

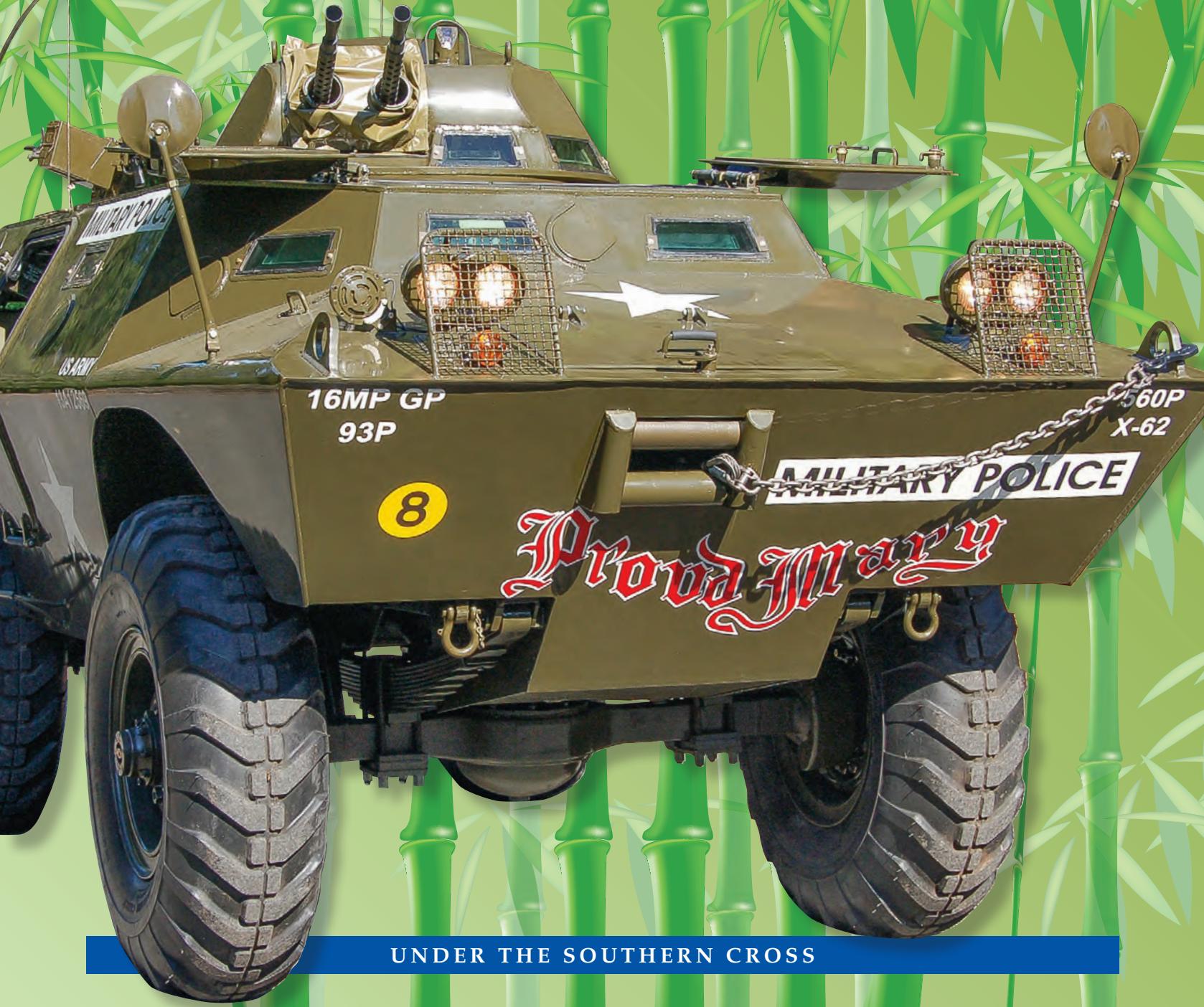


July • August • September 2014

AMERICAL

JOURNAL

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



UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

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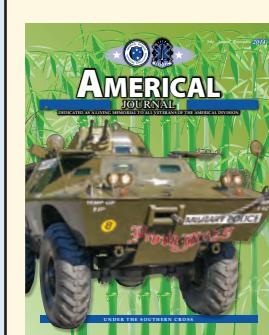
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Cover: MP Armor: The V100

The meticulous rebuilding of a rare V100 Commando armored vehicle. Used mainly for convoy escort and manned by military policeman.

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ADVA – Election 2014

By Roger Gilmore
National Adjutant

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The Americal Division Veterans Association conducted its bi-annual officer election in March-April 2014. The election process, starting with a nomination slate for members of the ADVA Executive Council and the commander positions, was led by Nominating Committee Chairman and PNC Jay Flanagan. Nominating Committee members included Connie Steers from the ERC, Dave Eichhorn from the ERC, PNC Rich Scales from the GMWC, and Reggie Horton from the SEC.

Approximately 28 percent of eligible voters from ADVA membership responded with their completed ballot. By late May, committee chairman Flanagan completed the ballot counts and notified all nominees of their election status. Subsequent to the election of members of the Executive Council its members selected Larry Swank to be chairman.

The bylaw amendments pertaining to the the planning and operation of national reunions were also approved. They were effective on immediately upon approval.

The following list displays the results of the election for the command positions and the Executive Council positions. Listed with each name is the contact information we have should you need to contact a member of the command staff or Executive Council. The last set of contact information listed below is for each regional or unit chapter Executive Council representative within ADVA.

Executive Council Members

Chairman

PNC Larry Swank
301-892-0855
lswank@aol.com

Roy A. Abbott
928-636-0963
rabbott1455@msn.com

Wayne M. Bryant
336-621-8756
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PNC Jay Flanagan
jayfl1@verizon.net

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251-447-0777
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PNC Gary L. Noller

830-377-8115
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919-378-9462
vernpike@nc.rr.com

PNC Richard L. Scales

217-763-6401
namgrunt@hotmail.com

Richard Smith

rs51909@navix.net

Conrad Steers

11thbrigade@optonline.net

PNC Ronald L. Ward

417-785-0108
rward307@yahoo.com

Chapter Representative Executive Council

East Chapter
Bill Reid
407-896-0727

Great Midwest Chapter
R. Gordon Williams

Far West Chapter
To Be Determined

Southeast Chapter
Lee Kaywork
904-225-8419
elkaywork@hotmail.com

South Midwest Chapter
Cameron Baird
830-992-9306
altdorf@ktc.com

2/1st Infantry Chapter
Chuck Holdaway
317-861-1944
choldaway@sbcglobal.net

23rd MP Chapter
James O'Brien
317-557-7561

Thanks to Nominating Committee Chairman Flanagan and the Nominating Committee for all their work making this another successful ADVA election.

Appointed officers will be listed in the next issue of the Americal Journal.

Adjutant's Notes

By Roger Gilmore

New member additions to the ADVA roster for this reporting period are down significantly from previous reporting periods. We typically see a downward movement in new member additions during the summer months when veterans are traveling or otherwise engaged in outdoor activities. Of the eighteen new members for the period, sixteen are Americal Division veterans. Two of our new members joined as associate members. One new associate member is Jeremy Dreibelbis, grandson of WWII Americal veteran and ADVA member Max Hartwick. The other new associate member sponsored by ADVA member Terry Buelow, Ms. Sue Kelly, is the sister of Americal Division soldier Brian Durr, KIA in 1968 while serving with Company A, 1/6th Infantry Regiment.

Over the past six months, member Jessie O. Gause has been very busy recruiting new members for the ADVA, and we appreciate Jessie's membership recruiting efforts. Jessie brought in two new members this reporting period.

New life member additions for this period were fourteen. Three Americal Division veterans joined the Association as Life members. Eleven annual pay members upgraded to Life status.

We had another good increase in former members mailing in dues payments to get reinstated to the ADVA roster. Eight former members were reinstated during this reporting period. One of these reinstatements was for life membership.

On the back cover of this issue, please take a moment to look at the address box. Above your name there is a character string that designates your membership status. If you are an annual pay member, your dues renewal date is listed by the first three letters of the month then the last two digits of the renewal year. If that date is earlier than Sep14, then your dues are due. Help the association stay financially healthy by sending in your dues payment as soon as possible to

PNC Ronald Ellis, the Assistant Finance Officer. Ronald's mailing address is listed on the back cover of this issue.

Please remember to notify me when your mailing address changes for any reason. This helps keep our mailing expenses low by avoiding a USPS charge for notifying us when your address is different than the one we have on file for you.

You can contact me by telephone or email to give me an address change, or notify me of a member's (or Americal Division veteran) death. My contact information is listed in the directory section of this issue. If you mail your new address to me, please use the Adjutant post office box in Richardson, Texas listed on the back cover. You can also fax me your address change or any other membership changes to this telephone number: 972-412-0089.

ADVA MEMBERSHIP

31 July 2014

World War II	428
Vietnam	2,468
Cold War	8
Associate Members:	215
Total Members	3,119

New Members

John T. Frost, Sr.
11th LIB
Murfreesboro, TN
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

Robert G. Hall
A/5/46th Inf Rgmt
Gas City, IN
★ Jessie O. Gause

Edwin Herrington
196th LIB
Charleston, SC
★ Self

James Hiner
E/3/1st Inf Rgmt (Recon)
Monroe, MI
★ PNC Ronald R. Ellis

William F. Lane
G-2 TMF
Middleborough, MA
★ Self

Herman Nagora, Jr.
A/2/1st Inf Rgmt
Staten Island, NY
★ Self

John T. Robinson
23rd Admin Co
Oxford, MS
★ Self

Dwight Saddler
A/5/46th Inf Rgmt
Auburntown, TN
★ Jessie O. Gause

Richard Sauer
198th LIB
Haddonfield, NJ
★ Self

Ned J. Schultz
1/52nd Inf Rgmt
Iron River, WI
★ Self

Tommy R. Thompson
A/3/1st Inf Rgmt
Tulsa, OK
★ Robert Salstead

Phillip A. White
HHC/3/1st Inf Rgmt
Johnstown, OH
★ Self

Billy Wilkerson
11th LIB
Dumas, AR
★ Self

New Paid Life Members

Danny L. Baker
5/46th Inf Rgmt
Round Rock, TX
★ Jon Baker

Leon M. Franke
1/1st Armd Cav Rgmt
Delano, MN
★ Self

John R. Malpass
B/2/1st Inf Rgmt
Pinehurst, NC
★ Self

Gordon L. Aleshire
132nd ASHC
Gig Harbor, WA
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Larry D. Baker
D/3/1st Inf Rgmt
Cody, WY
★ Tim Cook

Dennis Ball
A/5/46th Inf Rgmt
Woodstock, GA
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Bob Breedlove
D/5/46th Inf Rgmt
Indianapolis, IN
★ PNC David W. Taylor

Neil A. Burke
C/3/1st Inf Rgmt
Milford, DE
★ PNC Rollie Castranova

Raymond W. Enstine, Jr.
1/82nd Arty Btry A
Water Mill, NY
★ R. Thornton

David F. Hess
A/4/21st Inf Rgmt
Mineral Ridge, OH
★ Self

Angelo Landi
17th Cav H Trp
Cecilia, KY
★ Self

Daniel Liddy
B/3/1st Inf Rgmt
Wolverine Lake, MI
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Glenn A. Ogle
Div Avn
Belton, TX
★ Self

William A. Suvak, Jr.
Div HDQ
Pittsburg, PA
★ PNC Rollie Castranova

Re-instanted Members

Gregory Chave
C/1/6th Inf Rgmt
Apple Creek, OH
★ Bernie Chase

David L. Coursin
8th Cav F Trp
Madisonville, TN
★ Self

Hector R. Espinosa
245th FA Btry B
Costa Mesa, CA
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Franciso Garcia
C/1/52nd Inf Rgmt
Gilbert, AZ
★ Self

