for its final destination, its preservation historically significant in the annals of war. With it goes the respect and admiration befitting one who has served so well.



Reunion Photo Album
2015 ADVA National Reunion
Norfolk, Virginia
October 28 – November 1
Photographs by John (Dutch) DeGroot



U. S. Navy aircraft carrier (Truman or Eisenhower) at the Norfolk Naval Station.



Excellent weather draws reunion guests to upper deck of Spirit of Norfolk.



Spirit of Norfolk dinner cruise yacht embarks ADVA reunion guests.



Re-enactor at Colonial Williamsburg.



Banquet entertainment by Strolling Silver Strings, a program sponsored through the Music Education Department and Programs for the Gifted for Norfolk Public Schools.



World War II veterans recognized at the Saturday Banquet. Seated: Max E. Hartswick. Standing, left to right: Dewel J. (D.J.) McGriff, Claud Mook, George Watson, Kenneth Vander Molen, and Fritz Klein.



Spacious banquet facility provided an excellent venue for Strolling Silver Strings to disperse among diners.



Frank Cubillo, USMC veteran, as Frank Sinatra, croons to an admiring Linda Ward.



Violinist with 80-member Strolling Silver Strings music group.



U.S. Army Transportation Museum at Ft. Eustis, Virginia.



Saturday banquet feature of high-kicking chorus line composed of reunion revelers.



Dear editor,

For the past five years members of Alpha Company, 5/46th Inf., 198th Light Infantry Brigade who served in Vietnam together during 1968-1970 have gathered for a reunion. They served with the 1st, 2nd and 4th platoons of Alpha Company. This year 20 veterans and 13 wives met at Oak Haven Resort in Sevierville, Tennessee. This was their largest reunion with four attending for the first time. Veterans came from California, Georgia, Texas, North Carolina, South Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Maryland, Virginia, Illinois, Missouri and Virginia.

Pictured back row left to right: Sid Liming, Bud McFarland, Bud Nichols, Oliver Gause, Ken Quinn, Bob Scott, Bob Cummings, Dwight Saddler, Rodney Outten, Paul Longgrear. Pictured front row left to right: Ken Butcher, Bob Latham, Wendell Roberts, Maury James, Jerry Laack, Paul Sprouse, Jack Crisp, George Lakins, Richard Bergman, Aaron Rochester.

Anyone wishing additional information on this group or future reunions may contact me at ellengause@ec.rr.com or 910-862-9541.

Ellen Gause

Dear editor,

When I got to Vietnam in February 1968 I was assigned to Co. C, 1/6th Infantry, 198th Lt. Inf. Bde. I was a RTO for SFC Artenio Romero, Jr. I was his RTO off and on for 7 1/2 months. When I wasn't his

RTO I was our platoon leader's RTO. Romero was our acting platoon leader quite often as we had no officers. That was fine with all of us.

I was with SFC Romero on May 9, 1968 the day his actions earned him the Distinguished Service Medal (DSM). I wasn't aware that he had received this award until a few years ago. We were both wounded that day along with about 15 more. Two others were KIA.

Romero was a very good platoon sergeant and would do anything for the men (we were really just boys) in his platoon. I have only picture that shows SFC Romero. It would have been somewhere from June to August 1968. SFC Romero is in the front row kneeling on the far left.

A November 10, 2013 feature article in the Las Cruces Sun-News describes Romero's military service. It states that he retired with 20 years, ten months of service in December 1971. He died just short of his 53rd birthday on October 1, 1984.

The newspaper lists Romero's awards as the following: "the Distinguished Service Cross -- the second-highest award given to a member of the Army; the Silver Star; the Bronze Star, with the letter "V" device; the Purple Heart; the Air Medal, with one bronze oak leaf cluster with the numeral 4; the Army Commendation Medal, with one bronze oak leaf cluster; the Army Achievement Medal, with one four bronze oak leaf clusters; the Good Conduct Medal, which was the fourth time Romero had been bestowed with the award; the Army Occupation Medal, with Japan clasp; the National Defense Service Medal, with one bronze service star; the Vietnam Service Medal, with two bronze service stars; the United Nations Service Medal; the Republic of Vietnam Campaign Ribbon, with device, which Romero was awarded in 1960; the Combat Infantryman Badge,



his second award; and the Combat Medical Badge, also his second award."

Charlie Romero is Artenio Romero's brother and currently resides in Las Cruces. Charlie served four years in the U.S. Navy and did not know of his brother's awards until three years ago. With the help of a veterans service officer Charlie filed the necessary paperwork for the medals and two years ago he received the awards on behalf of his brother. Until this time the Romero family was unaware of the extent of Artenio's heroism.

The article about SFC Romero can be found on the internet at http://archive.lcsun-news.com/las-cruces-news/ci_24495078/las-cruces-military-hero-gets-his-medals-29

Mark Deam



Dear editor,

In early September I received a message from a American Legion veterans service officer (VSO) in Nashua, New Hampshire inquiring about membership eligibility. The VSO knew of an Americal Division veteran of World War II who resides in a retirement home and had just heard of the ADVA. I replied that the Americal veteran was certainly eligible for ADVA membership.

Mr. Henry DiCicco turned 101 years old in August and is the oldest new member to ever join the ADVA. We are glad to count him as one of our members. The VSO sent us a photo of Henry displaying a Japanese flag from World War II. We also received a copy of the award of the Presidential Unit Citation (PUC) to Mr. DiCicco dated 13 December 1943. The award is for service with the 182nd Infantry Regiment on Guadalcanal.

The award letter reads as follows;

Headquarters
Americal Division
APO 716

General Orders No. 67.

AWARDS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION

By direction of the President, and authority contained in paragraph 5, Letter, War Department, the Adjutant General's Office, AG 200.6 (29 Jul 43), Subject: Eligibility of Army Personnel to the Presidential Unit Citation and ribbon bar with star, dated 5 November 1943, and 1st Indorsement, Headquarters USAFISPA, APO 502, AG 200.6 (7) 1, dated 10 December 1943, the Presidential Unit Citation is awarded to the following named officers and enlisted men of the Americal Division who served in actual combat with the First Marine Division, Reinforced, on Guadalcanal on any time during the period 7 August 1942 to 9 December 1942.

PFC Henry R. DiCicco3 1052084

By command of Major General HODGE

C M McQUARRIE
Colonel, General Staff Corps
Chief of Staff

(s) W. H. Biggerstaff
Lieutenant Colonel, Adjutant General's Department
Adjutant General

We hope to hear more from Mr. DiCicco in the very near future and would like to hear his memories of service during World War II.

Roger Gilmore
National Adjutant

Arthurs Story

(Pvt. Arthur C. Wolff, KIA on Bohol, 1945)

Scott Fisher

When I was about 10 years old I showed a deep interest in history, and World War II history in particular. My mother, always eager to encourage my interest, suggested that I sit down and talk to my godmother Dorothy, since, she explained, Dorothy's brother had been killed shortly before the end of the war. On a rainy Saturday morning, my godmother drove the short five minutes from her home in upcountry Maui (Hawaii), to our home a few miles away.

She began her story by describing her brother, Arthur, in stunning detail, almost as if she had been with him that day. Her story was lively and animated as she described how, since she was eleven years older than him, she had played a big part in raising and spoiling, him. In many ways, she explained, with herself and her sister Gertrude (Gert), Arthur had three mothers. However, when it came to the point of his enlistment into the Army, and his death only a few short months later, her story became much more somber and shortly she began crying, saying she really couldn't go on.

She collected herself quickly, recovering her perpetually positive outlook, and excused herself. It was obvious to me, even at that age, how deeply she felt Arthur's loss. To a ten-year-old, it was both sobering and compelling. I wanted to learn more about Arthur, but did not know how I should go about doing that.

Looking back on that event now, I believe my mother could sense that I was very interested in the heroic actions on the battlefield, but needed to understand better that, while heroism was an important part of the history, there was a more subtle message to be told--the story of those who served, but never returned.

Nine years later, Dorothy and her husband Phil were the first people I called to let them know I was being deployed to the Middle East while serving as an infantryman with the Fifth Marine Regiment. Dorothy was also the first person I spoke with to let her know I had made it home safe. Most who serve in any war survive and try to lead as normal of a life as possible. This is the story of one individual who left and never came home.

On September 9, 1944, two months to the day after turning 18, Pvt. Arthur Wolff of Kent Washington was drafted into the U.S. Army. Seven months later, on the remote Philippine island of Bohol, Arthur was killed by a mortar blast while serving with the 3rd Battalion, 164th Regimental Combat Team. Seventy years after his death, many strands of the story of his life are fragmented and some of the details have very likely been lost forever. Among those who remember him, however, time has only faded the sorrow of their loss.

Seventy years to the day of his death, on the anniversary of the assault on the Japanese positions near Ginopolan Village on Bohol's rugged interior, I located the area on the battlefield where Arthur was killed. This is his story, told in his memory.

The story will focus both on Arthur Wolff and the battle of Bohol, and in particular the role of the 3rd Battalion, 164th Regimental Combat Team, which in spite of assaulting an entrenched Japanese positions across open ground, suffered

only minimal casualties and secured the entire island of Bohol (about the size of Long Island) in less than one month.

The goal of my trip to Bohol in April 2015 was to find the battlefield where the fighting took place in April 1945, and to locate, as close as I could, the area where Arthur was killed.

My quest began with my arrival to the main city of Tagbilaran on April 11th 2015 and culminated with a journey led by local guides to the battlefield where we saw what remained of former gun emplacements and bunkers. My final day on Bohol coincided with the anniversary of Arthur's death and after paying my respects to all who had lost their lives, I sensed that my mission was complete and it was time to return home.

Arthur was born on July 9th 1926 in Kent Washington, near Seattle, to Arthur and Margaret Wolff. Arthur's father was a mechanic in Kent while Margaret had opened a restaurant shortly after arriving from New York State about 1920. Margaret left Almyra, New York, after her first husband died in the Spanish Influenza epidemic of 1918, leaving her a single mother of two young daughters. According to family stories, when Arthur was born, both sisters, Dorothy, 11, and Gert, 13, doted on him to the point of spoiling him and in many ways, both girls acted like



Arthur at age 16. Two years later, he was 'gone'.

surrogate mothers to Arthur. At one point during his high school years, Arthur moved to Toronto to live with Dorothy and her husband who were serving as ministers at a local church.

Dorothy later reflected on this time as a period when she got to know Arthur as the man he was becoming. In June of 1944, Arthur graduated from Kent Meridian High School and the following month entered the Army as an infantryman.

Arthur's last trip home was in January of 1945 and, while this trip only lasted a few days, the family still holds on to many pictures they took of him. On the 15th of January, Arthur had his portrait taken in Kent Washington in uniform. Sometime in March, 1945 Arthur was assigned to the 3rd Battalion of the 164th Regimental Combat Team of the Americal Division. The 164th had already spent nearly two years in the South Pacific by the time he caught up with them on Leyte Island.

The 164th had distinguished itself on Guadalcanal and Bougainville in the Solomon Island campaign, and was continuing to perpetuate this distinguished reputation during the closing phases of the fighting on Leyte. Arthur undoubtedly found himself fortunate to be among one of the most combat experienced Army units in the Pacific Theater. However, as a combat-untested Private, one can only imagine his intimidation as a replacement for those friends and comrades lost in the earlier campaign.

