



# AMERICAL NEWSLETTER

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

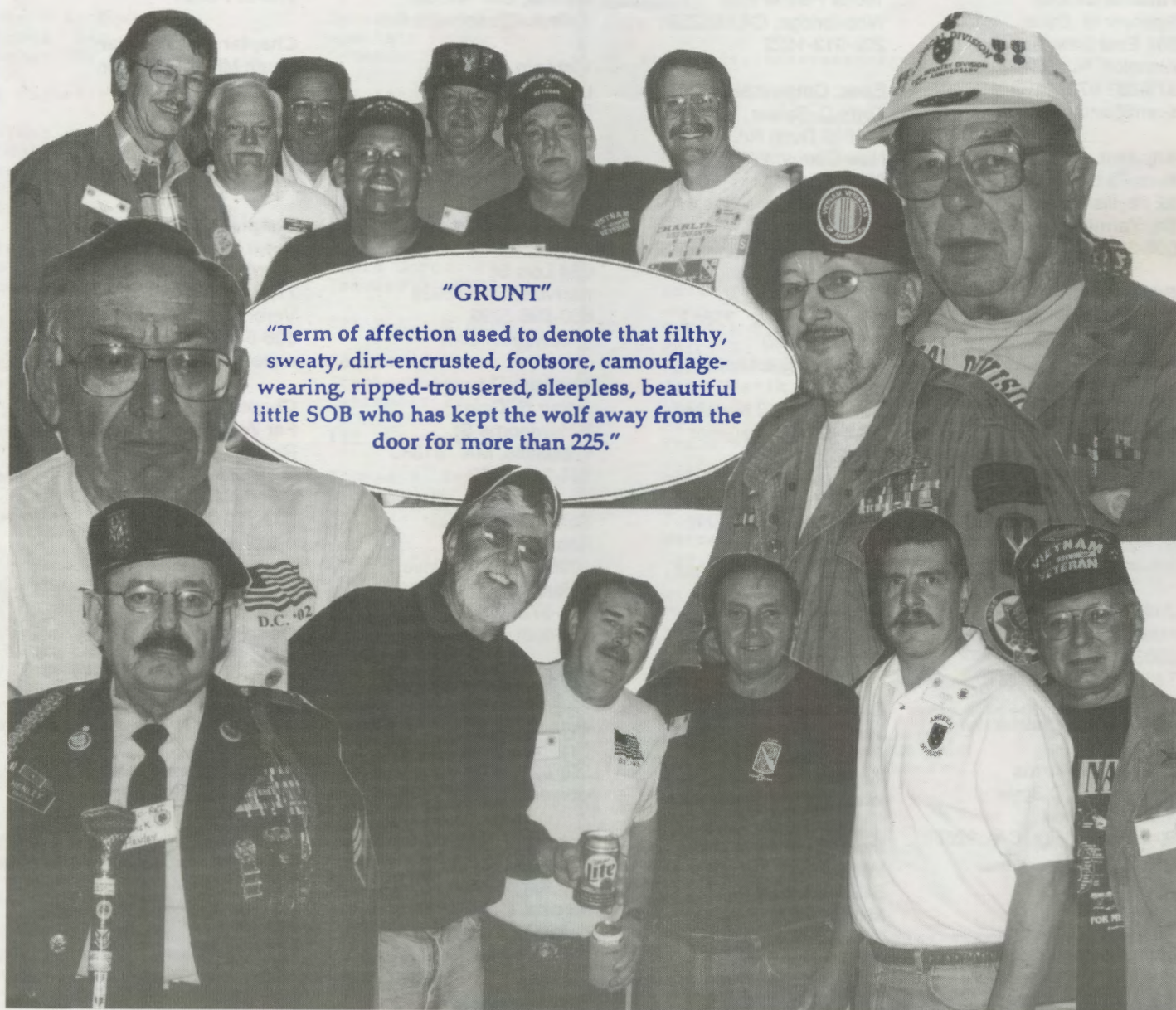
FOUNDED 1945

**JAN. - FEB. - MAR. 2003**

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Vietnam Editor:

James C. Buckle  
Gary L. Noller

THE AMERICAL DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION - 82 PHYLLIS DRIVE - SOUTH YARMOUTH, MA 02664





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[REDACTED]

**Chapter Commander**  
Central Midwest Region  
David A. Chrystal  
[REDACTED]  
Centralia, MO 65240  
[REDACTED]

TAPS TAPS TAPS

101 Med A 52 Field  
R.G. Aguirre  
Lincoln, NE  
November 11, 2002

101 Med Reg. Co. B  
Ralph Bouchard  
Port Charlotte, FL  
June 6, 2002

182 Infantry Med Det  
Thomas P. Crowe  
Dedham, MA  
April 21, 2002

101 Medical Reg.  
Ronald M. Downey  
Wakefield, MA  
November 12, 2002

132 Infantry A-T Co  
Richard E. Dunn  
Altoona, PA  
October 13, 2002

164 Infantry  
Sheldon Frost  
Oildale, CA  
Date Unknown

182 Infantry  
Cline W. Greer  
Des Moines, IA  
December 15, 2002

247 F.A. Hdq Btry  
Anthony Hagopian  
Brewster, NY  
Date Unknown

33 Infantry HQ&HHC  
John E. Kerner  
Mt. Holly, NJ  
September 18, 2002

198 LIB D/1/6 Inf  
Finnis McCleery  
San Angelo, TX  
July 11, 2002

132 Infantry M Co.  
Percy L. Monceaux  
Crowley, LA  
Date Unknown

182 Infantry E Co.  
William L. Morrison  
Fayetteville, GA  
August 16, 2002

164 Infantry  
Raymond L. Sawyer  
Brooklyn Center, MN  
November 27, 2002

221 F.A. C Btry.  
William L. Annonson  
Oak Creek, WI  
September 1, 2002

221 F.A. B Btry  
Gilbert G. Boucher  
Walpole, MA  
January 28, 1998

182 Infantry G Co.  
Fred G. Davis  
Hendersonville, TN  
July 13, 2002

164 Infantry F Co  
Leonard H. Drabus  
Omaha, NE  
April 22, 2002

164 Infantry  
Emrys H. Evans  
Mountain Home, ID  
October 2, 2002

132 Infantry M Co.  
George W. Gould  
Canfield, OH  
Date Unknown

754 Tank Bn  
Alfred Gutttag  
Punta Gorda, FL  
January 1, 2002

221 F.A. C Btry  
Edward L. Kalat  
Frankenmuth, MI  
September 22, 2002

132 Infantry Co B  
Thomas B. Lyons  
Licking, MO  
July 22, 2002

182 Infantry D Co.  
George P. D. Merrill  
Newburyport, MA  
August 2002

244 C.A. + 256 C.A.  
James D.H. Moore  
Mountain Home, AR  
February 22, 2002

182 Infantry L Co.  
John R. Patterson  
Wakefield, MA  
Date Unknown

246 Field Artillery  
Vernon F. D. Schoof  
McMinnville, OR  
June 5, 2002

132 Infantry Reg Hq  
Paul B. Stimson  
N. Fort Myers, FL  
September 8, 2002

164 Infantry H Co.  
William J. Symonovicz  
Silver Springs, MD  
October 19, 2002

125 QM  
Joseph A. Thompson  
Winchester, MA  
July 25, 2002

26 Sig  
Michael Walsh  
Charlestown, MA  
January 8, 2003

11 LIB 4/21 Inf  
Robert A. Witter  
Annandale, VA  
July 26, 2002

182 Infantry K Co.  
Arthur G. Streck  
Lake Worth, FL  
May 15, 2002

Task Force Ore HHC D  
Patrick H. Taylor  
Arlington, TX  
January 4, 2003

182 Infantry F Co.  
William S. Vinci  
Medford, MA  
December 21, 2002

132 Infantry I Co.  
Robert Wasser  
Danforth, IL  
October 25, 2002

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THE LAST ROLL CALL  
132nd Infantry

Harry Allen	-	Company B
Ken Beyer	-	Med. Det. & A-T
Clifford Fennell	-	
Eugene Gould	-	Company L
George W. Gould	-	Company M
Robert E. Gunning	-	Company D
Ted Hibner	-	Company A
Edwin Kasper	-	Company H
John J. Kosky	-	Company D
Kenneth E. Kuntsman	-	Hq. Co. 2nd Bn.
Percy L. Monceax	-	Company M
Philippe Mpreau	-	Company A
John Mostik	-	Company D
Leroy Nelson	-	A-T & Hq. Co.
Burton G. Ochampaugh	-	
Frank Palumbo	-	Company F
Jurgen Peterson	-	Med. Det.
Robert H. Pickett	-	Reg. Hdq.
Henry Prange	-	Company M
Joseph T. Rose	-	Company G
Warren B. Schmidt	-	Cannon Company
Dan Solto	-	Assoc. K Co.
Angelo Spino	-	Company M
William A. Tierney	-	Company I
George Vasilescu	-	Company G
Tom Waibel	-	Company M
George R. Wroblewski	-	Company A
Edward P. Wyncott	-	1st Bn. Hdq.

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THE LAST ROLL CALL  
182nd Infantry

Harold H. Hancock	-	C Company
Donald E. Biel	-	D-A Company
Kenneth Esveld	-	C Company
Alphonse A. Bocko	-	
George F. Gowell	-	
Joseph Visniewski	-	D Company

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HAVE YOU CALLED THAT BUDDY YET?