Webb Howard
B/4/21st Inf Rgmt
Canton, GA
★ Cliff Barger

Edward Marshall
E/1/6th Inf Rgmt
Wilson, NC
★ Self

Jerry Parks
Associate
Monongahela, PA
★ Roger Gilmore

New Associate Members

Jeremy A. Dreibelbis
State College, PA
★ Max E. Hartswick

Sue Kelly
Fort Mill, SC
★ Terry L. Buelow

TAPS

World War II Veterans

Carol Ballinger *
132nd Inf Rgmt
Forsythe, IL
Year 2011

Mario Binda *
182nd Inf Rgmt M Co
Lacey, WA
April 11, 2007

Veral Blunck *
132nd Inf Rgmt D Co
Tigard, OR
April 15, 2014

Frank Gores, Jr.
125th QM Co
Bothell, WA
May 15, 2014

George H. Haertel *
132nd Inf Rgmt
Tucson, AZ
August 16, 2013

Edward Kotrady *
132nd Inf Rgmt D Co
Fairfield, CT
May 27, 2014

Frank McQuaid *
182nd Inf Rgmt F Co
Easton, MD
July 20, 2014

John L. O'Neil, Sr. *
101st Med Rgmt
Lady Lake, FL
June 25, 2014

Wilfred L. Phillips *
132nd Inf Rgmt K Co
Mt. Vernon, IN
June 6, 2014

Walter Romanczak *
132nd Inf Rgmt
Chicago, IL
January 19, 1996

Wilbur Schwartz *
182nd Inf Rgmt D Co
Sussex, WI
February 21, 2014

James C. Stavros
Unit Unknown
Pittsburg, PA
May 13, 2014

Albert F. Wiest *
164th Inf Rgmt
Oviedo, FL
December 30, 2012

Vietnam Veterans

John F. Bunton, Sr.
C/4/21st Inf Rgmt
Ringgold, GA
May 8, 2014

Michael Carrigg
A/4/3rd Inf Rgmt
Summerville, SC
May 16, 2014

William E. Cornelius *
A/4/21st Inf Rgmt
Cincinnati, OH
June 13, 2014

Ben H. Glenn
96th Chem Comp Co
Columbia, SC
May 10, 2014

Frank H. Jones
123rd Avn Bn Co A
Georgia
August 22, 2013

Daniel Kociszewski
17th Cav F Trp
Buffalo, NY
July 17, 2014

Richard Krueger
17th Cav F Trp
Neenah, WI
June 1, 2014

Sal Lombardo
B/2/1st Inf Rgmt
Los Angeles, CA
June 30, 2014

Evans E. Neumann
Unit Unknown
Burbank, Ca
May 27, 2014

Ron Ruethenberg
17th Cav F Trp
Cumberland, MD
July 1, 2014

William C. Spencer *
E/1/52nd Inf Rgmt
Coldwater, MI
November 24, 2009

Associate Member

Louise M. McGoldrick *
Falmouth, MA
May 26, 2014

*ADVA Member

Tribute to William Frank Hagan

By Jim Gales



I met Frank Hagan the last week of basic training at Ft. Campbell, KY. He was in Delta Co. and I was in Bravo Co. Frank and I graduated basic and both went to advanced training at Ft. Polk, LA. We started our friendship that lasted forever.

From Polk we both went to Bravo Co., 2/1st Infantry, 196th LIB. We both were 81mm mortar gunners and Frank also carried the M-16 with the blooper under it. We both earned our CIBs the first month in-country. We were on missions together and went out on ambush and night three man LPs many times.

Frank saved my life twice for which I am ever so grateful. The last one was when I got a Dear John letter while at Tam Ky guarding the LORAN station. I cut a hole in the fence, stashed extra water and a lot of ammo outside the wire, and planned to leave at dark and head north.

Frank was the hardest guy to wake up for guard duty. I planned on leaving when it was Frank's turn to go on guard. I figured I would get fifteen minutes to get out the fence. As I got to the fence I saw Frank standing there. He wanted to know where the hell I thought I was going. He stayed with me the whole night and watched me for days until he knew that my idea to leave was out of my head. Had I gotten out I might be dead or captured.

We kept in touch by Christmas cards and called each other a few times a year. In 2013 I learned Frank had Leukemia from Agent Orange and didn't have long to live. I got to talk to him on the phone three or four times before he passed. We talked about the old days in Nam, his family, and God. We told each other we loved one another like brothers.

Frank passed away August 23, 2013. I was going to see him before he passed away, but I wanted to wait until he was at home and feeling better. That never happened and it hurt me deep in my heart that I didn't go visit him when I had a gut feeling he was not going to make it. Due to a computer problem I didn't find out about his funeral until the day it was held so I missed that too.

I communicated with Frank's family to offer condolences. I called his wife Debbie and got the whole story. I wrote Debbie, his son Rodney Hagen, his daughter Shana Kilgore, and his youngest daughter Ashley Hagan. I wrote them each separate letters to offer my sympathies and tell them each funny stories about their dad and about our relationship.

We exchanged e-mail addresses and I got Frank's sister Gale's phone number to talk with her about her brother. They all wanted to know as much as they could about Frank and what he did over in Nam. Frank didn't say much to them about Nam.

Shortly after Frank died his daughter Ashley got married and his daughter-in-law Talia had twin boys. I kept in touch and they told me things about their daddy that I did not know. I found myself looking at Facebook everyday to see the pictures of the wedding, the twins, and Frank's headstone. It is the most beautiful headstone I ever saw.

When I saw all of the pictures and notes I felt so good inside. My wife Darlene and I have adopted all of the grandkids as if they were our own. We will try and do special things for them every once in a while.

I am at 100% disabled for PTSD and some days I just wasn't a good person. Reading the e-mails and looking at the photos about Frank and his family helped me with my PTSD. It is the first time in forty plus years that I feel this good. They make me feel so much better about myself. This is the best medicine for PTSD that I have ever had and that includes 20 plus years of PTSD group meetings with Vietnam vets at the VA.

We just found out Ashley is pregnant. That just made me smile. I know Frank is up in Heaven and smiling his butt off. I think of him every single day. Most of them are good thoughts of the old days and how happy he would be watching his family from above with all that has gone on.

I called Frank's sister Gale and we talked for over an hour. We shared things about Frank and cried and laughed together. We have called each other a few times since. Every time I talk to her I feel great for the rest of the day and sometimes I feel good for a week. Sharing my stories of Nam with the Hagan family and having them adopt me and send me e-mails and Facebook pictures has changed me. My PTSD is the better.

I think it is getting the stories out of my head and heart and helping a Frank's family learn and understand what did in the war has exorcised some of my demons. I also learned that many times families want to know everything they can about their loved one's time in Nam and vets just don't share it. They have also opened my eyes to talking with the Lord again as they are a deeply religious family as was Frank.

I urge all vets to sit down and write their own Nam story and put it in a file. When they die their family members can read what they all want to know. I also urge you old soldiers to at least tell them the common stuff about Nam, like the heat, smell, bugs, guard duty etc. It will be welcomed by the family.

PTSD never goes away, but from what you have read above, it does help to share your heart and mind with your own family and if a close friend passes on, take the time to write them and tell them about the guy you served with. It will make you feel better. I look forward to keeping in touch with the whole Hagan family. It has helped me with my PTSD so much. I thank them all and hope I have reached just one other Americal member to do the same and see if it helps as it did for me.

Photos: Frank Hagan in Vietnam.

One Final Salute

By Ellen Gause

Ray Carlton Utley was laid to rest on Thursday, May 22, 2014, in the Sandhills State Veterans' Cemetery in North Carolina. Hundreds attended a memorial service for him the day before at Westminster Presbyterian Church in Fayetteville, NC. In the last three years of his life, Sgt. Utley, as he was affectionately known by the combat soldiers of the first platoon of Co. A, 5/46th Inf., 198th Lt. Inf. Bde, made a lasting impact on these soldiers.

Utley was seriously wounded after just a few days in the field on his second tour in Vietnam. On January 30, 1969 a pressure-release mine exploded as Utley picked his rucksack up off the device. He lost both legs and two fingers as a result of the blast.

His soldiers, to this day, remember loading him for the dust off. They placed his combat boots on the stretcher beside him. Not only was he wounded, but another of his men was killed and ten more wounded in the same blast. It was one of those gut-wrenching days for first platoon. These soldiers never knew if Utley lived or died.

Utley spent the next eighteen months in various hospitals receiving care for his serious wounds. He finally settled in Fayetteville to be near the VA Hospital.

Some 42 years later, my husband, Jessie Gause, was contacted by another platoon sergeant. One of the first names mentioned was Ray Utley. Jessie was Utley's RTO.

After that I decided to help search for my husband's platoon members. I knew I had seen an article attached to an e-mail message to my husband that indicated Sgt. Utley's Bronze Star had been upgraded to a Silver Star in a Ft. Bragg, NC ceremony in 2000. Strange thing was that we only live about 45 miles from Ft. Bragg.

I began to search the internet for anything related to Sgt. Utley. I found reference to his membership in the Shriners. A week later, after two separate e-mail messages to officers in the organization, a message yielded a revelation that the gentleman had relayed my husband's name and phone number, plus his Army connection, to Sgt. Utley. Needless to say, we were both shocked and overwhelmed.

Two days later, Sgt. Utley called Jessie. Utley expressed skepticism that he was speaking with a soldier who was there the day he was wounded. Utley had never heard from anyone after that day. He wondered how it could be that after 42 years someone could answer questions that lingered with him all these years. As the hour-long phone conversation ended, Jessie and I agreed to visit Sgt. Utley and his wife Karen at their home in Fayetteville.

It was a heart-breaking reunion in July 2011 to see and hear Sgt. Utley and Jessie greet one another and share memories of that January day. To Jessie's surprise, Sgt. Utley produced his little green memorandum book that officers carried listing the names and positions of his platoon members. Each name was neatly hand-written and listed by squads. That was the only possession Utley still retained after his transfer from the field to the various hospitals where he was treated.

In October 2011 we hosted a reunion for first platoon. Sgt. Utley and eleven of his other men were together again. Utley spent a great deal of time asking questions. He gained the most information when he spent a few hours with



Sgt. Utley during his first tour in Vietnam

the medic who treated him before he left the field on the Medevac chopper.

Sgt. Utley was able to hear and process the physical toll the explosion had on him personally. He also heard about the mental toll his soldiers had endured for 42 years. These effects were magnified the following day when one of their favorite lieutenants was killed instantly.

The lieutenant left his chopper and stepped on an explosive device. He was in the field to deliver their paychecks. Utley never knew about the lieutenant's death until he reconnected with his soldiers.

For the last two years these soldiers gathered for annual reunions in Tennessee. Friendships were rekindled and new friendships made as a few more from the unit joined together. Veterans came from Michigan, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Missouri, Illinois and North Carolina. Although all these soldiers did not remember much about Sgt. Utley, they all recognized him as the senior leader of their group.

These men were heartbroken again when they learned they lost their leader. First platoon soldiers Bob Latham of Tennessee (and his wife Sandi), Paul Sprouse of South Carolina, and Jessie Gause (and me and our son Buddy), attended the memorial service for Sgt. Utley.

The following day at the graveside service, Rodney Outten of Virginia joined with Latham and Gause to stand in formation at the end of Utley's casket. Near the end of the service, Utley's wife Karen and the funeral director allowed these soldiers to march to the front of Sgt. Utley's casket and offer their leader one final salute.

Legacy Committee Report

By Roger Gilmore, Chairman

Americal Monument at Fort Sill, Oklahoma

As reported in the Second Quarter 2014 Americal Journal issue, members of the ADVA Legacy Committee met with the Fort Sill Memorialization Board in late April to present our Fort Sill monument construction plan with detailed drawings depicting the monument pedestals and Americal Division history inscriptions.

The presentation went very well, and the Memorialization Board members advised they approved our design and plan. We were assured a construction location in the southwest quadrant of Constitution Park.

The Memorialization Board submitted the plan to the Fort Sill Commanding General on May 2, 2014 for approval. To date, no decision has been made by the post CG on our request for memorial action.

Americal Legacy – A New Direction

I reported in a past issue of the Americal Journal about the Legacy Committee effort to become a different entity for continuing our work to memorialize the Americal Division and educate the public about the history of the Americal Division. When originally started, the Americal Legacy initiative was under the operating control of the Americal Division Veterans Association.

In March 2013, the Legacy Committee submitted an application to the IRS for tax exempt status under Internal Revenue Section 501(c)(3).

While the wait for IRS action on this application has been long, the IRS determination is now a reality. The IRS Tax Exempt Entities Division finally approved our application for exempt status and granted the recognition in July 2014. The Americal Legacy Foundation is now a separate organization which will guide future Americal legacy projects and memorialization efforts.

Members of ADVA may question why such a move is necessary. There are a number of reasons for this move, the foremost being a beneficial financial structure.

The primary financial benefit from such a move is that an IRS 501(c)(3) entity allows us to pursue donations from sources outside the ADVA. The Americal Legacy Committee under the ADVA banner could solicit donations from members only. We feel the appeal of a 501(c)(3) entity for outside donors enhances prospects for procuring such funds since there is no chance of funds being intermingled with ADVA operating funds.