On April 5, 1945, while on Leyte, the 164th Regiment was assigned to assist the rest of the Americal Division on the nearby island of Cebu. Upon arriving on Cebu, the 3rd Battalion, Arthur's unit, was kept in reserve in Cebu City until it was reassigned to help the Philippine guerillas on Bohol, south of Cebu, to liberate their island. The date was set for the 3rd Battalion to land on the island of Bohol on April 11. With his first combat assignment looming, Arthur wrote a letter to his sister Dorothy describing his fear and asking her to pray for him. He also asked her to send him some reading material from her church. The prayer books did not arrive in time.

Guerilla leaders had made contact with the Americans and let them know that Bohol's main town, Tagbilaran, was under their control. These guerilla

leaders had roughly 4,500 troops at their disposal, although many were poorly armed, and through their local intelligence networks, had a good idea of the location of the Japanese troop concentrations on Bohol. The advanced landing team arrived at the port of Tagbilaran on the 9th of April and learned that at least a third of the island was under the control of Guerilla forces. With the knowledge that the landing would be unopposed, the remaining line companies, I, K, L, and M, and their supporting units, landed on the 11th of April. I found a movie of the unopposed landing through the National Archives showing the 3rd Battalion landing and disembarking from several LCIs (Landing Craft Infantry) at the port of Tagbilaran. This video clearly shows the Filipino guerillas greeting the soldiers of the 164th and guiding them from the pier facility.

While the 3rd Battalion set up their headquarters west of Tagbilaran, motorized patrols led by the guerillas began their attempts to locate the Japanese forces which had scattered into Bohol's rugged interior. However, early in 1945 the Japanese high command in the Visayas (Central Philippines) had begun reformulating their defensive strategies. While the Japanese had previously set up defensive positions on many islands, the Japanese high command began ordering troops away from these less strategically situated islands to islands such as Negros and Cebu, where defensive lines could be established in the hopes of increasing American casualties through attrition. In April of 1945, this strategy was working very effectively on the island of Okinawa in the Ryukyu chain.

By early April, many of the Japanese troops had evacuated Bohol; American and Filipino intelligence estimated Japanese forces at 330 soldiers, with approximately half of that number made up of infantry. The remaining Japanese troops belonged to a company commanded by Lt. Hadashi Watanabe of the 174th Imperial Infantry Battalion of the 102nd Division, Imperial Japanese Army. Recognizing that they were outnumbered nearly 20 to 1 by the combined American and Filipino guerilla forces, Lt. Watanabe conducted a tactical retreat to the interior of Bohol, an area of the island marked by rice

paddies set among rugged limestone hills and mountains. Outside of the hamlet of Ginopolan, the Japanese troops hastily prepared their defensive positions among these limestone crags and caves in preparation for a stand against the Americans and the Filipino guerillas.

For four days the guerillas and American soldiers searched for the Japanese, and intelligence reports seemed to give conflicting accounts of their location. On the 15th of April a reconnaissance patrol made contact with Lt. Watanabe's force. Companies K and L, the closest American units in the area, prepared to attack. According to eyewitness accounts by civilians, the attack was preceded by at least a day of intensive artillery barrages, followed by aerial bombardment, probably from American aircraft stationed on Leyte Island. Civilians, however, were quickly relocated to the elementary school about a mile away. The assault against the Japanese positions began early morning of April 18th with a preparatory artillery and mortar barrage, followed by an assault across open fields and rice paddies.

The American and Japanese positions faced one another across a draw that formed an inverted 'U' at a distance of approximately 1/4-mile. The American positions were set up on the eastern end of this draw near the apex, on a high hill known as Banderahan. (Banderahan, or flag hill, was named after the fighting, when American troops raised a flag at its summit).

The Japanese had set up their position on the western edge of the draw along a limestone ridge line. Rice paddies separated the two lines providing few options for the troops to assault without getting bogged down in the muddy soil. The easiest line of assault would have been at the apex of the inverted 'U', although this provided a relatively narrow avenue of approach.

Descriptions of the battle are relatively sparse, although the bulk of the fighting took place against the limestone ridge where the Japanese defenses were established.

However, because these defenses had only been hastily constructed, by the end of the first day, companies K and L had forced the Japanese to retreat behind the ridgeline. On the

night of the 18th into early morning hours of the 19th the enemy launched three counterattacks, only to be repulsed each time by the Americans.

It was during the first day of attacks that Arthur died, although the details of his death remain a bit murky. We know that he died on the 18th of April, which indicates that he died on the first day of the American assault on the Japanese positions around Ginopolan. Arthur's family also agrees that he was killed in a mortar blast. What seems to be at issue is a letter, and there may have been more than one, sent by a friend of Arthur's after the war. Sadly, this letter (or letters) has been lost. The point of division seems to be whether Arthur was killed in action on the 18th, as Arthur's sister Dorothy recalled, or if he was badly wounded on or around the 15th, when first contact with the Japanese was made, and subsequently died on the 18th, as some in the family claim. In my discussions with her, Dorothy remained adamant that her brother was killed instantly. Dorothy's sister's family, however, including Arthur's surviving nephew Rolff, recalled that the letter suggested Arthur died of his wounds after several days. Ultimately, the point is somewhat academic now, although I know it gave Dorothy great comfort to believe that her baby brother died instantly.

After their disastrous attempts to dislodge the Americans from their former defensive positions, the Japanese survivors scattered for cover, forming squad size units of 15-20 soldiers, and fought rear guard actions, while both K and L companies pursued them over the rough and mountainous terrain of Central Bohol.



Arthur in uniform, just before being deployed to the Americal Division

On April 20th an additional 150 Japanese soldiers (about half of the original fighting force) returned to the site of the first battle and a second battle erupted again on the same limestone ridge. This time, however, the Japanese were resoundingly defeated, much of their supplies were abandoned and the survivors headed to the coast to make their way to either Negros or Cebu Islands. Bohol was declared secure by American forces on April 25th, while a small unit remained with the Filipino guerillas to assist in 'mopping up' any remaining stragglers on the island.

American casualties were astonishingly light, with only 7 killed and 14 wounded, a testament to the fighting skill of the 164th Regimental Combat Team. The Japanese suffered at least 104 killed, while the Americans and the Filipino guerillas captured 14 Japanese soldiers. An additional 50 Japanese soldiers surrendered to Filipino authorities at the war's end. The remaining 150 soldiers of Lt. Watanabe's company presumably escaped to other islands, or died of wounds and never received a proper accounting.

Arthur's body was driven down from the mountains around Ginopolan and buried in a cemetery outside Tagbilaran. Around 1951 his remains were exhumed and repatriated to Golden Gate Cemetery in San Bernardino, California. Less than ten months had passed from Arthur's enlistment in the Army in Washington State until his death on a remote and distant Philippine Island. A year before his death, Arthur had been a senior in High School. He died three months before his 19th birthday, and almost exactly four months before Japan accepted the terms of the peace agreement in August of 1945.

In the days following the fighting on Bohol, an intrepid group of soldiers from the 3rd Battalion trekked to the summit of Banderahan hill, and placed a large flag at the summit of this mountain with a commanding view of much of the island. For years after, this flag flew high above the former battlefield, a symbol of the liberation of Bohol.

About the time this flag was raised, the Wolff family received their notice that Arthur had been killed. Dorothy kept her copy of the notification for the rest of her life. Arthur's mother also received a personal letter from Gen. Douglas MacArthur conveying his condolences for the family's loss and the gratitude of the nation. Until the end of her life, Dorothy could not hold back her tears when discussing the loss of her brother, and for many years Arthur's room remained exactly as he had left it, board games and unbuilt model airplanes in the closet, completed model planes hanging from the ceiling. Over 420,000 Americans died during the Second World War, while close to one million Filipinos, both civilian and military, lost their lives. Arthur was but one among their number. Perhaps the best way of honoring their memory lies in committing ourselves to peace and justice with the same tenacity as they dedicated their lives to freedom from oppression.

(WWII Editor's Note: This article is a modified reprint of two articles which appeared in the July 2015 issue of The 164th Infantry News, the official magazine of the 164th Infantry Regiment Association. Your WWII editor has excellent relations with the 164th Editor - retired Lieutenant Colonel Shirley Olgeirson, Military Police branch - and we reprint each other's articles from time to time).

Looking At The Future To Preserve The Past

David W. Taylor – ADVA WWII Historian

I want to reiterate some comments I made about our WWII historical materials at the annual general meeting of the Americal Division Veterans Association (ADVA) in Norfolk, Virginia as your ADVA WWII Historian.

In recent years I have mentioned the possibility of finding a location in the USA at a present military museum site that would have the space and the interest to host a portion of their museum as the "Americal Jungle Fighters Museum". One particular location in Wisconsin looked good as a possibility but they would not have the space to accommodate us until their third building is added on their museum "campus" which is at least 5-7 years in the future. I turn age 70 in March of 2016 and none of us is getting younger; I think that option is no longer viable.

Many years ago the Americal WWII collection was established at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Then, because of base closures, Fort Devens was closed and the World War II vets moved their holdings to the National Guard historical armory in Worcester, Massachusetts where we were given five rooms on the second floor. Based on the documents I examined there was some pilferage from the move from Fort Devens to Worcester. While the displays remained in Worcester, items were not properly catalogued or stored under archival standards. There was simply no one from the ADVA to do it, or knew how to do it.

The WWII veterans were content to visit from time to time, have some meetings, and reminisce about the war years among old rifles, uniforms and other equipment. From time to time items were "signed out" by Vets wishing to make presentations in local schools or Veterans organizations, but much was not returned. The volunteer curator - an Americal Vietnam Vet - did not keep tight controls. When he was asked to leave because of indiscretions, I drove to Massachusetts to take over as temporary curator and took inventory of the WWII collection. Again, there were missing items, primarily among our weapons collection. We tried to rejuvenate our assigned area and had the main room repainted and old wood refinished. We planned to have a walk-through museum display that would feature the Americal from WWII to Vietnam in different rooms. A "Virtual Tour" was even planned for our website.

Thank goodness we never had the time to put that project in place for in 2011 the Museum building director (a good friend of the ADVA) was told that the Massachusetts National Guard collection (which includes weapons from the Revolutionary War, original flags and many records of the Massachusetts National Guard) had to be moved to Concord, Massachusetts, a much smaller building. Politics was at work because a nearby Veterans homeless shelter saw the much larger space and convinced the governor to move out the priceless Massachusetts historical collection from the building we were in.

We were told there was no space for the Americal items to be moved to the Concord, Massachusetts site so, in the spring of 2011 I rented a large U-Haul truck, drove to Worcester and, with the help of National Guard soldiers, loaded all our materials and drove them to a WWII Museum in Eldred, PA. The museum agreed to store our materials in a secure fashion in their basement (at no charge) and I have made several trips there to inventory our holdings.

