

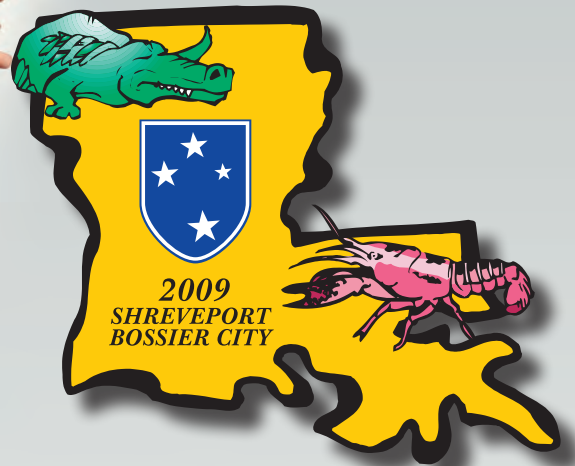
July • August • September
2009



AMERICAL JOURNAL

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

2009 ADVA
Reunion
Shreveport



UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

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Commanders Comments

David W. Taylor



2010 Reunion Will Be In Chicago Area

In the last issue of the Americal Journal I explained our move from Atlantic City, NJ to Louisville, Kentucky as the location for the fall 2010 reunion. Recently our chosen Louisville hotel, the Galt House, made changes in our arrangements that were different from the verbal agreements made and the changes would have increased your costs to attend the reunion. That was not acceptable and a contract was not signed. I am committed to bringing down our national reunion costs for our members.

I am very pleased to announce the 2010 reunion will be at The Westin Lombard Yorktown Center hotel in Lombard, IL, October 7-10, 2010. It is in DuPage County to get away from Chicago taxes but close to the city for visiting. The Westin is 16 miles from the O'Hare airport which will allow inexpensive air fares from most of the country. Special shuttle prices will be arranged. The Westin is new, ultra modern, with over 500 rooms and, unlike the Galt House in Louisville at a cost of \$99/night we have secured a rate of \$79/night! All the details will be in the next Americal Journal.

ADVA Nominating Committee

I am now in my second year of a two-year term. National By-Laws require a nominating committee be appointed by the commander to select ADVA members in good standing to run for offices for the next term. Traditionally this has been done in the fall but I want to start earlier to give the committee plenty of time to conduct their due diligence.

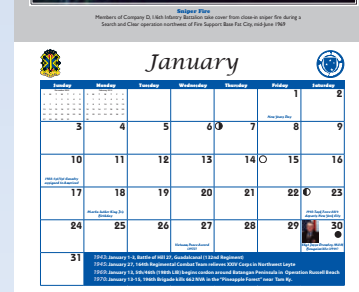
The committee that has been selected, and approved by the Executive Council is: Dave Hammond – Chairman; Robert Cudworth, Mark Deam, Lee Kaywork, Ron Green, Wayne Bryant and Tom Packard. Any ADVA member in good standing may nominate someone for National Office or the Executive Council. National By-Laws require you to include the names of 15 ADVA members in good standing who support your nomination. Rather than simply submit a nominee's name it is suggested your nomination contain a couple paragraphs on why you believe your nominee would be a good choice for a national office.

Nominations should be directed to Dave Hammond, 1900 SW River Road, #805, Portland, OR 97201-8002. E-Mail: pacwesthi@aol.com. It would be helpful to get your nomination to Dave no later than November 15, 2009 for the committee to get statements of purpose by the nominees to be placed in the 1st Quarter 2010 issue of the Americal Journal prior to the national ballots being mailed.

As you nominate individuals I would ask you to consider three attributes of your nominee: **Time**, he may be very talented and highly experienced, but does he have the time available? **Talent**, does your nominee have the talent to coordinate projects successfully? Is he computer literate to be accessible by e-mail and work on the world-wide web?

Temperament We are an organization with many diverse members of different backgrounds, experiences, faith practices and political views. Can your nominee abstain from pushing biases and work with the different personalities in our organization to achieve common goals?

Support Americal Legacy Efforts



As mentioned in the last issue of the Journal, this fall we will mail to all ADVA members an Americal Legacy 2010 Calendar. The calendar will not only feature the normal holiday's but important dates in the Americal's history, photos of the Americal in action and other historical information about the division. Enclosed with the calendar will be an envelope asking you to make a donation to the Legacy Committee for the calendar. All donations are tax-deductible. All proceeds after paying our costs will be placed into the Legacy Fund. Please be as generous as possible.

We are happy to introduce a special offer (a great Christmas gift!) for a limited edition Case Americal Division collectable knife, featured on page 38. The knife is made of Tru-Sharp™ surgical steel blades and a Rogers Corncob Jigged Blue Bone handle. The knife was commissioned by W.R. Case & Sons Cutlery Company, who has been in the custom knife business since 1889. All profits from the sale of the limited edition knives will be placed into the Americal Legacy Fund.



Vernon Love playing Amazing Grace on the bagpipes to finish the solemn memorial ceremony.

Adjutant's Notes

By Roger Gilmore

The ADVA annual reunion, held this past June in Shreveport, Louisiana and hosted by our South Midwest Chapter, was another great event. It was good to see many old friends again, and meet a number of our members for the first time. Our reunion committee, led by Chairman and PNC Ron Ellis, put together a great Friday tour and a superb Saturday night banquet with great entertainment. See more about the reunion and festivities on page 9 of this issue.

New membership additions increased dramatically over the past quarter. This is due principally to two recruiting initiatives. NC Dave Taylor and JVC Larry Swank put together an initial recruiting list for year 2009 of 2,000 names. Recruiting brochures were mailed in late April to all names on the list. This effort added 65 new members thru mid-July. All new members listed with Larry Swank as sponsor (see following pages) are a result of this recruiting initiative.

The second member recruiting initiative was the offer of a one-year membership to non-member Americal vets attending the Shreveport reunion in June. This effort added 46 new and re-instated members to the ADVA roster at the end of June. New members listed with Ronald Ellis as sponsor are a result of this recruiting initiative.

For the quarter, we added a total of 134 new members to the ADVA roster. Of these 134 new members, 20 joined as life members. We added six new life members from existing annual pay members. Ten former members were re-instated to the membership roles during this quarter. On-going recruitment through the americal.org website continues to have good results. New members listed with Gary Noller as sponsor are a result of internet applications.

Remember, each of you is a new member recruiter. If you have Americal Division buddies you served with who are not members of the ADVA, contact them about joining the association. Tell them about the membership benefits, especially the high quality quarterly publication they will receive each quarter and the Scholarship Fund, making college scholarships available to members' children and grandchildren.

In closing, I want to remind all annual pay members to keep your dues current. Your annual membership expiration date is listed in the address box, on the line just above your name, on the back cover of this issue. Dues expiring May09 or earlier can be paid by sending payment to PNC Ronald R. Ellis. Ronald's mailing address is also listed on the back cover.



Albert W. Ackerman, Jr.
196 LIB
Wayne, PA
★ *Larry Swank*

Alfredo Alexander
196 LIB
Philadelphia, PA
★ *Larry Swank*

Willard Anderson
198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Seminole, TX
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Charles B. Ankrom
3/18 Arty
Palm Coast, FL
★ *Larry Swank*

Patrick Armand
198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Destrehan, LA
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Melvin Armstrong
198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Shreveport, LA
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

John W. Ashford
198 LIB 1/52 Inf
Port Huron, MI
★ *Larry Swank*

Leon E. Ausec
178 ASHC
Rockdale, IL
★ *Larry Swank*

Donald B. Ayers
198 LIB E/1/6 Inf
Mechanicsville, VA
★ *William Devan*

Richard W. Bacon
1/1 Cav C Trp
Hudson Falls, NY
★ *Larry Swank*

David A. Barnard
198 LIB
Prescott, AZ
★ *Larry Swank*

Bob Bartos
198 LIB 5/46 Inf
Fairview Park, OH
★ *George T. Mitchell*

Gerald Barve
198 LIB
Battle Creek, MI
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Gary F. Beach
3/18 Arty HHB
Newport, WA
★ *Larry Swank*

Larry N. Boatright
198 LIB 1/6 Inf
Keyesport, IL
★ *Larry Swank*

Joseph P. Boddien
Div Arty HHB
Valrico, FL
★ *Larry Swank*

James C. Boetel
198 LIB D/5/46 Inf
Orange, CA
★ *Larry Swank*

Michael J. Boles
196 LIB
Fort Wayne, IN
★ *Larry Swank*

Jack B. Borders
Americal HDQ G-4
Louisville, GA
★ *Larry Swank*

Allen L. Boyd
198 LIB E/1/6 Inf
Boaz, KY
★ *Larry Swank*

Allan F. Bradley
198 LIB 1/6 Inf
Lakewood, WA
★ *Larry Swank*

Everett T. Brown
123 Avn Bn
Elizabethtown, KY
★ *Larry Swank*

Bill D. Campbell
198 LIB
Indianola, IA
★ *Larry Swank*

James R. Carby
3/16 Arty
Big Clifty, KY
★ *Larry Swank*

ADVA MEMEBERSHIP	
April 30, 2009	
	
World War II	576
Vietnam	2,336
Korea	8
Associate Members:	171
Total Members	3,091

Thomas H. Charbonneau
198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Cohoes, NY
★ *Larry Swank*

Joseph Charles
198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Houston, TX
★ *Larry Swank*

Lee E. Childs
17 Cav H Trp
Copperas Cove, TX
★ *Larry Swank*

Ken Chorice
198 LIB 1/6 Inf
Bartlett, TN
★ *Larry Swank*

Charles Christy
14 Avn Bn
Lodi, CA
★ *Larry Swank*

David G. Clark
23rd Admin Co
Rochester, IN
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Rick E. Clements
523 Sig Bn HHD
Shelbyville, IN
★ *Larry Swank*

Brian J. Cogan
11 LIB 1/20 Inf
Saratoga Springs, NY
★ *Larry Swank*

Christopher J. Collins
198 LIB B/1/6 Inf
Oneida, NY
★ *Larry Swank*

Mark Cook
11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Wylie, TX
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Stephen J. Costa
1/14 Arty 1 Bn HHSB
Londonderry, NH
★ *William J. Dolan*

Michael Deel
11 LIB C/4/21 Inf
Austin, TX
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Danny D. Degracia
198 LIB
San Diego, CA
★ *Larry Swank*

Arley L. Despain
1/82 Arty
Hodgenville, KY
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Edward T. Ducey, Jr.
198 LIB 1/6 Inf
Cincinnati, OH
★ *Larry Swank*

Robert W. Duguid
198 LIB 1/6 Inf
Jacksonville, FL
★ *Larry Swank*

Richard H. Ellashek, Jr.
198 LIB D/5/46 Inf
Poland, OH
★ *Self*

Charles Ellis
1/1 Cav HHT
Waterloo, NY
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

William K. Farmer
245 FA Btry A
Newport News, VA
★ *Self*

Larry Forquer
198 LIB C/5/46 Inf
McAllen, TX
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Allan Fultz
198 LIB C/5/46 Inf
W Lafayette, OH
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Richard A. Gafvert
198 LIB 1/52 Inf
San Jose, CA
★ *Larry Swank*

Rudy C. Gomez
198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Somerset, TX
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Jerret Grisham
23 S&T Bn
Hattiesburg, MS
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Ronald L. Harris
198 LIB 1/52 Inf
Lyons, OR
★ *Larry Swank*

Timothy J. Hatten, Sr.
198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Wooster, OH
★ *Larry Swank*

Paul F. Hauke, Jr.
196 LIB A/2/1 Inf
Sandusky, OH
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Jerry Hefe
HHC Americal
Houston, TX
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

John G. Herbert
11 LIB HHC
Hephzibah, GA
★ *Self*

David Hopkins
11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Katy, TX
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Roy Houseworth
198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Castleberry, FL
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Robert Ishmael
11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Coal City, IL
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Richard M. Johnson
198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Rougemont, NC
★ *Larry Swank*

Stephen E. Karigianis
198 LIB 1/52 Inf
Malden, MA
★ *Larry Swank*

Wayne B. Kielsmeier
198 LIB 1/52 Inf
Tucson, AZ
★ *Larry Swank*

Robert Klein
198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Wauconda, IL
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Henry Kruzel
198 LIB 1/52 Inf
Wilkes Barre, PA
★ *Larry Swank*

Richard C. Landis
196 LIB
New Smyrna Beach, FL
★ *George T. Mitchell*

Walter Lesnack
259 Coastal Arty
Bronx, NY
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

John Lewis
11 LIB 1/20 Inf
Deer Park, TX
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

James P. Linn
11 LIB D/4/3 Inf
Broadlands, VA
★ *Self*

Paul Longan
Americal
Evans, CO
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Tom Luedde
198 LIB D/1/6 Inf
O'Fallon, MO
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Kenneth E. Lunsford
1/82 Arty Btry B
Granite Falls, NC
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

John Masson
198 LIB A/1/52 Inf
Cloutierville, LA
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Dominick Maugeri
198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Merrick, NY
★ *Larry Swank*

Dennis Mayfield
198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Viriden, IL
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Joe McCormack
26 Engr Bn
Germantown, TN
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Robert McEntee

1/1 Cav C Troop
Kansas City, MO
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

James M. McQueen

198 LIB D/1/52 Inf
Chicopee, MA
★ *Larry Swank*

Roger A. Meeker

198 LIB 1/52 Inf
Hutchinson, KS
★ *Larry Swank*

Paul Meringolo

198 LIB
Worcester, MA
★ *Larry Swank*

Gerald L. Moore

198 LIB 1/6 Inf
La Porte, IN
★ *Larry Swank*

Timothy B. Morris

11 LIB
Mossyrock, WA
★ *Larry Swank*

Stephen P. Moss

198 LIB 1/46 Inf
Beeville, TX
★ *David A. Lawrence*

Robert Nieckarz

11 LIB E/4/21 Inf
Arlington, TX
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Harold E. Odle, Jr.

198 LIB A/1/52 Inf
Litchfield, IL
★ *Larry Swank*

Edward J. Palfreyman, Jr.

198 LIB E/1/52 Inf
Washington, PA
★ *Larry Swank*

Richard W. Parker

198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Greenville, SC
★ Self

Rick T. Percoco

11 LIB
Orlando, FL
★ Joe Adelsberger

John F. Petrill

198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Latrobe, PA
★ *Larry Swank*

Bill Pipkin

11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Granite Shoals, TX
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Wendell P. Powell

198 LIB 1/46 Inf
Daytona Beach, FL
★ *George T. Mitchell*

Charles J. Pulaski

198 LIB E/1/52 Inf
Albion, NY
★ *Larry Swank*

Dan Richards

11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Newport, MI
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Luis Rodriguez

198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Somerset, TX
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Robert T. Royce

198 LIB
Schaumburg, IL
★ *Larry Swank*

Ellery Sayers

11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Converse, TX
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Gerald Schmitt

198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Liberty, MO
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Kenneth T. Shaver

198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Fairborn, OH
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Thomas J. Shea, Jr.

198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Revere, MA
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Don Smith

198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Natchez, MS
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Joseph C. Smith

132 Inf Rgmt Co K
Springville, AL
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Ed Stolley

11 LIB A/4/21 Inf
Bettendorf, IA
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Daniel Thomas

11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Humble, TX
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Danny Thompson

198 LIB 5/46 Inf
Newbern, TN
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Kelley Timmons

None Given
Golden, MS
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Jack Tonkin

198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Roseville, CA
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

James A. Treen

176 ASHC
Central Square, NY
★ *George T. Mitchell*

Norman F. Turnell

198 LIB 1/52 Inf
Kearney, NE
★ *Larry Swank*

Robert C. Vandelinder

723 Maint Bn B Co
Branchport, NY
★ *Self*

Jerry Vetterkind

198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Strum, WI
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Arthur P. Wade

198 LIB A/1/52 Inf
Aurora, CO
★ *Larry Swank*

Clayton F. Waldron

1/1 Cav
Port Orchard, WA
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Johnnie C. Walker

11 LIB B/4/3 Inf
Spring, TX
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Jimmy Wilkie

198 LIB
Ellijay, GA
★ *Larry Swank*

John C. Willard

198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Benton, AR
★ *Larry Swank*

William Wolski

198 LIB 5/46 Inf
Alexandria, VA
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Charles L. Wyatt

198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Hurlock, MD
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

George Yancich

11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Jefferson, LA
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

New Paid Life Members (As Of June 30, 2009)

Robert C. Appel, Jr.