Another financial benefit is being able to protect Legacy funds from being seized in the event of a lawsuit or other legal actions against ADVA.

Tax reporting for the 501(c)(3) entity will be more simplified and straightforward.

A non-financial benefit of the Americal Legacy Foundation is longevity. The foundation can exist long after Americal Division veterans and ADVA members no longer want to be part of the on going activities of the foundation. At such time the Americal Legacy Foundation will be transferred to a group of directors willing to run the foundation for its stated purpose.

The Americal Legacy Foundation will be run by a board of directors. Presently, there are five directors. We have a maximum allowed nine directors. There are no members in the foundation. The Americal Legacy Foundation will be able to elect directors from within and outside the ADVA. In addition, the board of directors can bring in advisors with expertise in the areas of fund raising and grant requests to assist in the fund raising and monument building programs.

As part of the transition of Americal Legacy activities to the newly formed foundation, we plan to request ADVA Executive Council approval for transfer of all ADVA scholarship program assets to the foundation. One of the primary functions of the foundation is education grants to deserving applicants. This will allow the foundation to continue this fine program instituted years ago by ADVA leadership.

The initiative led by PNC David Taylor to re locate Americal Division memorabilia to a new museum location in Wisconsin is expected to become part of the Americal Legacy Foundation. This will also require approval of the ADVA Executive Council.

All proposals related to transition of ADVA activities to the Americal Legacy Foundation will be submitted to the Executive Council for approval during the annual meeting at the Houston, Texas reunion in September.

Americal Division Monument Project Cebu, Philippines

In the Second Quarter edition of the Americal Journal, we reported that the Cebu VFW Post Monument Committee was preparing to meet to finalize logistics for the land survey of the monument site. They did contract with a local survey company for a site survey on the monument build site. The site survey was completed in early May.

The VFW Post Monument Committee sought bids from two local monument construction contractors during the May-June period. The Committee felt both would offer quality workmanship, but selected the one contractor who agreed to offer a better price than its initial bid. The Post Committee asked the Americal Legacy team to review the bid and design and offer its concurrence. As of the writing of this article, the Americal Legacy Foundation directors are reviewing the bid and will offer its recommendation once the review is complete.

The VFW Post Monument Committee plans to start construction in mid August if the Americal Legacy Foundation concurs with the post's decision.

ADVA Scholarship Program

2014 Recipients, Schools and Sponsors

By William Bruinsma



Summary: Fifty scholarship applications were considered. 1,004 donations were received from July 1, 2013 to June 30, 2014. Total amount of awards is \$35,000.

\$3,000

Deirdre R. K. Walsh
Catholic U of America
William McGoldrick
HQ Co 182 Inf
May 1942-July 1945

\$2,000

Elizabeth B. Hall
Lorain County CC
William Bevins
1/ 52 198 LIB
1971

Asher Moody
Univ. of Reno
John Moody
3 Bde (11th LIB)
Nov 1967-Apr 1968

\$1,500

Alex B Pistole
Radford Univ.
Larry Pistole
1/ 46 196 LIB
Jan 1971-Dec 1971

Ashley E. Walters
Univ. of Mobile
Mike Walters
1/20 11 LIB
Jun 1967-Sep 1968

\$1,000

Michael H. Farris
U. of NC-Chapel Hill
Michael S. Smith
E 3/1 11 LIB
Mar 1969-Feb 1969

Deeanna Hildreth
U. of North Texas
Richard D. Hildreth
3/16th Field Arty
1970-1971

Kalen R. Middleton
Univ. of AL-Fairbanks
Ralph B. Steward Jr
A/D Co 723 Maint
Sep 1968-Sep 1969

Daniel Brodeur
Roanoke College
Richard D. Heroux
B 2/1 196 LIB
Jun 1968-Jun 1969

Tyla Carwttini
Midwestern State U.
Stevie D. Russell
D 2/1 196 LIB
Sep 1969-Nov 1970

Brittany Chubb
Univ. of So. Indiana
H. J. Logsdon
A Btry 1/82 Arty
Dec 1969-Nov 1970

Ashley R. Cunningham
Salem State Univ.
Michael Cunningham
C 1/46 198 LIB
Jun 1968-Mar 1969

Alexis DeVault
Frostburg State Univ.
Robert Miller
5/46 198 LIB
1969 – 1969

Samantha Essers
U. of Wisc.-River Falls
Kevin D. Kavanaugh
D 1/46 196 LIB
1970 – 1971

Luden E. Farris
U. of NC-Chapel Hill
Michael S. Lee
E 3/1 11 LIB
Mar 1968-Feb 1969

Bonnie F Garrett
New Mexico State U.
John W. Anderson
F/8 Cav, 123 Avn Bn
Nov 1968-Oct 1969

Spencer M. Gibson
Iowa State Univ.
Jack D. Leaverton
Ops NCO, G'canal
1941- 1945

Marrisa L. Goff
FL Gulf Coast U.
Darryl B. Merriam
HHC 14 CAB
1968-1969

Alissa Heroux
East Carolina Univ.
Richard D. Heroux
B 2/1 196 LIB
Jun 1968-Jun 1969

Chiara Heyer
Abilene Christian Col.
Glenn Heyer
132 Inf Regt
1942-1944

Grant J. Hobar
James Madison U.
Larry F. Henery
6th Support Bn
Dec 1967-Nov 1968

Ashton Keck
Black Hills Univ.
Frank R Yehle II
B 1/6th 198th LIB
Jan 1968-Sep 1968

Elizabeth Keil
Univ. of Col.-Boulder
Richard Keil
E 2/1 Recon 196 LIB
May 1968-May 1969

Paige M. Long
Longwood Univ.
Fredrick Kolbrener
198 LIB
Oct 1970-Oct 1971

Megan Maslowski
Univ. of NH
Ben Maslowski
182 infantry
1942-1944

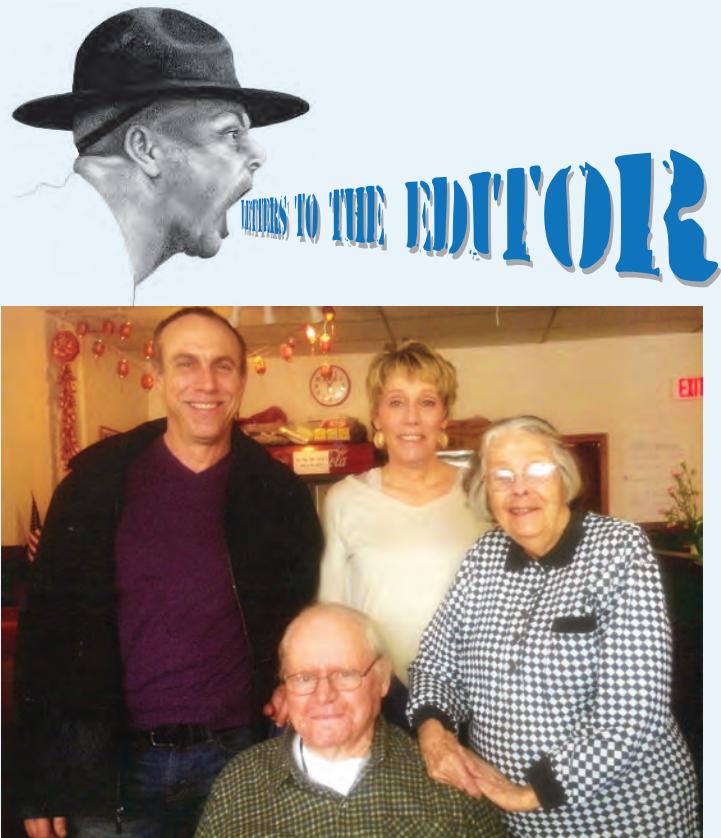
Geronimo Melendez
DePaul Univ.
Todd W. Regan
196 LIB
1967-1968

Alyssa M. Merriam
St Jo Sch of Nursing
Darryl B. Merriam
HHC 14 CAB
1968 – 1969

Colton S. Miles
Univ. of CA-Davis
William Miles
C 3/21 196 LIB
Oct 1970-Aug 1971

Alyssa Nance
Univ. of RI
Eugene E. Bouley
23 MP Co
Aug 1968-Aug 1969

Melissa M. Nienhuis
Cen. Methodist Univ.
Thomas Hume
C 1/6 198 LIB
Dec 1967-Dec 1968



Dear editor,

My father, Carlo Pola, celebrated his 97th birthday at a Chinese restaurant in Hyannis, MA on February 22, 2014. Carlo served in the Americal Division in the 57th Engineers from the beginning of the division. He participated in the landings on Guadalcanal.

Carlo and my mother, Peggy, 94, have nine children including me. Clockwise in the photo from top left are: Tony Pola (Carlo and Peggy's youngest son and ninth child), me, Velia Pola (youngest daughter and eighth child), Margaret "Peggy" Pola, and Carlo A. Pola.

We plan to gather for an early celebration of their 70th wedding anniversary. They were married on August 26, 1944. The family and their children are scattered all over the country. One grand daughter is coming from Japan with a new great-grandchild and another new great grandchild is coming from Florida with her brother and parents. We will have four generation here.

Carlo and Peggy attended the Sandwich High school Alumni event the last weekend of July. Carlo is always honored as the oldest attendee/alumni present.

Carlo and Peggy are living in a nice residence. They moved from their "homestead" in Sandwich, MA to Emeritus Assisted Living in Hyannis in February 2012. Their contact info is: Peggy & Carlo Pola, 790 Falmouth Rd. Apt. #244, Hyannis, MA 02601.

Carlo plans to make 100 years if the Good Lord will let him do so.

I wrote a book about my parents. The book is titled A Bridge Between – Northern Italy Come Hell or High Water. We've had a great deal of fun with it and wonderful feedback and appreciation for my parents' love of life, in general, and travel, in particular.

Velia Pola

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Dear editor,

My Grandfather, Captain Michael John O'Dea (ret.), turned 94 on January 1, 2014. I have been in the process of interviewing him regarding his WWII Service for a book (by David Colamaria who's Grandfather Ed Monahan served under my Grandpa) as well as the Library of Congress. Ironically enough, I am also interviewing George Dingledy who served with the 164th Americal for the LOC, as well.

My Grandpa (he makes us call him "Uncle Mike", BTW) enlisted in the Michigan National Guard in 1939 and served with the Army in the Solomon and Philippine Islands from 1944 to 1945. While serving as second lieutenant with G Co., 182nd Inf., Americal Division he earned the Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Combat Infantryman's Badge, Victory Medal, American Theatre Ribbon, Philippine Liberation Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Theatre ribbon, in addition to the Distinguished Service Cross. Thankfully he has allowed me unfettered access to his Officer's Trunk he had with him in the Pacific (the ONLY person he has granted that privilege to). What a treasure trove of artifacts! I am currently digitizing everything for future generations of O'Deas!

He joined the ADVA a few years back and receives your Journal. I was hoping you would allow me to subscribe to the Journal as I am in the process of locating any WWII Veterans in my area who would like to be interviewed for the LOC. Your Journal is a treasure-trove of information, and I just devour every back issue I can get my hands on.

My "Uncle Mike" is residing in my hometown of Naples, FL. Mr. Dingledy is a "Snow-Bird" here over the winter months. If you know of any other WWII Americal Vets in this area who would like to be interviewed, please let me know.

I would love to hear from you anytime. Please feel free to call me if that is easier for you. My cell number is 239-285-4383. I am an Artist and Photographer and am currently undertaking a large-scale piece that will Memorialize the men of "G" Company.

My "Uncle Mike" is an extraordinary man who served with other extraordinary men. Now I know why they are called The Greatest Generation!

Heather (Drescher) Corace

Dear editor,

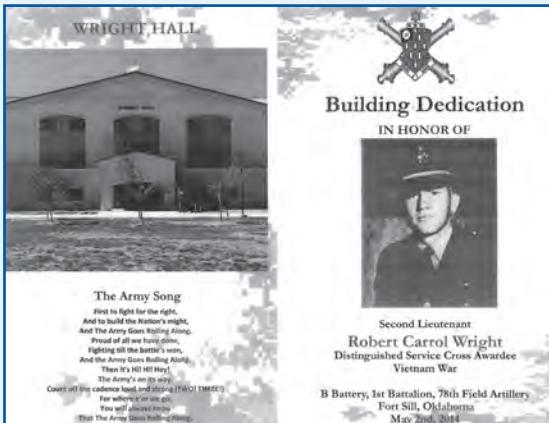
I'm working on a project on the National Mall and its Monuments and Memorials. I'm looking for anyone who may have served with Sp4 Bruce Edward Peteroy of Staten Island, NY. He served in E/4/3/11 from 8/29/1968 to 5/12/1969. He died of fragmentation wounds in Quang Ngai Province.