What To Do From Now

As part of our missions as ADVA WWII, Cold War (Panama) and Vietnam Historians, we want to cement knowledge of the Americal Division's legacy in the minds of the American public. This also concurs with the mission of the Americal Legacy Foundation (ALF). What I propose to do (which is doable at our advancing ages) is to search throughout the United States for opportunities at various small military museums (there are many) and other locations for the opportunity to place small "Americal Jungle Warriors" permanent displays. For example, The Americal Civic Center in Wakefield, Massachusetts is so named in honor of the Americal troops who left from Wakefield to go into WWII. The Civic Center hosts many historical events, art shows, etc. It is a great location to provide tastefully mounted photos of Americal history, some weapons, uniforms, etc. for the general public. National Guard armories which have battalions with the lineage of Americal units may be another opportunity. We may include a small tri-fold folder about the Americal which visitors can pick-up at these locations to mail to the Americal Legacy Foundation to seek more information (Like our "Under The Southern Cross" book) or to make a donation to the Foundation.

In this manner we can gradually work off our holdings at the Eldred, PA facility and help educate the country about the Americal Division. Obviously not every military museum would be a good fit for education about the Americal. Some museums are based on Aviation or Naval history, others focus on specific periods, such as the Revolutionary War or the Civil War. But there are hundreds of small military museums in the USA and just having our historical displays in a few of them will go far in educating the public.

We have approximately \$6,000 in the WWII bank account to launch this program, taking one site at a time. If you have any comments, questions, suggestions or know of a site that may be interested in an Americal display (they will all be tailored based on the situation), please let me know. Displays may be only oriented to WWII or to the entire history of the Americal, depending on the wishes of the site)

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Japanese rifles in our Americal WWII collection. Note the large rifles on either side are Chinese Siege Rifles used by Japanese soldiers in the Boxer Rebellion, when working with American and German soldiers in China to put down the rebellion. These were donated by an Americal Veteran. They may be sold to raise money for Americal displays.

More Memories of a War Long Ago

By Doug Burtell – 164th Regiment

The 164th Regiment Intelligence and Recon (I&R) Platoon was formed when we were on New Caledonia. Lieutenant Colonel Considine, who was the S-2 at the time, went out to the companies to conduct interviews to bring guys into the new platoon. He talked to about 50 guys. Maybe around 30 of us got picked.

Larry McCarten was recruited from Company B. He went out with Captain Flo on the boat reconnaissance around Guadalcanal. They went out in a sailboat to gather information and killed a few Japs. They had an outpost on the other side of the island. I was told to take a truck to pick them up. Larry got a field commission on Los Negros. He wound up going to the Korean War, too, but he said he got lucky and was assigned to a division intelligence section and flew around in a helicopter to gather intelligence, not like he had to do it in WWII.

Albert Sevigny was recruited to the I&R Platoon from Company C. He was a good guy. He was from the Grafton, North Dakota area and there is a little town northeast of Grafton where he learned to speak French. That came in handy, as New Caledonians spoke French. He got assigned as an interpreter and was the liaison between the locals and the U.S. military. He lived in the town of Pietat with Gendarme Ler (Chief of Police named Ler) and patrolled that area. There was a curfew on the workers, a lot of whom were Tonkanese and Indonesian natives. Albert would ride with the gendarme, find curfew breakers or trouble makers, and bang heads together, then put them in the jeep and head for the bastille.

Albert was out with Gendarme Ler someplace when we left for Guadalcanal so he missed the first big shelling's we took on Guadalcanal. But I remember he was back by the time we were up at the Matanikau River. There was a kitchen truck that came up there every morning with cold pancakes and jelly and hot coffee. If a guy needed boots or something, he could catch a ride back to Lunga Point on that truck. Albert and I did that one day and got issued boots and new dungarees. We were walking past Col Moore's tent and looked inside. Under his bunk we saw a wooden box with a white label. We sneaked in there and pried the top off that box and snatched two white label bottles of Dewar's Scotch. We shared it with some of the guys that night, then caught the kitchen truck the next morning to get back to Matanikau. Nobody liked Moore much but his scotch was good.

Albert, Larry, and I pretty much ran the Intel & Recon platoon. We were only Corporals. We should have been Sergeants, but the I&R Platoon had been attached to the Headquarters company for pay and rations and stuff. Instead of going to someone who worked out in the jungle, the Sergeant slot got given to a guy who worked in the officer's mess.

On Fiji, though, we got Colonel Daley (as the regiment's commander) who gave us a cook from Co A, and he let us bunk out in Fijian shacks in an area by ourselves, away from the headquarters company, which we liked. On Fiji, the Intel & Recon platoon was assigned as the enemy aggressor force for training. We'd work with the Fijians and would go out from dark to midnight. We'd go out and throw sticks



Natives that were hiding in the dense jungle from the Japanese on Bougainville, were brought out by Americal Soldiers (Photo: Doug Burtell)

of gelignite around the perimeter to harass the regiment's infantry companies.

Those Fijians were so good; they would sneak up on our guys on the perimeter and put marks on the barrels of their machineguns. One morning, we got a call from 3rd Battalion, telling us to return all their stuff. Turns out the Fijians had gone right into the 3rd Battalion area and took a bunch of helmets, watches, wallets, all kinds of stuff, to show how vulnerable the security was. They returned it all. We learned a lot from those Fijians.

We had excellent training at Camp Claiborne: aerial photo interpretation and map reading. We went out on patrol and manned outposts - usually no more than a dozen guys. If a patrol from a company or platoon was going out, we had to go too, report back with intelligence. Guys who couldn't walk as good were used for outpost duty. Ones that went on patrol had to really be able to get out and hike.

On Bougainville, we had an outpost in the tree at Hill 260. We went up in the boson chair and pulley. Luckily nobody was up there when the fighting started.

I first met Lieutenant Colonel Matheson at Guadalcanal, along with the islands main coast watcher, Martin Clemens. We, in the intel platoon, had to work with those guys. Matheson was a Lt. Col. in the Australian Army, and he was commander of the Fijian Battalion on Bougainville. We landed on Bougainville on Christmas day. On the 1st or 2nd of January, he came to Albert and I and asked us to volunteer for a very dangerous patrol to go out farther than



Doug Burtell artwork of Bougainville with Mount Bagana in background (Art: Doug Burtell)

the Marines had gone. Well, he went through our regiments' S-2 at that time, who was Major Bud Kane. We went out for 5 days. You know, in WWII, we were all smokers, and we couldn't take any smokes along. We had a few Fijians with us.

The main river we fought along to start our engagements with the Japanese was the Torokina River and the Marines hadn't gone too far away beyond that. We got over to the Saua River. Matheson sent some Fijians upstream and Albert and I went downstream.

We came across a corduroy (log) road we thought maybe the Japs used to bring supplies up to Hill 260, but we didn't know. There was a communications wire running alongside, so Albert and I cut a big chunk out of it and pulled the rest into the jungle.

When we got close to Mount Bagana, near Hill 1111, we could see the artillery positions the Japs were working on. We ran across a Bougainville native and a little boy. We kept them hostages because Fijians couldn't understand them. When we got them back to where our outfit was, they could translate and find out his village was trapped up there, hiding in a cave. The Japs had taken their gardens, so they had been out hunting pigs. We sent another patrol to pick up the group that was hiding. There's a picture of those natives that we had placed in a compound on Bougainville. We gave them Prince Albert tobacco and corn-



Doug Burtell (Photo: Dave Taylor)

cob pipes. These old gals smoked those pipes, filled them up and smoked them again, one after the other. They all had bad beetle nut teeth, lips got deep red; pretty sad looking bunch.

About the time we got back to the main body of patrol, a whole bunch of Japs were getting ready to come across the river, probably because we cut their commo line. We got out of there.

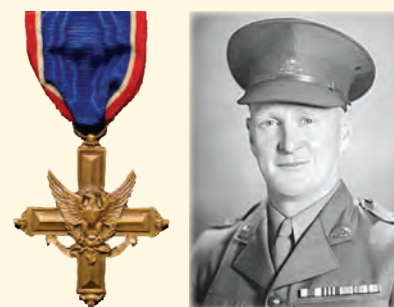
Col. Matheson was a wonderful guy. He loved action. He liked to tell stories and he was good at it. I remember one. The Aussies trained some of the natives and called them "police boys" to help guard the coast watchers. They had big puffy hairdos. Matheson said that they had a method to get rid of lice. They'd put a piece of ripe banana in their hair. When all the bugs got on the banana, they'd pull it out and eat it. Yeah, why waste a good banana.

The Fijians he commanded were good. A bunch of them went out on patrol and killed 105 japs and never had a man lost. We learned a lot by going on patrols with the Fijians. I did a lot of point man stuff and learned a lot of what to look for.

The 132nd had the section of the perimeter with their right flank on the beach. The command decided to make an attack and used some light tanks. It was the attack where a guy named Drowley from the Illinois outfit jumped on the tank and pointed out the pillboxes and got a medal of honor for that. Matheson was killed there while watching the battle.

I was in the old S2 section at Guadalcanal with Jim Beaton, then a Staff Sergeant, Albert Seigny, and Corporal John Slingsby, whose dad was a doctor in Fargo, North Dakota. I was near John when he was wounded on Guadalcanal. The Japs were throwing in some 90 mm mortars. A Marine and I jumped one direction and Slingsby jumped the other – he got shrapnel in the spleen and that was the end of the war for him. He became a doctor in South Dakota, and his son became a doctor in South Dakota as well.

I have one sorrow that still bugs me to this day. There was a big foot locker full of my sketches of the war and all the maps I had made. That big map locker was with the S2 section when they were shipping back. It was either left behind, lost, or stolen, but never recovered. That's really too bad.



MATHESON, DONALD G.

Citation:

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the Distinguished Service Cross to Donald G. Matheson, Lieutenant Colonel, Australian Imperial Force, for extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy, during the period from 19 December to 27 December 1943, on Guadalcanal, while serving as Liaison Officer (G-3), II Island Command. Lieutenant Colonel Matheson volunteered to lead a patrol consisting of one other officer and four native scouts on a hazardous reconnaissance mission over a difficult mountain range. The patrol succeeded in locating several trails, each of which was scouted in order to select the best route over the mountains. While en route the patrol passed through and in the rear of the enemy lines, locating, among other things, the positions of some one thousand of the enemy. The area in which the enemy was located could not be reached by artillery or naval gun fire and was concealed from air observation. Consequently the position of this heavy concentration of enemy troops would not have been located had it not been for the efforts of this patrol. This, and much other valuable information obtained by the patrol, after traveling a distance of over ninety miles, were used later and aided greatly in the success of operations in the area.

Headquarters: South West Pacific Area, General Orders No. 67
(March 20, 1943)

Home Town: Perth, Australia

Visiting the Soldiers Who Never Made it Home

By David Colamaria

This March, I had the incredible opportunity to travel to the Philippines with the Americal Division Veterans Association. We attended the dedication of a new monument near the spot of the Japanese mass surrender on Cebu at the end of World War II. It was an incredible experience for me personally, as my grandfather Edward Monahan served with the Americal's 182nd Infantry from 1941-1945. While he fought in the campaigns on Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Leyte, and Cebu, he didn't have the satisfaction of being there for the surrender, as he had been rotated home on points just a couple of months earlier. I looked at my attendance at the monument dedication as a way to bring a symbolic closure to his experience in the Pacific.

Following our weeklong trip on Cebu, I made a quick 24 hour stop in Manila. I had an important task to take care of: visiting Americal men from my grandfather's company – men who never made it home. These men had been killed in action during the war, or are still listed as Missing in Action. They rest now at the gorgeous and solemn Manila

American Cemetery, alongside the remains of over 17,000 soldiers from World War II.