Div HDQ Finance
Houston, TX
★ *Larry Swank*

Daniel D. Barnes

11 LIB E/4/21 Inf
Webster, NY
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Paul C. Beisenherz

198 LIB A/5/46 Inf
The Woodlands, TX
★ *Larry Swank*

David L. Bishop

11 LIB HHC/3/1 Inf
Molalla, OR
★ *Larry Swank*

Andrew Campbell

198 LIB 1/52 Inf
Houston, TX
★ *Larry Swank*

Joseph F. Castro
39 Engr Bn TF Oregon
Westlake Village, CA
★ *Larry Swank*

Roland F. Chipman
3/18 Arty C Btry
Yardville, NJ
★ *Larry Swank*

Ralph G. Cooksey
198 LIB B/1/6 Inf
Inverness, FL
★ *Larry Swank*

George I. Cressman
1/14 Arty Btry D
Manchester, MO
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Gerald C. Dennis
198 LIB 1/52 Inf
Antlers, OK
★ *Self*

Jesse A. Eslick
1/14 Arty 198 LIB
San Angelo, TX
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Walter M. Gay
198 LIB B/1/6 Inf
Marlborough, NH
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Robert R. Jones
196 LIB - Avn Unit
New Braunfels, TX
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Carl E. Kannapel
198 LIB C/5/46 Inf
Mineral, VA
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

John J. Kucenic
198 LIB D/5/46 Inf
South Park, PA
★ *Dave Taylor*

Jerry L. Mount
11 LIB C/3/1 Inf
Westcliffe, CO
★ *Self*

Carl Pacini
1/82 Arty A Btry
Firebaugh, CA
★ *Self*

Leonard E. Scott
198 LIB
Point Blank, TX
★ *Larry Swank*

Andrew J. Spagnolo
17 Cav H Trp 198 LIB
Harper Woods, MI
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Leroy Waguespack
11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Baker, LA
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Donald E. Alsbro
23 Adm Co
Benton Harbor, MI
★ *PNC R. Castronova*

Rick Andel
198 LIB B/5/46 Inf
Endicott, NY
★ *Bob Kapp*

Scott Gordon Birnie
198 LIB HHSB
Victoria, AUSTRALIA
★ *Bernie Chase*

J. Reginald Horton
198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Roxboro, NC
★ *E.R. Horton*

Thomas R. Schneider
198 LIB C/1/46 Inf
Alliance, NE
★ *PNC R. Castronova*

Graymon R. Teal
23 MP Co. 17 Cav F Troop
Ocean Springs, MS
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Re-instated Members (As Of June 30, 2009)

Tommy F. Acosta
11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Ft. Worth, TX
★ *PNC Ronald R. Ellis*

Thomas Elmore
11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Goshen, IN
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Dennis L. Jarvis
11 LIB
Oviedo, FL
★ *Melbourne 2007*

Michael L. Jeffirs
196 LIB D/2/1 Inf
Denham Springs, LA
★ *Bob Kapp*

Paul J. Kieft
23 MP Co
Webster, TX
★ *Self*

Max Loffgren
198 LIB B/1/52 Inf
Willows, CA
★ *Lloyd Morell*

David Martin
23 S & T
Englewood, FL
★ *Bob Kapp*

Peter E. Martin
17 Cav H Trp 198 LIB
River Falls, WI
★ *Paul Letsch*

Larry L. Meynardie
1/1 Cav E Trp
Virginia Beach, VA
★ *Self*

Raymond Oglesby
3/18 Arty A Btry
Broken Arrow, OK
★ *PNC Gary L. Noller*

Leonard M. Owczarzak
746 AAA Gun Bn. D Btry
Brooklyn, MI
★ *PNC R. Castronova*

Leslie H. Sharff, Sr
198 LIB HHC/1/46 Inf
Simpsonville, SC
★ *Self*

Daniel L. Straight
198 LIB
Fort Collins, CO
★ *Larry Swank*

**Ensure prompt delivery of
your Americal Journal. Send
all address changes to Roger
Gilmore, National Adjutant,
as soon as possible. This
includes seasonal changes.**

Taps

World War II Veterans

John Arria
182nd Inf Rgmt
Belmont, MA
July 2008

James P. Curran
164th Inf Rgmt 1st Med Bn
Worcester, MA
January 27, 2009

Robert E. Doucette
182nd Inf Rgmt Co L
Lynn, MA
May 2009

Dr. Raymond Ellerman
164th Inf Rgmt
Las Vegas, NV
May 4, 2009

Victor Lander
57th Engineer Bn.
Gainesville, FL
Date not available

William T. Mansfield
125th QM Corp
Ft. Pierce, FL
February 13, 2009

Henry P. O'Melia
101st QM Corp Co B
Winchester, MA
Date not available

Leo W. Orfe
221st FA
Burlington, NJ
June 1, 2009

Albert S. Re
182nd Inf Rgmt
San Rafael, CA
April 27, 2009

James N. Watson, Sr.
246th FA
Jacksonville, FL
December 26, 2008

Florence Dennis
Widow – WWII
Doylestown, PA
April 28, 2009

Vietnam Veterans

Rick Savinen
196th LIB
Greenfield, MA
May 3, 2009

ADVA Legacy Committee Update

By Roger Gilmore, Chairman

Monument Design

During the past three months the ADVA Legacy Committee worked on ideas for the conceptual design of the first Americal Division monument to be placed at a major U.S. Army historical site – the new National Infantry Museum (NIM) just outside Fort Benning, GA. National Commander David Taylor, one of our committee members, took the lead working with the staff at Columbus Monument Company. He submitted a request for proposal for the initial design. Columbus Monument took our initial design thoughts and transcribed them into a computer assisted design (CAD) schematic of the site plan.

The current site plan consists of the following components: a concrete base with the Americal shoulder patch centered; a back wall constructed of gray and black granite inscribed with the campaign history of each Americal Division era; the distinctive regiment and brigade insignias; two memorial benches; and a pedestal to honor all Americal Medal of Honor recipients centered near the shoulder patch. The final design, once approved by the Legacy Committee and the National Infantry Foundation (NIF) Monuments Committee, will be published in a future issue of the Americal Journal.

Legacy Committee Meeting

Our first “face to face” committee meeting was held at the ADVA national reunion in Shreveport on June 25, 2009. All committee members were present for this meeting. The major issues addressed during the meeting were the NIM monument design and project funding options.

Following an in depth discussion on monument design alternatives, a majority vote of committee members favored changes to the overall monument design. These design changes incorporate a new back wall design eliminated the single pedestal design that honored each era. The changes were communicated to Columbus Monument Company and they are currently working on the revisions to the site plan.

Memorial construction funding sources are expected to be primarily committee projects- but the initial funds source will be the ADVA general fund. The Committee plans to seek approval for a “loan” from the general fund for the initial cash outlays. General fund paybacks will be done through special projects such as the ADVA 2010 Calendar. Dave Taylor also refers to the calendar project in his Commander’s Comments on page three of this issue of the Americal Journal. In the coming months the committee will execute other fundraising activities such as auctions and special Americal product offerings.

The committee announced the addition of a consulting member to the staff. Ms. Vicki Granacki, daughter of TSGT Leon Granacki, the designer of the Americal shoulder patch, will be an advisor to the Legacy Committee and future ADVA monument projects.

Reunion Silent Auction

The committee conducted its first fund raising event at the 2009 national reunion. A silent auction brought in over \$2,000. All auctioned items were donated by committee members and interested ADVA members.

Project Donations

The committee has a new fundraising project in the works. Wayne Bryant, Legacy Committee member and ADVA Product Sales Director, has arranged a special purchase of an Americal Division commemorative Case knife collector set. Sales proceeds will go towards the monument fund. Details about the Americal Case knife and storage tin are on page 38 of this issue. Memorial donations bequests to the monument fund are also requested.

Contact Information

For more details you may contact any of the following committee members: Roger Gilmore, David W. Taylor; Lee Kaywork; Wayne Bryant; Rich Merlin, or Gary Noller. Their contact information is located in the directory in the front of this issue.

2010 Nominations and Elections

By Gary L. Noller

The Americal Division Veterans Association will hold its bi-annual elections in the first part of 2010. Rules governing the elections can be found in the by-laws. By-laws are available on the internet at

www.americal.org/bylaws.shtml.

Elective positions are National Commander, Senior Vice-Commander, Junior Vice-Commander, and Executive Council members. Changes to by-laws can also be voted on at this time. Only active members in good standing are permitted to be candidates for office and only active members in good standing are permitted to vote in the election.

The Nominating Committee is appointed by the National Commander and approved by the Executive Committee. The Nominating Committee is charged with the responsibility of presenting a slate of candidates for office and for operating the election.

Candidates for office may also be placed into nomination by the endorsement of 15 members in good standing. All nominations must be made prior to February 1, 2010. The National Adjutant will determine if candidates meet the eligibility requirements.

Balloting and tabulation of ballots must take place between March 1, 2010 and May 31, 2010. Terms of office begin on July 1, 2010 and last for two years. Commanders are limited to two consecutive years in office (one two-year term). Executive Council members are limited to four consecutive years in office (two two-year terms).

Amendments to the by-laws must be submitted in writing to the National Adjutant no later than November 15, 2009. The Executive Council may make recommendations to the membership as to whether or not the amendments should be approved or rejected.

All candidates for office must consent to have their names on the ballot and agree to serve in the position if elected. A simple majority will decide the outcome of the balloting. All questions regarding the elections should be forwarded to the Nominating Committee. Please be sure to return your ballot in a timely manner in order for it to be counted within the required timeline.

Reunion Wrap-up

By Gary L. Noller



**National Finance Officer Spencer Baba
at controls of B-52**

Over 400 ADVA members and guests attended the 2009 national reunion in Shreveport-Bossier City, LA. A surge of registrations in early June contributed to a higher than expected turn-out. Local members and first-time attendees also boosted the reunion count.

Barksdale Air Force Base provided fantastic support to the reunion and added a much appreciated flair of military ceremony to the traditional events. Reunion chairman Ron Ellis worked closely with Col. (USAF Ret.) Steve dePyssler, Director of Retiree Affairs, to fully utilize all available Barksdale assets.

A visit to the flight line for up-close viewing of a B-52 Stratofortress bomber and an A-10 Warthog attack plane highlighted the Friday tour. Pilots and crewmembers described the aircraft and their missions. Visitors eagerly climbed the narrow stairs to obtain access to the two levels inside the cockpit of the Stratofortress.

The luncheon at the Officers Club at Barksdale featured the annual ADVA memorial ceremony. The Air Force honor guard set a symbolic table to remember POWs and MIAs who have yet to return home. National Commander David Taylor read aloud the names of ADVA members who died in the past year. National Adjutant Roger Gilmore tolled a bell after each name was sounded. Mr. Vernon Love played Amazing Grace on the bagpipes to finish the solemn ceremony.

Colonel Steven Basham, Commander, 2nd Bomb Wing, topped the event off with a surprise visit and a spontaneous question-and-answer session. He remarked that the B-52 was an older plane than the pilots that fly it and that the formidable weapon will still be in the inventory in 20 more years.

The posting of the colors at the Friday luncheon and the Saturday banquet were expertly handled by the Air Force squad. The squad performed a Cordon of Swords ceremony at the Saturday night banquet in honor of WWII members. A current or past ADVA officer escorted each of the ten WWII veterans one at a time through the cordon as bagpiper Love played the Garry Owen march.

Blue Eyed Soul presented the finale to the Saturday night events. Michelle DellaFave and Lindsay Bloom delivered a rousing patriotic song and dance performance especially tailored for the crowd of veterans. They even managed to get several of the guys on stage to assist in their performances.

Chuck Carlock and crew displayed two of his masterfully restored 71st AHC Rattler and Firebird helicopters in the hotel parking lot. The choppers are fully detailed with

armaments and accessories and the unusual presentation of warbirds drew a crowd of veterans and passers-by all day and night.

Commander David Taylor presented Ron Ward and Terry Babler with Lifetime Achievement Awards. Among Ron's achievements are the following: national commander, chapter commander, Vietnam editor, reunion co-chair, nominating committee chair, scholarship program chair, executive council member, membership committee member, special events host, and delegate to the Army Division Association.

Terry Babler has many achievements to his credit. They include the following: chapter commander, reunion chairman, executive council member, membership committee, president of 1/1st Cavalry association, operation LZ/DC chairman, organizer of New Glarus Winterfest, host of ADVA table and events at Kokomo (IN) and Melbourne (FL) veterans reunions, and many others.

Reaction to the reunion is gratifying. Carlo and Peggy Pola have attended reunions for many years. Mrs. Pola writes, "Carlo and I want to express our appreciation for the wonderful respect and friendliness of all the 'young ones' at the reunion-- they have always been great- but this year the reunion managers and all the members of ADVA outdid themselves."

Al Cotta, another long-time reunion guest, echoed the same sentiment. "Another spectacular reunion, well-planned, every detail attended to, nothing left to complain about!" he says. "A thunderous round of applause goes to all who made the affair a glowing success."

Al also compliments the younger veterans on their efforts to strengthen the traditions of the ADVA. "One great pleasure at recent reunions is the dedication the Vietnam veterans are sustaining in the life and successful existence of the ADVA," he says. "If only more of the WWII veterans could see how magnificently the Vietnam vets have labored to preserve the association."

The whole point of a reunion is for vets to get together and share good times. Veterans did get together in groups of two or three or in groups of twenty or thirty. Units gathering the most attendees were B/1/52 (28), A/1/20 (21), A/1/6 (17), 23 MP Co. (15), C/1/46 (9) and 182nd Inf. (4).



**Jack Curtis and Gary Noller enjoy first
reunion in 38 years**

I have been lucky to attend ADVA reunions for twenty consecutive years. This year was extra special for me because Jack Curtis and I were able to meet for the first time since early 1971. Jack was the forward observer (FO) with my company and he was often the man immediately in front of me as we moved through the jungle. Our visit was short-but we vowed not to wait 38 years before we met again.

The plans for the 2010 reunion will be finalized and announced very soon. Make plans to be there and get some buddies to meet you there. But whether you meet a buddy or not, you are always welcome, you will have a great time, and you will make new friends.

EASTERN REGIONAL CHAPTER

DC DE KY MD NJ NY OH PA VA WV MA NH VT ME CT RI

A.D.V.A.



COMMANDER

Conrad Steers
124 Harding Avenue
Hicksville, NY 11801
516 • 822 • 5938
11thbrigade@optonline.net

Our chapter reunion is fast approaching and things are squared away. The dates are September 9-13, 2009 at the Merry Manor Inn in Portland, ME. The room rate is \$79.00 plus 7% tax per night. You have to make your own room reservation by calling (207) 774-6151 and say you are with the East Chapter of the Americal Division Veterans Association. Make sure you make reservations by August 13, 2009.

We will have two tours. One is a Kennebunkport Trip plus clambake for \$58.00 a person. The other trip will be a tour of Portland and you can go shopping at the end of the tour. The cost is \$28.00 a person. There is also a \$10.00 registration fee. You can get the registration form from our web site <http://home.roadrunner.com/~sidneyalum/advaerc/>. You can also contact Chairman Larry Shover at larryshover@gmail.com. I hope we have a good attendance.

I asked past Commander Dave Eichhorn to look into the 2010 reunion. The tentative dates are May 20-23, 2010 in Hampton, VA. More information will be coming soon. We will discuss this at the 2009 chapter reunion meeting.

Three active WWII veterans have passed away- Peter Messina, Leo Orfe and Kermit Trout. May they rest in Peace.

Cherie and I went to the national reunion and had a great time. Ron Ellis put on quite a reunion. I even danced the Funky Chicken with the Ding-A-Lings and Gold Diggers. I made my donation to Diamonds Jack's Casino. Louisiana was hot- so was the weather.

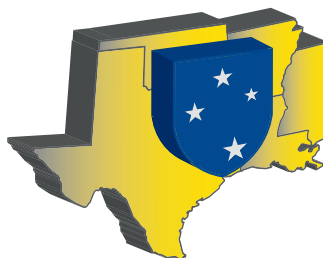
Like the song goes, see you in September in Portland, ME. Welcome Home. -**Connie Steers**; Co. B, 4/21st Inf., 11th LIB; Chapter Commander.

SOUTH MIDWEST CHAPTER

AR LA OK TX

COMMANDER

Cameron F. Baird
P.O. Box 211
Stonewall, TX 78671
830 • 644 • 2704
altdorf@kfc.com



Weeks of hard work paid off for us with a terrific reunion in Shreveport. We were faced with a great deal of economic uncertainty when we started planning for the event, but fortunately the attendance exceeded our expectations. We were truly blessed to have outstanding support from the folks at nearby Barksdale AFB who provided a great tour as well as their ceremonial elements.

The Cordon of Swords ceremony on Saturday night honoring our WW II members was a memorable and beautiful tribute to the Old Guard. Chuck Carlock's Hueys and Vietnam memorabilia really put the icing on the cake. Special thanks are due to reunion chairman Ron Ellis and committee members Roger Gilmore, Gary Noller and Malcolm East for their outstanding efforts in making the event such a huge success, and to their wives for doing an excellent job of covering the registration table. If any of you have pictures to share, please send them to me and I'll try to get a CD put together.

Plans are now being laid for a chapter reunion this fall or perhaps early spring in San Antonio. Details will be forthcoming soon. In the meantime, if you haven't already done so, please send me an email so I can distribute electronically as many newsletters as possible.

The construction of the expansion of the George H.W. Bush Gallery of the National Museum of the Pacific War in Fredericksburg, TX is on schedule for the Grand Opening on 7 December 2009. President George H.W. Bush has accepted to be the Guest of Honor. There will also be numerous events during the weekend of 5-6 December 2009. You may get updated information at www.nimitz-museum.org/events.php. -**Cameron Baird**, Chapter Commander.

23rd MILITARY POLICE CHAPTER

WWII Korean War/Panama CZ Vietnam Global War on Terrorism

COMMANDER

Dale Meisel

VICE COMMANDER

Wes Haun

SEC/TREAS

Tom Packard
packard50@columbus.rr.com



At the chapter annual meeting during the ADVA reunion in Bossier City this past June, the membership elected the following officers to two year terms: Dale Meisel, Commander; Wes Haun, Vice-Commander; Tom Packard, Secretary/Treasurer; and Rich Timberlake, Sergeant-at-Arms. Dave Chrystal continues his able

duties as our Chaplain. We will work to foster a spirit of fraternity among all our brothers.

Although outgoing Commander Dutch DeGroot was

unable to attend the meeting, he pledged via letter to use his skills to continue documenting the Americal Military Police history. In that same vein, Ron Sunderland reported that his research indicated that during World War II the Americal Division Military Police Platoon suffered two casualties. Ron will do some further research to gather additional information on the men.

Since the 2010 ADVA reunion is in the fall, the chapter members voted to hold a first chapter reunion in late June 2010 at Fort Leonard Wood, where the U.S. Army Military Police School is now located. We will publish further details as we organize and set the schedule for that get together.

On behalf of all the members, I would like to thank Dutch DeGroot for his hard work and dedication in organizing the chapter two plus years ago and in taking on the challenge of being its first Commander. Thanks also to Ralph Stiles as the outgoing Sergeant-at-Arms.