LAST ROLL CALL  
164th Infantry Regiment

Arthur K. Amos	-	San Antonio, TX
John A. Bergh	-	Nokomis, FL
Harry Burd	-	Tucson, AZ
Roger L. Calvin	-	Mccook, NE
Len A. Clemens	-	Spokane, WA
W. Mark Durley Jr.	-	Fresno, CA
Arthur L. Ford	-	Enderlin, ND
Melvin Eidum	-	Covia, CA
Philip Engstrom	-	Moorhead, MN
Edward Galk	-	Chicago, IL
Ralph L. Gaugler	-	Bismarck, ND
O.J. Giallonardo	-	Natick, MD
Byron Gilbertson	-	Killdeer, ND
Lloyd L. Gillespie	-	Grafton, ND
Maurice Hannum	-	Powell, WY
James O. Jewell	-	Couer D'Alene, ID
John C. Keller	-	Harvey, ND
Arlen W. Lane	-	Billings, MT
C. J. Livingood	-	Grafton, ND
John W. Livingstone	-	Puyallup, WA
John J. Miller	-	Seaside, OR
Donald H. Morken	-	Dubuque, IA
Herbert F. Mutschler	-	Bellevue, WA
Arthur H. Ojala	-	New York Mills, MN
Ben Osborne	-	Ponsford, MN
Ted Ouradnick	-	Woodbury, MN
Pete Patrick	-	Bismarck, ND
Wesley A. Rockne	-	Roseville, MN
Ralph R. Rothrock	-	Seal Beach, CA
Milton C. Shedd	-	Newport Beach, CA
Pfau Stanley	-	Sacramento, CA
Ted N. Steckler	-	Tustin, CA
Millard Stigen	-	Caladenia, ND
George M. Sveen	-	Fargo, ND
Joseph T. Tix	-	Waunakee, WI
Robert Todd	-	Puyallup, WA
Lawrence D. Webb	-	Williston, ND
Leroy Willard	-	Georgetown, CO

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

NEW LIFE MEMBERS

Mr. Spencer M. Baba	Mr. Stanley Ciekawy
196 LIB HHC 2/1/Inf	182 Infantry B Co
Kinnelon, NJ	Ridley Park, PA
#Jay Roth	#J. Micek
Mr. Mike Donley	Mr. William G. Eberlin
11 LIB E/4/3 Inf	82 Arty HHB 1/82
St. David, AZ	Silver Spring, MD
#Jim Buckle	#Ed Marsh
Mr. Kent P. Eno	Mr. John R. Flowers
16 Arty Ser Bty/3	11 LIB 4/21 Inf
Englewood, CO	Albuquerque, NM
#Don Ballou	#Bernie Chase
Mr. Gary W. Franklin	Mr. Douglas George Sr.
198 LIB C/1/52 Inf	11 LIB C/1/20 Inf
Lubbock, TX	New Ashford, MA
#PNC Gary L. Noller	#R. Castronova
Mr. Michael B. Lane	Mr. Claude G. Mook Jr.
198 LIB E/1/52 Inf	132 Infantry L Co.
Madison, IN	North Bloomfield, OH
#R. Castronova	#Lloyd Morrell
Mr. Carroll E. Staton	Mr. Dan Young
198 LIB A/1/52 HHC	198 LIB A/1/52 Inf
Lexington VA	Anchorage, AK
#John DeGroot	#Michael Dachille

TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE!!

REINSTATED MEMBERS

Mr. James B. Adams	Mr. Jerry Gouge
23 Hdq R&V	196 LIB A/2/1 Inf
Elberton, GA	Burnsville, NC
#James Lewellen	#Membership Committee
Mr. Roger J. Grazioplene	Mr. Francis P. Kerr
196 LIB B/2/1 Inf	11 LIB C/3/1 Inf
Batavia, NY	Forestville, CT
#R. Castronova	#R. Castronova
Mr. Michael J. Russell	Mr. John A. Shaver
Associate 17 Cav	26 Sig Spec Troops
Statesboro, GA	Salina, KS
#Self	#R. Castronova
Mr. Robert L. Snyder	Mr. Noah H. Stump
196 LIB 4/21 Inf	82nd Arty
Lancaster, PA	Rocky Mount, VA
#Bernie Chase	#Self
Mr. William J. Whitney	
196 LIB 3/2/1 Inf +	
Chester, VT	
#Viet Vet Center	

NEW MEMBERS

Mr. Patrick C. Agresto	Mr. Wilfred A. Armstrong
198 LIB 1/52 Inf	196 LIB A/1/46 Inf
Frackville, PA	Lockhart, TX
#PNC Gary L. Noller	#PNC Gary L. Noller
Mr. Joseph Bartholdi	Mr. Edward F. Bartz
523 Signal Bn. B Co.	164 Infantry M Co.
Norwood, PA	Hamburg, NY
#John W. Anderson	#Jim Buckle
Mr. Eldridge L. Bates	Mr. Douglas Bodman
164 Infantry M Co.	198 LIB A/1/6 Inf
Dalton, GA	Agawam, MA
#Jim Buckle	#PNC Ronald Ward
Mr. John B. Boyd	Mr Thomas J. Boyd Jr.
11 Arty 6/11	31 Infantry Can Co.
Hopkins, MN	Ebro, FL
#Don Ballou	#Jim Buckle
Mr. Charles Brawley	Mr. Ken R. Brennan
723 Main C Co.	23 M.P.
Anchorage, AK	Huntington, IN
#PNC Gary L. Noller	#Rich Merlin
Mr. Clayton D. Brown	Mr. Howard Burroughs
182 Infantry G Co.	70 CA Hdq/Btry
Aloha, OR	Melbourne, FL
#Self	#Art Cole
Mr. Thomas M. Butts	Mr. Jerry B. Calhoun
123 Avn A-C	23 S&T
Pequanock, NJ	Reidsville, GA
#Wayne Bryant	#PNC Gary L. Noller
Mr. Thomas C. Clark	Mr. Jamie Daniel
198 LIB 23 M.P.	16 Arty A/3
Arden, NC	Chicago, IL
#PNC Dutch DeGroot	#Self
Mr. Dennis Esterline	Mr. Charles Fritz
11 LIB 4/3 Inf	1 Cav !/B Troop
Villas, NJ	Philomath, OR
#Larry Barnes	#Don Ballou
Mr. Al 'Doc' Hahm	Mr. Gregory B. Harp
11 LIB C/Hq/3/1 Inf	196 LIB C/3/21 Inf
Sacremto, CA	Oldsmar, FL
#Don Ballou	#PNC Gary L. Noller

Mr. Reni' W. Johnson	Mr. James W. Keeler
ARC AKA "DD"	198 LIB D/5/46 Inf
Winter Park, FL	Boonton, NJ
#PNC Gary L. Noller	#Joe Donovan
Mr. William D. Kelley	Mr. Robert B. King
198 LIB 1/6 Inf	198 LIB D/1/53 Inf
Sterling, VA	Standish, MI
#Mark L. Deam	#Art Cole
Mr. Henry J. Krauter	Mr. Karl Krueger
198 LIB A/1/20 Inf	196 LIB E/2/1 Inf
Pompano Beach, FL	Sparta, WI
#Don Ballou	#PNC Gary L. Noller
Mr. Terry L. Mabry	Mr. William Mahon
11 LIB C/1/20 Inf	1 Cav 1st Sqd A Troop
La Plata, MD	Waco, TX
#Self	#Bill Bacon
Mr. Robert E. McPheron	Mr. Joseph Michaud
164 Infantry 2/Hdq Co	16 Infantry B/3/16
Lima, OH	St. Francis, ME
#Art Cole	#Terry Babler
Mr. Roland L. Miller	Mr. Kenneth T. Phillips
23 Med Bn. A/S-4	196 LIB D/4/31 Inf
APO AA	Beaver Falls, PA
#Art Cole	#Vance Van Wieren
Mr. Alfonso R. Ramirez	Mr. George V. Robbins
11 LIB D/4/3 Inf	1 Cav 1/1 C Troop
San antonio, TX	El Paso, TX
#PNC Gary L. Noller	#Self
Mr. Ira Sampson	Mr. Jim Sandow
23 Div Arty HHQ/Btry	23 M.P. (C.I.D.)
Salisbury, NC	Chicago, IL
#PNC Gary L. Noller	#Rich Merlin
MS. Kathleen Shulzas	Mr. Robert Simpson
Associate	11 LIB B/4/21 Inf
Oviedo, FL	Lanoka Harbor, NJ
#Don Ballou	#PNC Gary L. Noller
Mr. Raymond E. Stanfield	Mr. Harold W. Thomas
196 LIB C/4/21 Inf	31 Infantry A/4/31
Georgetown, DE	Louisville, KY
#Self	#Joseph R. O'Bryan
Capt. Robert L. Welch (R	Mr. Michael Werner
164 Infantry B Co.	196 LIB 17 Cav F Tr
Palestine, TX	Belleville, NJ
#PNC Bernard Chase	#Art Cole
Mr. Gerald Widiker	Mr. Culver Wold
196 LIB Hdq 23 M.P.	162 Signal Bn. Photo
Milwaukee, WI	Hayward, CA
#Rich Merlin	@Art Cole
Mr. Monte L. Wolff	
198 LIB D/1/46 Inf	
Everett, WA	
#PNC Gary L. Noller	

ATTENTION - ATTENTION - ATTENTION

If you know of the death of a member or a member that is ill, please contact the Adjutant:

Adj. Bernard Chase  
South Yarmouth, MA 02664

ARE YOUR DUES PAID?

HELEN DUNPHY

It is with much sadness that I report the death of my wife, Helen, on January 17, 2003.

During the years that I was active in the Americal Division Veterans Association, Helen was always supportive and my able assistant at all times. When I served as National Commander and Adjutant, and especially during the time I served as the Editor of the Americal Newsletter, her talent as a typist was extremely helpful. She was always there with a helping hand and useful suggestions when I was called on to plan a reunion or a dinner dance.

Helen and I celebrated our fifty-eighth wedding anniversary last October.

She will be deeply missed by her family and friends.

PNC William L. Dunphy  
West Roxbury, MA 02132

SICK CALL

Bernard Carroll is a patient in the Brockton Veterans Hospital. How about a card buddy!

PNC Bernard Carroll  
Brockton Veterans Hospital  
Brockton, MA 02301

Bernie is a Past National Commander and seved with the 221st Field Artillery in the Pacific. After returning home he did a tour in Europe.

AMERICAL ARTILLERY REUNION

World War II - Korea - Vietnam

May 13 - 14 - 15, 2003  
Holiday Inn - Pigeon Forge, Tennessee

Nestled in the foothills of the Smokey Mountains, Pigeon Forge has much to offer visitors. Trolley transportation makes access to points of interest available. It is the home of Dollywood, Dolly Splash Country, Dixie Stampede dinner and entertainment. Comedy Barn Theater, Elvis Museum, Dinosaur Walk Museum, National Freedom Museum, Smokey Mountain Car Museum and numerous shops with handcrafted and unique gifts.