I first learned the names of these men by accident. During my years-long research into my grandfather's service in the war, I came across a small notebook of his, containing various notes and lists. I found a list of 53 names, with no title or indication as to what the list meant. I was never clear if it was some type of roster, or friends, or some other group whose significance was lost to the years. One day, I had the idea to check the back of *Under the Southern Cross*, where an Honor Roll lists the names of the nearly 1,500 Americal men killed during the war. I found one of the 53 names in the Honor Roll, and I checked the next name. I found a second, a third, a fourth. It nearly took my breath away – this was a list of the men from my grandfather's company who made the ultimate sacrifice during the war. Investigating further, I was able to determine that the list was written in roughly chronological order. The first man listed was 2nd Lieutenant James Crowley, killed on the 182nd Infantry's first foray

into the jungles of Guadalcanal. It broke my heart, to think about all of these men, and to think that my grandfather, an emotional and deep thinker, took the time to list all their names out. I knew that he carried them in his heart, too. As an NCO during the Bougainville and Philippines campaigns, (including acting First Sergeant on Cebu), I knew that he had likely made some of the decisions that sent these men to their deaths.

When we began planning the trip to the Philippines, I knew that I had to go to Manila, to pay my respects to these men. Many of the 53 had been returned home after the war, for burial in their home towns. Checking against the American Battle Monument Commission website, I was able to determine that 10 of the 53 are buried at Manila, and another 4 are listed on the cemetery's Missing in Action walls. Prior to the trip, I thought long and hard what to do at the cemetery when I visited each of the men. Thinking ahead to the visit, I wanted to leave them something significant, something from home. These men – really just boys in their teens and early twenties – never came home after the war. I wanted to leave them something to connect with the homes they never saw again. But I struggled to come up with something meaningful, and this bothered me. It is not likely that most of these men have ever had a family visitor, in their lonely graves thousands of miles across the Pacific. And as the family connections from that era pass from the earth, the likelihood that these men will have a visitor in the future is unlikely. In fact, the thought crossed my mind that for many (perhaps all) of these men, I would be the only personal visitor they'd ever have. The thought filled me with sadness. I wanted to do something nice for them.

With the help of my wife, my mother, and Ed Gekosky (the son of a soldier from my grandfather's





company) I mulled over what to do. My mother tracked down what state each of the men came from, and we tried to decide what to leave at their graves. I agonized over it, knowing that nothing I could do would measure up to the sacrifice these men made. We settled on a small handmade ribbon for each grave. Each ribbon (blue in color, for the Americal) was held together with an Americal Division insignia pin, and emblazoned with an American flag and a small marker from each of their home states. It didn't feel like enough for me – but I knew that nothing would be. It would have to do.

After our week in Cebu, I spent a short night in a hotel in Manila. My guide delivered me to the cemetery early on a bright, hot, Saturday morning. I was struck by how beautiful the cemetery is. It is meticulously maintained, with rows upon rows of grave markers radiating out from a huge circular walkway structure containing endless walls listing those still missing in action. I started to walk, using the row numbers to search for the men on my list. Shortly, I came upon a man from my list. It stopped me in my tracks, because it was Carlton Duley, killed on Bougainville. Not only did he serve

in my grandfather's company, but he was from our hometown of Dedham, Massachusetts. I stayed for a moment, and placed his ribbon on the marker. It was difficult to leave his grave and move on, but I headed on, looking for the next man. I found each of them, leaving a ribbon and thinking about who they were, and how they died. It struck me as I wandered the grounds – these men are still

wearing their boots and uniforms.

I found each of the men, and in my journey through the cemetery, I saw the graves of many other Americal men. Unlike Arlington National Cemetery, which contains our nations dead from across the centuries, the men at Manila were all killed during World War II. The scale of the cemetery, the number of men buried there, brings home the scale of the bloody war in the Pacific. I strolled through the open walkways in the middle of the cemetery, and was utterly astounded at the number of names on the Missing in Action walls: over 36,000, more than the mind can even comprehend. I found the 4 men from my grandfather's company on the walls, and left a ribbon for each of them.

Eventually, it was time to leave. As I headed back to the van to meet my guide, the bells in the solitary chapel tower in the center of the cemetery began to toll. In the quiet air, gentle tones of *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* echoed through the air. It was a comforting and peaceful end to an emotional morning.



The Americal's WWII Commanders

By David W. Taylor

The generals who led the Americal division in World War II were a diverse group of leaders whose experiences in life and war most probably will never be duplicated again.

General Alexander M. Patch II

The Americal's first commander was Alexander "Sandy" Patch, who could be called the "Father of the Americal Division". Patch was born on November 23, 1889 at Fort Huachuca, a military post in Arizona where his father commanded a detachment. From an early age Patch never considered anything other than a career in the Army. He received an appointment at the Military Academy at West Point in 1909 and was commissioned in 1913. His father was a cavalry officer but Patch saw that the Cavalry was becoming obsolete so he chose the infantry.

During World War I Patch served as an infantry officer and as an instructor in the Army's Machine Gun School. While he was commanding troops on the front line in France, his leadership came to the attention of George Marshall, then a member of General John Pershing's staff. Patch's reputation would be cemented in the minds of Army leaders for his many innovations and doctrinal development at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia.

Patch was promoted to brigadier general by Army Chief of Staff George Marshall and, just before WWII, was sent to Fort Bragg, North Carolina to supervise the training of the new soldiers there. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, Patch was directed by Marshall to head Task Force 6814 that was to sail to the island of New Caledonia and protect that strategic island from invasion by the Japanese. Not only did New Caledonia offer many rare minerals to sustain a war effort, its location controlled the strategic passageway between Australia and the eastern Pacific from where American warships could reinforce Australia and New Zealand. Patch was promoted to Major General on March 10, 1942 and two days later, on March 12, the first ships of Task Force 6814 landed on New Caledonia.

Patch was placed in the position of being a diplomat because French colonials on New Caledonia were divided between those who sympathized with the Vichy French who indirectly supported the Nazi's in Europe and the Free French, controlled by General Charles De Gaulle in London. Patch also had the task of converting his odd assortment of units and equipment under Task Force 6814 into a standardized Army division. He excelled at both tasks.

Patch led the Americal in relief of the malaria-ridden 1st Marine Division on Guadalcanal in October 1942. With the addition of the 25th Infantry Division and other forces on Guadalcanal, including one regiment of US Marines, Patch moved up to command of the XIV

Corps on the island. By February 1943 the Japanese were defeated on Guadalcanal.

Impressed by Patch's performance on Guadalcanal, General Marshall ordered him to the European Theatre of Operations, where he took command of the Seventh Army from General Mark Clark. As a Lieutenant General he led the Seventh Army through France and met up with Patton's Third Army near Dijon, France on September 9, 1944. Patch stayed with the Seventh Army leading them through the Siegfried Line, over the Rhine, into Southern Germany.

Immediately after the war Patch returned to the United States to take command of the Fourth Army, but he was soon hospitalized with lung problems. He died of pneumonia at the young age of 45 on November 21, 1945 at Brooke General Hospital at Fort Sam Houston, Texas and was buried at West Point Cemetery on the grounds of the U.S. Military Academy. There is no doubt his career was destined to rise to higher levels had he lived longer.

Patch married Julia Littell in 1915, daughter of Colonel Isaac W. Littell, who served in Quartermaster assignments and retired as a Brigadier General. Patch and his wife had two children, and they suffered personal tragedy when their son, Captain Alexander M. Patch III, was killed in action on October 22, 1944 while serving as an infantry company commander with the 79th Infantry Division in Europe. Patch's wife died in 1988.



Lieutenant General Alexander "Sandy" Patch

General Edmund B. Sebree

General Sebree, the Americal's second commander, was born on January 7, 1898 in Olney, Illinois. He attended Cornell University in New York State for one year then transferred to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point and was commissioned as an infantry second lieutenant on November 1, 1918. His first assignment was with the American Expeditionary Forces during occupation duties in Weimar, Germany in 1919. After returning from Europe assignments included training at the U.S. Army Infantry School at Fort Benning Georgia and assignment to the 3rd Infantry Regiment at Chilkoot Barracks, Alaska, where he spent three years. The years 1923-1928 saw service with the 21st Infantry regiment at Vancouver Barracks, Washington State and with the 31st Infantry Regiment in Manila, the Philippine Islands.

Sebree was then appointed a professor of military science and tactics at Western Military Academy in Alton, Illinois. After four years at Western Military Academy, Sebree was transferred back to the Philippine Islands where he was assigned to the 45th Infantry Regiment. In 1936, newly promoted Captain Sebree was ordered back to the States where he attended a special officer's course at the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. After completion of the course, Captain Sebree was appointed as Aide to Major General Herbert J. Brees, commander of VIII Corps at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Sebree spent over three years in that capacity, rising rapidly in rank, and in 1940, was transferred to the staff of the 9th Infantry Division under Major General Jacob Devers for a few months, and was subsequently transferred to the personnel division of the War Department General Staff.

During the strategically significant Guadalcanal Campaign in 1942, Sebree was assigned to the Americal Division under command of Alexander Patch, as its Assistant Division Commander. When Patch was appointed as the XIV Corps Commander, Sebree became the Americal commander on Guadalcanal and served in that capacity from January 1, to May 28, 1943.

Sebree was then returned to the United States to train and deploy with the 35th Infantry Division, serving as the Assistant Division Commander.

During the Lorraine Campaign in Europe, Sebree led an independent task force of infantry and armored units ("Task Force Sebree") with artillery and supporting arms in the liberation of Nancy, France. After the War he served as the first Defense Attaché to Australia. At the completion of that tour Sebree returned to Fort Sam Houston, where he served as G2, Fourth Army, until his transfer to Europe as Commanding General, 2nd Constabulary Brigade and later, the Munich Military Post.

In 1950 he was promoted to Major General and moved to Trieste (Northeast Italy) to become the commander of TRUST (Trieste United States Troops) under the United Nations. He returned to the USA in 1952 and served as the Commanding General of the 5th

Armored Division, Fort Chaffee, Arkansas, and Deputy Commanding General, First Army at Governors Island, New York.

In 1954 Sebree commanded the 7th Division in Korea after which he returned to Fort Monroe, Virginia, as Chief of Staff, Continental Army Command (CONARC). He retired from the Army in 1957. For a number of years he presented a series of lectures on leadership while keeping an abiding interest in the game of baseball which he played while at West Point. He had married his high school sweetheart, Pauline "Polly" Weber in 1919. They had three daughters, all of whom married Army men.

General Sebree died on June 26, 1966 at the age of 68 and is buried at the Presidio of San Francisco National Cemetery. His wife Poly only survived him by seven months and is buried by his side. General Sebree was given many awards and decorations in his career, among which are two Silver Stars which he earned as an assistant division commander in Europe during WWII and as a task force commander which liberated the city of Nancy, France, for which he was later given honorary citizenship. Sebree had a solid reputation for being up front with his troops.

(Biographical sketches to be continued in a subsequent issue of the Americal Journal with the careers of Americal Commanders General John R. Hodge, Major General Robert B. McClure and Lieutenant General William H. Arnold. Primary sources for these biographical sketches were Wikipedia and other web-based biographies)



Major General Edmund B. Sebree

Three Sergeants In One

By James Gales

Let me introduce you to the three sergeants: SGT Larry Corpuz, SGT Larry Zuproc, and SSGT Larry Tallacus.