FAR WEST CHAPTER

AZ CA CO HI NV NM UT WA OR ID UT MT WY

COMMANDER**Rick Ropole**246 Coronado
Corona, CA 92879
951 • 218 • 3071
rropele@esri.com**SEC/TREAS****Tom Packard**6613 Birch Park Dr.
Galloway, OH 43119
614 • 878 • 5197
packard50@columbus.rr.com

It was good to see several chapter members in attendance at the ADVA annual reunion in Shreveport, LA in June. I hope to see many more of you at the Far West Chapter Reunion this coming October. Shreveport was well attended, despite the heat, humidity and the economy. A tour

of Barksdale Air Force Base, with a close-up view of a B-52 and Warthog, was the highlight of the reunion.

The Chapter has tentatively agreed to host the 2011 ADVA Annual Reunion in Colorado Springs, Colorado. There is, however, other interest in holding the reunion elsewhere. We will keep you informed when a final decision is made. Until then please consider attending the chapter reunion this fall and the next national reunion in the fall of 2010.

The Far West Reunion will be held October 18-21, 2009 at the Atlantis Casino Resort Spa located at 3800 South Virginia St., Reno, Nevada 89502. Call 800-723-6500 and identify yourself as being with the Americal Division Veterans Association to take advantage of the \$62.00 per night room rate.

Our hospitality room will open at 4 pm on Sunday, October 18th with refreshments. You can pick up registration materials anytime in the room. We will be located in one of the Atrium Paradise Suites. The room number, in Rich Merlin's name, will be available when you check into the hotel.

Monday morning there is a bus trip planned for Historic Virginia City. Included with the tour is lunch at Red's Old 395 Grill in Carson City, Nevada. Before heading back to the Atlantis, by way of the Washoe Valley, we will board the bus for a tour by some of Carson City's historic Victorian homes and the Governor's Mansion.

Tuesday morning at 10 am we'll meet at the Emerald Meeting Room for a group picture, then settle into our annual chapter meeting. Tuesday evening, our annual dinner will take place in the Treasurers Banquet Room, starting at 6 pm. During the dinner we'll raffle off donated items. So don't forget to bring something from your area for this raffle.

For more details and to register, contact me, Tom Packard at packard50@columbus.rr.com or 614-836512 and leave a message. The cutoff date to register is October 10, 2009. -Tom Packard, Chapter Secretary.

GREAT LAKES REGIONAL CHAPTER

IL IN MI MN WI

COMMANDER**Dale J. Belke**W655 City Rd. E.
Brodhead, WI 53520
775 • 751 • 1861
belked@ckhweb.com**Senior Vice Com.****Gary Gardner****Jr Vice Com.****Harold Waterman****Adjutant****Terry Babler,**W5889 Durst Road
New Glarus, WI 53574
(608) 527-2444 email: pointman69@tds.net

The Great Lakes Chapter has a couple of new members since the last report. I ask that anyone with ideas on promoting or building the chapter to please let me know.

I need to retire from the world of work so that I can put more time into developing the chapter and its events. When that will be still depends on many variables. I would really like to get our newsletter going again. But I need help and ideas on what we should include. Please let me know if you have suggestions regarding this.

Many of our fellow comrades are becoming grown up. Unfortunately, with that happening, many are beginning to have more health problems. Prostrate, heart, Agent Orange exposure, and cancer are other battles that will have to be fought yet by Good Soldiers. I wish all the best luck on dealing with this part of life.

Chapter members have been involved in a number of parades this summer. This included the Salute to the Traveling Wall in Platteville, Wisconsin in July. A couple of vets now have their own old Army Jeeps to drive in parades because the body won't allow them to march without suffering anymore. The crowds love the effect, especially when some troops still march with them. The annual Middleton, Wisconsin parade will be August 30, 2009.

The veteran's reunion in Kokomo, Indiana is in September. If you haven't been there O urge you to try to make it. It is always one of the best and biggest veterans' events in the United States. More than 20,000 veterans get together to enjoy comradeship at it's best. My group will be camping near the front gate. Hope to see you there!

It is good to see that Dutch DeGroot is back from vacationing in Iraq, and still willing to help the Americal Association become even stronger and more respected. Good luck to him.

If a fellow Veteran is having problems in life, let him know: "Ong ay la nguoi tot!" (He's a good man!) **SUPPORT YOUR FELLOW VETS. PEACE.** "Hire A Vet, Because it is good business!" -Dale J Belke, Chapter Commander.

Ensure prompt delivery of your Americal Journal. Send all address changes to Roger Gilmore, National Adjutant, as soon as possible. This includes seasonal changes.

Remembering William L. Dunphy

By Phil Dunphy

It is Sunday, May 24, 2009. My friend Jim had just rung me back on his ride home. Other than checking in on to see how I was doing with the death of my dad that day, he stated the world had really lost one more of those who epitomized what the greatest generation represented.

Dad left Wentworth College, where he studied engineering, to join the army and ship out for the South Pacific. The direction of his life, and that of so many other brave Americans, had changed forever. They say there is good that comes from all of the events, and the course we chart in our lives will bring happiness if we look for it. Or, as dad often stated, "Think Positive!"

Bill (William Lester) Dunphy, from Dorchester, Massachusetts, was assigned to a newly created U. S. Army division in New Caledonia. It did not have a number or a name. The new division's mission was to defend the United States and our freedom. As I understood the story, there was a contest to name the division and it came from the thought of one GI "Americans in New Caledonia"- The Americal.

At the end of the war dad returned to the Boston area by way of a three month voyage on a troop transport. He took an early morning bus to his parents' home on Rockwell St. in Dorchester. Along the way he stopped for a quart of vanilla ice cream for his breakfast. Aaahh--- to be home!

After dad's discharge he took a job as lineman for New England Telephone. He worked his way up to being an engineer, and that is where he spent the next 40 years providing for his family. In 1952 mom and dad, with five children, moved the family to the most western section of Boston, West Roxbury.

Surprise! New house, new baby, and along came one of the best office boys the ADVA's makeshift HQ ever had. Working out of the back bedroom, dad had me and all the kids helping out with the dues notices, membership

directory, and yes, the filling of our trunks for a trip to the Post Office to ship out the newsletters that members eagerly awaited.

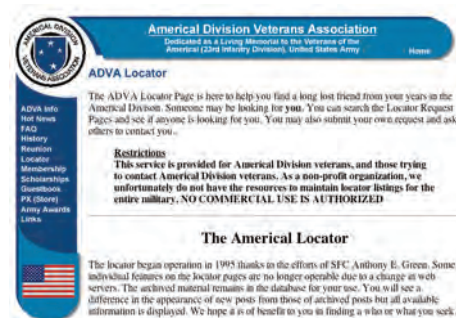
I am the youngest of six children and I never remember dad telling us the horror stories of the war. He always talked about the friends he made in the Americal. He told of good fortune such as having a year-long honeymoon with mom near Lake Placid, NY, while serving his last assignment in the military.

My memory shifts to the kitchen table card games, hosted by many of the past national commanders of the ADVA, to discuss the future projects such as the ADVA Museum. The game was hosted one month at the McGoldrick's or D'Amato's, and the next month at the Dunphy's, Ravagno's, or McHarrie's. All these discussions lead up to the greatest event of all, the Americal Reunion.

How does a son pay back his dad for all of these wonderful memories? Fortunately in 2006, the industry I belong to hosted a huge conference in Boston. I was able to finagle a front row seat for dad to hear another great American speak. My dad arrived all suited up, and as always, the Southern Cross pin proudly displayed on his lapel. I escorted dad back-stage to meet the featured speaker. A chill went up and down my back and riveted me in such a way when dad came to face-to-face to an outreached hand from our famous speaker, and to hear his first word to dad... "Americal?". Thank You General Colin Powell. My dad I spoke of this moment many times.

I think dad left this world a happy man. Thank you Americal. Thanks Dad. Love, your son Philip.

[Bill Dunphy was born on September 3, 1919 and left this earth on May 24, 2009. He was the ADVA National Commander in 1974, 1983, and 1984. He the position of National Adjutant as well as other posts within the ADVA leadership for many years. Our sincere condolences to his family and friends. -Ed.]



LOCATORS

Looking for: John Talmadge (sp?), left Ft. Hood for Vietnam in October 1967. Contact: Marilyn Rose; mrose4319@sbcbglobal.net.

Looking for: Robert Gastal from New York, 9th Spt. Bn., October 1967-68. Contact: Ron Sotelo; sotelom26@yahoo.com

Looking for: Doug Maynard, Btry. A, 1/14th Arty., c. 1969-70, from Bellville, NJ. Contact: Diane Mania; dianemania1@gmail.com.

Seeking anybody who served with Co. C, 3/21st Inf. and knew Larry Wolfrum who was KIA May 14, 1969 near Tam Ky. He received the Silver Star for his actions that day in saving the lives of several men. Contact: Phil Rath, 6778 West XY Ave., School Craft, MI 49087; 269-679-3033.

Need incident verification for VA claim from fellow servicemen in D Btry., 1/82nd Arty., LZ Dottie (ammo section), Jan. 1, 1969-Nov. 26, 1969. Seeking information regarding the death of Edward Chappelle (Edward Chappell?). Contact Anthony Ponce, 1513 S. Proctor Ct., Superior, CO 80027; apsc64@aol.com.

You can view many more locator requests on the internet at www.americal.org/locators/. Locator requests are updated on the website about once a month and as close to the end of the month as can be suitably arranged. Check and see if someone is looking for you and place your request so others can find you.

2009 Scholarship Awards Announced



The Americal Scholarship committee conducted a business meeting in Bossier City, LA on June 25, 2009. The committee decided to disburse \$26,000 to 33 qualified scholarship applicants. The top award of \$3,000 is the same as previous top awards. The total disbursement is down from the \$31,000 awarded to 34 recipients in 2008.

The 2009 recipients and the amounts of their awards are listed in alphabetical order as follows:

\$3,000

Kelsey Hobar
George Mason University

\$1,500

Alan J. Orthmann
University of Washington

Conor Michael Ambrose Walsh
Harvard University

\$1,000

Christine Buchwald
James Madison University

Melissa Bungo
University of Buffalo

Emily Frances Estelle Burnett
University of Louisiana Lafayette

Matthew Clayton
University of Arkansas

Elizabeth Kathleen Schur
Ft. Lewis College

Lena Connie Stuart
University of South Carolina

Timothy Allen Thorlton
Ball State University

Jula Vandermolen
Calvin College

Ashley J. WennersHerron
Fordham University-Lincoln Center

Timothy Braddock Wilson
Embry-Riddle University

\$500

Bridget K. Alsbro
Michigan State University

Kevin Alsbro
Western Michigan University

Alyssa M. Buehne
Johnson County Comm. College

Matthew James Burch
Coe College

Douglas L. Chiki
University of Miami-Ohio

Thomas B. Chiki
Ohio University

Kerry Coffey
University of Connecticut

Aaron Henry Davis
Southwest Baptist University

Troy Freeman
Fordham University

Meredith R. Gibson
Iowa State University

Bryant William Hales
James Madison University

Zachary R. Hiser
Indiana Wesleyan University

Jeffrey Loeb
Central Redmont Comm. College

Eric W. Mangels
Ft. Hays State University

Sean E. Matthews
University of Connecticut

Dominique Ja'Nelle Mayes
Florida A & M University

Darcy M. McDonald
Fitchburg State College

David Joseph Perzynski
Ohio State University

Lainee S. Reuter
University of Iowa

Caitlin Snow
University of Michigan

Complete details on the scholarship program can be found on the website at

www.americal.org/scholar.shtml

or from **Ron Green**, Scholarship Chairman. Applications for 2010 awards must be received by the chairman no later than May 1, 2010. All qualified applicants are urged to complete their submissions on time as late or incomplete applications will not be considered.

The scholarship fund collected net proceeds of approximately \$25,000 for the year ending June 30, 2009. These funds came primarily from donations and from the annual raffle. The committee extends its thanks to contributors and its congratulations to this year's recipients.

The scholarship committee is considering a proposal to ask for a by-law change to allow money for scholarships to be gradually withdrawn from set-aside funds. Current scholarship program by-laws state that \$100,000 must be maintained in the scholarship fund treasury. Any by-law change must be approved by a vote of the membership.



Letters to the Editor

Dear editor,

I am working on the finishing touches of Keith Nolan's last book about the 1-1 Cavalry in 1967 and 1968. It was to have been a record of the entire four years of their time in the war but the end of 1968 was where Keith got to when he ran out of energy.

An editor at the publisher and I are sending files back and forth. They have not been able to give me a publication date but I think sometime later this year would be a reasonable assumption.

Richard Brummett; A Trp., 1-1st Cav. Bellingham, WA

Dear editor,

I just want to register my appreciation for LTC Robert Vertrees article, "Three Days Near Tam Ky", in the Jan-Feb-Mar 2009 issue. This detailed, honest, and personally revealing account of ground combat was compelling, particularly with the author's touching finish. The memories of ground combat do not rest easy on those who fought, I am sure.

I can only hope that more Vietnam vets, and our WWII vets, who are not professional writers, will take advantage of your pages to tell their story and gain their healing. Doing so in a personal way should be something available to combat vets who choose to let those memories flow out of them and into a new perspective. I was in signals intelligence support with the Americal Radio Research Company at Chu Lai while Lt Vertrees and his men were in the field. I did not look the beast in the eye as they did, but I was forever conscious of doing the best job possible in intelligence collection and analysis for the simple reason that men's lives often depended on it.

Congratulations, Colonel Vertrees, I salute you for a fine job, well done - then and now.

Dick Field; 408th RR Det. Americal RR Co (Prov); Chu Lai, 67-68

Dear editor,

I served with the Americal Division in Chu Lai in 1970-71. On April 19, 2009 my wife and I went back to Vietnam on

a trip organized by Vietnam Battlefield Tours. This organization is a 501c3 non-profit corporation owned and operated by Vietnam veterans. There were seven veterans, several wives, and two tour guides on the trip. This company did a very good job putting our tour together and I recommend them to any Vietnam veterans considering a return trip to Vietnam.

Upon arrival in Hanoi one of many very knowledgeable in-country guides was assigned to us. After traveling many miles by bus, changes in local guides and drivers, and two short plane rides we finally arrived in Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon). Along the way we visited many former U.S. military sites. With the use of GPS devices and the help of our bus drivers and assistants we were able to locate some of our former areas of operation. After a little hiking we were able to go to the exact spots where we served.

We also toured historical and cultural sites and had time for shopping. My wife was just as impressed by our 20-day tour as I was. We urge veterans to give Vietnam Battlefield Tours a try. They can be contacted at 877-828-5773 and have a website at

www.vietnambattlefieldtours.com.

Tim Dewald; Btry. B, 1/82nd Arty Streeter, ND

Dear editor,

The Combat Infantrymen's Association now offers a special complimentary one-year membership to veterans of Afghanistan or Iraq. The applicant must have been awarded the Combat Infantryman Badge as certified by official notation on the applicant's DD-214, official Army orders, or other official documents.

Veterans wishing to take advantage of this offer may contact me for more information and for an application form. I can be contacted at cibaustin@gmail.com or by calling 800-859-9749. Additional details are also available on the internet at www.cibaustin.org.

Fred Castaneda; Co. B, 4/31st Inf. Austin, TX

Dear editor,

I am trying to locate anyone who served with Jackie LeRoy Garrett, SSG, 196th LIB. We were very close childhood buddies and in Vietnam at the same time. I need to close a chapter in my life and talk to someone who knew him and was with him when he died. I would especially like to talk to the helicopter pilot that knew Jackie. Contact me at Jimmyelrd8@aol.com.

Jimmy Elrod

Dear editor,

I was with the 4/3rd Inf., 11th LIB, at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. Please tell me what you know of them in Vietnam.

William Faulkner; b.faulkner01@cox.net

Dear editor,

Thank you for the wonderful article and magazine. How kind of you. We appreciate all the support we receive from the veterans. You have all been wonderful. We miss our Keith, but we are grateful he meant so much to so many.

Bill, Ulla, Erik, and Brit Nolan St. Charles, MO

Dear editor,

My father, O. H. Hubbard, Sr., served in the Americal Division in 1968-69. He passed away in December, 2000. He received the Bronze Star medal but did not have orders to back this up. It is listed on his DD-214. I would like to know how to obtain the orders. Contact me at 226 East Lake Ave., Sherman, TX 75090, 903-815-3890.

O.H. Hubbard, Jr. Sherman, TX

Dear editor,

I was in Vietnam in 1968-69, first at Tay Ninh and then moved to Chu Lai. I was in the 196th Lt. Inf. Bde, 8th Spt. Bn., Co. C, medical unit. My first sergeant was Douglas Bland. I'm looking for info of any of my friends at that time. I was on bunker guard the night the ammo dump was hit in 1969. I can be reached at 912-690-1930 or zetter1@frontiernet.net.

Owen Zetterower; 8th Spt. Bn. Statesboro, GA

Dear editor,

From about April 23, 1968 to May 15, 1968 some 196th LIB units were sent up north around A Shau. Co. B, 4/31st Inf. had many KIAs. No mention of this is made in the Americal TOC logs. This makes me wonder if Co. B was opcon or attached to some other division. I would like any information that may help clear this up for me.

Dick Arnold; indyrya@yahoo.com

REUNIONS

Co. A, 4/3rd Inf., 11th LIB, October 23-25, 2009; Marriott Stone Mountain Inn, Stone Mountain, GA. \$111 per night including tax. Contact: Jim Quirk, 219-776-8366, jimquirk47@yahoo.com; website: www.americal4ofthe3.com.

3/1st Inf., 11th LIB, 1966 to 1969 (Hawaii/Vietnam). Atlanta, GA; 16-18 October 2009. Contact: Tim Cook, 701-774-0598, thirdfirstreunion@yahoo.com.