Reservations should be made directly with the Holiday Inn sales manager, Mr John Fields at [redacted]. Request to be in the AMERICAL DIVISION FIELD ARTILLERY REUNION group.

Group room rate is \$55.00 a day, plus tax. Special rate will apply to the day before and the day after Reunion.

Dinner banquet Thursday evening in the Holiday Inn. Choice of Turkey of Beef--\$22.00 per person.

For more info contact:

Robert J. Miller  
Tel: [redacted]  
E-mail: [redacted]

Make your deservation by the last week in March. BYOB-Pigeon Forge is a dry town!



ARTHUR R. WOOD CHAPTER  
SOUTH EAST CHAPTER  
AL, FL, GA, NC, SC, TN

COMMANDER Robert (Bob) Kapp Tampa, FL 33615	SEC/TREAS George P. Dakin Deltona, FL 32728
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The annual Reunion of the South East Chapter will be held in Melbourne, Florida from May 2-4, 2003.

We had a great time last year and made a lot of new friends and hope to meet a lot more this year.

DON'T MISS OUT ON A GOOD TIME!! If you need more info call Bob Kapp at [REDACTED] or email bobkapp3@aol.com.

We will be in Campground "A" again this year. Just look for the Americal Blue Canopy and a big green motorhome.

Chapter Commander  
Bob Kapp

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FAR WEST CHAPTER  
AZ, CA, CO, HA, NV, NM, UT

COMMANDER Richard Merlin Riverside, CA 92505	SEC/TREAS Gene McGrath Pahrump, NV 89048
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Sergeant-at-Arms: Curt Rothacker  
Chaplain: John Bowley

#### 2003 CHAPTER REUNION

The Americal Far West Chapter will have this years Reunion at Laughlin, Nevada starting Sunday September 28th and ending Tuesday night September 30th. The Reunion will be held at the Flamingo Hotel. Room rates are only \$22.00 per night.

A bus trip is planned for Monday. This will include lunch and a tour of an old gold miners town. Oatman, Arizona. Tuesday night we will have a dinner dance. A Hospitality room will be open the entire three days.

For room reservations call [REDACTED] and ask for the Americal Division Veterans Association. the group code is SLAME03. Cut off date for rooms is September 13, 2003.

Reservation forms for all events will be available at the end of April 2003. Any questions contact Rich Merlin: [REDACTED]

#### 2004 NATIONAL REUNION

The Far West Chapter will be hosting the National Reunion scheduled for June 2004 in Reno, Nevada. Our Chapter Commander, Rich Merlin, is chairing this event. Obviously he is going to need a lot of help. Whether you are a Far West Chapter member or not, if you are interested and able to work on the committee please contact Rich at: [REDACTED]

Riverside, CA 92516

#### NEW MEMBERS WELCOME

All ADVA members living in our area are cordially invited to join the Far West Chapter. It's a great way to connect with fellow veterans and share

camaraderie. We have annual Reunions, and publish a quarterly color Newsletter to keep in touch. Yearly dues are only \$10.00. For a membership application form, contact:

Sec/Treas Gene McGrath  
[REDACTED]  
Pahrump, NV 89048

#### CHAPTER DUES

Our annual Chapter dues of \$10 are based on the calendar year, not a specific month. We do not send individual statements. Payment for 2003 is due now. Please help us save the expense of mailing a reminder notice, and send your \$10 check made payable to ADVA Far West to the Secty/Treasurer.

Thank you for your support.

#### HOUSEKEEPING

Please send address changes to your Far West Chapter in addition to the National organization. This will allow us to keep our Chapter roster current and insure that you receive the Canon and other mailings. We are also now compiling an e-mail address list. It can be sent to me2some@usintouch.com Thank you.

#### Taps

It is with regret and sadness that we note the passing of our comrade and fellow veteran Ernest Zagiba. Ernest served from October 1945 with the 1st Plt., I Co., 182nd Infantry. We offer our condolences to his family.

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GREAT LAKES REGIONAL CHAPTER  
IL, IN, MI, MN, WI

COMMANDER John Mathews Verona, WI 53593	ADJ/FIN OFF Terry Babler New Glarus, WI 53574
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We want to thank everyone for coming to New Glarus, Wisconsin for our 17th Annual Winterfest R&R All Veterans Reunion and Festival on January 16-19, 2003. They came from 16 states this year. From the West-Rich Merlin, CA-from the East-John Murphy, NY-from the South-David Chrystal, MO and North-Murray Bradshaw, Winnipeg, Canada. the closing event was a banquet and dance where the place really rocked from 10-11:30 P.M.. Next years dates are: January 15-16-17, 2004

The Great Lakes Chapter will be sponsoring the September 18-21, 2003-Kokomo, IN -21st Annual Veterans Reunion. Locator/Sign in at the big tent on Friday and Saturday. We will be setting up in the big tent. We had 135 Americal veterans sign in last year and we will have many hospitality camp sites planned throughout the Reunion. Group picture at 3:00 P.M. on Saturday by the big flag. 30,000 veterans were in attendance last year.

If you are not a member of the Great Lakes Chapter yet, the dues are \$5.00 a year which covers two (2) Newsletters a year. One is in May and one in December. Also, current members please check your mailing label. If your dues expires by 2003 May, your dues are now DUE.

Please send renewals or to join to: Terry Babler, Adjutant-Great Lakes Chapter, [REDACTED], New Glarus, WI 53574.

EASTERN REGIONAL CHAPTER  
DC DE KY MD NJ NY OH PA VA WV

COMMANDER David Eichhorn Fleming, OH 45729 Tel: [REDACTED]	VICE COMMANDER Jay Flanagan Cranford, NJ 07017 Tel: [REDACTED]
---	---

SECRETARY Joe Tunis Lake Ariel, PA 18436	TREASURER Mark Deam Sidney, OH 45365
--	--

Leo Orfe - Sergeant-At-Arms  
Everitt Williams - Chaplain  
Visit our web site at:

<http://home.who.rr.com/sidneyalum/advaerc/>

#### THE NATIONAL REUNION

The National Reunion was held in Washington. DC over the Veterans Day weekend and was a source of inspiration for many of our members.

Mark Deam attended a lecture given by Frank Anton, a former POW in Vietnam and an author of a book describing his experience.

Commander Dave Eichhorn attended the unveiling of "Night Vision", a painting by renowned artist James Wyeth to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial.

Dave also donated. to the Americal Museum, a Japanese flag that once belonged to a WWII veteran. It was uniquely marked with the battles in which he fought.

#### DESTINATION DELAWARE

Arrangements for the Chapter 2003 Reunion in Rehoboth Beach are underway.

Rehoboth Beach is known as the nation's summer capital. Washington is only two hours away. They still maintain a small town atmosphere with many old houses, tree lined streets, a wide sandy beach and mile-long boardwalk lined with games and amusements. There are restaurants and cute shops.

Delaware's history spans from pre-Colonial days to the present. Enjoy museums and monuments that honor all aspects of its rich heritage.

Rehoboth Outlets, with 140 brand-name factory-direct stores offer all tax-free shopping.

Assisting in planning for this event is Bob Kelly. The tentative dates to reserve will be October 7th through 10th. Hotels and rates are still being negotiated. Planned activities will likely include visits to Dover Air Force Base and Dover Downs Slots.

Visit our web site for information updates:  
<http://home.woh.rr.com/>

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#### NORTHWEST CHAPTER

AK WA OR ID MT WY

COMMANDER  
Dave Hammond  
Beaverton, OR 97005  
email: [REDACTED]

CENTRAL MID WEST CHAPTER  
ND SD KS NE MO IA

CHAPTER COMMANDER  
David A. Chrystal Sr.  
Centralia, MO 65240  
email: [REDACTED]

I have been appointed by the National Commander, Richard Scales, to be the new Commander of the Central Mid West Chapter.

I am looking for volunteers to assist me in running the Chapter and also for Chapter officers. If you are interested please contact me at the above address.

Every ADVA member in the Chapter area will be receiving a letter from me shortly.

David A Chrystal Sr.  
Chapter Commander

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WILLIAM F. MCGOLDRICK - NEW ENGLAND CHAPTER  
MA, NH, VT, ME, CT, RI

COMMANDER Roland T. Castronova Peabody, MA 01960	SEC/TREAS Bernard Chase South Yarmouth, MA 02664
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## SCHOLARSHIP NEWS

#### AMERICAL SCHOLARSHIP APPLICATIONS

If you are interested in applying for an Americal Scholarship please contact:

Mr. Robert Short  
[REDACTED]  
Kalamazoo, MI 49009

All Scholarship applications for next years awards must be received by May 1, 2003.

Contact Mr. Short as soon as possible for the necessary applications.

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#### IM MEMORIAM

E Company and Medical Detachment  
in memory of  
William L. Morrison

Mrs. Edith Heckman  
in memory of  
Walter Heckman

Eastern Regional Chapter  
in memory of  
Helen Dunnigan

\*\*\*\*\*

#### WINNER OF THE SCHOLARSHIP RAFFLE

The winner of the 2003 Scholarship raffle was Mr. J.P. Grice Jr. of Houston, Texas. A check for two hundred and fifty dollars (250) was mailed to Mr. Grice and he graciously returned the check asking that it be put in the Americal Scholarship Fund.

Thank you Mr. Grice!!



## "The Way We Were" ... Reflections on World War II

Their ranks are thinning and their hair is gray. But the memories never fade. Americal vets reflected on their experiences in the Pacific during the Annual Reunion in Washington, November 9, 2002.