In 1971-72 Larry Corpuz was the sergeant for the 81 mm mortar platoon of Bravo Co., 2/1st Inf., 196th LIB. He also served a previous tour in which he was wounded and earned the Purple Heart and a ton of other medals. He was wounded by a tripped booby trap. A service dog had sniffed out the trap but someone walked into the trigger wire anyway and it went off injuring Larry.

Larry was medevaced to the hospital in Chu Lai. He was there at the same time as nurse Sharon Lane. One morning the hospital took incoming rocket fire. SGT Corpuz and other patients started pulling guys off their gurneys and got them to a safe spot. Unfortunately, Sharon Lane was killed in the attack. She was the first nurse killed by hostile action in the war.

SGT Zuproc was SGT Corpuz spelled backwards. I think it may have been Woody Collins (now deceased) or Robert Hemmis that gave SGT Corpuz the nickname SGT Zuproc. Zuproc was like our own superhero character. We used it to ease the tension when the going got tough. He molded us from newbies to the best 81 mm mortar team in Nam. He was also good enough to take the kidding that went along with the nickname. It truly was an appropriate name for him.

All kidding aside, he was a soldier's sergeant. He led by example, did whatever it took to take care of his men, and often served above his rank as we never had an officer assigned to our platoon. He never let that get in the way and he was not afraid to stand up for himself and his platoon if some officer or other sergeant tried messing with him or his men. He could also forget the rank part and be just one of the guys when we had R&Rs. When we had some free time and made tapes to send home to our families he took part in the antics. He also was



SGT Corpuz cleaning the 90 MM recoilless rifle in front of the mortar pit at the LORAN station in Tam Ky.

an avid spades player. We played often while waiting for the choppers to pick us up or when we had down time.

Zuproc ran a very tight ship with the platoon and demanded that we all do our jobs to the best of our ability. He made sure he had us all cross trained so any one of us could do any of the jobs in the mortar platoon routine. He also personally watched us take our malaria pills. He made sure our weapons were kept clean and that our mortar and everything in the mortar pit was fully operational everyday. He just



Team on OP 56, June 1972, ready for last chopper ride before leaving Vietnam. Jim Gales, sitting. SGT Chuck Hartman, SGT Clint Vogel, Al Horner, SGT Larry Corpuz, Frank Hagan, and SGT Woodrow Collins.



L to R. Woody Collins, SGT Corpuz, SGT Clint Vogel, Jim Gales, Al Horner, and Frank Hagan waiting to board choppers for an insertion.

didn't order us to do it. He rolled up his sleeves and pitched in.

After SGT Corpuz left Vietnam in 1972 he stayed in the military and did his 20 plus years to retire as a staff sergeant. When he retired he changed his name back to his Native American name, Larry Tallacus. He is a member of the Makah indian tribe and works for the Department of Health and Human Services. The Makah Tribe is located in the state of Washington.

After Nam we lost touch due to all of the moves he made over his career. Then I wrote an article that

was used in an issue of VFW magazine. They used a picture I sent them of us on OP 56. We were fully loaded to go hunting. This resulted in us finding Corpuz, who we nicknamed Zuproc, and who now went by Larry Tallacus.

The old superhero Zuproc immediately went into action. Three of his men went before the E-5 promotion board in mid-1972 but the records of the promotion board never followed the three soldiers. They all passed the tests and should have been promoted. After a delay of 44 years he saw to it that they got their promotions. The three of us can now say we are sergeants. And we earned it. The main thing is when we die we can put the title Sergeant on our tombstones.

He then contacted every known member of our platoon to ensure that they got the medals they earned but had not received. He completed the necessary paper work to go with the medal requests. He also sent each of us a replica of the 81mm mortar that we could display with all our other Nam memorabilia. Also he sent some MREs and another type of ration so we could try them and compare them to our old c-rations. They were definitely better than the c-rations but not as good as the old LRRP rations.

Larry had two brothers who also served in Nam during his first tour. They saw some heavy action. One of the brothers used old military clothing and other odds and ends to make each member of our mortar platoon a hat. We all cherish the hats and from the design and the materials you can tell it is a way for him to cope with PTSD. The hats are very special to all of us.

He sent each of us a copy of the The Soldier's Creed. It states:

*I am an American Soldier.
I am a Warrior and a member of a team. I
serve the people of the United States and live
the Army values.
I will always place the mission first.
I will never accept defeat.
I will never quit.
I will never leave a fallen comrade.
I am disciplined, physically and mentally
tough, trained and proficient in my warrior
tasks and drills.
I always maintain my arms, my equipment
and myself.
I am an expert and I am a professional.
I stand ready to deploy, engage and destroy
the enemies of the United States of America in
close combat.
I am a guardian of freedom and the American
way of life.
I am an American Soldier.*

Larry personally made a trip to present one of his men with his sergeant's promotion and to have coffee and talk about the old times. He has driven there twice and we are working on getting every one together for a reunion before any more of us pass on. We have lost three guys already. Two were from effects of diseases from Agent Orange.

His phone calls to me have also been filled with serious talk, laughing, talking about old times, new things, keeping up with and being brought up to date on each of us and our families. To me, I feel so good mentally after each phone call and all he has done that I am having much less problems with my PTSD. Besides all of the military stuff, we solidified our friendship and now we all seem to communicate more often and that is due to Larry taking care of business. He also has a son and a step-son now serving overseas fighting for our country just like we did back in Nam.

I mentioned his first tour only to set up the story as Larry doesn't like to talk about it much and that is his privilege, but I believe he was left out of a few medals for his conduct during the ambush and his actions at the e-vac hospital. I am proud to have served under him and even prouder to call him a friend and I love him as I love my own brothers. We all feel that way about each other.

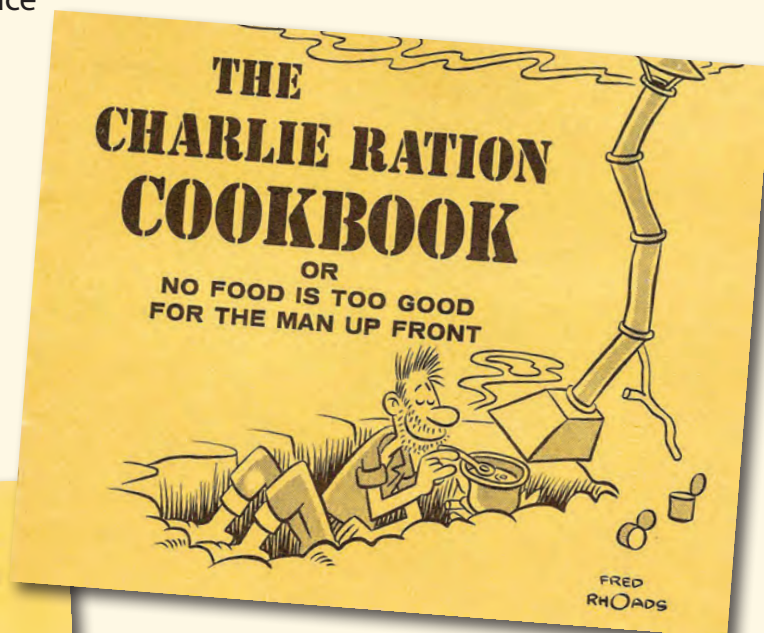
So three sergeants in one is the story of an average soldier whom did things above and beyond the call of duty and asks nothing for it other than the respect of his men.



Jim Corpuz (Larry's brother) with Chuck and Vonda Hartman in Port Angeles, Washington. Jim creates the hats in the photo from used military clothing items.

The Charlie Ration COOKBOOK or No food is too good for the man up front

Produced by the McIlhenny Company
Avery Island, Louisiana
Manufacturers of TABASCO® brand pepper sauce



Rations. The contents of these remarkable packages contain far more nutriment than normally required for any man in the field and offer solid, good-tasting meals that are the envy of fighting men all over the world. Occasionally, though, a trooper will find it necessary to depend on C-Rations for a prolonged period of time . . . and it is with this in mind that TABASCO brand pepper sauce thought of a recipe book to help add dash and variety. There is no telling what gastronomic creations can be concocted with the C-Rations as a basic, combined with what the American trooper can find in the field or village near the combat zone. All he needs is imagination and a buddy who will act as assistant chef.

Whether eaten alone, with a buddy or two or in a group, the recipes found in this book are

predominantly based on the single units and various combinations of the basic C-Rations. Outside ingredients may help, but they are not essential to the menus. (Another thought: when combat situations make it impossible to do anything with your C-Rations

except open them up and eat them cold, adding Tabasco right from the bottle will always add a distinctive bright flavor.)

G.I. Joe has gone gourmet. These recipes were created for the fighting man in the field. Bon appétit.



The following ingredients may be found in the battle theater by begging, borrowing or bartering. When available, these items have been incorporated with the C-Rations to bring out their hidden secrets, whatever they may be:

Eggs
Pineapple . . . fresh
Soya sauce or a fish sauce (rather small but peculiar to the natives and used in almost everything)
Bean sprouts
Oranges . . . a special variety in Viet Nam
Bananas or plantains
Lemons
Breadfruit
Fat . . . pork or oil
Onions
Bamboo shoots
Rice
Water chestnuts
Peanuts
Fish . . . from the streams
Fresh water shrimp
A young hen or old rooster. (Occasionally the chicken will come up to "rescue" one of these birds from the countryside; some fast hand-work with a fishpole and a steel pot will usually do the trick.)

Whenever flour is called for, soya or rice flour can be substituted for plain flour. Wherever butter is called for, margarine, fat or oil may be used.

The following are the basic measurements you will need for all recipes. You will find them in your basic C-Rations.



In all measurements, the plastic spoon found in each C-Ration Unit will be used as a standard. When cans of liquid are required, either the small C-Ration Can or the large C-Ration Can will be indicated.



In all cases, a complete can of each C-Ration is used for one person. Add as many cans as is necessary for a formal fox hole dinner or the usual scrumpers. Cigarettes will be found in all C-Ration Accessory Packets. Most gourmets frown upon smoking between courses. However, a special dispensation is granted to the man up front.