Hero's tags take long journey home

By Larry Phillips



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Mansfield, Ohio. David Winder has been gone a long time. Maybe even forgotten by some. To others, the Malabar High School graduate and Congressional Medal of Honor recipient left a lasting legacy dancing in their minds. No reminder was needed.

However, one was delivered December 9, 2008 when Winder's lost dog tags finished a 38-year journey from a rice paddy in Vietnam. They were finally presented to younger brother Joe in Mount Airy, Pa., a suburb of Philadelphia.

"We didn't know anything about even a glimmer of a thought about dog tags at a time like that," Joe Winder said.

That time is locked in his mind. The 60-year-old remembers exactly how he learned about his brother's heroic, tragic death.

"David had asked me to have my parents home on a Saturday because he was supposed to be on leave (in Japan) and he was going to call home," Joe said. "We were literally waiting on a phone call and the military guys came in, and I remember thinking, 'What are those guys doing here?'"

With Honor David died May 13, 1970.

"We were expecting to talk to him," the late Gertrude Winder told the Ashland Times-Gazette in 1985, "but it just must have been the way it was supposed to be." In fact, Joe talked Gertrude out of attending a birthday party for her twin brothers in Pennsylvania that weekend, just to be home for the call between 3 and 5 p.m.

"We were there together," the late J. Calvin Winder said in the same story. "Suppose she had gone home to the party and I had been alone and got that word?"

The details wouldn't spill out until later. At the time, they didn't matter to the family.

"I got in the car and just drove around Mansfield," said David's older sister Nancy Winder Carpenter, 65, who lives in Shaker Heights. "I just remember screaming and yelling to get it out of my system. 'I just didn't think things like this would happen. I don't know how our parents survived it.'"

David's older brother, John Winder, 64, was in Boston. "I was working at a Marriott motel that evening, and my manager came and told me my parents were trying to get word to me," said John, who lives in Hudson. "My wife and I drove through the night to get back to Mansfield."

Later, the final moments of David's life would be memorialized with the nation's highest military honor.

Repeated attempts to reach men from David's unit were unsuccessful.

According to his citation, presented July 17, 1974, in Washington D.C., David Winder was an unarmed medic in the 3rd Battalion, 1st Infantry, 11th Infantry Brigade, Americal Division when Company A was pinned down in a rice paddy by automatic weapons

and rocket-propelled grenade fire.

Pfc. Winder, 23, began maneuvering across about 100 meters of open, bullet-swept terrain toward the nearest casualty. While crawling most of the distance, he was wounded, but still managed to administer medical aid. As he continued to crawl toward a second wounded soldier, he was forced to stop after taking another hit.

"Aroused by the cries of an injured comrade for aid, Pfc. Winder's great determination and sense of duty impelled him to move forward once again, despite his wounds, in a courageous attempt to reach and assist the injured man," the citation read. "After struggling to within 10 meters of the man, Pfc. Winder was mortally wounded. His dedication and sacrifice inspired his unit to initiate an aggressive counterassault, which led to the defeat of the enemy. Pfc. Winder's conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action at the cost of his life were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit on him, his unit and the U.S. Army."

Growing up in Mansfield

Those who knew him best were stunned by his death, but not by the news he was killed trying to help others. "David was a wonderful person, a lot of fun," said Marcus Wolfe, a childhood friend. "Nobody ever would have dreamed he would be a hero or had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor or anything like that because he was so passive."

After moving to Mansfield with his family in 1958, David Winder forged a reputation as the boy next door. "He was somebody you wanted your sister to marry," said Carl Dinger, a Malabar classmate who established an annual \$1,000 scholarship in David's name for a Mansfield Senior High School graduate. "In all the time I knew him, I never saw him lose his temper. I mean, he wasn't an aggressive individual at all."

Cheri Davis agreed. "He was an incredibly nice guy with all the patience in the world," said Davis, who was three years younger. "He was a quiet, shy, gentleman with an extraordinary ornery streak. You could trust him implicitly." Eerily, David predicted his future in a letter to her.

"I have multiple, multiple letters from him," Davis said. "One of them says, 'When you next see me I'll probably be on the cover of Life magazine receiving the Congressional Medal of Honor.' "That was his sense of humor."

A Medic

Few could have imagined such an ending for the boy born Aug. 10, 1946, in Edinboro, Pa. Third of four children, he carried a slight build and reserved carriage.

"I met David at or near the start of the school year going into the eighth grade," said David Beard, of Tustin, Calif. "We gave him a nickname because his father was a minister: 'Preach.' He was kind, always smiling, accepting of a lot of kidding and so very nice to be around.

"It surprises me not that he was a medic. I marvel at his courage. Physical stature, kindness, gentleness and goodness do not preclude, nor are they indicators of courage. "I consider myself lucky to have known 'Preach.' "

David's father, a minister for several years at the First Presbyterian Church in Mansfield, was a powerful influence on the young man. "I think he and my father had a special bond," John Winder said.

David graduated in 1964 during the escalation of the Vietnam conflict. In what seems an odd move for his personality, he attended Kemper Military School in Boonville, Mo., for two years. "I don't know why he did that," Dinger said. "That didn't really fit David at all."

None of his siblings recall the reason for his next move, either: enrolling at the University of Alabama. Each of them mentioned David's passion for college football and agreed the legend of coach Paul "Bear" Bryant may have been the deep South's allure.

He never graduated. Upon being drafted in May 1969, he contemplated fleeing to Canada.

"David was definitely against the war," John Winder said. "I guess he did think of Canada, but didn't think that was right, either." Instead, he joined the service as a conscientious objector, refusing to participate as a combatant.

"I remember he said he couldn't kill somebody," Carpenter said. "In the end he wanted to serve his country in a way he was comfortable with." Still, he could flash that ornery streak Davis mentioned.

"I was in the military and at home at Christmas time. I had to go back, and Dave volunteered to go with me to drive my car back to Mansfield," Dinger said. "We got down there and the car breaks down. Neither one of us had enough money to send him back on the bus, so we snuck him into the marine barracks (in Jacksonville, N.C.). You have to remember he had long hair at this time and so we passed him off as a military intelligence agent. He was playing pool with the MPs. He was probably there for four or five days. "To sell himself as an undercover guy, Dave could carry it off."

Shortly thereafter, he was on his way to Vietnam.

At once, David hated it, but might have found something worthwhile, too.

"David was basically opposed to what the Army stood for," J. Calvin Winder wrote in a letter to his congregation in 1975. "This position he reached after a long, hard struggle." Yet the family said being a medic sparked a level of interest in a post-military career in health care. It just wasn't to be.

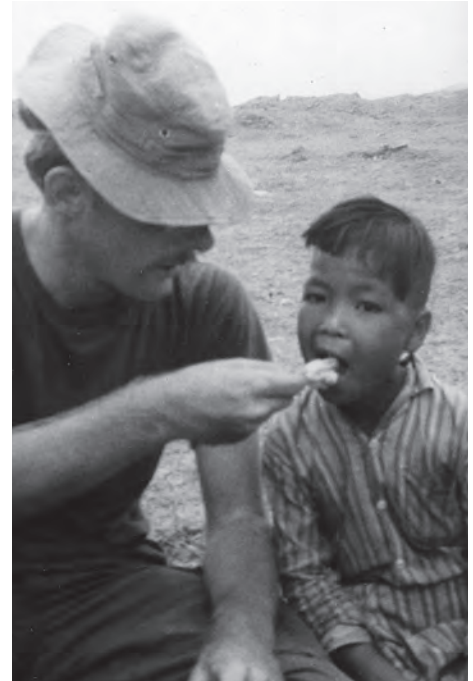
"I grew up in the Presbyterian Church where David's father was our minister for many years," said Lorri Collins Walker, of Lucas. "I remember David as a quiet and gentle person. It was always very hard for me to imagine him in Vietnam. "It wasn't hard though to imagine that he was helping others when he died."

Four years later, the family traveled to Washington, D.C., for the memorial ceremony. Vice President Gerald Ford presented the Congressional Medal of Honor to his parents.

In September 1985, the Army dedicated a medical clinic in David's honor at Fort Benning, Ga. That and Dinger's scholarship have kept David Winder's name alive.

His spirit was rekindled last summer.

On June 23, Jess DeVaney was in Vietnam. The 59-year-old retired Marine Corps rifleman is president of the Tours of Peace group based in Tucson. He and other members of the



David Winder shares snack with Vietnamese lad.

organization return to Vietnam about once a year seeking lost personal effects of U.S. military personnel.

"The whole goal and mission of TOP is to find healing and closure," DeVaney said. Although more than 1,000 personal effects have been recovered, often such items are sold to tourists.

Found Treasure

The team's last day in Ho Chi Minh City (formerly Saigon) brought probably the biggest discovery of all. "We had some time, and our groups made their way into the city," DeVaney said. "My guess is it was in a marketplace. It's a crude way to put it, but it's like a scavenger hunt. "The groups came back that night, and I was handed three small bags and there were three different dog tags. I hand-carried them with me on my person."

DeVaney had no idea who David Winder was, or that he was a Congressional Medal of Honor winner. "In a way I'm glad I didn't know. I wouldn't have been able to sleep. I would've been hyper-vigilant about protecting it," DeVaney said.

Upon their return to the U.S., a two-month process began and national personnel records were utilized.

Finally, Winder's identity was revealed. "It was very special," DeVaney said. "This is the first Congressional Medal of Honor winner's personal effect we've recovered."

TOP dug into the family's background and discovered Gertrude died in January. J. Calvin Winder was in poor health after a fall. So the decision was made to send a letter of inquiry to Joe, the youngest of the Winder siblings.

"We're sensitive to the situation these families, or in some cases the veteran, is going through," DeVaney said. "One time I called a veteran and told him we had found his dog tag and he was very angry. I could tell he was getting angrier and he told me he was going to hang up on me, and he did. A couple of weeks later he called me back and he was still angry, but he asked me to send it to him, so I did."

Later, DeVaney took another call, and the veteran said the initial connection came on a day he planned to kill himself. The man lost both legs to a mine in Vietnam. His dog tag must have been in one of his boots, and was later brought home by TOP.

The veteran said he didn't have much of a relationship with his son, but was hoping to use the dog tags to re-establish communication. "Almost always it's a good thing, but after so many years it's an incredible surprise and the emotions can be heightened," DeVaney said.

In the Winder case, the patriarch's health was the primary consideration. Joe was 18 months David's junior, and the two brothers shared a bedroom at 741 Andover Road in Mansfield.

"When I read (TOP's) letter initially I thought it was a scam," Joe said. "I can't say enough about this group. They knew my mother had died recently and they didn't want my dad opening his mail and seeing this. 'I just wasn't certain what affect it might have on Pop. It just didn't seem appropriate, so I couldn't tell him.'"

The elder Winder died in October, and on Veterans Day, Nov. 11, Joe began thinking again about the letter. The next day he checked out the organization on the Internet, and got in touch with DeVaney. From there, TOP took care of the details. DeVaney flew to Philadelphia and delivered the

dog tag to Joe.

"I carried it from Vietnam, I was going to take it the rest of the way," DeVaney said, his voice quavering. "It's emotional to me still."

"David puts a good face to the Medal of Honor. His story is just incredible. To have those beliefs and do what he did. He was an incredible individual. People ask me about the highlights of this organization, and this is way up there."

With the death of both parents and discovery of David's dog tags, 2008 has been extremely emotional for the Winder clan. "It's been like a cascade effect, one thing after another," Joe Winder said. Still, there are six Winder grandchildren, and each of them is learning anew about their uncle David.

A Living Legacy

Meanwhile, in Mansfield, Dinger's tribute continues to touch lives. Although he lives in Thonotosassa, Fla., he sends a letter each year to the David Winder scholarship winner to introduce the generous person behind the award.

"When I came back (from Vietnam) and David didn't, I felt like I had a wonderful blessed life, and he had nothing," Dinger said. "I let the guidance counselors at Mansfield Senior handle it. It's for financial need, but not necessarily academic performance. They just have to have the ability to achieve."

That idea is flourishing. "When my daughter Susan graduated from Senior High in 2001, she was the proud recipient of the David F. Winder Memorial Scholarship," Ramona Beach Mills said. "The funds were awarded with a bound copy of information about David and the scholarship fund. 'David's legacy lives on in my daughter's life as it does in so many other lives. She is currently living and working in Quito, Ecuador. I know she is thankful for the financial assistance of the scholarship fund, as it helped with her college expenses at Ohio State.'"

David is buried in Mansfield Memorial Park. His legacy reflects a life dictated by principle, spent trying to save others.

He is one of eight Congressional



David Winder's Gravesite

Medal of Honor winners from Richland County, and the only one in the 20th century. More than 3,400 honors have been bestowed since the decoration's creation in 1861, according to the Congressional Medal of Honor Society.

David Winder's life was much too short. But the conscientious objector probably would have approved of his legacy. In a high school senior class letter, not to be opened until the following year, David talked of wanting to be a teacher and a tennis coach.

"I am not afraid of death, but I would like to live a life which is about like the average American," he wrote. "I would also like to be generous. I hope when I die I will be remembered by many of my friends."

In fact, his exploits have been remembered by friends, family members, military personnel and even a man who became President of the United States.

Perhaps his father had the best take of all. In that 1975 letter to his congregation, J. Calvin Winder wrote: "David was not much for pomp and ceremony and was very adept at making short, descriptive, and often witty statements; and I often wonder what he would have to say about these ceremonies and celebrations."



Larry Phillips is the Local Editor of the Mansfield (Ohio) News Journal. He may be contacted at lbphillips@nncogannett.com. -Ed.

Whatever Became Of...? Together Again, in Shreveport

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Editor's note: These reflections from Jim Pene come from reuniting with his medic he saved in a mine field. That incident is recounted in the article, "Nose to the Ground" which appeared in the July-August-September 2008 issue of the Americal Journal.

Ever wonder whatever became of someone you knew from your past? I remembered the men of 2nd platoon. Why not? They were a wonderful happy go lucky bunch. I watched then with a careful study clicking in my head. The group dynamics were unique and only rank created any kind of hierarchy.

I reflected on Lt Wolski whose straight upright professional bearing and presence was a model for anyone who wanted to emulate what a soldier looks and acts like. Here was a man who really wanted to soldier and knew how. He didn't let his position and knowledge override his common sense and would take suggestions from more seasoned veterans when time permitted. Immediate decisions needed now would not find him wanting. He could act independently with the best of them.

Observing Steve Hall, at first I thought I was watching a man with a death wish. Everyone knows you don't volunteer for anything. Yet, any time something was going down, Steve was in on it. I began to realize he didn't have a death wish and he wasn't fearless. What he could do was rise above fear and did so without effort. He's the kind of man that you take to your own heart as a model for your own actions when times get tough.

Doc Brannon was the tall hearty South Louisiana medic with the devilish gleam in his eye and cheerful laughter that was often present in his conversations. He took care of us. Even in extreme situations he would come and do his duty.

I never was a brave man. At night I prayed to God Almighty for safety for my friends and myself. Courage for me was my second request. Finally, I prayed not to let my friends down. Like I said, I didn't consider myself brave at all.

Then came a day in a minefield when powerful, explosive-forces tested our flesh and spirit. Giant concussive forces slammed through my marrow and shredded the extremities of my friends. I learned about myself that afternoon. I had excellent role models like Steve Hall to emulate, but I wouldn't know until forty years later the final outcome of that event.

Every event in Nam changed what I used to call the "face of the platoon." Everyone who left took something of 2nd platoon with him. So it was that when Doc without his legs and the first casualty, Gould, were dusted off, we were left wanting. I was in blood up to my armpits and none of it was my own. As much as I wanted to cry and felt it coming I just couldn't. So I simply walked back to the PZ with the remainder of 2nd platoon.

I saw Doc once in the hospital at Chu Lai. Then it was back to the field. By the time I got back to the rear he was gone. So was all contact with him for whatever reason. I was left to ponder his ultimate fate.

The war ended for me when I rotated stateside. They gave me a medal, but I didn't understand why. Was I successful in

my attempts to keep them alive? What became of Doc? Over the years I had so many questions. How did he make out? What were the ramifications for him of his injuries? The guy wasn't married that long before he came to us. Once there was rumor he'd done harm to himself.

Others in 2nd platoon I could track as I ran into people as they rotated home. I just missed Steve Hall at Fort Knox where I was a Drill Sergeant. I wrote Steve once or twice when he was home in Ohio. Bill Wolski got in touch through the efforts of the Friends of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial when he worked at the Pentagon. We met briefly throughout the years and reminded ourselves of times that united men in a bond others have trouble understanding.

Thanks to the Americal Divisions Veterans Association, Bob Wolf's efforts to bring some of us together at an ADVA Eastern Chapter reunion and especially Commander Dave Taylor's bloodhound-like abilities, the most wonderful information went my way.

First came emails, then phone numbers, and after that, phone calls that went on so long the only reason we stopped is we both had to hit the latrine! Oh what news we shared

and would share again in person at the Shreveport, ADVA National Reunion.

When Doc finally finished with the hospitals and operations, life still had its trials in store for him. No one can lose so much of himself, and not experience stages of grief. Money was tight at times and the VA is not as giving as some are led to expect. Yet he took a stand when necessary and often triumphed. He attended college and got a degree in business. He worked for an oil company for twenty years and his wife gave him a son and a daughter. Now he lives on a hundred acres and what does he do?

"Anything I want!"

The stories I heard of their life together is filled with hilarity too numerous to recount here, but kept the rest of us in stitches all weekend during the reunion.

"The rest of us" because LTC (retired) Bill Wolski, Steve Hall, retired pipe-fitter, and I, the psychiatric nurse, were all there. We talked, laughed, did battle with a forty year old slide projector, and finally wound up watching slides through a piece of toilet tissue held over a flashlight. A grand time was had by all.