As Told to David W. Taylor

**Editors Note:** Newly appointed ADVA World War II Historian David Taylor gathered WWII vets together for a session to reminisce about their experiences in the Pacific. Here are some of the reflections from members of "The Old Guard"

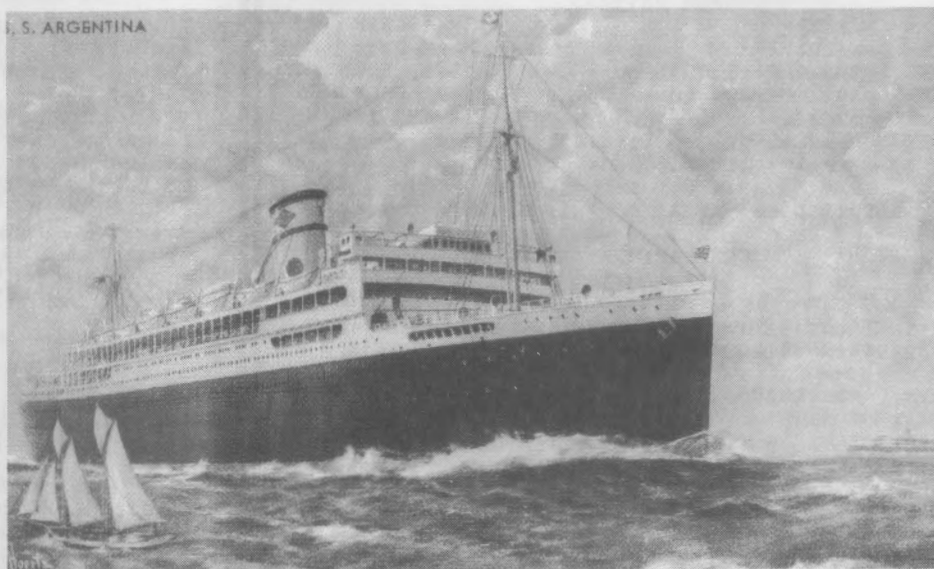
Tell me briefly about how you were brought into the Army and Task Force 6814, or its successor, the Americal Division?

**William Hanusek:** I was down at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas and was sent to Camp Edwards, in Bourne, Massachusetts and joined Task Force 6814 at that time. We shipped from there to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and on to Melbourne, Australia. From Melbourne we went to New Caledonia.

**Phil D'Entremont:** I was born and raised on the East Coast and was drafted in March 1941 and sent to training at Camp Edwards. I was a radio operator with Headquarters, 182<sup>nd</sup> Regiment. They shipped us to Maine where we stayed a month, then back to Edwards, then on a train to New York and my group shipped out on January 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1942 on the SS Argentina. The scuttlebutt was we were supposed to relieve MacArthur in the Philippines but he had already given up the islands and left. We went on maneuvers while in Australia and from there to New Caledonia.

**Jack Warkow:** When war started I was living in Brooklyn, New York. I got a job at the Philadelphia Navy Yard where I worked on the battleship New Jersey for six months and was there at its launching. I was drafted into the Army March 12, 1943; I was 19 years old and was placed into "limited service" because my eyesight, without glasses, was 2400. In other words, without my glasses I couldn't see anyone in the room. Within 30 days after being drafted into the Army they eliminated "limited service" which shows what bad shape the Army was in trying to build up their many divisions in the war. They were already short of manpower in 1943. So they put me in regular service ... a blind guy, right?

Then they transferred me from Camp Upton Long Island to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma for artillery training. So here's a half-blind guy going into combat working with artillery. I was OK with my glasses but if it rained I couldn't see anything. About August we got our shipping papers for New Caledonia which, at that time, was a large replacement depot. And from there we were all assigned to different parts of the Pacific. I was assigned to the Americal and went to a 155mm artillery battalion and there, in their wisdom, they made me a radio telephone operator. So here I am, half-blind



**Shipping Out to War:** Photo of picture postcard of the SS Argentina, one of seven transports that carried Task Force 6814 to New Caledonia (Argentina, Barry, Cristobal, Ericsson, McAndrew, Santa Elena and Santa Rosa). Photo courtesy of A. Phil D'Entremont, who has the original picture postcard.

and I'm ready to go out as part of a forward observer team and work with the infantry, which I did for almost two years.

I remember when I was ready to go overseas I told the doctor, "you know - I can't see very well. What happens if I break my glasses?" He said, "Not to worry ... we'll give you six pair of glasses". He gave me four, plus a specially made eyeglass that fit into my gas mask. When I came home from the war, I still had two pair.

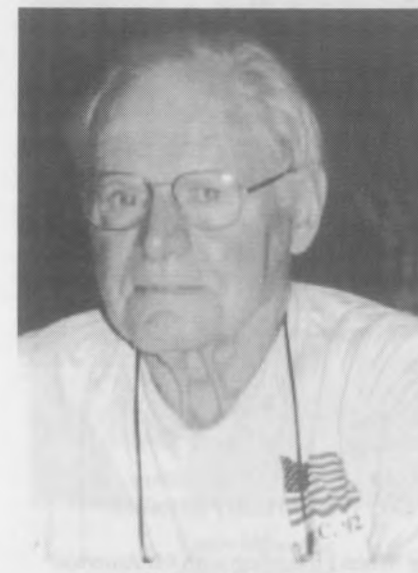
**Gil Abele:** I was drafted and had been a butcher in Detroit. When I went into the service I was 22. I went to Ft. Sheridan where they gave us our uniforms and put us on a train to Camp Lee, Virginia. So we got our basic training at Camp Lee and after two months went to Camp Edwards Massachusetts to be with the "regulars". After a while we found out they weren't any better prepared than we were. From Camp Edwards we shipped to Australia, where we were billeted in private homes for 10 days (it was pretty nice!) and then on to New Caledonia, Guadalcanal and other nice spots.

**Perry Woerner:** I was inducted as an 18 year old in January 1943, one of the first 18 year olds to be inducted in a group of about 46 youngsters from Fredricksburg, Texas. I went to Camp San Luis Obispo (California) for infantry basic training and then advanced training at Camp Ellis, Illinois and then we

shipped out to Guadalcanal and made the second battle for Bougainville. We were a rifle company - infantry trained so when casualties were heavy they pulled about half of our unit into the Americal Division. I missed the Philippine Islands of Leyte and Mindanao but was there on the invasion of Luzon. My time with the Americal was very short but I came out of the jungles weighing about 137 pounds and I'm grateful to be alive. About half of our original unit who were replacements to the Americal were lost.

**Frank McQuaid:** I grew up in Wilmington, Delaware and was drafted September 8, 1943 at Ft. Dix, New Jersey. I was sent to Ft. McClellan, Alabama and took basic training down there where they were still fighting the War Between the States. Our First Sergeant said, "you're the dirtiest bunch of pigs I've seen since I left the farm and I don't like any of you G\_\_ D\_\_ Yankees!" So I thought, "oh, this is wonderful!" We trained there in a "German village" because we were supposed to go to Europe. In the last two weeks we were there, they got us out of our pup tents in the rain and said, "all of you guys are going to Ft. Ord, California". So, from there we ended up in New Caledonia and, as replacements, I went to Bougainville as a replacement for Company F, 182<sup>nd</sup> Regiment. It was right after the Battle for Hill 260.

**Carlo Pola:** I came from Sandwich, Massachusetts. When the War broke out I was 24 years old and a licensed electrician. I had been living at home and helping to build Camp Edwards. So I volunteered for the draft and within a few days became a tenant of Camp Edwards. The unit I was assigned to was a National Guard unit - all young fellows. We went on maneuvers down in the Carolinas and came back in January 1942. The war had broken out on December 7<sup>th</sup>, so we had a few days of leave and went to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to boards the S.S. Argentina and set off for Australia.



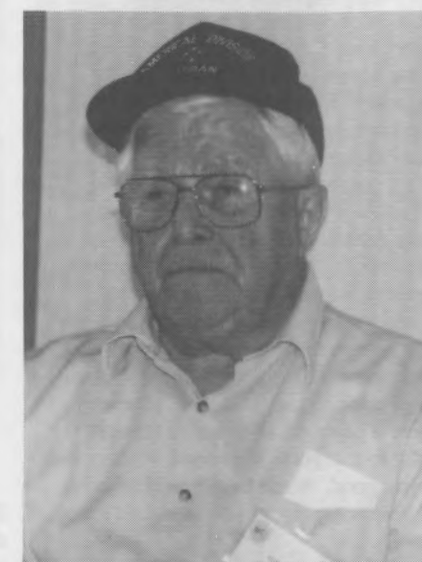
**Carlo Pola - Company C  
57<sup>th</sup> Engineer Combat Battalion**

**Jack Henley:** I volunteered in 1943 and went to Kentucky to in-process, then to Spartanburg, South Carolina for basic training and from there shipped out of the port of Brooklyn, New York. We sailed through the Panama Canal and then on to New Caledonia to the replacement center. From there I went to Bougainville and joined Company A, 132<sup>nd</sup> Regiment in time for the battle of Hill 260. I picked up two Bronze Stars with V devices and a Silver Star and stayed in the Army 28 years, retiring as a Sergeant First Class.

**Joe Mullen:** I come from Lawrence, Massachusetts where I was drafted. I was sent to Camp Wheeler, Georgia for basic and advanced training; we got 16 weeks of it. I joined the Americal A Company, 182<sup>nd</sup> Regiment on Cebu. At first we were in B Company, but A Company hardly existed because of heavy casualties and we were transferred to A Company to help rebuild it.

**Jim Buckle:** I was originally from Stoneham, Massachusetts. I joined the Wakefield, MA National Guard unit, Company E of the 182<sup>nd</sup> Regiment, in September 1940. The National Guard was inducted into national service. The reason I joined was that I was 20

years old and I would have been draft bait the following year. A friend of mine was a Sergeant in E Company so I joined them and then we were federalized on January 16, 1941. On January 26<sup>th</sup> we were sent to Camp Edwards where we trained for the better part of a year which included a month at Ft. Devens and 10 weeks in North Carolina on maneuvers. We returned to Camp Edwards on December 6, 1941 looking forward to being discharged on January 16<sup>th</sup> the following month. But December 7<sup>th</sup> and Pearl Harbor came first and instead of being discharged in January 1942 we were in New York harbor loading on a ship to be sent overseas to Australia.