A photo album of his life was left at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Wall last year. I've reached out to the VVA chapter on Staten Island and have started to track down family but want to reach comrades as well.

*Isham Randolph
ishamrandolph@gmail.com*

Dear editor,

I noticed in the last American Journal that you had a piece on the dedication of a VA clinic in the memory of David Winder. On May 2, 2014 the U.S. Army dedicated a new barracks and administration building for the 1-78 FA Battalion at Fort Sill in the memory of 2LT Robert C. Wright.



2LT Wright was assigned to A Battery, 6/11 FA Battalion, 11 Brigade, Americal Division (LZ Dottie). He had been the forward observer for B Co., 4/3 Infantry for about six months. He was called back to Alpha Battery as a fire direction officer and assigned to go back out with B Co., 4/3 Infantry, to set up a new firing location on Hill 285. That night the company and the FA advanced party were over-run by an enemy battalion resulting in 11 US KIA. Lieutenant Wright was one of those who died that night. He was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Cross (DSC).

The DSC citation reads:

WRIGHT, ROBERT CARROL Second Lieutenant (Field Artillery), U.S. Army; Battery A, 6th Battalion, 11th Artillery, Americal Division

Date of Action: January 2, 1970 Citation: The Distinguished Service Cross is presented to Robert Carroll Wright, Second Lieutenant (Field Artillery), U.S. Army, for extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed hostile force in the Republic of Vietnam, while serving with Battery A, 6th Battalion, 11th Artillery, American Division.

Second Lieutenant Wright distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous actions on 2 January 1970 while in command of an advance party of field artillerymen establishing a firebase on Hill 285 near the town of Duc Pho. Late that night the hill came under intense mortar, rocket-propelled grenade, and small arms fire from an attacking enemy force. Lieutenant Wright immediately began adjusting artillery fire on the attackers, repeatedly exposing himself to the storm of incoming fire as he attempted to determine the enemy's exact positions. Moments after the hostile force initiated their attack, an enemy mortar round impacted near Lieutenant Wright and his radio operator, inflicting them both with shrapnel wounds. Despite his wounds, Lieutenant Wright continued to coordinate friendly supporting fire until sappers breached the defensive position and were advancing toward his position. Unable to engage the infiltrators with his damaged rifle, Lieutenant Wright stood out in the open and yelled at the intruders in order to draw their attention and fire to himself and away from the wounded radioman who could not move. Lieutenant Wright then led the sappers in a running chase over forty meters away from the radioman before he was mortally felled by their fire. Second Lieutenant Wright's extraordinary heroism and devotion to duty, at the cost of his life, were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army

Dear editor,

The ADVA East Chapter 2014 reunion was held 1-4 May in Wheeling, WV. Commander Terry Siemer did an excellent job in putting this reunion together. This year's reunion was dedicated to honor Elmer F Wright, a long time member and Past Secretary of the Americal Division Veterans Associations Eastern Region Chapter. Elmer was a U.S. Army veteran of WWII who served with the Occupation Forces in Japan. He passed away peacefully on Friday, July 5, 2013 at his Glen Ridge residence.

During the reunion we were lucky to have three of our World War II veterans. Claude Mook (132 Inf Regt 3rd Bn Co L), Joe Tunis (245 FA Btry B), and Max Hartswick (132nd Inf 3rd Bn Co K). What an honor it was to have them with us during this reunion and share their experiences. Joe Tunis kept us all hopping and just trying to keep up with him was a challenge.

Tom Canapp was elected Commander, James L. Swanson elected Vice-Commander, Bill Reid reelected Secretary, Connie Steers reelected Treasurer and Max Hartswick reelected Sergeant-at-Arms.

The chapter discussed and voted on not having a ERC reunion/business meeting in 2015. The ERC's annual business meeting will be held in conjunction with the National ADVA 2015 Reunion.

Mark Deam will continue to keep the chapter database up to date. If you did not receive the Chapters newsletters by E-mail, then he does not have your correct E-mail address. His E-mail address is mdeam@woh.rr.com and phone (937) 492-1908.

I would like to thank all of you for your confidence and support on selecting me to serve as your new ERC commander. I am honored and looking forward on serving the ERC in this capacity. I would be amiss though if I didn't take this opportunity again to thank Terry Siemer for his outstanding leadership and dedication to the chapter over the last three years as our commander. Hope to see you in September,

Thomas W. Canapp; Commander
Eastern Region-ADVA

Locators

Looking for: Michael R. Sterling. My neighbor, a former Viet Cong soldier, was severely wounded in the Que Son District, Quang Nam Province in 1967, and was medevaced to Chu Lai where he and another wounded VC were treated. Sterling was the doctor and gave my neighbor one his dog tags, along with that of his ARVN translator. Huynh Chi. My neighbor would like to thank Sterling for saving his life. Contact: Andrew Brown, +84-1202-389-110; drew.brown@mindspring.com.

Looking for: Don Mills (from III.), who served with D Co., 4/3, 11th Inf. Bde., Duc Pho, 1969-70. Our forward firebase was San Juan Hill. Contact: Scott Shelagowski, 4702 W. 16th St. Grant, MI 49327; 231-834-8792.

Looking for: Alexander Keene Phillips IV, who served with A Troop, 1st Sqn., 1st Cav., 1966-68. Until recently Phillips lived in Oakton, Va. His relatives helped give a Tiffany stained glass window to St. George's Episcopal in 1914. We are restoring it this year, and would like to invite Phillips to the re-dedication. Contact: Ben Hicks. ben.hicks@stgeorgesepiscopal.net.

Americal Jeep Gains New Life in France

By Francois Fynaut



This Jeep [Willys MB No. 196636] was built in the USA on March 27th, 1942. She participated at the end of 1942 in operations with the Americal Division in the South Pacific in the territory of New Calédonie.

She served under the orders of the General Patch until the return of the AMERICAL to the USA on November 21, 1945. She was left or resold on the spot to the inhabitants. She obtained her first French registration in Calédonie on April 18, 1946 under the number 79305NC. For 50 years she was used for hunting in wilderness jungle.

Transformed, partially restored, then resold in 1977, she stayed since 1999 in a garage. The engine was not run for 20 years.

I purchased her in 2010 and started to work on her in New Caledonia. I discovered under the French paint something that looked like "HQ" meaning that maybe it served in the headquarters of Americal Division in Nouméa. I reconditioned her enough to run. She was of use for a honorary title in the Headquarters of the FANC (French Armed forces of New Calédonia) under the tri-color flag.

She was repatriated by boat to France in 2011 where she was completely dismantled and restored in 2013-2014. I painted the Americal stars on the side. This may be not very correct historically but it is to be taken in tribute to the Americal Division.

She obtained a new lease on life on June 06, 2014. The photos were taken on that date, the 70th anniversary of Operation Overlord, the invasion of France by Allied forces. I have to complete some electrical wiring installation before the restoration is fully complete and I start her up again.

Editor' note: Francois Fynaut resides in Grans, France. Photos courtesy of the author. Contact information is available on request.



JPAC Tribute

By Gary L. Noller

July 15, 2014 was D-day in the next chapter of the long journey home for members of RECON, E/2/1, lost at Kham Duc on Mothers Day 1968. They had the honor of having some very special items placed at the foot of the American flag pole in front of the new Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command (JPAC) facility on Hickam Air Force Base in Honolulu, Hawaii.

A special Koa box wrapped in a Maile lei was placed within the concrete slab at the base of the flag pole. The box contained three POW/MIA bracelets bearing the names of 1LT Frederick J. (Snoopy 6) Ransbottom, PFC William E. Skivington, and PFC Danny L. Widner. The three were assigned to Echo Recon, 2/1st Infantry. They were part of a larger group of Americans who became POW/MIA on May 12, 1968 when the Special Forces camp at Kham Duc was overrun by enemy soldiers.

Ransbottom and Skivington were repatriated through the JPAC facility on June 30, 2006. Ransbottom was buried at Edmond, OK and Skivington, his RTO, was buried at Arlington National Cemetery. Widner's remains are yet to be recovered.

The three POW/MIA bracelets came from individuals who wore them in honor of the lost soldiers. Individuals returned bracelets to the Ransbottom and Skivington families after the announcement of the recovery of the MIAs remains. Widner's bracelet was provided by his sister, Vicki Widner Gannon.

Also placed in the Koa box were Charger 6 and Charger 7 coins provided by Col. Jeff Jarkowski and CSM Joe Uncangco, former leaders of the 196th Infantry Brigade at Ft. Shafter, Hawaii. Shoulder patches of the Americal Division and the 196th Infantry Brigade were included along with a U.S. Flag patch, a vial of soil from Kham Duc, and a list of 2/1 Infantry personnel lost in the battle on Mother's Day 1968.

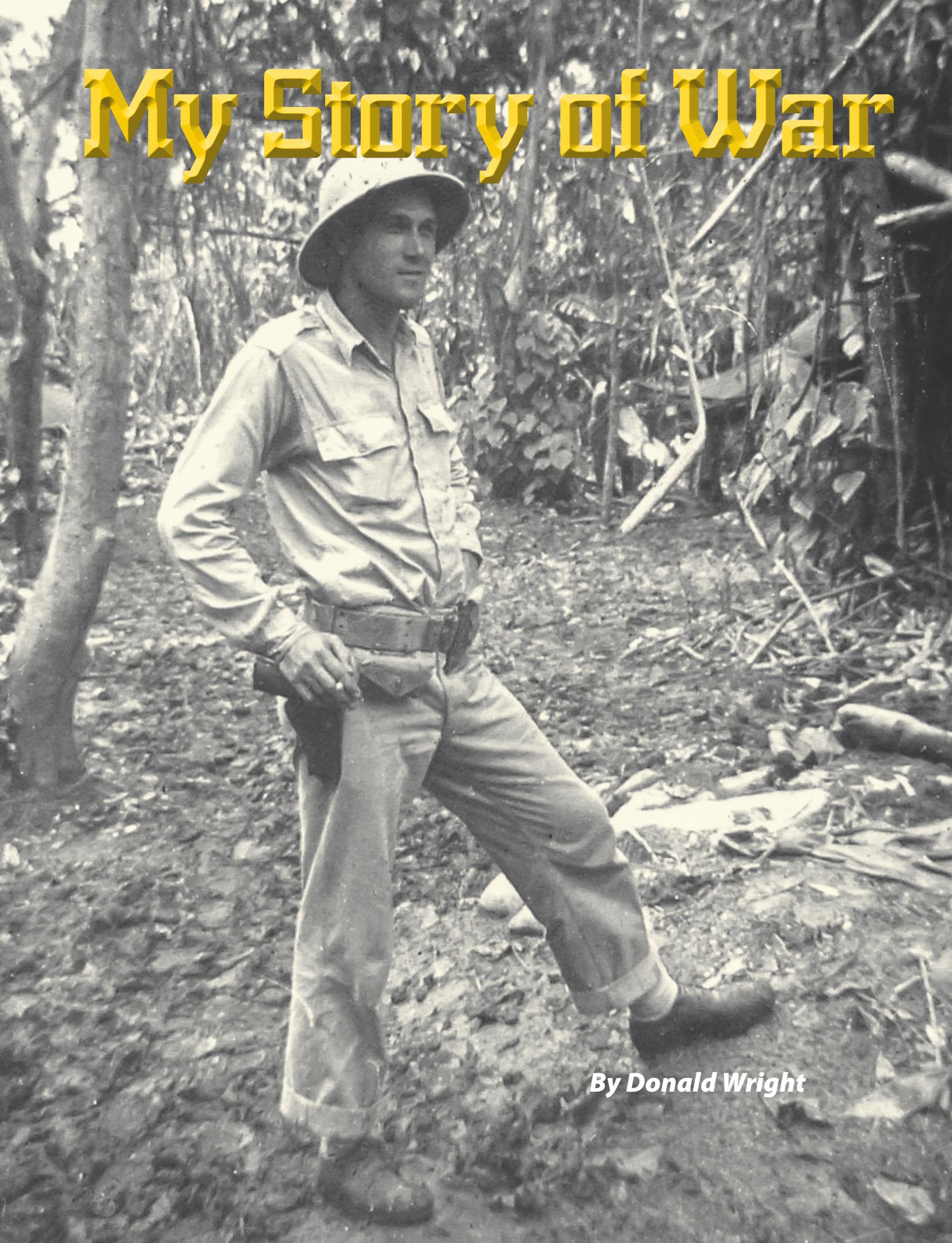
Participating in the JPAC ceremony were Allen (Doc) Hoe and COL (Ret.) Trey Johnson. Hoe is a veteran of Recon/E/2/1 and Johnson is a former deputy commander of the 196 Inf. Bde. Johnson accompanied the remains of Skivington for burial at Arlington National Cemetery on January 23, 2007.