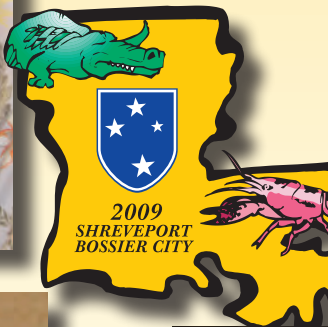
That minefield was a geographical oddity. Its forty years from everywhere now. Still it taught me a lot about Jim Pene that day. I just wish the price wasn't so high. PTSD will decimate your self-esteem. I often wondered why I received a Silver Star for that day. This reunion validated more positive feelings. Bill Wolski has always reaffirmed and supported me, but when an infantryman of Steve Hall's caliber said, "You are our hero," it left me awestruck. The ultimate was my first introduction to Doc's wife, Vicki Brannon. She came to me, kissed my cheek, and while hugging me whispered in my ear, "Thank you for the last forty years of our lives together and thank you for the lives of our children."

Later I tried to tell her all I did was tie off some tourniquets and that the life they had together was due to Doc's efforts. She told me I was right, but "you gave him the life to use." She turned and walked away, glancing back over her shoulder while I fished for some retort, but I couldn't come with one.

Some things you just have to own. Forty years ago God answered my prayers. I have only one thing to say to Vicki Brannon. "You're welcome."



Left to right: William Wolski, Jim Pene, Steve Hall with Earl "Doc" Brannon in the foreground at ADVA Shreveport Reunion (Photo: Jim Pene)





Previous page Americal veterans gather, the trip to Barksdale AFB.

Page 20 Barksdale AFB guided tour of the B-52 and the A10 Warthogs, Memorial service

Page 21: "The Old Guard Reporting for Duty" National Finance Officer Spencer Baba Escorts a W/WII Vet to his table. All W/WII vets were escorted under the "crossing of the swords" ceremony at Saturdays Annual Banquet.

Lower right corner: "Survivors of Firebase MaryAnn Reun

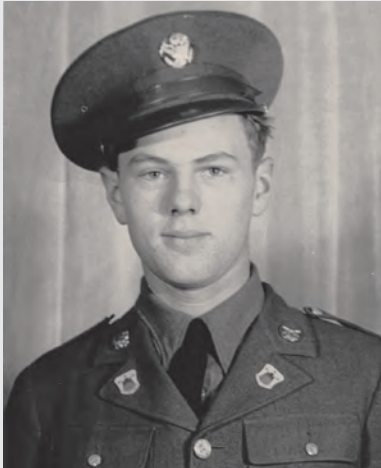


ADVA REUNION



War As I saw It-Doug Burtell Intelligence & Reconnaissance Platoon 164th Infantry Regiment

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Doug Burtell, age 16, January 1941, Fargo, North Dakota

work hard around the house, hauling water, coal, splitting wood, etc. Many others lived in similar conditions and a lot of fellow's who were older than me joined the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps).

Because of our family's financial condition my brother joined the Navy in 1937. I had met some guys from the North Dakota National Guard and in my junior year in high school (1940), during the Christmas break, I joined the North Dakota National Guard 164th Infantry Regiment. I was 16 years and 9 months old at the time but told them I was 18 to get in. The story I got was, "You put in your year and that will be that". I was sworn in on the 2nd of January 1941 and we moved into the armory in Fargo, North Dakota. Shortly after that we were activated for federal service. My dad could see that it was coming...most of the WWI vets could see it. He wasn't against me joining but my mother sure was.

I was placed in the Headquarters Company of the Regiment. When I arrived they said I could be a wire man, radio man or in the intelligence section. They explained what the "intelligence section" was, that we would scout, patrol and make maps and I thought that was more interesting so I picked that. Although I was only 16, I was treated as an equal by the older men because back in those days when you were 15 you were expected to go out and work like a man and I had worked with men on the farm. But many of the enlisted men were not that old except for the more senior officers, who were 35 – 45.

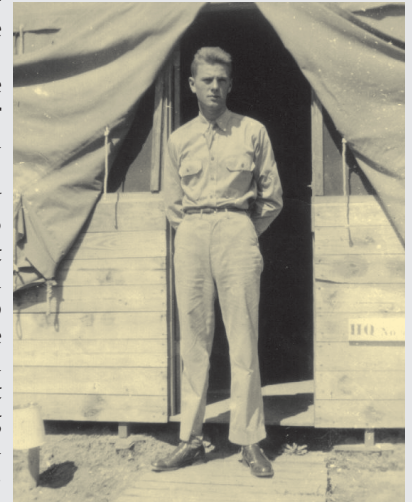
Everything at that time was based on the old World War I organization. And we all had WWI equipment, wrap leggings, 03 Springfield rifles and we trained in Fargo's 25 degree-below-zero weather out in the park. We stood retreat every evening up town in front of the J.C. Penney store, and in February we left Fargo in 25 below zero weather dressed in winter clothes and went to Camp Claiborne, Louisiana. My brother, who left the navy after his stint in 1941, was

immediately called back in. He ended up spending nine years in the Navy. Part of our reason for being in the service was to have something to do and part was to take some financial hardship away from our parents. The fact we had three sisters left us feeling it was our duty to go.

Camp Claiborne wasn't finished when we arrived. There were no PX's or a canteen where we could gather to drink after duty hours; just a mess hall. There were only tent frames set up and we erected the tents on them. We had to draw steel bunks. We didn't get paid for three months so in short order we ran out of money and out of smokes. A guy from Fargo, Steve Gorman who had a recreation parlor, shipped us many cases of Bull Durham until the PX opened up, so we had something to smoke. When the PX opened up we still hadn't been paid so they issued "Canteen Checks" where we could go to the PX and they'd punch our card for a purchase. When we finally got paid we owed a lot of money to pay off our canteen checks. And we got paid in silver dollars! They were called "Eagle Shits." The paymaster would come and hand them to us.

I then took my basic training at Camp Claiborne. While at Camp Claiborne I found a number of guys who had lied about their age to enlist and we all could have gotten out. But we felt we were going on an adventure and wanted to see it through. We were not up to full strength when we got there so in May we got our first bunch of draftees from North Dakota. Our First Sergeant called us out to see them. It was on a Sunday and they came marching down the street. It was really comical because to show how unprepared we were at the time, some of these draftees had WWI britches and wrapped leggings and modern blouses (shirts). Others had on WWI choker blouses and up-to-date pants. Some of them had overseas hats and some wore garrison hats. I remember one man had an overseas cap that was so big he stuck a pin in the back of it so it wouldn't slide down over his head. Some of the draftees were just in T-Shirts. We laughed our heads off when they came marching in.

We got them into our training program in the fall of 1941. Training at Camp Claiborne was not hard for us because we were all in pretty good physical shape from the hard labor as civilians. I had excellent training in the regimental intelligence section, map reading, aerial photography interpretation, etc. We went on the big Louisiana maneuvers which supposedly were the biggest ever held up to that



Burtell at Camp Claiborne, LA

time, comprising the 1st and 3rd Armies. The S-2 Intelligence Officer (LTC Constantine) at the time did not want an assigned driver from the motor pool and so I drove him around during several months of maneuvers. We were out in the bushes, covering every little backwater town and village in Louisiana, some towns in Texas and some border towns in other states.

All of our equipment was from WWI but the good news is that we had plenty of it. I remember during the maneuvers they had trucks marked "Tank" and aircraft would drop sacks of flour to hit the "tanks". And I remember Patton was down there with his tanks and they had a lot of horse cavalry as well. And those horses died by the hundreds down there from the heat, bugs, rattlesnakes, you name it. There



Camp Claiborne, LA maneuvers. From right to left: Doug Burtell, LTC Ordahl (164th Regimental S-2, later 3rd Battalion Commander), Fred Meyer, Tony Landry and sitting, LTC Baglian, Assistant Regimental Commander.

were dead horses by the roadside, in the fields, all over. Louisiana was infected with every kind of snake you could think of, water moccasin, rattler, coral snake, etc. Once I was crawling with my rifle, parting the grass in front of me as I crawled and some snakes slithered away in front of my face. Thankfully they were blue racers, not poisonous, but they scared the hell out of me. At the end of training we were confident that we were ready to go. As I look back on it though, our training at Claiborne was nothing compared to what we received later in the Southwest Pacific such as at New Caledonia or, after Guadalcanal, when we went to Fiji and trained our replacements from our losses on the Canal. That was combat training! We assaulted positions; we put out wire in front of our positions each night, etc. We didn't do any of that in Louisiana. The emphasis was on maneuvering.

Just before Pearl Harbor we were training as part of the 34th Division, which were North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa and the South Dakota National Guards. At that time we were organized into the old "square divisions", four infantry regiments and a division headquarters. They decided to change into a triangular division like the Germans had. We got out of the 34th and the 34th was shipped to Ireland and later on to North Africa and Italy. They had almost as long of a combat record as we did. They went to North Africa in November but we went to Guadalcanal in October 1942. We (the 164th) were shipped out two days after Pearl Harbor to San Francisco where we guarded installations in the area. We stayed at the Cow Palace. We left San Francisco before Christmas to go up to Oregon and Washington to guard

bridges, air fields, tunnels and installations all the way from Oregon to almost Williston, North Dakota. Among the things we guarded was a large ammunition dump. Since I was in the intelligence section they sent us out to patrol around an ammunition dump at Hermiston, Oregon, which is now a chemical depot. And we lived in tents in 10-15 degree below zero weather. We got our first issue of what is know as the "Army Jeep". Prior to that time, even in Louisiana on maneuvers, we didn't have any jeeps; we had "command cars", weapons carriers and big trucks.

When we headed north from San Francisco they wanted volunteer drivers because they were not going to haul our trucks on a train. I was a qualified military driver so I volunteered and I drove our headquarters kitchen truck, a big, four-wheel drive truck from San Francisco all the way up to Bend, Oregon and we slept on the town gym floor on Christmas Eve 1941. Christmas day we had a big dinner in Dells, Oregon and from Dells we went to our regimental headquarters at Walla Walla, Washington. Then we farmed men out all over the place. As I mentioned, our intelligence section was sent to Hermiston where the 3rd battalion was headquartered. We patrolled around the ammo dump. We had little dug-outs in the ground and they'd take us out at the crack of dawn and then we'd patrol around to keep hunters or anyone else getting near that place. It was 15 degrees below zero at one point and we slept in tents but it wasn't cold for long. That was an unusually temperature for that area and it wasn't near as cold as we experienced in North Dakota.



USS President Coolidge (Pre-war photo). The Coolidge was never photographed during its brief service in the war when it was retrofitted as a troop ship.

In March, 1942 we moved from Walla Walla, Washington back down to San Francisco to deploy overseas. We boarded the USS President Coolidge, which was the biggest liner the United States owned at that time. Also in our convoy were the Queen Elizabeth and another ship called the "Mariposa". We couldn't go straight out from San Francisco because Japanese subs were sinking ships all along the west coast, lumber ships, oil tankers, etc. In fact, a Jap sub came in and threw some shells into some oil tanks on the shore of a coastal town so we had to go down the coast of South America toward Peru and cut over toward Tahiti and the Marquesa's Islands where we refueled. We thought we would go direct to the Philippines from the west coast but you just couldn't do it with all the enemy subs. It took us 31 days to get to our destination, Melbourne, Australia, and we were steaming pretty fast. We were escorted by one of the US heavy cruisers, the USS Chester.

For anti-aircraft defense, our infantry weapons, machine guns and BAR's had to be deployed on the deck of the Coolidge but we made an uneventful trip to Melbourne. They didn't want to take those big troop ships further up in

the war zone and we were going to New Caledonia so we boarded a bunch of small Dutch inner-island steamers that were about the size of a destroyer and made our way up to New Caledonia. We landed in New Caledonia approximately on my 18th birthday in April 1942.

While in New Caledonia we did intensive training. We had some Australians that came and gave us commando training. We were pretty much on the south side of the island. The north side was pretty rugged. But they were worried that the Japs could land on the north side and come across the island. We did a lot of patrolling out in the mountains of New Caledonia because they didn't know what the Japs were intending to do. No one knew much about the interior of the island, including the French who lived there. There were few roads that went across the island. They didn't even have decent maps of the island, just the coastal areas. But the bet was the Japs wanted to invade New Caledonia because of the minerals there. During the Battle of Coral Sea, they were coming down to invade New Caledonia and Fiji but they were stopped by our Navy in the Battle of Coral Sea. Many times Jap flying boats flew over New Caledonia and a number of Jap ships were sunk trying to get to us.



Rugged interior of New Caledonia Ed Mulligan, medic for the Intelligence Platoon during a patrol in the interior

New Caledonia was a French possession and it was while we were there that the regiment formed an intelligence and reconnaissance platoon to take the place of the old WWI style S-2 section. I still stayed in the S-2 and did a lot of patrolling and map making. I was a pretty good draftsman at making maps.

So we went out on many patrols to try to map the interior and we didn't have proper rations. We had to carry these big cans like you bought in the grocery stores. We even bought a pack horse for \$15 and that didn't work. On our final 6-day patrol we managed to walk across the entire island, but it was very rugged terrain. We had a canteen cup of rice for supper, a canteen cup of oatmeal for breakfast and for dinner we'd chew on a chocolate bar and that was it. We walked from sunrise to sunset every day. It was 28 miles across. When we got to the center of the island you could see the ocean on both sides. Once we shot a wild pig (there lots of them in the island), we cut the hind quarters, put it on a stick and burned him until he was black and then we ate it. And it tasted pretty good.

We came down out of the mountains, following a river and at ground level the river widened at about seven miles distance from the ocean. We decided to build a raft and



Cross-country patrol: Front row (L to R): "Fritz", "Myer", Bob Dodd and Tony Landry (Landry was from Louisiana and spoke French, he was our interpreter on the island). Back row (L to R): John McCormick, Ross, Doug Burtell and Ed Mulligan.

float the rest of the way to the rivers mouth but apparently we used "iron-wood" because the raft sank the minute we put it in the water. So we walked along the bank of the river. When we neared the ocean we met a native pulling a canoe and he guided us to his boss's house on the beach. He was a retired French mining engineer who lived at the mouth of the river and he broke out his wine and loaves of French bread he had stacked up like cordwood. He brought us some bananas and we had a feast, although we realized we had made it to the ocean following the wrong river! We saw the boat that was supposed to pick us up, heading for the correct river so we fired a Tommy Gun with tracers and they came in to pick us up.

On October 7, 1942 the Marines were having a bad time up on Guadalcanal and some of the Marine Raiders came down to New Caledonia and told us what was going on and what it was like fighting the Japs. They looked tough but worn. They told us not to trust the Japs if they were "trying" to surrender...don't take prisoners. They also briefed us about Jap booby traps and what had occurred on the island since they arrived. So on October 7th we boarded ships to leave New Caledonia to go to the "Canal" to reinforce the 1st Marine Division. We landed there on the morning of the 13th at daylight. On our way up there on October 11th our naval escort, which was commanded by Admiral Scott, had one of the first successful naval actions against the Japanese called the battle of Santa Cruise; prior to that the Japs had been beating our Navy silly in night actions. Upon landing at daylight at Guadalcanal, we didn't have the type of landing craft with the ramp in front. They were a pointed bow and we had to vault over the side when we hit the shore.

We didn't land under fire because the Marines were already there but at 11:00AM we had our first air raid: Thirty bombers and about twenty fighters. From them we had our first casualty. Then at 2:00PM we had another air raid about the same size. Then that night two Japanese battle ships plus cruisers and destroyers came in and shelled us all night. That first night we were there the battleships threw in 1,000 rounds of 14-inch shells plus a whole bunch of 8-inch and 6-inch rounds from the destroyers and cruisers. One of their planes would fly overhead dropping flares and bombs. It was a terrible, terrible experience. The ground shook so bad it felt like you were in a barrel rolling down a mountain. And the chunks of shrapnel from their 14-inch shells weighed 20-30 pounds. I

remember one fellow who was lying there – and we had gas masks which we discarded rather fast – but one of those chunks of shrapnel hit his gas mask and drove it into the ground like a metal spike, right along side of him. He never got hurt. Our whole perimeter with the Marines was only three miles deep and five miles wide. That left a small space for the Jap ships to shell us. If they had landed

some soldiers while they were shelling us they would have had us. We would have had to retreat to the jungle to fight. General Vandergrift, Commander of the 1st Marine Division told his pilots on Henderson Field that would have to become infantrymen if the Japs landed more men.

I had been sent to the 1st Marine Regiment Intelligence section and spent the first night with a Marine Corps intelligence person, who became a good friend of mine called Clifford Fox. He had a little slit trench and we both got in it, and I lay on top of him during that terrible night. In the book, "Touched with Fire" by Eric Bergerud (an excellent book about jungle fighting in the Southwest Pacific), he relates the story of a Marine who said "an Army intelligence soldier was lying on top of me." It was my Marine friend talking about me. He is still living today. The author helped us get together and we spent five days together with our wives a few years ago. Boy did we have a time!

We got the same nightly treatment from the Japs for about a week. The second night it was cruisers with 8-inch shells and they threw in about 1,500 rounds and the next night they came in and threw in about 2,500 rounds. To add to our woes we were bombed twice a day in daylight and the Japs also had 6-inch artillery out in the mountains, which we didn't have. The biggest artillery we had were 105-millimeter which meant we couldn't give them counter-battery fire. So they were constantly dropping shells on the airfield. The Sea-Bees (Navy Construction Battalions) had a hell of a time keeping the airfield in shape after all of the shelling. A lot of planes were wrecked. Our ammo dumps and oil storage areas were bombed – at times we couldn't fly anything. We were in a hell of a shape. I have to give a lot of credit to our pilots that were there, including Joe Foss and Carl Marion. They saved our butts. Joe Foss shot down

26 planes and Carl Marion shot down 19. Guadalcanal was a terrible place, it was the worst place we were at during the whole war. We suffered a lot of casualties there.