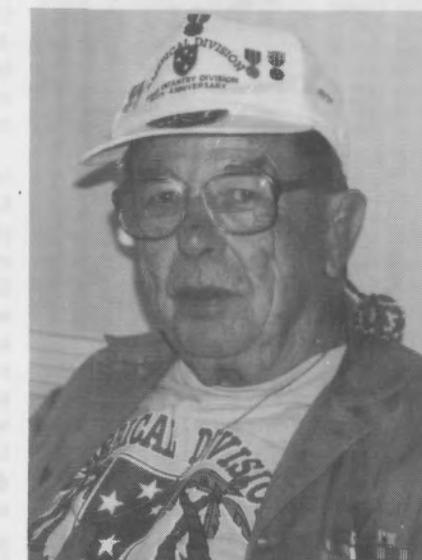


**Jim Buckle - Company E  
182<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment**

The 182<sup>nd</sup> Regiment came out of the Yankee Division. When the National Guard was federalized at the outbreak of World War II they streamlined the divisions to three regiments per division. The 182<sup>nd</sup> came out of the Yankee Division; the 132<sup>nd</sup> came out of the 33<sup>rd</sup> Division and the 164<sup>th</sup> out of the 34<sup>th</sup> Division (North Dakota National Guard). When we were in New Caledonia, General Patch had a contest to name the division because he didn't like the names being suggested from Washington. It was PFC David Fonesca of Roxbury Massachusetts, who was in the 26<sup>th</sup> Signal Company who suggested "Americal" - "American Troops in New Caledonia".

The most memorable time for me was Hill 260 on Bougainville where my company was heavily engaged. We lost 17 men killed and 86 men wounded in a period of 36 hours. I remained with the division until October 1944 when I was selected on rotation and returned home.

**Gerhart Mehner:** I was from San Diego, California. I was going to college as an 18-19 year old but in May 1943 the Draft Board caught me and they sent me to Ft. MacArthur (San Pedro) for induction. They asked us who had driver's licenses. I volunteered my name so I ended up being sent to Ft. Warren in Wyoming, which had a truck driving school and Quartermaster school. I did my basic training there as well and in September they put us on a train to California where I shipped out to New Caledonia, arriving in October. We went through the replacement depot. We didn't know what unit we were going to, they just told us to get on the next ship going to Fiji. At Fiji I was assigned to the 125<sup>th</sup> Quartermaster Company, Americal Division.



**Gerhart Mehner  
125<sup>th</sup> Quartermaster Company**

**William Tomlinson:** I entered the service from Shreveport, Louisiana. I became a cadet at the US Military Academy on 1 July 1939 and was commissioned 1 June 1943 and later joined the 137<sup>th</sup> AAA (anti-aircraft artillery) gun battalion at Camp Edwards. We began to have air superiority in Europe so they didn't ship us there but to the Far East. I arrived in Leyte in January 1945 and after my transfer orders to the Field Artillery came through I joined the Americal Division artillery, specifically the 246<sup>th</sup> field artillery battalion, in Leyte as they were loading up to go on the Cebu operation. And my particular battery was an assault battery (B Battery) and we continued in combat for the next 3 1/4 months against the Japanese until VJ Day. I went to Japan with the division for the occupation until I transferred to the Eighth Army. I continued for a career in the Army, retiring in January 1973.



**Jay Roth:** I was from Los Angeles, California and was drafted just when I turned 18. I went to Ft. Leonard Wood Missouri for basic training then several of us were taken from the 75<sup>th</sup> Division, which I was in, and sent to the Pacific, where I landed in New Caledonia. From there I was assigned to the Americal. I ended up in the 164<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment where I served in Service Company for a year or so, then was transferred to G Company, which was a line company.



**Jay Roth – Company G  
164<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment**

Task Force 6814, because of the urgent need to assemble a military presence in New Caledonia, was referred to as an “odd conglomeration of spare parts, a wartime military stew of men and equipment”. What was it like in those early days of coming together?

**Pola:** We were green! We landed on Guadalcanal and assembled for our first meal. The cooks, who had been on the Carolina maneuvers, knew how to operate the stoves. But unfortunately they didn't know how to operate them so they wouldn't put out too much smoke. The Japanese had a gun on one of the hills and when our cooks lit the stoves to prepare our meals they zeroed in on us. One shell hit in our vicinity and we scattered. From then on we never bunched up for anything.

**Warkow:** It didn't take long to know the new guys from the combat veterans. When I got to New Caledonia the gentleman in charge decided to have a parade. We were all rookies except for the wounded coming out of the hospital to go back to their units. There were thousands of us lined up on the red-clay parade field and I started marching smartly. I turned and saw the combat veterans walking out of step, slouching down. I guess it was their way

of showing contempt for this General. He decided to call off the parade.

**Mullin:** I was a Johnny-come-lately to the whole thing because I was a lot younger. When I joined the Americal we always thought we got the benefits from the original soldiers because they learned their lessons the hard way and were able to tell us what to do and what not to do. We were fortunate.

**Hanusek:** When we left the Brooklyn Navy Yard as the Task Force we came down Cape Hatteras, which was known as the graveyard of ships and that was the most horrible trip I've ever experienced in my life. We were in the Santa Elena, one of the banana boats from Central America that used to come up to New York. During peacetime it carried 200 passengers. Well, we had almost 3,000 on there. Every time that ship would go up and down in the waves you would think it was breaking in half. Everyone was sick. The guy on the top bunk was the safest, because he could vomit down on everyone.

Once we got through the Panama Canal and into the Pacific it was great. We landed in Melbourne Australia and they wanted us to pitch pup tents in Princess Park. We just laid on the ground. Some of us took a train to Ballarat and when we arrived the families were waiting to take us to their homes. One or two soldiers per household, depending how much room they had. The lady told me, “your going to stay here a fortnight William”. I thought she was saying four nights! We stayed 10 days and had it pretty good. When they would schedule drill and ceremonies most people didn't show up.

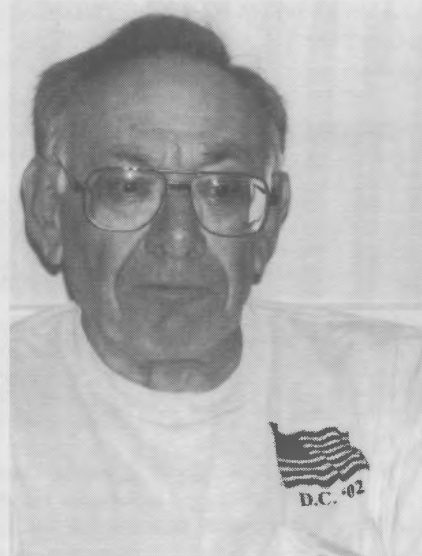


**William Hanusek  
121<sup>st</sup> Medical Battalion**

**Buckle:** I'd like to make a comment about those early months. The 164<sup>th</sup> Regiment (from the North Dakota National Guard) was the first Army unit to go into offensive action against

the axis powers in World War II. The 164<sup>th</sup> went to support the 1<sup>st</sup> Marine Division (October 1942) on Guadalcanal because the Marines were in bad shape.

**Warkow:** Speaking about the 164<sup>th</sup> ... they were the only Army unit authorized by the Department of the Navy to wear the Guadalcanal patch – the Marine patch – on their sleeve.



**Jack Warkow – B Battery  
221<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion**

**Roth:** When I linked up with the Americal Division it was difficult to appreciate the entire division because I had never been with it as a whole. We knew basically our own company and it was hard to tell what was going on outside our “company world”.

**How was your training and equipment you had to use? Were they adequate?**

**Pola:** I don't think the training was adequate. I was with the Americal since it's inception on New Caledonia. We had no jungle training in the states. We had maneuvers but nothing in the way of moving through the swamps, high grass, vines, things of that sort; close combat – where the enemy was 10 yards in front of you. At that time the Army was not prepared for jungle warfare. I remember one personal incident ... our battalion commander, Lt. Col. William Wright (3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion/ 132<sup>nd</sup> Regiment) had a wounded man a few feet in front of him. He didn't want to ask for volunteers to get the man so he went out himself. He made the mistake of thinking the machine gun that wounded his man was close enough so that he could toss a grenade to knock it out. He got on his knees to throw the grenade and was wiped out by the gun.

**Buckle:** As far as equipment goes, I feel the infantry was pretty well equipped. When we were first inducted into federal service in 1941

we all trained with the old Springfield bolt-action rifle. But just before maneuvers in the Carolinas in late 1941 we were issued the new M-1's. And I think that weapon was the life-saver of the infantry in World War II. Plus we had our mortars and machine guns. We did lack ammunition in New Caledonia and we didn't have that much to practice with. But when the time came we were ready.

**Woerner:** When we got to Bougainville they issued us the short .30 caliber carbines. For jungle warfare they were excellent.



**Perry Woerner  
Special Services**

**Warkow:** Artillery-wise we started with the old WWI Schneider 155mm howitzers and they were good guns. In 1944 we got the new gas-recoiled howitzers – but the Schneider was a good gun.

**Mehner:** The other thing they brought into Bougainville was the 90mm anti-aircraft artillery (AAA) piece. It was anti-aircraft but they could use it to shoot into the caves up on Hill 260.

**Hanusek:** You know ... talking about Bougainville, no one has mentioned the “million dollar” tree on Hill 260. I used to go to High Schools and talk about WWII and I took pictures of that tree that was bombed because it was a reference point on the hill. The kids couldn't believe all the money and lives expended on one tree.

**Roth:** I thought our basic training, from hind-site, was very good. I was able to cope with the challenges and knew of few guys who could not. The M-1 was a fantastic weapon. On occasion I'd fire 80-150 rounds at a time

and it never jammed. Grenades were reliable. I wasn't fond of the bazooka because you couldn't hit the side of a barn with it.

As far as clothes, we started out with fatigues that had regular trouser pockets and then they started replacing them with these drop-down pockets ... big, square pockets. I preferred the original fatigues because the new ones were baggy, and because you had the extra pocket space you stuffed them, and they kind of bogged you down.

**Pola:** I'd like to tell you about the inexperience the Army had in combat-loading the ships when making an assault landing. The first day we hit Guadalcanal, being combat engineers we were told to build a road. Well, there were a lot of small trees around and we had absolutely nothing to cut the trees down, no axes, anything. So someone went down to the quartermaster and found 5-6 cavalry swords, which were issued to us. The only thing we could do was to put a rope on these small trees, pull them over and whack at them with our cavalry swords. I kept that sword right through the campaign. There must have been a West Point officer who came along one day, because I carried it on my right hip (being left-handed) and he was going to correct me that the sword was normally worn on the left hip, and I said, “Sir, I'm not on dress parade. I use this to chop down trees and vines!” Unfortunately I got into a crap game on the ship coming home and sold it for five bucks. I promptly lost the five bucks so I was without the sword or the money.