Hoe pitched the idea of the special memorial to the JPAC command at the new facility ground breaking ceremony in 2011. Hoe says, "It was such an honor to be able to set our legacy in concrete at the point of honor at the new facility. The area around the flag poles will be landscaped and will now be known as Heroes Garden. I hope this will be a place of quiet repose for reflection on the sacredness of the place and the work which is done there. I hope that with this embedding of these recovered bracelets we will start and encourage others to bring dog tags and or bracelets to be placed on display at Heroes Garden.



Thanks to Allen (Doc) Hoe for contributing details and photos for this story. -Editor

My Story of War



By Donald Wright

Early Reflections

I was born on April 27th in 1920 in Donaldson, Minnesota. I was named after the town. My family moved to Chicago in 1929 where my father was an engineer for International Harvester. He was a graduate of Iowa State University and an Army Veteran of World War I although he remained in the continental U.S. My mother was born in Peking (Beijing), China and became the mother of seven children.

My oldest brother William (twelve years older than me) had gone to North Dakota State University and he was enrolled in the ROTC program there and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in infantry. When we moved to Chicago he joined the 132nd Infantry Regiment of the 33rd Infantry Division of the Illinois National Guard. His fate was sealed to his beloved regiment and he would die with it as a battalion commander on Guadalcanal on December 19, 1942.

My brother Francis (Bud), ten years older than me received his commission from correspondence courses as many did in the National Guard during that time frame in the 1930's. He went into the Military Police and ended up with the MP's building the Alcan Highway from the USA through Canada to Alaska to have supply lines to fight the Japanese in the Aleutians. The Aleutians were considered part of the Pacific so he received a Asiatic/Pacific Campaign Medal, the same as I did serving in the Southwest Pacific. As an aside, Bud's son went to West Point, graduating in 1965, then shifted to the Air Force and ended up flying B-52 bombers over South Vietnam.

My brother Howard, who was seven years older than me, had been in the 124th Field Artillery Regiment as a Lieutenant, but in 1935-1936 he transferred over to the 132nd Infantry Regiment as well. My brother Maurice (Ted) was 4 years older than me and he joined the Navy at the outset of WWII and was sent to the Pacific Theatre as a PT Boat Machinist Mate. Both Bud and Howard retired as full Colonels. I can only speculate what rank William would have retired at had he not been killed commanding the 3rd battalion as a Lieutenant Colonel in Guadalcanal.



Don Wright - far right - at Camp Forrest, Tennessee 1941 (near Tullahoma).

I was 9 years of age when we moved to Chicago but at the age of 15 I also joined the 132nd Regiment National Guard and ended up in Company M (Heavy Weapons Company) where my brother William was the commander at the time. Times were economically tough in the 1930's and the extra money being in the National Guard was nice to have. It also seemed like the right thing to do as my family had a spirit of patriotism and of service.

Off To War

In my view there were three "turning points" in World War II: The first was the battle of El Alamein in North Africa. If Rommel and the Germans had not been stopped and put on the defensive, the entire Mediterranean would have remained under German control and the allied forces would never have been able to gain a foothold there. The second was Stalingrad. The stubborn defenses by the Russians that cost them hundreds of thousands of lives for the city, deprived Hitler of many troops that were devastated in the battle and

therefore would not be available to fight on the European mainland where the Americans would eventually land. And the third turning point in the war was the campaign in Guadalcanal. The Japanese had never lost a war. They were well on their way to taking control of the coastal land area in Australia and main shipping lanes leading to it, which would have placed the allied forces, particularly America, in a tenuous position to establish any anchor in the Southwest Pacific area. The Guadalcanal campaign (and the Navy gaining control in the Solomon's in support of Guadalcanal) was an ominous lesson for the Japanese. Their continuous defeat of their captured islands in the Pacific, with a steady deterioration of their ability to support their troops to defend them, was first realized at their defeat on Guadalcanal. Some of their brighter generals instinctively knew their war would be lost after Guadalcanal. I was destined to serve in that hell hole that was a turning point as well as the great Americal Division, which can take ample credit for the victory achieved there.



Don Wright's company at Camp Forrest, approximately 40 soldiers in strength, which was typical of National Guard units activated for the war. The companies were brought to full strength by draftees.

On March 5, 1941 the 33rd Illinois National Guard Division was activated. I was a draftsman at Western Electric at the time when I was activated. A number of us had to leave the company to go into the Army. Our Division was sent to Camp Forrest in Tennessee for training. At the time we only had about forty-six men in our company, which was typical of peacetime guard units...we were understrength. For a while, the Camp in Tennessee wasn't ready for us so we stayed in Chicago. Everything was done in a hurry in those days but the training we received was good. And while at Camp Forrest when we were training we picked up additional soldiers who had been drafted, to get us to full strength of 160 men. The Army was sending drafted men to basic training camps in California, Texas and South Carolina so we could get them after basic training and finish their training to become fighting men, with us.

Camp Forest was located near the town of Tullahoma, which wasn't very big, but that was the nearest contact to civilian life we had. To give you an indication of the rapid transition to modernize our fighting force, when I arrived at Camp Forrest, they had the 107th Tennessee Cavalry (Horses) there. At one point I was chosen to go to Camp Croft, near

Spartanburg, South Carolina to bring recruits back to Camp Forrest so we could train them. Most of them felt they were doing their patriotic duty, some were stymied at everything that was happening so fast, and had that look on their faces like, "Why am I here?" Some really picked up on things quickly and made corporal in a few months. But the general feeling I saw in that camp, among most of us, was that war was inevitable.

I was in Company H, Heavy Weapons Company which was made up of 8-heavy machineguns, 4-.50 caliber machineguns and 4-81mm mortars. I was a platoon sergeant and

had two sections under me – four guns. We had the heavy water-cooled machineguns with a cyclic rate of 550 rounds per minute. It was when we were at Camp Forrest that Pearl Harbor was attacked on December 7, 1941.

Back in those days an army division had four regiments. In our case with the 33rd Illinois Division, we had the 129th, 130th, 131st and 132nd Regiments. The military decided they didn't want a "square" division because the Germans had "Triangular Divisions" consisting of three regiments, which meant that one of the regiments of these National Guard division's had to be removed. So, in our case, since the 132nd was at



Typical barracks at Camp Forrest, Tennessee, 1941

the end of the numbering sequence, they cut it out from the 33rd Division and we were subsequently assigned to a Task Force numbered 6814B. The 164th Regiment from the North Dakota National Guard and the 182nd Regiment from the Massachusetts National Guard were also "orphaned regiments" and we were all destined to form the infantry forces of what would become the Americal Division.

After Pearl Harbor our regiment, the 132nd, was subsequently shipped to an Army Post in Pennsylvania called Indiantown Gap and there they gave us more immunization shots than you can imagine. They checked our equipment over and over again to make sure we had the correct gear. When we arrived in New York City, we went to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and boarded a ship, the SS Santa Rosa. The Santa Rosa had been a cruise ship that had sailed between

New York and South America. Being a sergeant, I was assigned to a "State Room". But what they did was pound nails into that beautiful décor and erected six bunks for our room. We left New York harbor in the dead of winter, with winter clothing on, never realizing we were heading for the Pacific Theatre. The 182nd Regiment, which was orphaned from the Massachusetts National Guard Yankee Division, also sailed with us but the 164th Regiment which would later join the Americal, sailed to the Pacific out of California after some security duty up and down the west coast.

We sailed south down the eastern coast with none of us knowing where we were headed and sailed through the Caribbean Sea and to the Panama Canal. We entered the canal at nighttime and in the morning, when I got up to go out to the deck; I couldn't believe the beauty and greenery on

both sides of the ship as we slowly moved through the canal. The thick jungle, lush foliage and rivers moving up into the jungle were beautiful. Little did I realize that in a year from then, that I would be operating in that same terrain. Today you will have to pay about \$3,000 for that cruise through the Panama Canal but I got it for nothing!

As we left the canal on the Pacific side I had never seen so many warships in my life! Cruisers, submarines and destroyers (many of the battleships had been sunk at Pearl Harbor). They were waiting for us to escort us to wherever we were going. Many were guessing that we were headed to the Philippines because that was about the time that General MacArthur was picked up by a PT boat with his family and sent to Australia. So we sailed across the Pacific to Melbourne, Australia. It took us thirty-three days to get there.



Wright's Company H - Heavy Weapons Company - at Camp Forrest, soldiers clipping ammunition for a .30 caliber machinegun.



"Wright Road" built by the 57th Combat Engineer Battalion in support of the Mount Austen operations. The engineers pushed the road up and down hills and through the jungles despite the lack of heavy equipment, enduring Japanese sniper fire along the way. The road linked the main perimeter on the coast to the advance positions of the infantry at Mount Austen. The engineers named the road after Lt. Col. William Wright, killed in action in the Mount Austen operation.

Before we left New York they asked if there was anyone who could operate a .50-caliber machinegun. I answered, "Yeah, I can." So they put me high up on a gun turret of the ship to man a .50-caliber and it was a pretty good deal, first, because I was up there by myself, they gave me three meals per day while most of the men got two meals a day on the ship. Second, I was out of view up there by the ships smoke stacks so I took my clothes off and got the best tan of anyone on that ship!

We landed in Melbourne, Australia. Most of their soldiers were in North Africa. They had a little band there on the dock trying to strike up the music to make us feel welcome. After we got off the ship we loaded onto a train and went to a town called Ballarat. They didn't have any billets for us or tents so they assigned us to private homes.

I stayed at a home owned by the Carne family, a husband and wife and two boys. I was the only soldier there in the house and they treated me royally; breakfast in bed if I wanted it, clean sheets, etc. I thought, "This is the way a war should be fought."

Six days later the First Sergeant knocked on the door and said, "C'mon, we're going!" So it was back on the train to the Melbourne Dock, back on the ship – still not knowing where we were going – (this is March 1942) and in a few days the ships pulled into a place call New Caledonia.

It was a French island and we had trouble deciding if we would go

there because, as I was told, the New Caledonians didn't know if they would turn "Vichy French" (who supported Hitler in their homeland) or the "Free French" commanded by General Charles De Gaulle, who was directing things from London, England. Our ships stopped short of the main dock and we offloaded onto barges that had handled coal and we were brought to shore in those barges.

Guadalcanal

We were in New Caledonia about eight months, the first of our Task Force ships arrived in New Caledonia on March 12th, 1942 and the first elements of the 132nd Regiment, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions, with artillery support, departed New Caledonia on November 15th. The 1st Battalion departed on December 2nd, 1942. Our job was to set up defensive positions to prevent the Japanese from taking over the island and use it as a staging area because Australia was only about 1,100 miles away. So we set up machinegun positions all over the island where we had forces. The island was ninety miles long and averaged twenty-five miles in width. My unit landed on Guadalcanal on December 8, 1942 but, since we had crossed the International dateline, it was actually December 7th, the one year anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor.



Shallow graves of 132nd Regiment soldiers on the slopes of Mount Austen during the fighting with the Japanese.

The 1st and 3rd Battalions were committed to battle within 48-hours of arriving on Guadalcanal, in an area dominated by Mount Austen. The 2nd Battalion was placed in reserve. My brother was the commander of the 3rd Battalion. He was one of the first to be killed in the battalion. The jungle in front of us was almost impenetrable with thick foliage that made it difficult to see two feet in front of you let alone see the well camouflaged bunkers of the Japanese. It was hard to go two feet and our objective was about two miles. Heavy artillery barrages could not help our movement forward so my brother took a patrol of about eight soldiers to see what was holding up the advance. He didn't see the Japanese machinegun in front of him and was wounded in the legs from the first burst of fire. So he told his men, "We have got to get that emplacement with grenades." So he stood up to throw some grenades and the second burst of machinegun fire got him across his chest and killed him.