FOX HOLE DINNER FOR TWO (Turkey and Chicken Poulette)

Two spoons butter or oil or fat
Two spoons flour
*One can chicken and noodles
*One can turkey loaf, cut up into pieces
Three dashes TABASCO pepper sauce
Salt and pepper to taste
*One can cheese spread
1/2 spoons milk
*Crackers from one C-Ration can, crumbled

No one likes to dine alone, and this recipe is ideal to combine a variety of C-Ration Units. Melt butter or oil or fat, add flour and stir until smooth. Add milk and continue to cook until sauce begins to thicken. Add cheese spread and cook until cheese melts and sauce is even. Empty cans of turkey loaf and chicken noodles into the cheese sauce. Season with Tabasco, salt and pepper to taste and continue cooking. Cover poulette with crumbled crackers and serve piping hot.
*This is from your Basic C-Ration

SOUP DU JOUR

*One can ham and lima beans, mashed
One equal can hot water
Salt and pepper to taste
A generous dash TABASCO pepper sauce
Three spoons green onions, chopped and sautéed in butter or oil or fat
Two spoons butter or oil or fat for the onions
Four spoons butter or oil or fat for the bread
*Fried bread croutons or crumbled crackers

TIN CAN CASSEROLE

*One can franks and beans
*One can beefsteak with potatoes
Generous dash TABASCO pepper sauce
*One can crumbled crackers
*One can cheese spread, melted
Four spoons green onions, chopped coarsely
Two spoons butter or oil or fat
One small can of water, if necessary

The casserole can be elegant, but as most men know, women often use it as a camouflage for a hasty meal after a long bridge game. Here's a recipe to put the Old Lady's Bridge Casserole to shame. Melt butter or oil or fat and sauté onions in it. Then add the cheese until it is melted and well blended. Now add the crackers for a few minutes and then return to tin can or other cooking utensil. Combine a can of franks and beans with the beefsteak and potatoes to this mixture and correct the seasoning. Cook for as long as necessary, seeing that the

tinuous cooking until sauce is thick. Separate the ham slices and continue cooking in this mixture till hot. At the last five minutes, top each ham slice with a half apricot and keep basting for a few more minutes with the thickened sauce. Serve this hot with white bread.
*This is from your Basic C-Ration

PORK MANDARIN

*One can pork steaks
Green onions, chopped
Two spoons water chestnuts, chopped
Three spoons butter or oil or fat
Three spoons flour
Five spoons pineapple chunks, fresh or canned
Small can pineapple juice, fresh or canned
Half a can orange juice
Two spoons lemon juice
Generous dash TABASCO pepper sauce

One spoon soya sauce . . . two, if desired
If any candied ginger or fresh ginger root is available, a few slices may be added.

The original for this recipe took a lot of time; if you followed it, the VC would be sitting in your lap. Here's a real quick way to cheat Charlie and have something different.

Melt the butter or oil or fat and sauté the onions and chestnuts for about five minutes. Add the flour and stir until smooth. Add the pineapple juice, the lemon juice, the orange juice and continue cooking until the sauce is smooth. Add the pineapple chunks and other ingredients and, if available, the candied ginger or ginger root. Continue cooking until sauce is very smooth. Now separate the pork steaks and add to this mixture, along with the juices from the can. Continue cooking until well heated and bubbling. This may be served over boiled rice or crumbled crackers.
*This is from your Basic C-Ration



There is a soup du jour on every menu in every American restaurant from Maine to Frisco. There is no reason why the Armed Forces should be an exception. The front-line fighting man has one advantage. He knows what goes into his soup du jour.

Mash the ham and lima bean mixture to a pulp. Combine with a can of hot water and bring to a boil, stirring briskly all the time. Add Tabasco and salt and pepper to taste. Serve piping hot, garnished with fried white bread croutons (pieces of white bread cut up into cubes) or crumbled crackers sautéed in butter or oil or fat.
*This is from your Basic C-Ration

BREAST OF CHICKEN UNDER BULLETS

*One can boned chicken
*One can cheese spread
Salt and pepper to taste
One dash TABASCO pepper sauce
*White bread

Two spoons butter or oil or fat, if available
Breast of chicken under glass was never intended for areas where glass is a scarce commodity. This dish can be prepared in quick time, using only the Basic C-Ration.

Heat the can of boned chicken in a meat can. Melt the cheese spread. If butter or oil or fat is available, add two and Tabasco. Cut loaf of white bread in half, trimmed if so desired. Place a mound of chicken over each half of white bread and cover each with the hot melted cheese sauce. This should stick to your ribs.
*This is from your Basic C-Ration

BATTLEFIELD FUFU (Chicken with Peanut Butter Sauce)

*One can boned chicken
*One can peanut butter
Two spoons butter or oil or fat
One spoon soya sauce
Two dashes TABASCO pepper sauce
*Two to three spoons milk

Ham slices or pork steaks may be substituted for the boned chicken. No matter what you do to it, though, it is still Battlefield Fufu.

Melt the butter or oil or fat and add the peanut butter. Stir until well blended. Add the milk and continue cooking until sauce is smooth. Now add the can of boned chicken, pulled apart, and the soya sauce and Tabasco. Continue cooking until hot and smooth. This may be served over boiled rice or crumbled crackers or with white bread.
*This is from your Basic C-Ration

HAM WITH SPICED APRICOTS

*One can fried ham, sliced with juices
*One can apricots with juice
*One can jam
Three spoons flour
Three spoons butter or oil or fat
One spoon lemon juice
One spoon soya sauce
Generous dash TABASCO pepper sauce
Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter or oil or fat, add flour and stir until well blended. Add the jam and cook until melted. Now add the juices from the ham and the apricots as well as the lemon juice, soya sauce and Tabasco. Salt and pepper to taste. Con-

Thanks to David Lukat for preserving the cookbook. It was mailed to him in Vietnam by the McIlhenny Company with a postmark of November 12, 1970. The cookbook consists of twelve pages including covers.

Writings on the topic of Vietnam

By Jim Craig (RIP)

© Donna Craig

Editor's note: Many years ago Jim Craig told me of his writings on the topic of the Vietnam War. Jim served as a sergeant with Co. B, 3/21st Infantry, 196th Lt. Inf. Bde. in 1970-71. It is very unfortunate that Jim died unexpectedly in April 2012. After Jim's death his widow Donna sent me copies of Jim's stories and poems. As you will see, Jim was an excellent writer and he eloquently captured what Vietnam meant to him and likewise to many of us. Look for additional poems and stories in future editions of the Americal Journal. -GLN-

Untitled Poem (1)

To help the people of SE Asia we went to fight,
Though war was not declared which wasn't right
Through the paddies and boonies we humped day and night,
Looking for Charlie who kept mostly out of sight.
Booby traps and ambushes were often part of our day,
Being killed and wounded our buddies had to pay,
What our goal was our government would never say,
While the people at home supported the enemy way.
Heroes made of those at Kent State were seen by all,
While 58,000 were ignored until seen on the Wall,
Communists in Vietnam were the winners after the fall,
Then their country's progress had slowed to a crawl.
Twenty years to their country a market economy has brought,
While boat people escaped and re-education in camps was taught,
Free-trading with our country they may hoped to have bought,
With promises of cooperation to find old soldiers we thought.
While families still grieving here at home can be found,
And no respect ever given the war's veterans still around,
Who can blame them when next time the draft calls abound,
If they point to the protesters to follow that sound.

The Pucker Factor

It had been cloudy off and on all day. With the air so thin you could hear a cough a mile away. And now the clouds were evidently back because the usual bright stars were not out tonight. Not a one. The result was total darkness. Catchy lay on his back looking up at nothing. He could hear the mosquitoes but they weren't really landing on him. Too much bug juice. He felt oily. Sweat beaded on the bug juice that was rubbed all over him. Even his face. Especially his face. Suddenly there was a loud pop! To his right about 50 meters a trip flare burst and burned in the quiet black night. It sizzled and nobody moved. Ping! Ping! Several frags were in the air he knew. He rolled over quietly and reached for his 16. And as he crawled slowly into the hole the frags exploded and at the same time another flare went off over behind him across the perimeter. He heard small metal sounds around him as each man pulled his ammunition into

the hole with him. What are the odds of two flares being hit by some small animal at about the same time on opposite sides of the perimeter? None. There must be more than just a couple of them out there.

He knew Rolltop was on his left in the hole beside him. He could hear him breathing but couldn't see him. It was too damn dark. Any minute now the whole world's gonna go on automatic and all hell's gonna break loose. More frags across the perimeter. Nobody's bitin'. Squat in the hole. Wait. Over his left shoulder about 10 meters he could hear somebody break squelch on the PRC-25. But he couldn't hear anybody talking. Just waiting. His anal cavity could pass no air- in or out. His mouth was dry. How will they get us out of here in this darkness if we get hit? No sounds now. Just Rolltop's heavy breathing. Fast breathing but no talking. Wait.

The sun was coming up and he realized he'd fallen asleep. Guys were stirring. It was daylight. Nothing had happened. Some blood trails as they left the laager area. That's it. Another night in paradise. His asshole was raw.

The Lotto

The camouflage canvas cover over your steel pot showed your time in country. Your calendar started with the month you came in. Then each month was colored in as it went by. You could tell the short-timers. They had most of the months colored in. They were really counting the days. It was the only thing you could look forward to. Unless you won the Lotto. Nobody wanted to win the Lotto. But if you won it, you wanted to win it sooner than later. You could save yourself the hassles and all the hardtimes if you won the Lotto sooner rather than later. Winning the Lotto meant you were out of there, back to the world. It wasn't that hard to win. The odds weren't really that bad. And the Lotto was expense free. There was no waiting once you won. You got priority transportation. None of the lifer hassles before you got on the plane. And of course, you would be famous. All your buddies and anyone else who cared to drop by could read your name on the wall with the other Lotto winners. And your name was there for all time. You never knew when the next Lotto drawing would be. Sometimes there was more than one winner. As I said, the odds weren't really that bad to win. You didn't even have to pick a number. But you did have to be present to win.

McFee

I saw McFee the other night. In my dream I knocked on the door and an elderly lady came to answer. It was a business call and she had to get some papers from her bedroom. The house was one of those 50-year-old front-to-back ranch style homes. You know the living room was in the front, then a dining room with no wall in between and then a wall with doorway to the right which led into the kitchen. The basement stairs were off the kitchen and the two bedrooms and bath were in a different hallway to your right as you come in the front door. Anyway, as the old lady disappeared down the hallway and I wandered into

the dining area, McFee came out of the kitchen through the doorway to the dining room and stood before me. Although it had been 26 years, I recognized him instantly. He had been 19, tall, slim and dark. But very mild-mannered and inexperienced. McFee had been a green-seed. In country only a few weeks when he witnessed the accident. Now he was starting to gray and was 30 pounds heavier. But he still wore his hair short and no facial hair. It was him alright 26 years later. He had watched as Bill tried to hook up a mechanical ambush. Our term for a booby-trapped claymore mine. Ignoring the platoon sergeant's instructions to connect the circuit first and then attach the wire from behind the claymore, Bill attached the wire behind the claymore first and then completed the circuit. If there is any static electricity in the air, the claymore will be ignited by the arcing of the circuit between the conductors. That's what happened. Bill was standing over the claymore when it went off. He had serious shrapnel wounds to his face, neck, and lower legs. In addition, his hands and feet were all blown off. After the blast, he lay on his back semi-conscious and unable to speak. McFee saw all of this and went into shock. It all happened at a junction of two trails about 100 meters from our laager site one evening in October, 1970. Two medics, the platoon sergeant and some RTOs including myself responded to McFee's screams. When we got to the site of the blast, McFee was sobbing, glassy-eyed, and unconsolable. He was put on the same chopper that took Bill to the aid station at Hawk Hill. Even though Bill was given a tracheotomy by the medics and an IV, he never made it to Hawk Hill. He died on the chopper.

Now I spoke to McFee. Do you remember me? How are you? I put my arms around him but he didn't speak. He looked at me but didn't smile. He was curious. I am not sure he remembered me. His mother came back into the room. She said he had not spoken a word since coming home from Vietnam in 1970. The dream ended. I never got to find out what McFee was doing or if he had a family or if he ever talked to any of the guys since the war. I woke up. And I hoped he wasn't the spellbound zombie I had seen in the dream. Wherever he is, McFee carries those memories with him though. How could he forget?