**A. Phil D'Entremont - Headquarters  
182<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment**

**D'Entremont:** Something that stands out in my mind: On New Caledonia we were training the natives and the people there ate a lot of beetle-nuts and their teeth were all red. So when we got to Guadalcanal they were the same way but you know, these natives didn't

bring back Jap bodies, they brought the heads back.

**That brings us to the next question. How would you characterize your enemy – the Japanese? What thoughts stand out in your mind?**

**Henley:** I think they were a dedicated, fanatical enemy. They weren't good in a bayonet fight – they would charge wildly; but they were dedicated and didn't mind giving their lives.



**Jack Henley – Company A  
132<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment**

**Warkow:** I don't think they were good shots and they weren't too smart. I was once up with an infantry battalion on Cebu and every morning they would greet us with their Nambu machine gun. We were separated by about 900 yards. We were on one ridge and they were on an opposite ridge, no trees or anything between us. They could see us and we could see them. Well, with the slow speed of the bullet over the distance it had to cover, the sound reached us before the bullets did. So when we heard the sound of the machine gun opening up, everyone dropped. The bullets would go over us.

We had a sniper with a .03 Springfield rifle and a scope. And he sat down on the ridge, took aim at this Jap just walking around the opposite ridge and at 900 yards shot him. This guy didn't move, even though he could hear the sound of the bullet being fired. Then two other Japs walked over to him to drag him back over the ridge and we had the mortars tubed in to that ridge. As they were dragging him back our mortars landed on their position and they didn't even try to duck.

**Mehner:** On Cebu we were told to haul down some Japs as prisoners, off the ridges. We had to have special guards on the backs of



the trucks to protect them from the Philipinos who were ready to drag them off of the trucks. I was on guard duty one night in Leyte and all of a sudden something came through the jungle to our outpost. It was a Jap officer. He said he wanted to see our commanding officer. We took him to the officer of the outpost and he surrendered. We didn't have many problems with them surrendering by that point.

**Mullen:** The most contact I had with the Japanese was during occupation duty in Japan. Many times we were with them, such as guarding an arsenal and we would disarm them. They would have a little fire in this room and we would sit by it close together. It did seem a little funny at first to be sitting with these guys and swapping notes and they would have Japanese and English dictionaries and this is how we would communicate for things such as shoes and socks. But they believed they were better than us with a bayonet ... they thought they were the superior race. But this bunch I was with had been in China and were all wounded, so they were doing limited service on guard duty. But we found them to be very friendly and you could joke with them. They had some very powerful liquor and, after a couple of days they brought out this stuff and the Jap sergeant in charge mixed it with water for us. But believe me, we had quite a time!



**Joe Mullen – Company A  
182<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment**

**Warkow:** You mentioned China ... I don't know if you know it, but on Bougainville the Jap division we faced was the 6<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division which was infamous for the Rape of Nanking in China.

**Buckle:** I'd like to add something about Jap prisoners and the American Soldier. In the final days of Guadalcanal the Japanese were gone with supplies and food and they were mostly in a starving condition. My company

was moving through a coconut grove and we were being fired upon. I came around a coconut tree and there's this Jap just lying there on the ground and he's just looking up at me and grinning. He had no weapon so we took him. You know what the American soldier did? We gave him a candy bar and a cigarette. He was taken prisoner but then we looked around a bit and found that he had been shooting at us until we got there, then he threw his rifle away.

**Roth:** My "direct" contact with the Japanese was on the island of Negros but never face-to-face ... maybe 20 yards away. It was hard to judge how proficient they were but they certainly didn't run. Taking prisoners in the jungle was rare. We took hundreds of them in Cebu but in actual combat it was rare.



**Frank McQuaid – Company F  
182<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment**

**McQuaid:** I'd like to say something about our enemy. We were in the hills of Leyte crossing through this grass about seven feet high and we stayed out there a couple weeks. The Japs used the same trails we did. At night we'd pull the pins of our grenades part of the way out and attached a trip wire. It would be interesting. Sometimes we'd return in the morning and the grenades would be gone. But one night we heard a grenade pop and a lot of screaming and moaning. Then a second grenade went off and more screaming and moaning. They certainly didn't sound like the supermen they thought they were.

There were two of them and they were moaning and talking to each other. Then one voice went silent and about an hour later the other voice stopped. We went out the next morning and found both of them dead.

**Looking back, what do you view as your greatest successes as a division or as individuals?**

**Warkow:** My personal success was coming back alive and unwounded. I was sick but I was home. As far as the division, I was very proud to have served with the Americal and I think we did one hell of a job over there.

**Mehner:** The one thing was about the men ... I was a replacement in Bougainville and one night I got sick so I went to the medic and he took me to the aid station. The rest of the men were searching for me because I had disappeared. The medic forgot to tell the company clerk I was at the aid station and they were searching the jungles around our encampment. I'll always remember that. We looked out for each other.

**Mullen:** My personal feeling about the war is that I gained much confidence in myself and believed in myself. But regarding the Division, I firmly believe that if our enemies, the Germans and the Japanese had been able to do what they wanted to do, we would have been back in the dark ages, because they wanted to destroy everything that was good and decent in the world. That was our greatest accomplishment ... we truly saved the world.



**Gil Abele – 101<sup>st</sup> Medical Regiment  
and 121<sup>st</sup> Medical Battalion**

**Pola:** I think one of the reasons we won the war was the ingenuity of the individual soldier when he didn't have direct orders to do certain things. He improvised; he was able to act on his own initiative and his own brains. And that happened many times.

**Roth:** Whatever had to be done we accomplished it. I did have some experiences with some officers who were not out in front with the men. The sergeants were excellent and we didn't have much turnover with the NCO's ... we had the advantage of their experience ... you couldn't beat it.

**Mehner:** There was good leadership on the beach. I had a truckload of chemical mortar rounds on my truck. I came in on the second wave and the beachmaster stopped me on the beach and said the place was mined. He stopped me just in time. The engineers pulled out a mine just ahead of the front wheels of my truck. The beach would have been gone and I wouldn't be here today with 2 ½ tons of mortar rounds on that truck!

**Tomlinson:** Before we leave this area of successes, looking back on the Cebu operation as a task for a division, I really have to commend those regiments that landed on the beach. This was an amphibious operation – the Americal attacked a hostile beach and pushed the enemy back into Cebu City and then up into the mountains and eventually completely subjugated the enemy on that island. That's a tremendous accomplishment for the Americal.



**William Tomlinson – B Battery  
246<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery Battalion**

**Looking back again, what do you view as your greatest hardships and challenges as a soldier and as a division?**

**Warkow:** On the Canal about 98% of the people got malaria or jungle rot. And I was one of the 2% that didn't get anything. I was lucky.

**Woerner:** Something I've carried with me up to this day is that I suffer a great deal with PTSD. I've been awarded a disability but my wife still awakens me many times at night when I go into a nightmare or flashback. And when I hear a fire siren at night I'm reminded of the air raids that they used to pull on us on Bougainville when the Jap bombers and fighters would come over us.



**Coming Home from War: November 1945 in Oakland on the way home from Japan via Seattle. Members of Company G, 164<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment. (Left to right) Orville Hackler – Platoon Sergeant; Tom Garcia – Squad Leader and Jay Roth – Infantryman. Photo courtesy of Jay Roth.**

**Pola:** One of my saddest moments was when we lost an entire squad of soldiers on Guadalcanal riding on a truck loaded with landmines. A ball of fire came from nowhere and struck the truck and destroyed it, with everyone in it.

**Roth:** The hardships I remember was climbing those hills in that heat ... I had "leopard spots" ... where your skin turned blotchy for a couple months. I didn't get malaria because I took my pills but men all around me were getting it.

**Warkow:** A little levity to this subject of hardship: I was moving around as a forward observer with a Philippine Guerilla battalion and we were in the middle of nowhere and I started passing blood. I told the lieutenant – there were three of us in our FO team – and he asked, "do you want to be evacuated?" And I said, "how are you going to evacuate me. There are no roads, no vehicles, nothing". He said, "I don't know". So we contacted division artillery by radio and they said, "we can fly you out". They had spotter planes and we carried ID panels so we could spread them on the ground so the planes knew where we were. So they said, "set up your A-frame" (we had an A-frame, which would hang a message bag – like a lister bag – if our radios were too far away to communicate. The spotter plane would fly over with a reverse hook and snag

the bag). They told the lieutenant to put me in the bag and the plane would "lift me" and take me away. I looked at the LT and said, "are you kidding?" "That's what they said", he replied. I told him, "I'll stay!"

**Thank you gentlemen for your time and your reflections. And most of all thank you for your service to your country! I salute you.**

#### AMERICAL WORLD WAR II VETS:

Do you have a story to tell? Please submit it to Jim Buckle, Senior Editor or myself, Dave Taylor, the newly appointed World War II Historian.

I am interested in your stories and historical documents most particularly photos. Duplicates will be made within one day of receiving them and your original copy will be returned to you. Full photo credit will be given to you if & when the photo is used. I am now retired (at 56) so contact me any time:

David W. Taylor

Medina, Ohio 44256

(Home Office) [redacted]

(Home) [redacted]

(e-mail) [redacted]



Hill 260

In a recent publication of the Americal Newsletter I noticed an article requesting true stories of action. The following is a true accounting that might just shock the men that fought on Hill 260, and some of those whose lives might have been saved, except for the greed of glory among individuals commanders of high rank.

Before the Japanese hit Hill 260 and the 182nd Infantry 'Million Dollar Tree', I was hoisted up to that outpost, about eighty (80) feet above the ground. The Staff and Company C.O.'s of the 2nd Battalion of the 164th Infantry, were making a tour of the 182nd Infantry front lines at that time. While up in 'The Tree' I could see nothing but tree tops and jungle, and deemed the trip up 'The Tree' and outpost dramatic, but useless.

A few days before Japs began their anticipated attack on approximately 9 March 44, the 2nd Bn, 164th Infantry was moved to a secondary line behind the 1st Bn of the 164. (This was on a ridge overlooking the 1st Bn.)