I was with the battalion in reserve. My brother William's body had been propped up against a tree where he was shot. You never leave any American body out there in the bush – never. So they formed a patrol and my other brother, Howard, who was a Captain and commander of the heavy weapons company, led the patrol to get his body. They went out under enemy observation and enemy fire from snipers and machineguns and they brought him back. The patrol was cited for their actions.

We wanted to give William a proper burial. I found a 155mm artillery shell casing and I took a knife out and engraved "Lt. Colonel William C. Wright" on the shell. Then I decorated the grave site with 37mm shell casings in the corners and .50-caliber shell casings surrounding the grave. Palm tree branches were laid across the top of the grave as we did with all other graves, as we tried to give them all the respect we could.

That same month the 57th Combat Engineers constructed a supply route from the main perimeter on the beach to Hill 31. Respecting the courage of my brother for leading from the front, they

named it Wright Road. The road was a narrow and tortuous road cut into the side of hills and through heavy underbrush to be used by personnel and small vehicles such as jeeps. The road permitted ammunition, water, food and medical supplies to be brought to the Mount Austen area. On the return trip wounded and malaria-ill soldiers were transported back to the perimeter area.

The fighting was heavy and dangerous because the Japs held the key terrain and their positions were expertly camouflaged. We all did our part. At some point something was written about me saving a wounded man lying on a rock ledge pinned

what we were going to get into. It took us two days moving through the thick jungle, sniper fire and you name it, to get to Hill 27. The slopes were treacherous. We didn't have to fight to get up the hill but it was very steep. We had the foresight to bring ropes with us which later we tied to the trees to help the troops and natives carrying supplies to get up or down the hill.

The regiment's other two battalions (1st and 3rd Battalions) had gone up the hill from the front of our lines and our battalion, the 2nd, went up from the rear. Prior to going up the hill each man was to carry what he wanted. I had a poncho (which I used later to cover a body), others carried shelter-



Aid Station for the 2nd Battalion, 132nd Regiment on Mount Austen.

down by machinegun fire. It was PFC William J. Hoelzel who caught 12 bullets in a leg and side. I had to crawl about 20 yards to get to him but I got pinned down by enemy fire and it took me about an hour to pull Hoelzel back to safety for medical attention.

Because the 1st and 3rd Battalion of the 132nd Regiment became bogged down getting up Mount Austen (Hill 27 in military terms), they committed the 2nd Battalion that I was in. So on Christmas Day 1942, we entered the jungle to move up the hill. We had three chaplains in our regiment, two protestant chaplains and one Catholic chaplain. The Catholic chaplain came over and blessed us because he knew

half's. But we lived and slept on that terrain which was a steep slope. We carried six cans of C-rations and two chocolate bars (D-Rations); I had an extra pair of socks and underwear and that was it, other than our ammunition and four grenades strapped on the sides of our pack.

Water became more precious than ammunition. We had one canteen of good water issued to us and a second canteen for whatever water we could find, even if it meant pushing some leaves away and finding a small puddle. It would be brackish and smell, but we would get some Halizone tablets to put in the canteen to kill the bacteria. We were supposed to wait



one hour but when you are thirsty you don't wait an hour.

There was a small water hole at the bottom of a ravine that we suspected the Japanese were using as well. They used it and we used it but neither side took a shot at the other side when getting water, because we didn't want a body falling in the water to contaminate it.

There was a defensive line between Hill 27 and the ocean the Japs called the Gifu. And there were estimated to be 60 Jap pillboxes along that line. This is why our Regiment had 91 killed and 287 wounded in this operation. When we reached the top of Hill 27 and the Japs discovered we were there, all hell broke loose. The Japs launched their Banzai charges and we in our battalion had most of our casualties that very first night.

Natives carry supplies up the rugged and steep slopes of Mount Austen.

We didn't sell the Japanese soldiers short. They were good fighters and they had training and experience fighting in jungle warfare before we arrived, while our experience was training in New Caledonia. But, the American soldier learned and adapted faster than any other soldier in the world, so we also became good jungle fighters.

In addition to the expertly concealed pill boxes, the Japs used the base of banyan trees for defensive positions as well. Those banyan root systems were very strong and even a .50-caliber machinegun bullet couldn't penetrate the roots. The only way we could get the Japs out of those positions was to get up close and lob in some grenades. We had in those days a "five-second grenade", which meant there were five-seconds from the time you threw the grenade (which caused the lever to fly off and activate the grenade) until the grenade exploded. Sometimes we would have some of them thrown back at us before they exploded. Someone got the idea, "Let's throw the grenade on the 3rd second" but I never did – it got too risky; what if I had a defective grenade?

The stench of dead Japanese soldiers lying in the tropical heat of 110-120 degrees was overwhelming and something you can't describe. The



Japanese defensive bunker, one of many used to defend the Mount Austen area against the American.

smell of dead bodies would get on your own clothes just by being close to the bodies, and you could never get that smell completely out of your clothes.

Our battalion's final battle was on Cape Esperance. We loaded on landing craft with a heavy weapons company and one battery of Marine Pack Howitzers. We had one destroyer escorting us because we were moving during the daylight hours. We landed at Verahue south of Cape Esperance and no sooner got ashore when we looked up and saw a Jap fighter plane flying over us—flying so low I could see his dog tags. He saw us and began to maneuver against us by flying out to the sea but the Destroyer saw him and in less than three minutes he was shot down.

During this final battle for us, we were informed that the Japs were trying to evacuate off the island but, if we encountered them they would fight to the last man. As we closed in on them, we were expecting a mortar attack but had no time to dig foxholes, so we dug slit trenches to allow us to get our bodies below ground, so the shrapnel would fly over us (unless we got a direct hit). When the mortar attack came, one man did not hear the order to get into the slit trenches and he was killed. His name was Howard C.



Don Wrights "Dugout" atop "Bloody Knoll"



Wrights soldiers conduct "Wash Day" during jungle operations

Wright, the same name as my brother! Talk about sweating it out until I found out it wasn't my brother! It wasn't long after that that we finished the Cape Esperance campaign and the battle for Guadalcanal had ended. They estimated that as many as 5-6,000 Japanese escaped off that island by using little boats.

Home Again

So it came time for me to come home. It was in April of 1943 and they told me, "You're going back to the States" with about 40 other

guys to cadre another regiment and bring them back to the Pacific. Well, just the thought of going home was good enough for me. So we loaded on a ship and we didn't worry about Jap submarines because the ship was so empty it was very high in the water – not too much of the ship was below the surface to get hit with a torpedo. We pulled into the Fiji's for a stop-over, about 6 hours, went ashore and had some lemonade. Then set sail again.

When we reached the west coast of California we had the feeling we were approaching San Francisco. Back in the Pacific, we would take an Atabrine tablet each day to keep the malaria parasite suppressed in our spleens. As long as you took the tablet, it would keep the malaria suppressed. So, here we are, just a matter of a couple days out of San Francisco and I asked myself, "Why am I still taking these for?" So I started dropping them off the side of the ship, one tablet at a time.

So we get back to the States on dry land and we were sent to Camp Cook in California, which later became Vandenberg Air Force Base, and I got my first malaria attack. I had the type called Vivax, which affected the smaller capillaries of your blood and man would it knock you out! You'd get 105-106 degree temperatures. So they said, "We can't send you back to the Pacific!"



Soldiers of the 132nd Regiment on patrol in the Cape Esperance area

So they didn't send me with the others to help train new troops for the return to the Pacific. They said they'd give me two jobs to consider. First, they were forming the United Nations in San Francisco and they asked me, "Do you want to be a driver for some of these diplomats?" I said "No". Then they asked, "Well, do you want to go on a War Bond tour?" and I said "Yes!" So they sent me down to, of all places, Hollywood. I went on a War Bond Tour up and down the coast of California

for about six weeks and, guess who was on that tour? Bob Crosby (Bing Crosby's brother) who had a band; Patricia Morrison, Basil Rathbone and Sally Rand (the famous "fan dancer" of the time). What a Job! I thought, "This could go on forever!"

One night, we were in Beverly Hills and I am the only military guy there. This very buxom, tall blond came over to me and she said, "Hello Sergeant" and I replied, "Hi". Her outfit consisted of a blouse with one button,

and she asked me, "Sergeant, what did you miss the most when you were down there in the jungles of the South Pacific?" And I, being the uninitiated, replied, "I missed a fresh green salad!"

Postwar

After active duty, I was an Infantry Captain back in the Illinois National Guard. But I was soon to end up in the Air Force. When they converted the Army Air Corps to the Air Force as a separate branch of service after the war, they realized they had no engineers to take care of the runways, buildings on Air Force bases, etc. so they needed engineers. So I was asked if I wanted to be a Captain in the Corps of Engineers and I am thinking, pillows, white sheets, hot chow, etc. so I said "Yes!"

I was transferred to an outfit called the "EAB" (Engineer Aviation Battalion). They were formed to support the Air Force and I was assigned to the 878th Engineer Aviation Battalion in Chicago and attached to the 126th Fighter Bomber Wing at O'Hare Field in Chicago. But then the Air Force decided to contract out the engineer support since the EAB was no longer needed, so I took the position as commander of the communications squadron in the 126th Fighter Bomber Wing.



Don Wright (3rd from right – standing) waiting for transport to take he and fellow soldiers back to the United States to train others for the Pacific War.



Don Wright (3rd from right – standing) and fellow soldiers holding captured Japanese flags.

Western Electric, whom I had worked for before the war and went back to after the war, transferred me to Oklahoma City. I contacted the 137th Fighter Bomber Wing and asked if they had an opening for a communications officer, and they said yes. So, my post-war military career was largely in the Air National Guard where I retired as a Major.

I want to finish up my memoir with an incident that happened at Tinker Field Air Base outside Oklahoma City in the summer of 2006. I was at the Base Exchange looking for some flower pots when a little lady came up to my side in the Garden Shop and asked, "Sir, would you reach up on the top shelf and get some pots for me?", which I did. I noticed she was oriental and I asked her if she was Chinese (since my mother was born in China from missionary parents I thought it would be a good way to start a conversation). She said, "No, I am Japanese but I also speak a little Korean" My emotions swelled up inside me..."Are you an American" I asked? "Yes" she replied emphatically. I had to continue, "Do you love America?" "Yes" she replied emphatically, "very much so" I put my arm around her. That moment became an important event to help put the war behind me.



A frame full of memories...Don Wright, April 29, 2014

MP Armor: The V-100 Commando

By Dale Meisel

(Reprinted from the 23rd MP Blotter)

We could have used a guy like Dave Chaney in Vietnam. Dave knows V-100's inside and out, down to the last nut and bolt. He can take them apart and put them back together. And he has done both.

But Dave is not a Vietnam vet. He is 40 years old, and his passion is restoring military vehicles. That is how he became a V-100 expert.

Dave grew up a military brat, following his father, a career Military Intelligence Officer (and Vietnam veteran) around the country. During a tour at Carlisle Army Barracks, his father took him to a military vehicle show at Aberdeen Proving Grounds.

That was when Dave caught the bug, even though he was a young boy. He determined one day to restore a military vehicle. Over the years, Dave has restored a number of vehicles, such as M-151 Mutt Jeeps, a British Ferret Armored Car, an M-75 Armored Personnel Carrier and an M-114 tracked scout vehicle.

But he always wanted to restore a V-100. He had had a V-100 matchbox-type toy as a youth. It was one of his favorites and he had it in his mind to restore one, but he knew how rare they were and how challenging the work would be for that particular vehicle.

So Dave restored other military vehicles, but not the V-100. Then, an acquaintance at a military vehicle show offered to sell Dave a V-100 at a great price. But the vehicle was far from being restored.

Ownership had changed hands five or six times with little progress made - it was little more than a hull - and not a good one at that. The military authorities had demilitarized it by cutting the body into pieces and running a cutting torch on multiple sides on the body.

Dave was up for the challenge. And he had some help. One of his friends in his military vehicle club, Steve Perry, helped him. Steve was a Vietnam vet from the 9th Infantry Division and was a professional body man and painter.

Dave and Steve worked together, along with professional mechanic Ditmar Rostig, another friend of Dave's who





served as a Combat Engineer in the Army during the '70s.

Dave acquired the Vee in about 1999. What followed was 10 years of gathering parts and four years of heavy weekend work. He spent two years on body work alone.

Given the size and scope of the vehicle, they elected to work on it at his friend Steve's shop, as Steve had the tools and know-how to manage such a project. Dave, Steve and Ditmar made the Vee a regular weekend event over the next several years.