In The Shit

Tired. Walking all day. Slow down. Spread out. One frag'll get you all. Keep your distance. End of the path. Hooch area. No mama-sans. No baby-sans. No birds singing. No noises. This is bad. This looks bad. Should recon by fire. Fire in the hole. Couple of 79s. Nothing. Nothing happening. OK. On line. Keep your distance. Don't get ahead. Put the sixty on the trail. Still no birds. No noise. Mouth open. Dry throat. Tight pucker factor. Boom! Crack--Crack--Crack! Down! Down! Medic! Medic! Oh God, Medic! Here, Medic! I'm hit! I'm hit! Oh God! Sounds like Bump. Medic! Pop-Pop-Pop-Pop. Crack-Crack. You see em Bill? Weible? Weible? You OK? Bring the pig. Ping, ping, ping. Oh God my balls. Oh God how about my balls? Move back and spread out. Keep down.

Give Doc some support. Over to the left. In the thick stuff behind the hooches. Where's the 79? Alex, HE up higher. Another round. Bill, let's go left. Lets try to flank. Where's Topa. Pop-pop. Ping boom. Chew up the hooch, Bob. Then higher and to the left. I don't see anybody. Maybe they left. Bump's leg and hip. Morphine. Mike's got shrap. Again. How you feel, Mike? Better get on the dust-off too. Anybody else? That's it LT. Just Mike and Bump. Bump is laughing now. He's feeling no pain and he's out of the bush. OK. Forward a little. Give cover. Anything moves--fire it up. I think they've gone. Nobody here LT. But lot's of brass. Must have been a Chi-com, too. Here comes the bird. Move Bump out toward the paddy. Give some security. Mike can walk, right? How you doing, Mike? Good. Another purple heart for Magnet, heh? No kills. Just blood trails. On the horn. Choppers checking the paddys around. Haven't seen em yet. Must have been 2 or 3 though. Good amount of blood and ammo pouch. Left in a hurry. Report one enemy WIA. Maybe we can confirm a kill later on him. Get the others also. Watch for booby-traps now. Don't pull up anything or move anything. We're here for the night. Hope Bump's gonna be OK. No, his nuts were not hit. Get the claymores out. Never know. Might probe or try something tonight. Alert on guard.

Silent Night

Finished digging. Mosquitoes and sweat. Hooch poles. Bill and I together. With two ponchos. Radio and 5 man post. Bob, Jackie, and Cecil. Funny guy with long neck. Tall. Real name was Ron. Looked like Cecil of Beany and Cecil. Real nervous. Second guard. 10:00 to Midnight. Trip flares and claymores out. Lay down and asleep right away. Very tired. Long hot day. Bill shaking me Snoring. Sorry. Bill again. My guard. 10:00. To wake Cecil at midnight. Very quiet. No moon. Bugs bad. LT's RTO. Wants Sit Rep. Break squelch. Avenger 2- Sit Rep-Lima Chuck. Out. Still very quiet. Stay awake. Stay awake. No noise. Scary. Finally midnight. Cecil--wake up. Wake up Cecil. Your guard. Cecil's a green seed. New guy. Very nervous. Wake me if anything funny. Back to sleep. What? I don't hear anything, Cecil. No. Back to sleep. What? Let's check. Avenger 1--Avenger 2. Any movement? Nothing, Cecil. Probably a dog. Very dark. Very quiet. Cecil's scared stiff. 12:30. No sleep yet. He's jumpy. What. Bill? Cecil, nothing out there. Bill, I told him nothing. Back to sleep. BANG!!! Pop-Pop-Pop-Pop-Pop. Cecil, stop. What you got? Even if he's out there, don't blow the claymore. Now if there is attack later, no claymore for defense. Also, don't fire, especially on automatic into bush. Muzzle flash gives us away. Wait till morning to see if anything there. I don't see anything. Jackie has next guard. He'll sit up with you. Take it easy. Nothing out there. But quiet and scary. No moon. Real dark. Radio. What LT? No. Cecil a little nervous. Yes, blew claymore. Bundle of nerves. Nothing there. Avenger 2 --out. Morning. Cecil wants out of bush. Bad. Talking to LT. Case of nerves. Nervous wreck. Going to shoot a grunt some night. Better he gets out. Cecil's last mission. Sleep better now.

3/1st Infantry Newsletters

By Les Hines

Most of the 39 newsletters of the 3/1st Infantry have been transcribed. These are courtesy of LTC (Ret) James Simms (4/31st Infantry veteran). If you look at the newsletters' content you will see there are many veterans names listed and some include hometowns. It seems to be easy to find men from the battalion as I have been able to use the internet to confirm the name of a town or the man listed.

There are parts of four issues on the 4-11 web-site that I do not have copies. These came from the Civil Affairs Officer, Lt. David Eckberg. They are for the 10/30/70, 01/22/71, 02/05/71, 04/30/71. I would like someone provide copies of these images or put me in touch with L. David Eckberg. I may be reached by e-mail at americalhistory@gmail.com.

Below is just a small sample of what is contained in the newsletters.

BRONCO TRIBUNE

Page 1

Vol. II No 24

Friday, December 5, 1969

BATTALION NEWS – WEEKLY SUMMARY

The area west of LZ 4-11 was the scene of action for the 3d Bn 1st Infantry during the last week. Delta Company is now on the hill for ten days.

Nov 27 – Co C found seven sandbags filled with rice. The bags and contents weighing about 100 pounds were destroyed.

Nov 28 – Red Baron spotter plane working, in our AO observed 50-75 personnel carrying rice. The carrying party was engaged with artillery and was seen scattering into spider holes and bunkers. Results unknown.

RCN found an old base camp containing 10 huts with connecting tunnels. The camp was partially destroyed by an air strike. Co C found a booby trapped ChiCom grenade and a 60mm mortar round and destroyed them in place.

Nov 29 – Co C found an AK47 rigged with trip wire and tied to a tree for possible use as an animal trap.

RCN moved to a base camp containing 10 spider holes and huts, they engaged evading VC/NVA and killed two VC.

Co C found a small base camp that had been used the day before.

Co D observed 3 VC/NVA with packs and weapons. Engaged with small arms fire. Found blood trails leading from the area.

Nov 30 – Co C found a deserted base camp containing 4 huts, 5 fighting positions and 40 sleeping positions. Also found were 300 pounds of rice, 50 lbs corn, 1 carbine, 1 bayonet, one NVA rucksack, 100 rounds small arms ammo, clothing, medical supplies, batteries and explosives.

Dec 1 – Co C found a deserted base camp containing 4 huts, 5 fighting positions and 40 sleeping positions. Also found were 300 pounds of rice, 50 lbs corn, 1 carbine, 1 bayonet, one NVA rucksack, 100 rounds small arms ammo, clothing, medical supplies, batteries and explosives.

BATTALION WELCOMES SGM GUNZLEMAN

3d Bn 1st Inf., 11th Infantry Brigade welcomes a new battalion sergeant major. He is SGM Wilbur Gunzleman. The sergeant major comes to the Americal Division from an ROTC assignment at Niagara University. This is his first tour in Vietnam but has seen overseas duty for 12 years in Germany, 4 years in Japan and one year in Korea.

SGM Gunzleman calls Kenmore, New York his home. He is married and the father of four children—two boys ages 16 and 8 and two girls ages 15 and 7.

According to the sergeant major, "so many people from the Division on down have said that it was the best battalion. I have now found out that that is true. I am proud to be a part of the unit and hope that we are as successful in the future as we have been in the past. I am especially appreciative of the morale of the soldiers."

WALK DOWN TRAIL YIELDS SOUVENIR

A tripped wire often means danger to the infantryman. On this particular day it meant a war trophy for a soldier of Company C, 3d Bn. 1st Inf., 11th Infantry Brigade.

The squad of soldiers was walking along a trail in dense terrain 5 miles southwest of FSB 4-11 when the wire was tripped. A shot rang out and the surprised infantryman hit the dirt. After an investigation of the site, an AK47 was discovered tied by wire to a tree. A trip wire was run to the trigger to act off the single round in the weapon. The weapon was aimed a foot off the ground. Sp4 Daniel Smith (Jamestown, N.D.) tagged the weapon and now has a souvenir.

When asked the reason why the weapon was placed only a foot off the ground, MSG Huey Fautheree (Hampton, Va.) commented, "the weapon was probably set up as some kind of game trap. From the height of the weapon it was hard to say that the weapon was intended for a soldier."

FOOD DISTRIBUTED TO CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE

Fifty pounds of food, including ten pounds of candy and gum, was given by the 3d Bn 1st Inf., 11th Infantry Brigade, to the Catholic orphanage in Duc Pho. SFC Donald A. Stone (Spokane, Wash.), the battalion mess sergeant, and several other members of the battalion delivered the food to the 144 orphans at the institution run by Catholic nuns on November 30. Three days earlier the left over food from the battalion's Thanksgiving meal was taken to the orphanage.

The food donation program is art of the program to help out the needy Vietnamese people.

SFC Stone said, "It is our hope to continue giving material help to the orphanage as often as possible."

While at the orphanage the party was greeted by a smiling Nguy, a Montagnard boy who wandered into Company B's NDP in mid October. According to Nguy he now attends school daily and has made a great number of friends since being there.

THE "ALWAYS FIRST" BRONCO TRIBUNE, IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE S-1, 3d BATTALION, 1st INFANTRY 23d INFANTRY DIVISION, APO SF 96217, AS AN AUTHORIZED ARMY PUBLICATION. VIEWS AND OPINIONS EXPRESSED ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY.

LTC LESLIE J. STOTTLE, Commanding SP4 MARK GEISER, Editor

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CHAPTER 15

MY WORST MISSION

PART II.b

By Andy Olints

[Part 2a was published in the Third Quarter 2015 Americal Journal. Part 2b begins on February 16, 1971. On the previous day, February 15, three Americans in Olint's unit were wounded in an enemy ambush while on patrol in the mountainous jungle near FSB Mary Ann. -Editor]

The next morning a helicopter was to come out to our location to drop off supplies and ammo. I was told to take my squad and secure the landing zone. I was also directed to have someone fire a few grenades around the landing zone before the helicopter arrived. Bill Meek was very good with the grenade launcher so he fired about five rounds into the area around the landing zone. The last grenade he fired hit a tree branch and a piece of shrapnel about the size of a dime flew back and hit Bill in his thumb. At first glance I thought that if Bill moved his thumb, half the thumb would break off. The medic said Bill had to go to Chu Lai to have a doctor look at the thumb, but Bill said he didn't want to leave the platoon with so many guys having been wounded. Bill was made to get on the helicopter and he went to a hospital in Chu Lai.