The weather was exceedingly hot and damp. The living conditions were horrific. Those pilots of ours, Foss and Marion, didn't live much different than the infantry did but they did a hell of a job. On October 23-25 the Japanese made an all out assault on our perimeter, which was only three miles deep, going from the ocean inland 3 miles and 6 miles wide, so all those bombs and shells fell into that little area. It didn't make any difference if you were a cook or a baker or in Service Company or what you were in, you caught holy hell if you were on Guadalcanal. During that three-

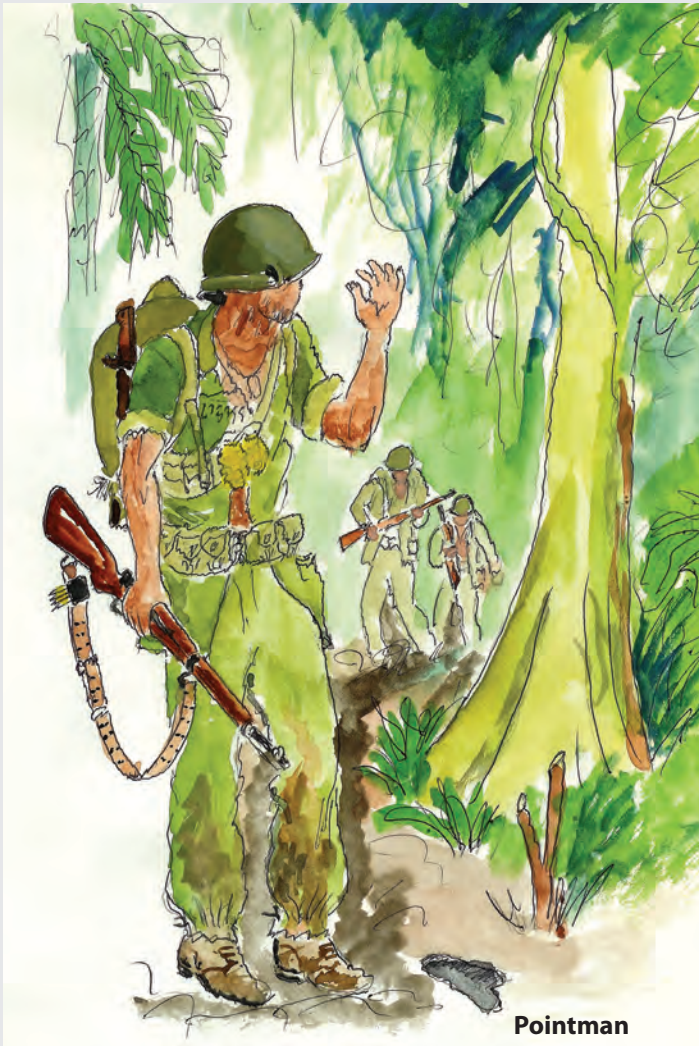
day time frame in October three Jap Regiments hit our perimeter which was just beyond the airfield and our 1st and 2nd battalions were in the line, the 164th next to the 7th Marines, which was Chesty Puller's outfit. And they hit right about on the flank of the 7th Marine's and our 2nd Battalion, 164th Regiment. They were breaking through the 7th Marines, so our 3rd



Battalion of the 164th which was in reserve was brought up to the line in the dark during a rain storm at about 2:00AM. The 3rd Battalion stopped the attack and Colonel Hall, who was commanding the battalion, received the Navy Cross for his action. He was probably one of the few Army officers who ever received a Navy Cross.

The next day our 3rd Battalion replaced the 7th Marines that were killed and gradually replaced the 7th Marines, filling in with our 1st and 2nd battalions on the line. There was another attack that night and the third night. All total between the Marines and the 164th there were some 3,500 dead Japs we buried with a bulldozer. In front of L & M Companies of the 164th alone, they counted 975 bodies. The casualties on both the Marine and 164th side were comparatively light compared to that carnage. I think we lost 29 in the 164th and the Marines lost 30-40 men. That is killed in action. Some guys were bayoneted. A few Japs broke through. And there were quite a few snipers around for a few days that we all had to contend with. On October 25th it was "Dug Out Sunday". That's when the USS Hornet was sunk (the Lexington just about got put out on the 26th). The Japs off shore had thought that Henderson Field had been retaken so they came in with those large Jap flying boats trying to land. By that time we had received some anti-aircraft guns and they just tore up the Jap aircraft.

Then, after the battle was over, Marine General Vandegrift wanted us to go on the offensive. So we went to the western part of our perimeter which was very rough terrain and started attacking the Japs. Then we'd get a warning from the Coast watchers that the Japs were coming down with an invasion force so we would get called back to the perimeter again. Reportedly the Jap reinforcements were going to land



east of Koli Point. Prior to our Regiment going there, myself and a Corporal Slingsby and another friend of mine, three of us...were asked to form what the Marines called a "Tiger Patrol", a three man patrol from our intelligence section. So we went out about 8 miles in the direction the Japs were supposed to land, in an area where there was Kunai Grass. It's about 6-8 foot-high, very sharp grass and it was very hot to walk through it. We came to a river and could see a lot of Japs crossing over. I and my friend wanted to take a few shots at the Japs but the Corporal in charge said "no, were getting the hell out of here!" A few days later our regimental headquarters which I was in, and the 2nd and 3rd Battalions plus the 7th Marines went out to Koli Point, eight miles east of our perimeter and we tried to encircle the Japs. Some of them escaped, our F and G Companies kind of got screwed up and let them through but we killed about 350 of them. We were picked up by Higgins Boats so we didn't have to march back. That first march to Koli Point was one of the worst I ever made because of the Kunai Grass. The trails became littered with gas masks and other equipment from soldiers because it was just too hot to carry all that stuff. Our recon patrols traveled much lighter.

I remember when we were out there Lt. Col. Chesty Puller the Marine commander was wounded. Then the 8th Marine Regiment, which was part of the 2nd Marine Division, landed on Guadalcanal. I and one friend were sent back to guide this regiment to Koli Point as we were both good scouts and

knew the trails well. When we came to a river it was getting dark real quick and the river was raging high. I told this Marine Captain up front with us, "your men are going to have to hold on to each other or they'll be swept down the river!" We finally got across the river but at that time it was completely dark. I told the Captain "we're not going any further. Its too dark and we don't know where the Japs are." So he plugged in the phone and one of our commanders (I think it was General Seabee) insisted that we come. So I said, "OK" but shortly after we started we had Marines spread out all over. My buddy and I were on our hands and knees trying to follow the trail. So the Marine Captain plugged into the radio again and said, "I'm bucking your order, I ain't coming." So I told the Captain, "That's the smartest thing you ever did." The next day we made it to the Point with B Company, 8th Marine Regiment without any injury but the thing is, nobody knew where the Japs were. It was kind of dangerous work.

After getting back from Koli Point, we went back west out to the Matanikau River country. We could only advance 50-100 yards a day and we suffered our heaviest casualties on Guadalcanal during that type of fighting. By December 1942 the 1st Marine Division was pretty well shot up and so were we in the 164th. The Marines left just before Christmas to go to Australia. We were placed on a quieter part of the perimeter but were still sent out on patrols, and I went out on some of them. Then we were finally relieved off of Guadalcanal in February.

The Army started taking over Guadalcanal with the rest of the Americal arriving in November and the 25th Infantry Division in January. The 8th Marine Regiment of the 2nd Division, along with the 25th Infantry Division and





164th Mortar Section

the Americal's 182nd and 132nd regiments made an offensive to the west but the Japs had evacuated most of the troops they had left. There was a lot of severe fighting out on that western perimeter.

In February the Japs evacuated off Guadalcanal and the island was secure. Then we went to the Fiji islands where the 164th got replacements because we were down to about half-strength. We trained very hard in the Fijis training our replacements; combat type training. Fiji is a jungle island but it didn't have malaria and those sorts of things. Fiji natives were in the British military and are probably the best jungle fighters in the world. We learned a lot about taking care of ourselves, scouting, patrolling and fighting in the jungle from the Fijians.

As one example of how good they were, we had a regimental exercise on Fiji, attacking built-up positions, digging in every night, putting out defensive wire, etc. The trainers tasked us from Recon to go out at night with sticks of Gelignite with caps and fuses. We would harass the night perimeters by sneaking up to the company lines and bang these sticks of Gelignite. Some of the Fijians with us even snuck up and put chalk marks on the machine gun positions. That's how good they were. Our recon platoon was to be the aggressors from dark until midnight. Then the Fijians took over until daylight. One morning the Fijians came back in and they had a sack of helmets, watches, billfolds, etc. they had taken from the soldiers on the night perimeters. Pretty soon we got a radio call from a battalion headquarters saying in effect, "You Sob's...get that stuff back to the soldiers!" We were on Fiji for about six months. It was about the only civilization we had seen since we'd been overseas so we did have a little fun there too.

Just before Christmas we left to go to the island of Bougainville which is north of Guadalcanal and the largest island in the Solomon's. It is 35 miles wide and 130 miles long; very mountainous, with heights anywhere from 8-10,000 feet. It is all jungle from the ocean right up to the mountains, no open country whatsoever. It is very swampy land and had salt water crocodiles in the rivers. We landed there Christmas day 1943. By that time I had joined the Reconnaissance and Intelligence Platoon of the regiment full time rather than just the intelligence section I had been in. Originally the Americal had a Division Recon Company. The guy who was my S-2 in New Caledonia, went around

and interviewed men from the rifle companies to join the Recon Company. It was commanded by a Captain by the name of "Flo". He eventually became a Brigadier General. They didn't come to Guadalcanal until the 182nd Regiment came in November 1942. One thing you don't hear about is that a 164th regimental recon unit went by sailboat around Guadalcanal to the other side, made a patrol and killed some Japs. It is never mentioned in any book about Guadalcanal.

So when we got to Bougainville our intelligence officer came to me and another friend and our Lieutenant, whose name was Joe LaVournaise. He was a Native American Indian from Dunseith, North Dakota, and asked us if we'd volunteer to go on a patrol way back in the Japanese territory, further than the 3rd Marines had gone and the 37th Division that were on Bougainville, when we got there; to go beyond the Torokina River which the Marines hadn't been beyond. So we went with a Fijian platoon. The mission was to figure out which way the Japs were moving. We knew they were headed for the 37th Division lines, but where else? There were three of us Americans and we painted our faces black and couldn't carry any dog tags or any identification of any kind. We buried all our stuff and couldn't take any cigarettes along, although we all smoked. We slipped around the Japs 3-4 times before we got across the Torokina River. We went out to the Saua ("saw-wah") River and patrolled up and down the river. I and my friend, Albert Sevigney, were told to go down the river toward the ocean and we came across a corduroy road made of logs the Japs built with wire strung along so we cut out 100 feet of that wire, drug it back into the jungle and went back to the main body of the patrol. The Japs used the road to move their artillery. When we arrived back there was a whole slug of Japs coming across the river. So we hightailed out of there towards our perimeter. We were out 5 days.

On the way back to our perimeter we picked up two Bougainville natives, an old man and his boy who were hunting pigs with a spear. They had built a pig trap, or punji trap like the enemy holes they dug in Vietnam. The natives were very primitive people. They had bones in their nose and carried spears, bows and arrows. They had no concept of a war being fought on their island and could either like you or not, so you couldn't trust them. We took them back with



Japs in front of 164th positions

us to the beach. LTC Ordahl, my former S-2 Officer who was now the 3rd battalion commander, made sure we got some cigarettes and coffee. The Fijians couldn't speak to them nor could we. Incidentally, on this patrol had been an Australian Colonel named Matheson, who was later killed on Bougainville. He was a great guy, I saw him on Guadalcanal as well. He was about 50 years old and how he withstood the rigors of jungle warfare I don't

know, because I was only 19 and it was tough work.

On the beach they had some other natives in a compound. After we got an interpreter we learned that this old man's entire village was hiding in a cave because the Japs had taken over their gardens and they were starving to death up there. So our reconnaissance platoon went out and brought them back in. One old lady died on the way back in. We gave them Prince Albert tobacco and corncob pipes and you should have seen those old gals smoke up those corncob pipes! Later on some of these natives went out with their clubs and spears and killed Japs to beat hell. There was an incident on Bougainville where a Jap officer, just to try out his samurai sword, lopped off a natives head. That's the way they were and I still can't forgive the Japanese Government for not educating their people or admitting what happened.

It was on Guadalcanal that I started sketching some things in the few moments we had of peace. I wanted to

get out of my head and on paper the images that hung in my mind. When I was very young my dad drew me a picture of a cowboy and then I never saw him draw another picture in his life, but I started to draw that cowboy on meat-wrapping paper and then went on to other images as a boy. Since I worked for the S-2 Section there was plenty of paper available. But it was on Bougainville and later, the Philippines, where

I did most of my sketching. In Bougainville we built a big sand table approximately 16 feet by 16 feet. We built it with wet volcanic sand, covered it with green moss for the jungle, put blue in where the rivers were and red for the enemy locations. And hell, Admiral Halsey was there and all kinds of senior officers to look at that sand table. They were impressed with our handiwork.

The main Japanese force on Bougainville which opposed the Marines when they landed were only about 2,000 strong. Then the 37th Jap Division came in and they got the airfields built. We were bombing Rabaul at this time. The main Japanese force on Bougainville was on the other side of the island, about 70,000 of them. Finally in March we picked up intelligence from patrols (we were constantly on patrols) that they were going to attack our perimeter. As a matter of fact we knew exactly what day and what time, where at and everything else. We were well dug in, both the 37th Division and our Americal Division, when the attack came on March 8th at 6:00AM. It was the most Jap artillery we'd ever seen. And they had it dug into caves higher up on the mountains, higher up than we were and they bore sighted it down into our area. They hit some fuel dumps and stuff of ours and caused some big fires. Finally our artillery got going and we

had all kinds of it plus all kinds of air cover and we bombed the hell out of them. Our reconnaissance platoon put a 50 caliber machine gun on the outposts of the 3rd Battalion perimeter and when we'd see flashes on the mountain we'd fire the 50 caliber with tracers towards it. And we also had 90-millimeter anti-aircraft guns dug into the line which could knock out those Jap artillery pieces.

To keep this short, we did a lot of patrolling. We barely held our perimeter but the Japs couldn't break it. When they hit our lines on the first attack it was primarily against the 37th Division. The second attack hit the 164th perimeter and part of the 182nd on Hills 260, 250 and 600. There was a lot of intense fighting there for about two weeks and then it was all over. We pretty much obliterated the Japanese 6th Division, which was the same division that was notorious for the rape of Nanking, China. From then on we pushed further out into the jungle with company and even battalion-size patrols. We



Jap Position

set up roadblocks and patrolled from there and our platoon, with the experience on Guadalcanal and the training on Fiji, became quite expert in jungle warfare. It was not uncommon for our recon patrols to kill anywhere from 15-30 Japanese without losing a man or getting a shot fired at us. Our Recon platoon got to be pretty good in jungle warfare. You lived out there and did what you had to do. After a year on Bougainville we were relieved by the Australians.

There is a sad story about the Australians' relieving us. Instead of sitting there like we did and just having those roadblocks out and pick off the Japs, they went on a big offensive and lost a lot of men. It was a senseless action because Bougainville was completely cut off and the Japs could not get reinforced or mount any kind of offensive.

Some thoughts on our jungle recon warfare: Physically it was tough but it was nerve wracking even more so. We had to look at every tree and branch to see if it showed a presence of the enemy. You could spot places where they had been. They were getting in tough shape for lack of food and illness. There's a certain palm in the jungle where you could eat the white cabbage-like top. We could spot where the Japs had chopped that stuff to eat so we knew they were in the area. It was especially nerve-wracking if you were the point man. And I was the point man many times...too many times probably.

By the end of Bougainville I had formed a firm opinion of the Japanese as soldiers. They were tough, very hearty and they wouldn't give up, all the way up to the point of death. Tactically our guys would never dig in as well as the Japs, but the Japs were horrible on the offensive. All they knew was the Banzai charge but on the defense, no one could

dig in was well as they did. And in some of their bivouac areas we would go through after cleaning them out, we found everything was very meticulous. They had vines tied from one place to another so they could move around their positions at night. Very nice.

From Bougainville the division and our regiment were sent to the Philippines. We were relieved after Guadalcanal to go to Fiji but after we landed on Bougainville from December 25, 1943 onward, we were never relieved until the war was over in June 1945. We went to Leyte in the Philippines for "mopping up". We landed there in January and were there until April and took a lot of casualties. "Mopping up" isn't what you might think. MacArthur's guys went through there with several divisions and pushed the Japs into the mountains and it was up to us to go out, find them and kill them, which we did. LT. Milt Shedd was our platoon leader and said, "I want volunteers for a very dangerous patrol...you might not come back" (I had heard that more than once). He said "there's a lake up in the mountains and there's supposed to be a Jap hospital there. So we have to go up there and scout it out." Well, we went up to the lake and all we found were dead Japs all over, dead from their wounds, from sickness, etc.

We had this so-called Philippine guerilla with us who was a fluke (they'd pick up a Jap rifle and call themselves a guerilla). He was supposed to be our "scout". As we came out of the jungle into more open coconut grove-type country, we saw a Philippine house. It was just before dark and some Japs in the trees were knocking coconuts down while others were gathering them up. Finally they all went into the house. We were well hidden and watched this. Milt told me, "OK Burt (that was my nickname) you go first and circle around the house. Then wave the rest of us over if everything is OK". So I'm heading towards the house on this little trail when another Jap walks in front of me on another trail, dragging his rifle. He didn't see me. If he had I would have had to shoot him but I didn't want to give our location away, so I let him go.