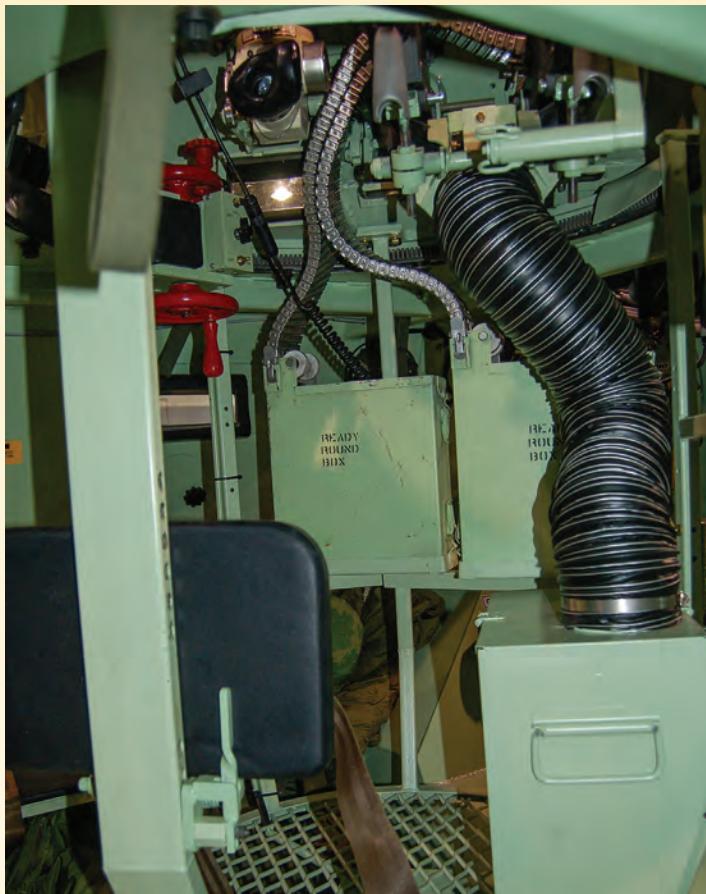
As for parts, Dave describes acquiring them as a series of miracles. He has a page-long list of people to thank who spied out parts or supplied them to him.

Of particular help was Gerald Shubert, who owns a shop in Georgia which specializes in converting military vehicles to law enforcement use. Gerald had a V-100 that he was modernizing, so he gave Dave all the parts he would not be using in the conversion.

Along the way, Dave conducted an immense amount of research in order to "get it right." It took two years to work on the body alone, due to cuts and cracks, as well as removing the weld seams left behind when repairing the hull.

As Dave and his helpers were sanding the body, they discovered the original unit markings and the logo, "Proud Mary," painted on the front slope. It turns out that Proud Mary was a combat veteran.

That discovery led Dave to contact Military Police units



from the Vietnam era. As you can see from the photographs, Proud Mary was assigned to the 560th MP Company. The 560th has a long and proud history.

Indeed, it was the first MP Company assigned to Vietnam, in 1962, and remained there until its redeployment in March 1973, longer than any other MP unit - or any infantry division, for that matter.

Dave has been able to contact veterans who knew of the vehicle, and while he has not actually made contact with any crew members, as yet, he is hopeful that he will do so.

Dave's research revealed that Proud Mary had been involved in a rollover accident in the An Khe Pass, as well as being hit by an RPG and had to be evacuated for repairs. www.560mp.tripod.com/560MP/history to read about the 560th MP Company history and Proud Mary's part in it.

Dave and his crew have restored the vehicle to be historically correct in every detail, down to the correct 19 spline axles and the Chrysler 361 cubic inch engine. It has the correct original pattern run flat tires and rims. It has the proper radios and intercom. And yes, it has fully operational weapons.

It even has all the seals to give it an amphibious capability, but Dave does not plan on taking it for a swim any time soon. Dave says, "I don't think there's anything on the vehicle that's missing."

In 2013, the Military Vehicle Preservation Association (MPVA) was holding its annual convention in Portland, Oregon, which just happens to be close to Dave's home. The MVPA is an umbrella organization with affiliates and local clubs all across the country.

V-100 series Light armored vehicle

In service 1963 – present
Manufacturer Cadillac Gage

Specifications

Weight 9,888 kilograms (21,799 lb)
Length 5.69 metres (18.7 ft)
Width 2.26 metres (7 ft 5 in)
Height 2.54 metres (8 ft 4 in) turret roof, 1.98 metres (6 ft 6 in) hull top

Crew 3+2

Armor .25 inch Cadaloy alloy steel

Main armament

1x Cockerill Mk3 90 mm gun, 1 x 20 mm,
1 x 7.62 mm Machinegun

Secondary armament

2x6 40 mm Smoke Dischargers

Engine V-504 V8 turbocharged diesel engine 202 bhp

Power/weight 18.75 bhp/ton

Suspension 4x4

Operational range 643 kilometres (400 mi)

Speed 100 kilometres per hour (62 mph) road,
5 kilometres per hour (3.1 mph) water





Dave knew that this was his chance to enter Proud Mary in the competition. Previously, Dave had won a First Place National award for his M-114, and was the co-restorer of Steve Perry's First Place M-75 APC in 2008.

He entered the V-100 in the "Restored" class, which is for vehicles that are restored to "like new" appearance, either as it left the factory or as it was when issued for service. Vehicles must be at least 20 years old.

Dave did not enter his vehicle in the "Master" class, as he did not think it was ready for that higher standard of judging.

Dave was putting the finishing touches on Proud Mary, even as it stood on the display floor. The judges, all restoration experts and his peers, made their inspection and took notes.

The results were announced at a banquet at the conclusion of the convention. As the results of the restored class were announced, Dave was surprised when Proud Mary received no mention at all. But he was even more surprised when his vehicle was given special recognition, including a Haggerty Insurance Judge's Choice Award.

The inspectors had also been so impressed that they had bumped the vehicle up into the Master class and had given him a score of 100.07 percent - better than perfect! This ended up being the highest scoring vehicle of the event.

The award validated all of Dave's long hours and backbreaking work. "I would think that mine is the most correct vehicle of this type in the United States - not to toot my own horn, but I am proud of it. I also have Steve and Ditmar to thank for it, because I could never have done it on my own."

The award also impressed Dave's wife and family - for all the time he spent working on it and did not spend with them. But they do get to ride in the vehicle.

Dave has never transported it; he drives it where it needs to go. It has special license plates, and Dave covers up the police markings and de-activates the weapons. The whole family (Dave, his wife and four kids) have helmets. He gets a lot of thumbs up as he drives along the highway.

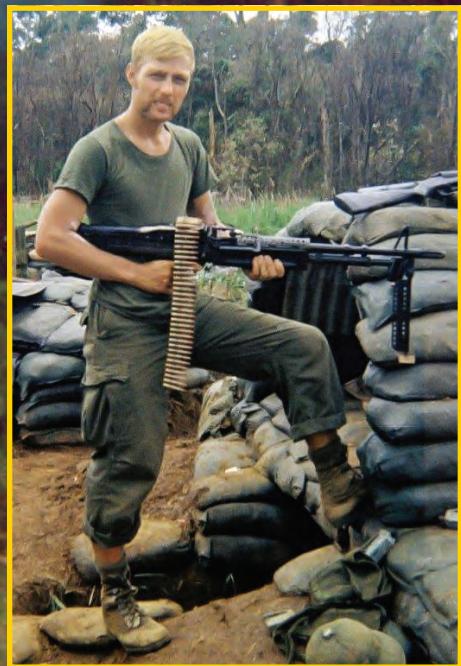
Dave is a U.S. Army veteran, but was not a Military Policeman. He served as an Infantryman from 1991 to 1999. However, Dave's daughter is entering the Military Police Corps this September after high school graduation.

Dave Chaney has done great work and an immense service for us MP's. Dave says, "This V-100 is as much theirs as it is mine. I want to honor the MP's." We owe Dave and his crew a debt of gratitude for preserving a bit of our history.

Dave is very much interested in hearing firsthand accounts of the V-100 in Vietnam. If you have a story to offer, he would love to hear from you at hellowheelsv100@gmail.com.

WAR AND FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS

Story and Photos
by John Shoemaker



It happens every year. Memorial Day yanks me back in time.

For a soldier, if you must die, let it not happen in a helicopter or plane.

"I can't fight back if I'm stuck in a tin can. At least give me a fighting chance", I remember wishing to myself.

Last summer, I heard the news again and it was like a bolt of lightning striking the top of my head and reaching down into my stomach leaving me feeling just sick. It was *déjà vu*.

On August 6, 2011, an Army CH-47 Chinook helicopter carrying our finest war fighters in the mountains of Afghanistan was shot down and all 30 American lives were lost. SEAL Team 6 had 22 of its elite members on board that aircraft.

It was not the first time and it will not be the last.

This is a story with a twist.

We had stormed into the Kham Duc Valley with a vengeance. It is just east of one of the main infiltration routes, the Ho Chi Minh Trail, into South Vietnam from Laos. Helicopters filled the skies. More than a battalion

of US Army and other units from the South Vietnamese Army combined to reestablish our presence in an area lost during the Tet Offensive. Over a thousand men came armed to the teeth and looking for some "payback".

It was an area full of jungle, mountains, rivers and enemy soldiers.

Most important, we came to retrieve the remains of some Special Forces, "Green Berets", lost during a bitter battle when 120 allied soldiers were reportedly surrounded by 5,000 of the enemy.

After a couple months, our mission was accomplished. We had retrieved the remains of our fallen Green Berets and conducted numerous patrols resulting in skirmishes with the NVA with lopsided results. Scores of the enemy were killed. One attack by sappers trying to hit Alpha Battery with their howitzers resulted in 16 enemy dead in just a few minutes.

The bucket of a front-end loader manned by the Seabees repairing the airstrip was filled with the enemy dead and buried them in one mass

grave. Dozens more would follow the same fate.

Mission complete, it was time to leave.

I was a platoon leader of one of the two platoons of the 196th Infantry that was guarding the old Green Beret airstrip as other units were loaded up and flown out by helicopter.

We were all moving to a new firebase called "LZ Judy", 49 miles southwest of DaNang. It was a small mountain with most of the top cleared off and bunkers dug around the perimeter and the howitzers in the center. LZ Judy had a commanding position overlooking the valleys below.

Even as a paratrooper, I never liked getting on a helicopter of any kind, especially a Chinook. Having made over 26 combat air assaults into enemy territory in my first five months, I just could not shake the helpless feeling getting into them. The worst is during take-off and landing, knowing it could be your metal coffin.

Finally, our turn came to leave. All we could do was scramble as fast as possible when the rear tailgate lowered, get on board, and pray it would take off IMMEDIATELY. No delay. Everyone yelled, "Go. Go. Go!"

I am sure we were all praying to ourselves to get "lift off" before the enemy gets a chance to shoot. Then you chant to yourself, "climb, baby, climb, fast, faster!"

Photos Opposite page:
Smoke billows from a crashed Chinook shot down by enemy fire at LZ Judy. The downed chopper was the last of six ferrying troops the 19 miles from Kham Duc to LZ Judy.

Author at Kham Duc in August 1970 just prior to moving to LZ Judy.

< Chinook moving 2/1st Infantry troops from Kham Duc makes a final approach to the hazardous landing pad at LZ Judy.





Right behind my departure was the last platoon to leave Kham Duc. They were boarding their Chinook, along with a mortar squad, when it was frantically reported that some claymores and other explosives were left behind by mistake. Their Lieutenant took responsibility and went back for them.

Not to delay departure, he told the pilot to take off without him. Another small helicopter hovering above would surely come down to get him.

I heard the chatter on the radio. A courageous decision, I thought, as he was virtually the last American soldier on the ground with enemy all around. We were second last to leave Kham Duc and second last to arrive at LZ Judy.

As the lumbering Chinook, heavily loaded with my Platoon and supplies, slowed for the landing on the top ridge line leading up to LZ Judy, it lurched with its back end dropping down and then slowly it levels off and lowers downward with the huge twin propellers noisily slicing the air.

When the rear door opened, we raced out as fast as possible even while loaded down with packs, weapons, ammo and other gear. Whew! We made it. Relief sweeps over us. In the distance, we could hear the song by Bobby Sherman, "Julie, Julie, Do you love me?" blaring from a portable radio. We substituted the words with Judy, Judy...