After the initial anticipated artillery fire by the Japs from the far bank of the Torokina River, and from the Hills 500 and 1111, (We had a grandstand seat and could see the flashes of each gun) the 182nd Infantry battle for Hill 260 began. I took Co. E, 164 out through B Co. 164th line on a limited patrol, ordered to go up the Torokina to the forks, (alongside Hill 500) then patrol downriver to the junction of the 164 and 182 patrol sector.

Arriving at the 182 sector in the early afternoon we met a 182 patrol of about 20 men. To my surprise they were wearing steel helmets. What can you hear in the jungle while wearing a piss-pot? I advised the Lt. of this fact and his patrol returned to the lines after reaching the river.

My lead platoon, led by Lt. Pfeiffer, (sp?) was well into the 182 patrol area for we had no definite lines of demarcation. He returned to tell me that back of Hill 260 a stream of Japs were crossing back and forth across the nearly dry river bed. You can guess the rest.

We proceeded downstream to within easy rifle shot and killed seven Japs caught in the open. In effort to get documents, Pfeiffer, Disrud and Catalfamo were wounded and because of overhanging trees we could not use our 60mm mortars.

I called on the radio for 245 F.A. fire, not knowing at that time they could fire only into the 164th sector. After a long agonizing wait, some big shot answered from the other end and ordered me out of the 182 sector. Here we had the opportunity to possibly stop the fighting on Hill 260 but were stymied by bureaucracy. The impression I got was that the 182 would do all the fighting in the 182 sector and didn't need any help. I got the impression that this was the private war of the 182!

Upon our patrol's return to the line, Col. Dunn, (I believe he was the 182nd Infantry C.O.), met me at the B Co. 164 lines. He was sick at heart as I, when I explained the facts. (He had been my C.O. in Fiji, 2nd Bn 164 Infantry, and we had a good rapport). He asked me to present the facts to a one star general, William A. McCulloch, an over age, pompous man, who was evidently running the 182 Infantry, over-riding Col. Dunn (see Ed Note), He had a private tent complete with mappage, in the rear of the 182. This man dressed me down and tried to make me out an idiot. He said in no

uncertain terms that I had no business in the 182 patrol area and pooh-poohed all ideas I had about crossing the Torokina and cutting off the Jap supply line. After all, he informed me, I was only a 23 year old captain and he was a graduate of West Point!

The next morning I was ordered to meet with several silver and birds and a few men carrying stars. I blew my cool! I was sick of red tape and incompetence and told them to get off their asses and get out where the bullets were flying. I added some pertinent remarks about graduates of that great school along the Hudson and of alcoholism and cover-ups. When I left that meeting I knew I would be up for a courts martial, but I didn't give a damn. But it never happened! Perhaps my honest anger shamed them. Instead a wonderful thing happened. Young, Lt. Col. Taylor, from the 245th Field Artillery came up and put his hand on my shoulder. He said, "Charley, not all West Pointers are pr---! the next time you want artillery fire, you call me! I'll see you get it!"

From then on, whenever on patrol, I asked for and got a Forward Observer from the 245 F.A.. I fondly remember two: Lt. Kerlanski, Captain Fall and there were many others whose names have slipped by me in the fifty odd years. In the Philippines above Ormac and above Capucin, the 245th saved the day for us more than once. Even some of their F.O.'s were wounded while with my Company.

If anyone doubts the authenticity of this missive, I can provide proof for many of the Company E, 164 men are still alive.

Why the patrol of the 182 that we met by the river, didn't pursue down river in their sector is something I can't explain, but I can make a damn good guess!

Perhaps it is not good to put anything derogatory in the Newsletter, but the facts in this case have bothered me these many years. It's only fair that the men who fought on Hill 260 should KNOW THE TRUTH AND NOT THE COVER UP!

Capt. Charles Walker  
Former C.O.  
E Company, 164th Infantry

Ed Note: I do not understand about the helmets being worn by men on patrol. They were never worn by men of the 2nd Battalion while on patrol.

Col. Long was the C.O of the 182nd in March of 1944 and apparently during the battle for Hill 260 Asst. Div. Com. Gen. William McCulloch took over. (In the 'Order of Battle' Col. Long took over the 182 on 23 May 43 and was relieved 21 Mar 44, Col. Dunn took over 22 Mar 44.

When the battle of Hill 260 started, the 2nd Bn. was in reserve. A reinforced platoon from G Company garrisoned the Hill. When the Japs attacked the Hill and overran G Co. positions, E Co. was ordered to counter attack. One of the first men wounded was E Company's C.O.. The Bn C.O. Lt. Lowry took command of E Co. His every request for the remainder of G Company was denied.

At dawn the next day the Japs continued their attack and it could not be contained by the remaining men of E and G Company. Whoever was in charge, and I believe it was Gen. McCulloch finally released the remainder of G Company but it was too late. It would be ten more days and many more casualties before the Hill was secured.

## Rev. James E. Dunford

By Mike Dunford  
May 2002

The proud history of the Americal Division began sixty years ago this month, just six months following the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor.

National Guardsmen from Illinois, Massachusetts and North Dakota, were brought together to form the United States Army's Americal Division on May 2, 1942. The name was derived from the words America and New Caledonia, the place where the unit was first formed in the South Pacific. Designated the 132<sup>nd</sup>, 164<sup>th</sup>, and the 182<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiments, they and associated units were led by Brigadier General Alexander M. Patch, and assigned to the Army's Pacific theater.

The men of the Americal Division, like so many other units during World War II, came from all walks of life. Serving in National Guard units, they hailed from large cities and small rural towns, coming together to form a formidable fighting force. Elements of this division were the first U.S. combat troops to engage the enemy in any theater in World War II.

Many of those who served did not come back to the country they loved paying the ultimate sacrifice for freedom, democracy and a way of life they cherished. Many came back as heroes, quiet and humble about their exploits and happy to resume their lives as productive citizens of a grateful nation. Much has been written in recent years - Tom Brokaw's book and the works of Stephen Ambrose. Even Hollywood has showcased these men and their brave accomplishments in recent blockbuster movies about heroism in time of war. Exposed to the stories of average men meeting insurmountable challenges, hearing of their sacrifice and dedication during times of extreme hardship and separation from family and friends, I have come to realize, like so many other proud Americans that this truly was "The Greatest Generation". I have also realized in recent years that they have touched many of us in ways we may never fully appreciate.

My story is about James Edward Dunford, a member of this generation of American heroes who returned from war and continued to serve others, as a priest, a chaplain, a mentor and a friend. Father Jim was my father's uncle and the fifth son of Thomas F. Dunford Sr. and Mary E. (Manning) Dunford of South Boston, Massachusetts. His father Thomas had emigrated from County Waterford in Ireland in 1888 at the age of 20. In 1897 Thomas became a US citizen, swearing faith and allegiance to a new country full of hope, promise and opportunity.

Father Jim was born October 16, 1904. In 1911, his mother, Mary, died leaving his father Thomas to raise six sons, ranging in age from 15 to 2 years, and a young infant sister who would die later that same year. Thomas worked as a teamster in the paper industry, and imparted on his boys the values of hard work and dedication to his adopted country. Two of James' brothers would serve during World War II - Thomas with the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne in Europe and John with the Coastal Artillery in Boston Harbor.



Reverend James E. Dunford  
(Photo courtesy of Mike Dunford)

A member of Saint Vincent's parish in South Boston, James graduated from Boston College, and began his vocation as a Catholic priest. He studied for the priesthood at St John's Seminary in Brighton and was ordained at Holy Cross Cathedral on June 5, 1931, by the late Cardinal O'Connell. After becoming a priest, he was assigned briefly as an assistant priest in Sacred Heart parish, Watertown. In the fall of 1931 he was assigned to St. Bridget's, Framingham, where he served as curate for 10 years under the renown military pastor, the Reverend Michael J. O'Connor. Reverend O'Connor had served as the chaplain of the 101<sup>st</sup> Infantry, Yankee Division, in World War I. Reverend O'Connor had remained in the National Guard on his return from France, and retired as a general.

Reverend O'Connor undoubtedly had a strong influence on this young priest from South Boston to serve his country as a military chaplain. I believe it is also safe to say that his decision to serve was also influenced by his father's work ethic and love of America, and by his older brothers' military service during World War I.

During his assignment to St. Bridget's, Father Jim joined the Massachusetts National Guard as a chaplain, and served as the Massachusetts State Police Chaplain.

On January 16, 1941 Father Jim entered active military service as a member of the 26<sup>th</sup> Yankee Division of the Massachusetts

National Guard. In May 1942 his unit became one of many brought together to form the Americal Division.

During the Guadalcanal Campaign, the Americal Division, with Father Jim assigned as a Division Chaplain, fought in numerous battles to include: the Second Battle of Henderson Field (23-25 October 1942); the Battle of Koli Point (5-11 November 1942); the Battle of Kokumbona & Poha River (18-23 November 1942); The Battle of Point Cruz & the Matanakau River (8-22 November 1942) and The Battle of Mt. Austen (12-17 December 1942). Battles fought in December 1942 through to February 1943 included Gifu Ridge, Bonegi River and the final offensive that ended on 9 February 1943.

For his bravery, while assigned to the Division on Guadalcanal, Father Jim was awarded the Bronze Star Medal. It was, according to articles written about him, also during this campaign that he was wounded in action. In May 1943, Father Jim was promoted to the rank of Lt. Colonel and later took part in the battle of Bougainville with the Division.

Following his active military service, including more than two years in the South Pacific, he returned to the United States and continued serving as a Chaplain in the Massachusetts National Guard's 26<sup>th</sup> Yankee Division, and the Massachusetts State Police.

He was named an assistant priest at St. Mark's in Dorchester on January 3, 1946, and served there until his appointment as pastor of St. Cecilia's in Ashland, Massachusetts in 1957.

While assigned to St. Cecilia's, Fr Jim also served as Chaplain to Cushing Hospital and the Framingham Juvenile Court. At the courthouse he would often work with youngsters before they were brought before the court. In one newspaper account of his service in this role he said, "no matter what people say, a court record can hurt a youngster later in life. I believe they should be given every chance for a new start. I only wish it were always possible". There is little doubt his work in this area made a significant difference in many lives.

Father Jim retired from the Army in 1962 as a Brigadier General.