I got up to the house and waved the guys over. We were all lined up by a bank next to the house. Milt said, "When I drop my hand, open up." Well, we all fired about six clips of ammo each in about a minute. Then we threw a couple grenades in. One Jap ran out the back and we nailed him. There were seven of them, all dead. They only had a couple pistols and grenades - stragglers - but now dead stragglers. Then this Filipino who was with us got all shook up with the noise of all the gunfire. He was too afraid to move. Well, we had to get back down the hills where the trucks would be waiting for us (the drivers had heard our gunfire and thought we had all been annihilated). Looking at our scared

Filipino "scout" I told Milt to "let that SOB go and I'll guide us back to the trucks."

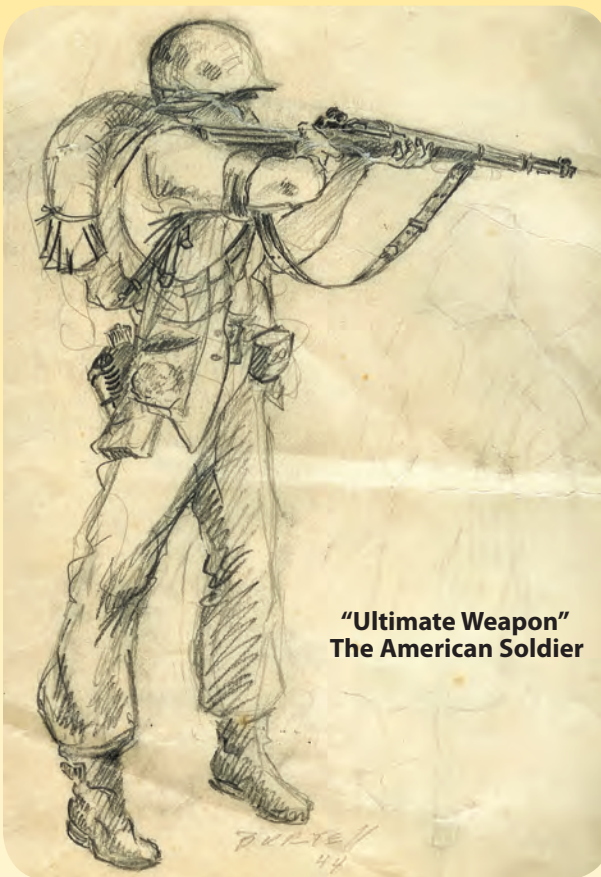
Then after Leyte in April our Division went over to liberate the Island of Cebu. The two other regiments of the Americal, the 132nd and 182nd, landed there first. They were having a tough time. There was a big mountain behind Cebu City and the Japs had caves dug up there, huge caves, and so the 164th landed and we made a flanking attack and went around the Japs and ended that thing about the 20th of April. I was up there on the front lines, my platoon was with B Company, the 164th and we killed 3-4 Japs there.

After the others took Babag Ridge we were coming down off a hill from the caves (huge caves, the Japs had taken lots of plunder from Cebu City, money, furniture, toilet seats, everything) and we were following a dry creek bed. And here comes a Jap with a canvas full of ammunition (I think he thought his buddies were still up in the caves). As soon as he saw us he reached for a grenade, pulled the pin and tried to hit on a rock to ignite it and throw it. One of our guys nailed him before he got the chance. Most of our time on Cebu we were on the line with the rifle companies. I remember one incident where we were on the reverse side of a ridge that was getting raked pretty-good with machine gun fire. So they called for an air strike (Corsairs). Someone told Milt they wanted us to go out and sketch the results of the air strike. I had never heard something so dumb in my life but myself and another guy went out and made the sketch.

While on Cebu we walked through an area with lots of leeches. One of the men complained his eye was sore but it looked OK. Several hours later he was still complaining. We looked under his eye lid and

there was a leech. We got to a large stream and filled our canteens with water. Later we found dead Japs upstream, some of whom were lying partly in the same stream we took our water. Their flesh was eaten up by insects. The flesh of their body parts that were in the stream looked like tuna fish. Further upstream we found some Japs cooking dinner and took care of them.

When we got through at Cebu we went on to liberate Los Negros which, at one point was only 8 miles from Cebu. My Intelligence & Reconnaissance Platoon went in with B Company on the initial beachhead on Los Negros with no opposition. We landed by an airfield, secured that and found a lot of Booby Traps the Japs had made out of artillery shells and bombs. My platoon was earmarked to go into the little city of Dumaguete, which was a beautiful little city. There was an American University there. When we got to it we were glad the Japs hadn't stayed there. The Japs had evacuated to the mountains but every house in that town had a small bunker under it with a machine gun position at every intersection. So we would have had



**"Ultimate Weapon"
The American Soldier**



a tough time if we had to liberate that town. In the town there were two Japanese brothels, one for enlisted men and one for officers. The one for officers had Chinese women and the other had Philippine women. The Japs had gone up into the mountains and our regiment went after them. There is a mountain called Sierra De Negros, 6,500 feet high; it looked like Mt. Fuji in Japan, like a cone. When my friend and I were coming on the Island on a LCI we said, "I'll bet you money we'll have to go on a G__damn patrol up that mountain". And, sure as hell, we did.

The planners wanted our platoon to go around the mountain. The Japs were dug in on the forward slopes of this mountain in their caves. Our rifle companies were pounding up those slopes and our Recon Platoon went around and climbed the backside to contact a guerilla company at a place called Balis-Balis. LT Charles Ross was our platoon leader at the time. Before we got to the Guerilla Company we ran into some Japs who were stealing some stuff out of a Philippine garden. We killed four of them. We contacted the guerilla company and stayed with them overnight, eating rice and boiled water buffalo. It was pretty awful. I think these "guerillas" were playing footsies with the Japs rather than engaging them. All in all there were some good Philippine guerilla units but many were not. In my opinion the biggest help the Philipinos gave us was as carriers for supplies (especially ammo) and carrying the wounded. We were out on this patrol about 4-5 days.

We went back our rear area, which was on a ridge near the town of Dumaguete and rested up as we were scheduled to go out on a patrol the next day. A kitchen truck could come up as far as we were at our position and one drove up shortly later with someone jumping out of the truck saying, "There's a Jap down below the hill and he has a rifle!" So, since we were Recon we had to go and find him. We went

down there one of the Recon soldiers was a friend of mine, Larry McCarten, who is no longer living. I told him "that Son of a Bitch has to be in that cluster of bamboo or in that tall grass." Just as I was saying that I heard the snap of a Japanese grenade. Their hand grenades had to have the pin pulled then tapped on something hard to make them go off. I heard that snap and hollered, "Grenade!" and just as we were diving for cover I saw the thing go off, the black smoke and orange flame and I got hit in the back. I went to the aid station. I was never hospitalized; I don't think I was hurt that bad. Doc Flannery, our old Regimental Surgeon, had been with us from the time we went overseas. He dug around on my back and he couldn't find anything in there but said, "Burt, you got a Purple Heart." So that was that.

A Navy PT Boat had captured some Japs trying to get from one island to another. There were two enlisted soldiers and one officer and they brought them to us. They had them down on the beach in the town of Dumaguete. An Anti-Tank Company was guarding them in a concrete building. The Jap officer wrote a flowery letter apologizing for escaping but he felt it was his honor-bound duty to get back to his unit and the three of them escaped.

After I was wounded I went to the aid station and they patched me up. My platoon went back on patrol and the S-2 at the time told me to take a bunch of guys from Headquarters Company and go out to find the Japs that had escaped. So I got these monkeys from Headquarters Company who had no combat experience and I told them, "If you run into the Japs just shoot the bastards, don't monkey around with them just shoot them."

Well, we didn't find them but some medics had come up on a jeep as close as they could get to us on the trails. I asked the Captain if I could get a ride on the jeep down to Dumaguete. He said, "OK". So we were heading down the ridge to Dumaguete and this guy steps out on the trail in shorts. I thought it was a Filipino at first. All of a sudden he put his hands up and then it clicked. So I grabbed my rifle and threw him onto the jeep and took him back to headquarters. All he kept saying was, "Never kill Americans", "Never kill Americans." Well, through the interpreter we learned he had lived in Cebu before the war and when the Japs came they drafted him into their services.

Our action on Los Negros ended in June 1945. That was the last combat our outfit was in. We found out the war was over and went to Leyte. Those of us that had been in it since the beginning began preparations to go home. I would like to make a few closing comments about jungle fighting in the South Pacific. The living conditions were absolutely horrible. It was so hot. Physically I think it was much more demanding than any other theatre than probably Burma or places like that. It was very hard on people. I came home in July 1945, discharged out of Fort Snelling. The doctors told us that we were skinny, yellow from eating Atibrine and our jungle warfare took 10 years off our life expectancy. We all had had malaria. I wasn't sick very often. Apparently I had good genes and was healthy and strong. I did get malaria and dengue fever but did not have jaundice or dysentery as many of the other fellows got. Some of the guys that had those other ailments went from weights of 250 pounds down to 150 pounds. They had to fly them home. So because of our casualties, when we left Guadalcanal, we were down to half strength from illnesses and some from psychological effects because Guadalcanal had been so heavily shelled by the Japs in a relatively small area.

When we were leaving the port of Leyte to go home



**Doug Burtell at 164th Regimental Reunion,
Valley City, North Dakota, September 2008**

the whole 7th Fleet came in. There were thirteen carriers, five Missouri-Class battleships, etc. So we were boxed in and had to drop anchor and sit there. When we finally left we had a Destroyer escort for one day because Jap subs were still in the area. In late July the USS Indianapolis was coming to Leyte but came in unescorted. Nothing was coordinated for their safety and she was sunk by a Jap sub. 300 of the 1,196 on board died in the attack. About 880 sailors floated in the water for four days without rescue because the Navy had not properly tracked the ship. It was a bad area for sharks and after four days in the water only 321 sailors were picked up. The others died from the sharks or exposure, most from the sharks. It was a major tragedy.

I went home on a captured German freighter which had been interned in Mexico and taken over by the Americans. Our diesel engine broke down, the ship stopped and a SPD plane flew over and dropped a message that another Navy ship had been sunk about 8 hours ahead of us. Then the same plane came out and dropped a diesel pump. We were all standing at "General Quarters" with our life jackets on, because we were dead in the water until they got the diesel pump working. They finally got the engine fixed and it took us 14 days to get to San Francisco. We soldiers always tried to sleep on the deck if we could. Before we got to San Francisco it started getting cold so I went down to my compartment where my stuff was, back towards the fantail of the ship. All of a sudden, "Boom!" and I thought, "Ohhh...we just got torpedoed!" I just had one flight of steps to get up on the weather deck so I ran up there, the water splashing around was filled with blood and then I saw it, we hit a whale!

We landed in San Francisco and we all thought we'd get a pass to go to Frisco but they took us out to Angel Island (Fort McDowell I believe), which was near Alcatraz. We had to turn in all of our knives (I had a couple Filipino Bolo's. You always needed a good hunting knife in the jungle). They gave us clean uniforms and said we could go to the PX where we drank a lot of beer. There were two WAC's sitting at the other end of the hall. Some guys said, "Who is going to ask them to dance?" I said, "You chicken shits, I'll go". So I walked all the way across the floor and asked one of these water buffalos to dance with me and she turned me down! So I walked back across the floor and those guys were laughing and singing the "Anvil Chorus". Shortly after we go on a ferry and we thought, "Great, we're going to San Francisco!"

Well, when the ferry pulled in there must have been a half-dozen passenger trains backed up. I was shuttled to one train which went direct to St. Paul, Minnesota. For two days we just stayed plastered drunk on the train. We stopped in one town and we collected money (\$20) for booze. We weren't supposed to get off but we could see the liquor store from the train, even though they had MP's around. I said, "I'll go" so I ran to the store. The guy in the store must have been drunk. I got two quarts of Shenley's which would have probably been \$5-\$10. I gave him a \$20 bill and he gave me back the change plus a \$20 bill. So I brought back the booze and gave everyone their money back.

We arrived at St. Paul and stayed there a couple days at Fort Snelling. They gave us our ribbons, good shorts, etc. We went to the mess hall to eat. The government was still drafting people and a lot of them were still there but they told us to go to the head of the line, which we did. I asked one guy who was serving dinner, "Hell of a war wasn't it?" He shook his head like he didn't understand, and I realized those who were serving us were German and Italian prisoners.

So there we were, discharged on the 12th of July 1945, only three weeks out of combat – that's all we had been doing for many months – and now we were standing there with our duffle bags as civilians saying, "Well, what do we do now?" So we decided to go into St. Paul because we hadn't seen any civilization for so long and we got a hotel room. I looked out the window from my room and saw this sign, "The Drum Bar." So we crossed the street and went in. And you talk about lots of girls! We just had a ball.

Finally after a couple days in St. Paul we realized we had wired our folks we were coming home so we had better get on that damn bus and go home! The bus left St. Paul and dropped some people off in Fargo, North Dakota, then proceeded to other towns dropping people off here and there.

I got home four days after being discharged, on the 16th of July. I got off the bus in my little town of Casselton and the cop met me and said, "I'll go get your dad. He is working down at the garage." My dad came and picked me up and we went home. I worked out on the farm where I had worked before the war and then I went to North Dakota State University for a year studying architecture. I also went to the Minneapolis School of Art for two years. But I couldn't get settled down sitting at a desk so I went looking for other work and I ended up working for a millwork company, which is a sash and door company. Eventually I was a salesman and became Sales Manager, then owned part of the company. I worked in Fargo all those years but when I retired in 1987 I moved to Bowman, North Dakota and I love it. It is a nice quiet and peaceful place, and I'm content to spend the last years of my life here.

Looking back I am proud that the 164th Infantry Regiment which was the first Army unit to take offensive action against the enemy in WWII. We also gave the Japanese their first taste of the M-1 Garand semi-automatic 8-shot, after they encountered the Marines armed with 1903 Springfield 5-shot bolt action rifles. I remember after our first battle on Guadalcanal the Marines would steal an M-1 whenever they could. As a young man I had had that "adventure" we looked forward to at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana...625 days in a combat theatre!

(WWII Editors Note: All art in this article are what the author created from his wartime experiences. The photographs (except USS Coolidge) were also provided by the author)

Forty Years...And a Time to Remember

By David W. Taylor

Wednesday, June 3rd I called Randy Backovich on the west coast. I had my vodka martini ready and he had his Jack Daniels. I toasted him because forty years ago on June 3, 1969 he saved my life.

I took five of my men in on a Huey to rescue a "Loach" crew that was shot down. The NVA were waiting. In the span of several minutes three of my men were killed and I was shot twice. After discovering the crew were dead I was hit by an AK-47 round that opened up my left side. Exposed and in the open I ran for an irrigation ditch where my men had sought cover. When I reached the ditch another AK round hit my lower right leg, passing through and smashing my tibia and fibula. Randy, a squad leader, was the only one left that was capable of keeping the beast from our ditch. An NVA hand grenade was tossed in. He tossed it out. He directed 500-pound bombs to be dropped around us. He, my RTO and I were the only ones still alive.

Five days later my wife and I remembered another fallen comrade, 1LT Sharon Lane. Sharon was a nurse with the 312th Evacuation Hospital in Chu Lai and on June 8th 1969 a 122mm rocket slammed into the hospital, killing her when a small sliver of metal lacerated her carotid artery. She died



instantly. Sharon Lane became the only female soldier killed by hostile fire in the Vietnam War.

Each year we drive to Aultman Hospital in Canton, Ohio where Sharon received her nurses training, for a memorial service. The hospital has a statue of Sharon in her Army nurses fatigues, outside one of the main entrances. A medical reference library inside was also established in her name. Sharon's statue was the first Vietnam memorial dedicated in the USA, done so during the war. The Canton Vietnam Veterans of America chapter is dedicated to her (Sharon Lane Memorial Chapter 199). Sharon's mother, Kay Lane, always attends the annual observance, her husband having died shortly after Sharon's death. We have become good friends and Kay looks forward to chatting with my wife, a former Army nurse herself (the Army issued her to me).

VVA Chapter 199 Commander Pat Powell wanted to keep the ceremony on an uplifting note so we honored Sharon Lane's life, not her death. It was hard for me. I looked around and saw Kay Lane's children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Sharon Lane never had the opportunity to add to her mother's brood. The men I lost on

June 3, 1969 never had the opportunity to marry, have children and experience the gift from God for not strangling those children when they were teenagers, the joy of grandchildren.

I am a religious man. It keeps me whole. And I don't understand many of God's ways. As my wife and I said our goodbyes to Kay my desire to be positive was overcome by what was bothering me in my heart. "Kay, I don't understand why I, an infantryman, was shot twice and allowed to live and five days later Sharon, a nurse in a large base camp was hit by a small sliver of shrapnel that found its way to the only area that could take her life." Kay responded with kind eyes, "Dave, some things are a mystery"

Editors Note: Each year VVA Chapter 199 provides a scholarship in honor of Sharon Lane, to a graduating senior of South Canton High School who wishes to pursue a nursing career. Sharon graduated from South Canton before entering nursing school at Aultman Hospital. Any ADVA member who wishes to make a donation for a Sharon Lane nursing scholarship, send your check to: Sharon Lane Memorial Chapter 199, PO Box 21205, Canton, Ohio 44701. Make your check out to: Sharon Lane Memorial Chapter 199 and in the memorandum line, write "Scholarship."



National Commander Dave Taylor with Kay Lane, mother of 1LT Sharon Lane



Honor Guard Members of VVA Chapter 199 at 1LT Sharon Lane Statue

National Vietnam War Museum Dedicates Memorial Wall

By Roger Gilmore

The unveiling ceremony included a "drive in" and flag ceremony by the Patriot Guard motorcycle group and a parachute arrival by Army Special Forces veteran and double amputee Dana Bowman. The DAV was represented by Joel Jimenez, Commander of the George Register North Texas Chapter 41.

Members of several Native American tribes attended the dedication ceremony. They included Dave Mohica from the Laguna Tribe Pueblo Nation, Orlando Sosa of the Comanche/Apache Nation, Edward McAlvain of the Choctaw Nation, Lennae Shirley of the Navajo Nation, and Mike Red Hawk and Nelly Quiet Dove of the Apache Nation. These tribal members performed a

"Blessing of the Wall" ceremony following the dedication speech.