The next day Third Platoon in our company refused to continue the mission because so many people in their platoon had been either killed or wounded. They wanted to stop the mission and be flown back to Fire Base Mary Ann. My platoon was ordered to link up with the Third Platoon. By the time we arrived at Third Platoon's location, Lt. Col. Doyle had already

flown out from FB Mary Ann to Third Platoon's location. I didn't hear any of the conversation that went on with Third Platoon, Col. Doyle and Capt. Kirkey, but I was told what transpired by one of the members of Third Platoon. Allegedly, Lt. Col. Doyle started off the conversation with, "My helicopter is coming back to pick me up in thirty minutes and anyone who refuses to move will be put into the helicopter and flown to a jail in Da Nang." Lt. Col. Doyle then asked if there was anything he could do to help the men. Third Platoon asked for a gun ship to be stationed on FB Mary Ann. That way, if a gun ship was needed by men in the field, it could be at their location in minutes. Lt. Col. Doyle said, "Definite no." Then Third Platoon asked for a Medevac helicopter to be stationed at FB Mary Ann. Once again, Lt. Col. Doyle said no. Then Third Platoon asked for scout dogs to walk point for the platoon. Lt. Col. Doyle said he didn't like scout dogs and he would not put his life on the line with a scout dog walking point. Third Platoon said that Lt. Col. Doyle wasn't walking point, they were. Then Lt. Col. Doyle said that if he got scout dogs out to the platoon in two days, would they continue the mission. Third Platoon agreed.

I watched Lt. Col. Doyle fly off in his helicopter, and I watched Third Platoon put on their packs and walk out of the night laager. Two minutes later an NVA with an AK47 fired one bullet. The point man in Third Platoon was shot in the lower leg by that one NVA bullet. I could hear the voice of the wounded soldier while he was being carried back to the night laager. He was yelling out loud that he was going home. He was going home with a bullet in his leg,

but he was one happy guy.

By February 20 we had German shepherd scout dogs and their handlers walking point for all the platoons. Captain Knight, the company commander of Charlie Company was then in charge of my Second Platoon. Both Second Platoons from Charlie and Delta were still working together.

On February 20 the Third Platoons were walking at the top of a ridgeline on a mountain, the Second Platoons were walking in the middle of the same ridgeline, and the First Platoons were walking down near the streams. I was lucky enough to be walking about thirtieth in line. To my right was a steep incline that led up to the top of the hill. I would look up quite often and hope there wasn't an NVA soldier on top of the mountain about to throw hand grenades down at us. If that had ever happened, he would have killed a lot of us and we would have been in a very large panic. Luckily, nothing happened.

What did happen was the scout dog alerted that there was something on top of the mountain. Word was passed back from the front of the line to the last person in line to stay alert because the dog kept looking up the hill. The platoon stopped to call in our location and I sat on my pack and looked up the steep hill. Suddenly a very loud explosion went off and the noise of the explosion echoed through the mountains. I knew what the explosion was. It was the sound of a US Army claymore mine. My first thought was that all claymore mines should have been picked up by that time of the morning. I wondered what had happened. Without saying a word of what had happened, Captain Knight gave the order to link up with the Third Platoon on top of the mountain. It took about an hour of

steep climbing before our platoon finally reached Third Platoon. Both Second Platoons were in a single file and when we reached Third Platoon, we were told to just sit on the trail and wait. A few minutes went by and the word got back to me that I was wanted up front. I started up the trail, which was slightly hilly, slightly curving, and dense with large trees and brush on both sides. I could only see ahead to about three men at a time sitting on the ground. I walked around a bend in the trail and all of a sudden I noticed a dead soldier lying on the ground, bare-chested with his T-shirt wrapped around his face. I had never seen a dead person with his T-shirt wrapped around his face and I was very much taken off guard. I needed to continue to walk up the trail so I stepped off the trail about a foot so I could walk by the dead soldier. I walked two feet to my right and right in front of me was another dead soldier, and once again he had his T-shirt wrapped around his face. My first thoughts were, "Why didn't anyone tell us about the two men who had been killed?" I looked at one dead soldier and then turned my head to look at the other dead soldier. I couldn't believe my eyes. To my right on the trail was a large tree so I continued around the tree and there right in front of me was a third dead soldier. Right next to the third soldier was a pair of Army eyeglasses. The eyeglasses were black in color and I knew the person who had worn them. His name was Charles Bovinette. The last time Charles and I talked, Charles said to me, "Andy, we have less than one hundred days left in Vietnam and then we can go home." Now Charles was dead. I kept looking at the shattered glasses and then I knew why all three men had their T-shirts

wrapped around their faces - the blast from the claymore mine.

I finally made it to the front of the line and Lt. Harrell and Capt. Knight were there. Lt. Harrell told me that they wanted me to take a squad and walk up the trail about three hundred yards, but then they decided against it. I was very relieved about their change in plans. Who the hell would want to walk up that trail? We knew someone was up there waiting to kill us. I did notice that a scout dog handler was wounded and was lying on the ground. A medic was at his side helping him.

Lt. Harrell then asked me to help him. He started walking back down the trail and stopped at one of the dead soldiers. Lt. Harrell then bent down at one of the packs and got a poncho. I said to myself, "Please don't do this to me. Please don't ask me to help you wrap up one of dead soldiers in his poncho." Lt. Harrell told two other men to help us. Once the poncho was laid out on the ground, the four of us then carefully picked up one of the dead soldiers and laid him on the poncho. We then wrapped him in the poncho and used the shoes strings on the poncho to tie him in. When I first touched the dead soldier, all the energy in my body seemed to drain out of me. I almost fainted. When I finally stood up, I was almost frozen in place. I just couldn't help with the next soldier. I stood there and watched Lt. Harrell work like a man possessed. He wanted to take care of his dead men. Little did I know that three months later Lt. Harrell would step on a booby trap and lose a leg. I watched as the second and third dead men were wrapped up in their ponchos. No matter how long you were in Vietnam, you never got used to seeing a dead soldier. Once a soldier was dead, he no longer

was referred to by his name. While taking care of the dead soldier, the men said things like, "Move the body" or "Cover the body," but never called him by name again. Once a soldier was wrapped up in a poncho, it meant that it was very official that he was dead. And that really bothered me. I hated seeing anyone wrapped up in a poncho.

While I was standing there looking at the bodies, Captain Knight walked up to me and said, "Andy, if you ever want to transfer out of Delta Company, I would like to have you in Charlie Company." I told him I would stay in Delta Company. I was glad he stopped to talk to me at that time. His talking to me kind of got my mind away from the dead men. I'm sure he knew I was very stressed out at that time. That was the only time I ever talked to Captain Knight. One month later he was killed.

We then had to move the dead soldiers to a night laager. I once again got to see how hard it is to carry dead men. Memories you never forget.

The next day, February 21, a helicopter flew out to pick up the three men who had been killed. When the helicopter landed, boxes of C-4 explosives and a chain saw were taken off the helicopter. I was told we were to cut a large landing area for the helicopters. I wasn't brave enough to stand in an open area and make a lot of noise cutting down trees for a landing zone so I went out on light patrols around the landing area. In the Army there is always a soldier who will do any task. With the C-4 explosives, the men blew up big trees about sixty feet tall. Once the trees were on the ground, the men used the chain saw to cut them up. Other men carried away the cut-up trees.

On the afternoon of February 21 a helicopter landed and a mortar

team of four men got out with two small mortar tubes. A little while later a second helicopter landed with the mortar rounds. A third helicopter landed and Chaplin Davidson got out. Chaplin Davidson didn't carry a weapon, water, or a pack. There he was, a man of God, who came out to have a church service for the troops. I have a picture of the Chaplin during that service. He took his helmet off (steel pot) and he stood a cross on top of the helmet. I'm sure I received communion. The few minutes that I got to spend with Chaplin Davidson were the only minutes in the entire mission that I felt safe.

This mission had started around February 1, and finally on February 23 our platoon was told to pack our gear because we were flying back to FB Mary Ann later on in the day. Even with a large landing area at our location for helicopters, only one helicopter at a time picked up the men. Five helicopters were used to fly one platoon at a time back to FB Maryann. I was told that about twelve men from Echo Recon Platoon were flown out to the area that we were leaving and that the mortar teams who had arrived earlier would fire tear gas into an area and then Echo Recon would patrol that area using gas masks. Echo Recon continued to search the area for NVA but found no more weapons caches and had no contact with the enemy.

When my helicopter landed on FB Mary Ann, we were greeted by friends on the base. The cooks on the base had steaks, mashed potatoes, a piece of chocolate cake, and milk waiting for us. After twenty-three days in the field, that was one great meal. I had not had a change of clothes since January 1 and I couldn't wait to get some clean clothes. A few guys (I'm sure it was Bob Stainton and Don Rice) from a Delta Company mortar team offered me the use of their shower. By offering the use of the shower, they got to hear all the news about the mission from me. When I arrived at the location of the shower, there was a towel, hand soap, a razor, and five gallons of water ready for me. Also, much to my surprise, there was a bottle of shampoo. I hadn't used shampoo in seven months but instead had been washing my hair with soap. After I showered, the last thing I did before I got my clean clothes on was to sprinkle some Johnson's baby powder over my body. I felt like a new man. I even had clean socks on. Thirty-nine years later, every time I sprinkle some baby powder on my body, I think of that day back on FB Mary Ann.

The next day Captain Kirkey gave me permission to take a helicopter to Chu Lai to visit Lt. Schmidt in the hospital. When I arrived at the hospital, I got to see Lt. Schmidt, Donald Moore and David Ray. All three

men had been wounded in the ambush on February 15. David Ray was O.K. and had his fatigues on. Dave had a lot of cuts on his face but would be going back to the field soon. He was just visiting the hospital at that point. Donald Moore had an intravenous injection in his arm but was walking with it rolling alongside him in the hallways of the hospital. Soon Donald would be going home. Lt. Schmidt was lying in the hospital bed and he looked a lot better than the last time I saw him. Next to Lt. Schmidt's bed on a nightstand were a Purple Heart and a Silver Star. He didn't talk about the medals, but I kept looking at them. Lt. Schmidt was going home in a few days and I was so grateful that he was alive.

That night I went with some friends to the NCO club for a few drinks and to relax a little. After we had ordered a few drinks, the bar maid told me that her husband was a lieutenant in the South Vietnamese Army. She said her husband had some dehydrated rice that he would sell. I knew that the guys in the platoon liked the rice. All they had to do to prepare it was boil some water and then add the dehydrated rice. The hot rice was then added to the C-rations and made a better meal. A bag of rice was about three inches round and about ten inches long. The bar maid said I could buy the rice for one dollar a bag. I ordered a box of ten bags of rice. This rice was actually made in America and given to the South Vietnamese troops to help feed them. The next morning I met the bar maid and her husband at the main gate of the Americal Division Base. I walked about ten feet outside the barbed wire that surrounded the large base. Outside was a lieutenant in the South Vietnamese Army all dressed up in his starched fatigues with a pistol on his belt. He also had two of his men with him and one held the rice. I paid the ten dollars for the rice and then walked back onto the Americal Base.

I'm telling you about the bar maid and her lieutenant husband because I think of them quite often. I think about the worst mission of my tour in Vietnam and how I spent twenty-three days in the field. Once the mission was over, I went to a bar and gave a lot of tip money to a Vietnamese woman for serving me beer. Then I bought a ten-dollar box of American rice from a Vietnamese lieutenant. I think buying this rice was like using the Black Market. I often wondered why this South Vietnamese lieutenant was not out in the field fighting the war. Why were young Americans fighting the Vietnamese's war while most Vietnamese people were in safe areas doing jobs paid for by the American government? Don't think about this too much. You might start thinking that the Vietnamese should have fought their own war.

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