We started moving up Judy slowly in the searing heat and humidity carrying our loads. Right behind us was that last Chinook coming in to unload the platoon without its Lieutenant. I turned and waved vigorously at my guys to move up so we would not create a gaggle. I watched in awe as the huge inbound Chinook slowed, straining under its load, and trying to level off for the landing. Then it happened. The tell-tale "rat-tat-tat-tat" of a lone enemy's AK-47 automatic weapon firing two dozen bullets directly into the belly of the Chinook made it stumble before dropping backwards and capsizing just a few hundred feet below us.



When it hit the tree tops it exploded in a massive fireball. The twin rotary blades broke off and hurled at us like boomerangs, killing and wounding several trying to get up the slopes of LZ Judy.

One man – the door gunner – actually jumped out of the Chinook as it was falling from the sky. He fell over a hundred feet and crashed through the trees before hitting the ground.

In a little bubble-like helicopter we called a LOACH, trying to catch up and carrying the platoon's Lieutenant, he peered down to see that his entire platoon was gone. A huge plume of smoke rose high off the mountain. I could only imagine his thoughts.

31 died that day, August 26, 1970, on LZ Judy. Mortars on board kept exploding and the flames were so intense that we could not go near it for the rest of the day and through the night.

Immediately, all hell broke loose, with the Chinook explosions shaking the ground, Chinook pieces landing all around us, the Battalion's howitzers



Photos page 30:

Chinook assigned to the 178th ASHC crashed and burned on the side of a steep mountain. Only one person aboard the aircraft survived.

Lieutenant arrives at LZ Judy aboard a Loach to find his platoon just perished in the shoot-down of the Chinook.

Photos page 31:

Soldier views the crash site at the bottom of a steep ravine. LZ Judy was located in the mountainous jungle about half way between Chu Lai and Kham Duc.

Soldiers of 2/1st Infantry recover the remains of their fallen brothers and carry them to the top of LZ Judy.

opened up with rapid fire to rake the mountain side hoping to get the suspected sniper.

But it was over. Some of us were very lucky. The realization of what just happened hit me hard and lingers still.

The door gunner who jumped out was miraculously the only survivor.

It was a solemn night without sleep on the mountain as the crackling fire raged below us. Soon my platoon had to go down to the crash site with the Graves Registration personnel; we loaded about 22 body bags with what was left.

For sure, lucky survivors of war will always remember and give thanks. This time is no different.

Those who did not come back are the true heroes, as has been said many times before.

And the song remains riveting... "Judy, Judy, Do you love me?"

For me, on this Memorial Day and every day, I hum the song and then whisper, "Oh, yes, we love you".



One soldier on the ground was killed and others were wounded by the exploding Chinook. The injured received immediate attention from medics.

Thirty Americans were killed in the downed Chinook. This was one of the largest losses of Americans in an aircraft crash during the Vietnam war.

Flying Into The Storm

Author Bill Norris

Review by Gary L. Noller

Bill Norris served his time in Vietnam and relies on his first-hand knowledge and experiences to craft a novel that tells of the war through the eyes of a 20-year-old infantryman. The Vietnam experience is viewed through the eyes of Jared Christopher, a fresh-faced newbie, from the day he arrives in-country at Cam Rahn Bay until he safely ends his tour and departs Da Nang as a much changed man.

Jared's story will have familiarity to those who were there. The story is set in the southern sector of the Americal Division area of operations (AO). Place names include Quang Ngai, Duc Pho, LZ Liz, LZ Bronco, Chu Lai, Highway 1, and many others.

The story includes combat action to include night ambushes, guard duty on bridges on Highway 1, patrol missions in the jungle and rice paddies, and search-and-clear operations in local villages. Jared saw his share of combat and lost some close friends. But he is always able to forge ahead and eventually is promoted to Staff Sergeant and becomes an acting platoon leader.

One of the things that sets this story apart from many first-hand non-fiction accounts is that the author is able to smooth out the narrative and effectively describe characters to make a very readable story. Intertwined in the story of Jared's combat action is a story of his association with the Vietnamese people. Jared becomes friends with a young girl named Dam and a young boy named Quang.

Dam sells candles and offers to teach Jared to speak Vietnamese. Quang is an orphan whose parents and sister were killed by the Viet Cong. Jared gets Quang inside the Army base and takes care of him there with the intent to formally adopt the orphan and take him back to the United States.

Some of Jared's unit begin to call Jared names such as Gook Lover and try to intimidate him to break his ties to the children. But Jared has the strength not to bow to peer pressure. He continues with his quest to make life a little easier for at least two Vietnamese children struggling to get by day-to-day in an environment governed by war.

Jared is a likeable soldier of high character and rises quickly as a leader of his platoon. Near the end of his tour he is offered a direct commission to lieutenant on the condition that he extend his tour for six months. But he knows it is time to move on and the book closes with Jared's bittersweet good-bye to his young friends.

The book as been officially reviewed by the Military Writers Society of America (MWSA). They posted a review on Amazon.com with a five-star rating.

Ordering information: Hardback copy directly from the author at a purchase price is \$27 each, \$25 for three or more, shipping included, Florida residents add Florida sales tax. Send e-mail order to info@nekkobooks.com; Purchase may also be made on amazon.com.

Not All Heroes: An Unapologetic Memoir of the Vietnam War, 1971-1972

Author Gary E. Skogen

Review by: Donald J. Berg

Gary Skogen has written a fascinating narrative about his tour of duty in Vietnam as a Criminal Investigation Division (C.I.D.) NCO/special agent at Chu Lai and for his concluding three months at Danang. In Chu Lai he was assigned to the 23rd M.P. Co., but because of his work, mainly investigating narcotics cases among Americal Division troops, he was largely independent of both the other base camp personnel and those in the field.

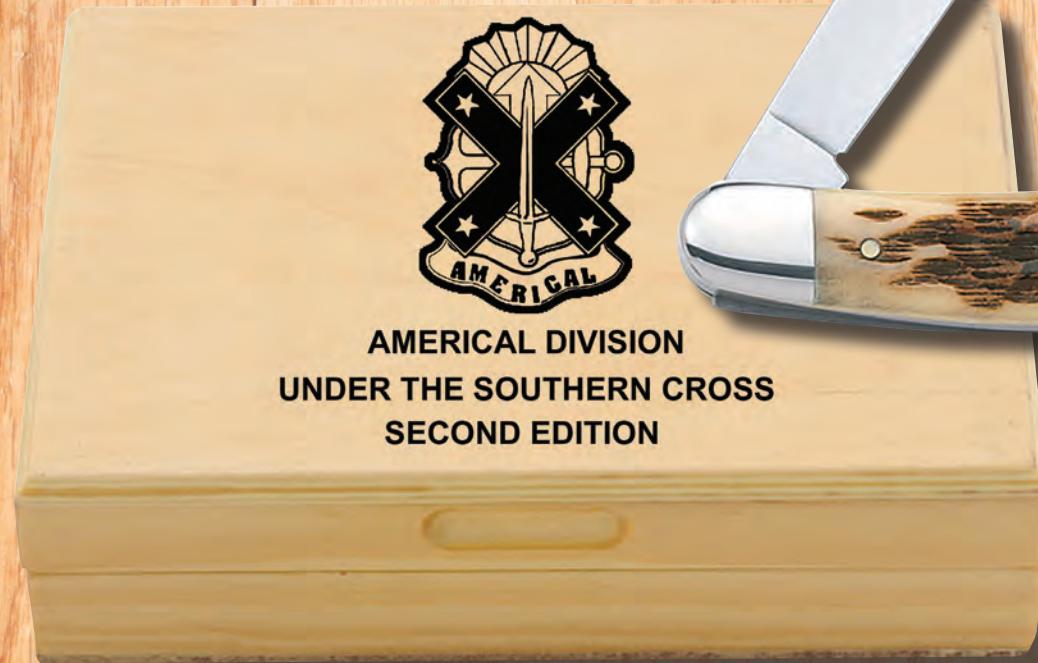
Skogen was able, with his fellow C.I.D. special agents, to live in a hooch on a ridge overlooking the South China Sea, almost entirely beyond the rules and regulations pertaining to everyone else in the Chu Lai complex. He was quite proud of the fact that he spent most of his official time in pursuit of lawbreakers (he labeled as "dickheads" over 40 times in the book), most of whom were lower ranking enlisted personnel. Virtually all of his free time was utilized in fulfillment of his carnal pleasures, of which the book contains abundant and graphic details.

Some of the really interesting and perhaps controversial material in the book, basically the volume's thesis, is focused upon Skogen's view that there are names of Americal Division soldiers, and by implication those from other units, on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Wall in Washington, D.C. do not belong there. The author cites case after case, which he officially investigated, of soldiers who died under drug related or other non-combat associated circumstances—thus, the title of the book. What makes this account valuable is that Skogen's brother, a professional historian, researched the National Archives and Record Administration's groups to verify the stories which the author relates from his apparently near photographic memory. In all cases the names of men involved have been changed to avoid making the record ever more painful for survivors and family members than it is already.

To his credit he does place his year in Vietnam, 1971-72, within a larger context of the American combat mission winding down, the deterioration of moral among the troops, and the rampant use of narcotic drugs and alcohol. And, the book is dedicated to those who died honorably in service to our country.

In all, anyone who served in the Americal Division or was stationed at the Chu Lai complex, as this reviewer was (1967-68), will have an eye-opening read concerning a wartime experience that was totally different from anything about which I personally knew or subsequently read. Skogen repeatedly says throughout the book that he simply was having entirely too much fun, because he and his special agent/MP friends could operate under a completely different set of rules. He describes his three months in Danang as a saturnalia. Page 233 summarizes it: "We immersed ourselves in alcohol and sex. . . . I have never lived a life less restrained and scrutinized, yet more exciting and more pleasurable, than my year in Vietnam."

New Legacy Collector Knife



Americal Division Veterans Association members:

the second edition Americal Division collector's knife that you have been waiting for is now ready for purchase. You will need to act quickly on this opportunity since only 150 knives of this design will be made.

- This edition features the Case Stockman knife with an amber jigged bone handle. It has three Tru-Sharp surgical steel blades. The blades are a 2 5/8" clip point, a 1 7/8" sheepfoot blade, and a 1 3/4" spey blade. The knife is 3 5/8" long when it is closed. This handsome knife has nickel silver bolsters and shield.
- The largest blade of the knife is etched with the Americal shoulder patch and the words Americal Division. Each knife also comes with a durable wooden storage box that displays the distinctive insignia of the Americal Division and the motto: Under the Southern Cross. Each knife will be numbered 1 of 150.
- This second edition knife is sure to make a great gift as well as a much valued keepsake for the kids and grandkids. It is economically priced at \$75 each including the storage box and shipping and handling. Proceeds from sales of the knife will go to the **Legacy Fund**.

Place your order today from the **ADVA PX**.

Contact Wayne Bryant,
4411 Dawn Rd, Greensboro, NC 27405,
wbryant@triad.rr.com or by phone at **336-621-8756**.
Telephone orders with credit card payment are welcome.





See AMERICAL PX at www.americal.org

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ADVA PX Order Form

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2319	198th Brigade Unit Pin	\$4.50			
2320	Baseball Cap - White (1 size fits all)	\$14.00			
2321	Baseball Cap - Khaki (1 size fits all)	\$14.00			
2322	T-Shirt, ADVA Gray (Med, Lg, XL, XXL)	\$18.00			
2323	Americal Trailer Hitch Cover	\$10.00			
2324	Americal white License Plate Holder	\$5.00			
2325	Americal Koozie	\$3.00			
2326	Americal Luggage Spotter ***2 for 9.00	\$5.00			
2327	Americal Division History - DVD	\$15.00			
2328	Under the Southern Cross - Book	\$15.00			
2329	Why Didn't You Get Me Out - Book	\$15.00			
2330	Baseball Cap - Spec Blue or Black (1 size fits all)	\$14.00			
2331	Americal Coffee Mug	\$10.00			
2332	Americal Grey Sweatshirt (Med, Lg, XL, XXL)	\$35.00			
2333	ADVA Challenge Coin	\$10.00			
2334	Americal Division polo shirt, Black (Med, Lg, XL, XXL)	\$28.00			
2335	Americal Flag w/grommets	\$46.00			
2336	T-Shirt Americal Brigades (Med, Lg, XL, XXL)	\$18.00			
2337	Americal Nylon Wallet	\$8.00			
2338	Americal Tie	\$23.00			
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ADVA Quartermaster

Wayne Bryant

4411 Dawn Road

Greensboro, NC 27405

Phone 336-621-8756



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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.

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.



Application For Membership /Change of Address Americal Division Veterans Association

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 = \$50
Under 75 years of age = \$125