Featured guest speaker was Joe Galloway, the noted Vietnam-era journalist. Mr. Galloway was with the First Cavalry Division in the 1965 engagement in the Ia Drang Valley. He gave special recognition to the Vietnam helicopter pilots and their heroism. He told about the sound of inbound Huey helicopters with their unique 'woop-woop' signature and what hearing it meant to the troops on the ground.

Mr. Galloway spoke poignantly about Panel 3E on the Wall. This panel contains the names of the KIAs from the Ia Drang battle – and of "his" men who made sacrifices for him during that costly engagement. He left Vietnam with a debt – to tell the story of the Ia Drang Valley battle and those sacrifices. Mr. Galloway did that, in his book titled *We Were Soldiers Once... and Young*.

A number of ADVA members attended the dedication ceremony. Fred Castaneda, Austin, TX, was present for the ceremony outfitted in his jungle fatigues and full field gear.

Mineral Wells, TX was once the home of Ft. Wolters. Ft. Wolters was an active base during World War II and later was home to the U.S. Army Primary Aviator Flight School. Many Vietnam bound helicopter pilots took their initial training at Ft. Wolters.

About \$25 million will be needed to complete the museum. Over \$1 million has already been raised and has funded the construction of the first two gardens and a parking lot, as well as the ongoing construction of the third garden and the completion of the temporary visitor center.

The key element of the third garden is the 300-foot long, approximately half-scale, permanent replica of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. The memorial lists over 58,000 names of those killed and missing in the Vietnam War. The listing of casualties covers a time period from 1958 to 1975. The memorial in Washington, D.C. is one of the most visited sites in our nation's capitol.

Additional information about the museum can be found on the internet at www.nationalvnmuseum.org.



Lennae Shirley and Dave Mojica bless the Wall

Many ADVA members may not be aware of the existence and activities of the National Vietnam War Museum. It is located a short distance east of the town of Mineral Wells, Texas.

The museum is a vision of a group of hardworking founders, many of whom are local residents and businesses. The ADVA South-Midwest Chapter is one of the members of the founders association. ADVA member Jim Messinger is the Museum Foundation treasurer.

The mission of the National Vietnam War Museum is "to promote an understanding of the Vietnam era while honoring those who served." Much of the site work at the museum has been done by volunteers, many of whom are Vietnam veterans.

On May 30, 2009 the museum unveiled its replica of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Wall that is located in Washington, DC. The replica wall, part of the museum's Vietnam Memorial Garden, is composed of 36 aluminum panels, built into two walls, each 144 feet long and aligned at an angle of 125 degrees. This arrangement is identical to the design of the Wall in Washington, DC.



Jim Messinger introducing Dana Bowman

Hometown Honors Hero

By Gary L. Noller



"SP4 Willie Gardner, Jr. was a smiling, friendly guy. He would do anything for his fellow soldiers. When they were hungry he shared his food. When they were tired he helped carry their load. He was a stand-up guy. He was someone that could always be counted on to do his best."

These are the words of Peter Doyle, former platoon leader of first platoon, Co. C, 1/46th Infantry. Gardner served under Doyle's leadership in the dense mountainous jungles west of Chu Lai. Everyone recognized it as dangerous territory- one that the enemy did not give up freely.

Late in the afternoon of February 12, 1971 first platoon moved off the trail into its night defensive position (NDP). Signs of the enemy, both new and old, had been sighted all day. There was an uneasy feeling among the platoon members. The enemy was near.

Lt. Doyle ordered a patrol to make its way on the trail in the direction of the next day's march. He instructed the patrol to set some mechanical ambushes and to recon the area to help plan for the next day. He knew it was a risk to go out that late in the day and he instructed the team to exert caution.



L to R, Front Row: William Gardner, brother; Lucille G. Melton, sister; Bernice Gardner, mother; Glenda G. Marsh, sister; Estella G. Chism, sister. Back Row: Roger Kinard, Veterans Service Officer; Cam Ward, Alabama State Representative.

SP4 Gardner, an "old-timer" with eight months in-country, stepped up in his usual way and took the point position. He was backed up by the M-60 machine gunner. They made their way to the trail and then down into a depression. A fallen tree partially blocked the trail and Gardner carefully crossed the obstacle. Then it happened.

"The patrol was gone only a few minutes when all hell broke loose," recalls Lanny Gilliland, another first platoon member. "Everything got crazy."

As Gardner cleared the obstacle on the trail the enemy opened up with machine guns and small arms fire. Gardner and his back-up were both hit. Gardner was down in the open on the opposite side of the fallen tree. Members of the patrol ran forward and successfully brought their machine gunner to a safer position.

A group of soldiers from the NDP rushed forward to aid the stricken patrol. SSG Joshua E. Carney, platoon sergeant and second-tour veteran, ran forward to pull Gardner out of the ambush zone. Carney took a shot in the neck and died a few moments later.

SP4 Dennis Murphy then charged to Gardner's side. Murphy tugged on Gardner to pull him back to safety but

the enemy once again opened up with machine gun fire. A single round hit both Gardner and Murphy. Murphy was hit at least five more times before dropping to the ground.

Doyle called in artillery and gunship support but the close proximity of the enemy and the rough terrain made coordination almost impossible. An artillery round overshot its target and resulted in friendly-fire wounded. "It was the worst day of my life," recalls Doyle.

In the end Gardner and Carney lay dead and seven other platoon members were wounded. Helicopters received enemy fire as they arrived to evacuate the casualties. Despite Murphy's critical wounds, a med-evac chopper utilized a jungle penetrator and successfully extracted him from the scene of the battle. Gardner, Carney, and Murphy each received the Silver Star for their gallantry.

In April 2005 Peter Doyle visited the hometowns and families of Gardner and Carney. "I thought I would find memorials in their honor," he says. But there were none. Doyle did not know that this was soon to change in the case of Willie Gardner, Jr.



C/1/46 veterans (L to R): William G. Walker, squad leader; Dennis J. Murphy, rifleman; Paul G. Grooms, medic; C. Lanny Gilliland, rifleman; Kenneth M. Gates, radio-telephone operator; Peter K. Doyle, platoon leader; John C. Calhoun, Jr., field first sergeant.

On Mother's Day 2009 Lanny Gilliland heard from Lucille Melton, Gardner's sister. She told him that local leaders scheduled a ceremony at City Hall on May 22 to rename the Haysop Creek Bridge in honor of her brother. The bridge is located on Main Street in Gardner's hometown of Brent, AL.

Gilliland quickly alerted veterans of Co. C and several of them traveled to Alabama to participate in the special ceremony. The family that raised Willie Gardner and the veterans who served with him were united in his memory.

"In the presence of his mama, sisters, brother, and family, Willie's spirit was felt- it was through all of them," says Gilliland. "Willie's smile beamed in the pride shown in their faces. The honor of being there to dedicate the bridge in Willie's honor and to be with comrades from that day long ago gave us all a tremendous healing experience."

Dennis Murphy spoke for the whole platoon when he delivered the following words: "I think Willie is looking down on us from heaven smiling that big smile of his and he is happy. It took 38 years but finally the family he loved and his family of troopers are together to celebrate his life.

"It's fitting that a bridge in his beloved home town bears his name. Willie's life was like a bridge, he connected with all who met him, he brought people together. This bridge connects today with the past, from war to peace, from pain to healing, from darkness to life. This bridge brings Willie back to us today.

"Willie was a great soldier. He epitomized the characteristics that are the mark of a great soldier. He had endurance. No one could carry

more or walk further than he. He had courage. He knew the dangers of war but he also knew he could never let his fellow troopers down. He never backed down when asked to do more. He never failed to do his best without complaint. He was never intimidated by the unknown. He knew that the only way past fear was to go through.

"Willie knew the dangers inherent in leading a mission off the crest of the hill and into the dark triple canopy jungle. He knew contact was inevitable but he did not question his orders- for he was a soldier. He went forward for his buddies, to protect us.

"I had the honor to be with him at the end. We shared the same wound, Willie's blood and mine. I have often thought that over the last 38 years that his spirit has lived in me. As I fell from my wounds I knew I did for him what he would have done for me. We were brothers, all of us. That is why we are here today to honor his life. We were family- and brothers do not leave brothers behind.

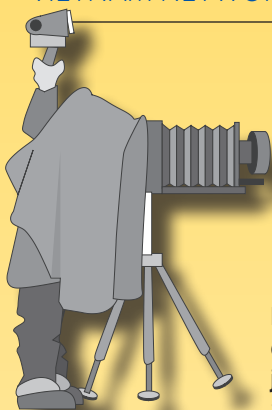
"The name and memory of Willie Gardner will be forever carved on the hearts of all who knew him, who served with him, who loved him as only a brother can. To the Gardner family, to his mother, thank you for your sacrifices. We will never forget your courageous son."



Inset Memorial display at dedication.



The SP4 Willie Gardner, Jr. Memorial Bridge; Haysop Creek and Main Street; Brent, AL.



Americal Photo Archives

On the Road to Vietnam

By Carl R. Jacob

In November 1968 I graduated from Iowa State University. I was immediately eligible for the draft and I could not find a job. So I lived at home and hunted, fished, and trapped until I was finally drafted in

February 1969. I was assigned to Fort Lewis, WA for Basic Combat Training (BCT). After BCT I went to Advanced Infantry Training (AIT) and Non-commissioned Officer Candidate Course (NCOCC) at Fort Benning, GA.

Between AIT and NCO school I had 30 days leave time at home. I was then sent back to Fort Lewis, WA for the on-the-job-training (OJT) phase of NCO school. Due to the fact that I was a college graduate and at age 22 the oldest NCO trainee I received an assignment to work with the company First Sergeant. Many of the trainees in the company said that we NCOs had not been in combat and therefore we did not know what we were teaching. But I said to them that I wanted them well trained because we would all be in combat together.

Just before Christmas 1969 we got more leave time. I spent the time at home hunting and fishing with my dad. I had to report 23 January 1970 to the Army terminal near San Francisco, CA. I got to the replacement headquarters late in the day so I stayed over that night. The next morning I received my gear and processed out to Vietnam.

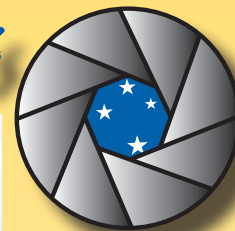
We loaded up on a commercial airplane and departed to 'Nam. Along the way we stopped in Hawaii for fuel. They let us off the plane for about two hours but we could not leave the terminal. We stopped again at Guam before arriving at our final destination at Bien Hoa airbase just outside Saigon, South Vietnam.

We arrived in Vietnam early in the morning. We were transferred to the 90th Replacement Battalion at Long Binh Army Base and we immediately started processing in-country. I was the only person in my group being sent to the Americal Division. From Long Binh I went by plane to DaNang and reported to the replacement station there. I arrived mid-afternoon, was processed into the division, and put on a helicopter to Hawk Hill. At Hawk Hill I was assigned to 2/1st Inf. Bn., 196th Lt. Inf. Bde. That night I stayed in a bunker and processed into my company the next day.

The first morning at Hawk Hill I was issued a M16 rifle and I sighted it in. After that the supply room issued me my gear and rations for the field. That afternoon I was put on a UH-1 Huey helicopter and I joined my company in the field. As a sergeant E-5 I was immediately made a squad leader and had six men under my command. I found an E-4 who had time in-country and I followed his footsteps.

My dad always said not to have anybody do a job that you would not do yourself. Using that as my rule I had the old guys show me what to do in the field. This helped me to develop a good relationship with the squad. That first full day in the field I earned my Combat Infantryman Badge (CIB). So you might say that I came into the company alone and was baptized under fire. This made me wonder what the next year would be like.

(Direct comments to Carl Jacob at cjacob@rconnect.com.)



Carl Jacob (right) and friend newly arrived in Vietnam



New arrivals at replacement battalion in Long Binh

Tent at receiving station in DaNang





Showering in the rain at Long Binh replacement station



C-130 and other aircraft at air base in Vietnam



Communication bunkers at Hawk Hill

196th LIB headquarters at Hawk Hill





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This genuine Case collectable knife set, contracted for the ADVA, features Rogers Corncob Jigged Blue Bone handles with a "Case USA" logo shield. The Tru-Sharp™ surgical steel blades are embellished with the Americal patch and division name and each will be serialized with the number "1 of 300" on the bolster. The knife is packaged in a handsome collectable tin featuring the Americal Division crest on the lid. This first edition series will have a limited total production of 300 sets, thus enhancing the value of the set.

The Americal Collectible Knife is a "medium stockman" knife which measures 3-5/8 inches closed. The collector tin measures 5 inches by 2 inches by 1-1/4 inch. The collector knife and tin are excellent sizes for display purposes anywhere in your home or office.

W.R. Case & Sons Cutlery Company has been handcrafting USA made pocket cutlery since 1889. Each knife is made in Bradford Pennsylvania with old-world craftsmanship by dedicated artisans. After 120 years of continuous U.S. manufacturing, Case has solidified its place as an industry leader in collectable pocket cutlery.

*Orders for the Limited Edition Americal Collectable Knife Set must be received by October 15th to guarantee arrival before Christmas but will be available until all 300 are sold. To order - send check or money order made out to: **Americal Division Veterans Association**. You may also use your Visa or MasterCard. Include the credit card name, credit card number and expiration date in your order letter.*

*The Americal limited edition collectable knife with handsome collector tin is available for \$75.00 (includes shipping and handling). **All proceeds will go to the Americal Legacy Fund.***



Mail your order to:
ADVA Quartermaster
Wayne Bryant
4411 Dawn Road
Greensboro, NC 27405
Phone: 336-621-8756





See AMERICAL PX at www.americal.org

Phone 336.621.8756

ADVA PX Order Form

Item #	Description	Price	Size	Qty	Total
2301	ADVA Patch (Small)	\$4.50			
2302	ADVA Patch (Large)	\$4.50			
2303	Americal Shoulder Patch (Blue)	\$4.50			
2304	Americal Shoulder Patch (Subdued)	\$4.50			
2305	ADVA Sticker	\$3.00			
2306	American Flag Patch	\$4.50			
2307	ADVA License Plate	\$8.00			
2308	Americal Shield Pin (Large)	\$4.50			
2309	Americal Crest Pin	\$4.50			
2310	ADVA Window Decal	\$3.00			
2311	Americal Lapel (Small)	\$4.50			
2313	CIB Mini	\$5.00			
2314	CMB Mini	\$5.00			
2315	(A)182nd (B)11th (C)196th (D)198th Crest Pins	\$4.50			
2316	Baseball Cap - White (1 size fits all)	\$14.00			
2317	Baseball Cap - Khaki (1 size fits all)	\$14.00			
2318	T-Shirt, ADVA (Med, Lg, XL, XXL)	\$18.00			
2320	Americal black License Plate Holder	\$5.00			
2321	Americal Koozie NEW	\$3.00			
2322	Americal Flag w/Grommets	\$46.00			
2323	Americal Division History - DVD	\$15.00			
2324	Under the Southern Cross - Book	\$15.00			
2325	Why Didn't You Get Me Out - Book	\$15.00			
2326	Year In Nam - Book	\$12.00			
2327	Americal Ladies T-Shirt (Sm,Med,L, XL)	\$17.00			
2328	Americal Grey Sweatshirt (Med, Lg,XL,XXL)	\$35.00			
2329	ADVA Challenge Coin (10 or more \$ 14.00 ea)	\$15.00			
2330	Americal Division polo shirt, Lt Blue (Med, Lg, XL, XXL)	\$28.00			
2331	Baseball Cap - Black (1 size fits all)	\$14.00			
2332	T-Shirt Americal Brigades NEW (Med, Lg,XL,XXL)	\$18.00			
2333	Americal Nylon Wallet NEW Style	\$6.00			
2334	Americal Tie	\$23.00			
2335	Americal Golf Ball (3 Balls)	\$10.00			
2336	ADVA Pen black	\$7.00			
Total:					

Ship To Name: _____

Address: _____

City, St, Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Mail Order Form To:

ADVA Quartermaster
Wayne Bryant
4411 Dawn Road
Greensboro, NC 27405
Phone 336-621-8756



Send Check or Money Order made out to the Americal Division Veterans Association
Now you can use your Visa or MasterCard to pay for your PX merchandise.
Include the credit card name, credit card number, and expiration date on the order forms.



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Application For Membership /Change of Address Americal Division Veterans Association

Send applications and dues to:
PNC Ron Ellis, Asst. Fin. Officer
4493 Highway 64 W
Henderson, Texas 75652

Eligibility for Membership

Membership in the ADVA is open to all officers and enlisted personnel who have served with the 23rd (Americal) Infantry Division in an assigned or attached status during the following periods of service:

World War II	1942-1945
Panama	1954-1956
Vietnam War	1967-1973

Eligibility includes those who served with Task Force 6814 (WWII) and Task Force Oregon (Vietnam). Branch of service is immaterial.

DEDICATION



The ADVA is dedicated as a LIVING MEMORIAL to all veterans of the Americal Division and is pledged to foster true American patriotism, social and welfare activities for all members, allegiance to the United States Government, and its flag, and to perpetuate the traditions and history of the Americal Division of the United States Army.

Name: _____ Phone: _____

Street: _____ City: _____ State/Zip: _____

Americal Unit: _____ Dates of Service: _____

Name of Spouse: _____ E-mail: _____

Signature: _____ Date: _____

Sponsored By: _____ DD214 (Optional): _____

Change of address notification should be sent to Mr. Roger Gilmore, P.O. Box 830662,
Richardson, TX, 75080, gilmoraces@aol.com, 214-497-6543.

If changes are seasonal please provide dates.

Please enclose dues: 1 year \$15
(WWII Vets pay \$12/year)
Life Dues: 75 years & over = \$75
Under 75 years of age = \$165