He died on March 24, 1964 at the age of 59. A funeral Mass was said on Monday March 30, 1964 at St. Cecilia's in Ashland, Massachusetts. The Celebrant of the Mass was Rev Msgr. Joseph W. Sullivan, pastor of Holy Rosary Church in Winthrop, the Eulogist was Rev. Walter M. McDonough, Assistant Priest, St. Charles parish in Woburn. Auxiliary Bishop Eric McKenzie and Bishop Jeremiah F. Minihan presided. Assisting were Mr. Gerald Dunford of Graymoor, Washington D.C., a deacon and nephew of Father Jim. State, civic and military officials were among the 1,000



people who attended the Mass at St. Cecilia's.

Father Jim touched many lives during his years as a parish priest, while serving in the Massachusetts National Guard, the Massachusetts State Police and as a member of *The Americal Division* in the South Pacific. He was an honorable man of God who took time for family and friends throughout his life and impacted many in a positive way.

As I write this brief summary of the distinguished life of Father Jim, I realize that his influence has impacted another generation many years after his death. Although I was not quite four years old when he died, learning about him as a young boy, and appreciating all he accomplished in his relatively short life, has had an impact on me and others in my generation within the Dunford Family. My brothers and I realize, as my father and his family realized before us, that he was special and that we are fortunate that we do not have to look far for our heroes from "The Greatest Generation".

*This article was published in "The Pilot" (The Boston Archdiocese Newspaper) - February 6, 1943*

*This article was recovered in a scrapbook that was found in the attic of the Hennessy home in South Boston. After the Hennessy family had moved out, the book was given to Joseph Dunford, Fr. Jim's nephew. Several articles about Fr. Jim and other South Boston men were in the scrapbook. This article in particular describes the kind of priest Fr. Jim was and the conditions in which he found himself while serving with the Americal Division on Guadalcanal.*

### "The Father Duffy of Guadalcanal"

Barging in a jeep through hub-deep mud of Guadalcanal's roads one is apt to match his spirits with the rain-soaked ground below. Trucks laden with dangerous cargo of ammunition and bombs will slide and slither and hold up traffic along the road. Water-wagons dripping wet with loaded cans will add more to the muck below. An Army convoy jam-packed with shouting soldiers will wave and mock the M.P.'s trying to hurry the line and along. At the end of the caravan is a jolting, swaying jeep and among its passengers a chubby, round-faced, ever smiling officer; a Major's insignia adorns his overseas cap, and on the collar of his jumper shines a golden cross. It's Father "Jim". One needn't ask his name for as the caravan rolls along and car passes car you will hear a hearty shout of a driver as he leans out of his caboose and shouts "Hello Father Jim". A command car with smartly dressed young officers salute and call "Good morning, Father." Another truckload of mud-splattered

## AMERICAL PROFILE

soldiers slides by and the boys on seeing the jeep will shout, "Hey, Father Jim, what's the movie tonight?" "When's the sun going to dry up these roads?" "How's Stan?" (Stan is Father Jim's ever-faithful "boy" who was suddenly taken ill). With a wave and a responding shout the Padre behind the wheel will call "Hi, fellas, keep smiling," and off he'd be bringing some comfort and cheer to a bed-ridden soldier at one of his division outposts.

There's no greater tribute that can be paid to a man of God, a Chaplain, than such a scene related above. When rugged, war-weary soldiers, besmeared with the muck of a jungle island, ragged from days at the front, tired of body and mind, brighten at the sight of their Chaplain, that priest has gained the confidence and respect of his men. And God help the man who will say anything against him

**"...and then one day came the Army, and with the Army came Fr. James Dunford, wrapped in his sun-shiny disposition like a sun-kissed orange."**

It's the kind of respect that men had for the fighting Chaplain of the famous 69<sup>th</sup>, it's the kind of love that Father Duffy had for his men. And why Father James Dunford, Division Chaplain, holding the rank of Major is called the Father Duffy of Guadalcanal, and sometimes he is fondly termed the "little Major with a BIG heart." The man who is always doing something for somebody else. That's the way I like to think of him, that's the way we met.

As Chaplain to our Navy at Guadalcanal I have been nearly five months on this island. I have seen my fellow Chaplains leave one by one, and then one day came the Army... and with the Army... came Father James Dunford, wrapped in his sun-shiny disposition like a sun-kissed orange. His first question was, "Is there anything you need, Father?" knowing how low our supplies had been during those trying days of the past. I didn't have to ask where he came from for his Boston accent gave him away; it brought back memories of my days of preaching Miraculous Medal novenas in Boston and meeting with other grand characters, priests like Father Dunford.

When the Marines left and took their splendid Chaplains with them the Army came in. We here in Guadalcanal are grateful that the "little Major" was assigned Division Chaplain to the Army on this island.

Chaplains are called upon to help and advise men when they are worried about things back home. Chaplains are besieged with requests from relatives regarding the spiritual welfare of their sons. To the parents

of these boys and many of them from Boston and every state in the Union, I would comfort you with the thought that Father Jim is doing his share of being not only a true Chaplain but a FATHER to his boys. It is inspiring to see the boys gathered around Father Jim's tent and responding to the rosary which he says with them. It is lifting to hear Father Jim shout encouragement to his boys when an attack takes place. It is consoling to know that there's another father Duffy at Guadalcanal. So to Father "Jim" Dunford and other Boston priests who may come to this tropical war-stricken island in the southwest Pacific, a hearty welcome and may God spare you to continue the splendid work you are doing for your boys. To the mothers and fathers of our boys in the service, to you I would say... kneel down in prayer and thank God for Chaplains like Father "Jim".

(signed) Father Frederic P. Gehring,  
Chaplain, USNR

*This letter was written to Thomas F. Dunford Sr. while Fr. Jim was overseas on Guadalcanal with the Americal Division 1942-1943.*

Dear Mr Dunford:

This is only a note, but through it I want you to know that Father Dunford is with us and as always is doing a wonderful job of looking after his boys. No matter where you go, no matter whom one meets, it is always the same, "Have you met Father Dunford? He is a swell padre."

"That is about as fine a tribute as a priest can receive. And with it all he is a jolly, ever-smiling padre of Father Duffy's type. We need men like your son out in this war-stricken part of the world. And the boys are grateful that he is with them in their hour of need."

It takes heaps of courage to smile through what we have to go through in these parts and Father Dunford has plenty of that. I know that such news of your son makes you proud and happy. Keep praying for him for all the good that lies ahead.

(signed) Father Frederic P. Gehring,  
Chaplain, USNR

*Lieutenant Gehring was a Navy Chaplain in the Solomons area and a member of the Vincentian Order. Fr Gehring gave a novena at St. Polycarps Church in Somerville, a little more than a year before he wrote this letter.*

*Fr. Dunford's altar boy, referred to in the letter as "Stan", is Stanley Zawistowski of Webster, who was hospitalized. Major Dunford and the boy were at Camp Edwards together before going overseas and the Chaplain has termed him "the ideal assistant to a chaplain."*

THE SCREWY WAR ON BOUGAINVILLE  
By Sgt. Ralph L. Boyce  
YANK Staff correspondent

Bougainville, Northern Solomons--As far as the limelight is concerned, the war on Bougainville has ended. Strategically we have held the island since shortly after the Marines and Army invaded it in November 1943. Only once since that time has the spotlight refocused on the 3500 square miles of mountainous jungle--during the second battle of Bougainville--in March of this year. Since that time other breath-taking battles have about wiped the island from public attention.

But the war on Bougainville has not ended by a damn sight. It has not nearly ended for a bunch of infantrymen fighting and dying in a miserable kind of hand-to-hand trench warfare some fifteen miles beyond our own lines on native trails winding their way over mountain peaks. To men fighting on land that belongs to neither us or the Japs, and which neither side gives a hoot about owning, the war on Bougainville is plenty real.

To understand all this, however, you have to understand the screwy setup that makes war on this island entirely different from the war anywhere else in the world. You must know that of the entire island we actually hold only a few square miles. That the original perimeter that was established by the 37th and Americal Divisions within two months after landing at Empress Augusta Bay. At that time it was decided to dig in and hold this area as an air and naval base rather than pursue and destroy widely dispersed units of the Japanese Army. Prominent among these units was the blood red shoulder patch of the vaunted Sixth Division, infamous participants of the Rape of Nanking.

Against this perimeter the Japs launched their furious, suicide attack last March (1944). Today, fully six months later, visitors even tour this virtually unchanged line in perfect safety and see a battlefield exactly as it was during three weeks of fighting. Only the unexploded mine fields have been reclaimed by the jungle and within those green masses still lie the skeletons and equipment of the Japs that died there.

In a recon car you can drive up a smooth road winding road to the top of Hill 700. Here, though pyramidal tents cling crazily to the steep slopes on "our" side of the hill, the men who live in them still man the pillboxes where the main Jap attack was first launched. On March 8, 1944 the first day of fighting, the Japs effected a slight penetration of the 37th Division lines, but a counter attack two days later regained all but one of the original pillboxes.

For three full days following this the Japs launched a vicious offensive to take the hill so that artillery and mortars could blast our airfields. Cut to ribbons, day and night, mortars, point blank ack ack and small arms fire, the Japs were halted on the third day.

Today new wire defenses protect Hill 700, but you can still see the rusted and broken barbed wire where the defenders counted 1,173 Jap bodies.

Or you can drive out past our front line and right up to Hill 260 where the Americal Division went out and met the enemy before it even reached the perimeter. Climbing over abandoned pillboxes and along worn communication trenches, you can reach the charred and broken stump of the "most expensive tree in the world." Once a large and

flourishing banyan tree at the crest of the Hill, this tree and its surrounding ground was the scene of a pitched 19 day battle that eventually sent the punch-drunk remnants of the Jap force reeling back into the jungle, their hopes of cracking the Americal perimeter banished.

It was a bloody, costly battle, with the Infantry as usual footing the bill. One Company of a veteran infantry regiment--the country's oldest--returned from Hill 260 with 83 percent casualties. But when the battle was over many hundreds of Jap bodies--and parts of bodies--were packed in this little area.

Ed Note: E Company, 182nd Infantry Regiment is the unit mentioned above. E Company suffered seventeen (17) men killed and eighty six (86) wounded in a thirty six hour period. This March is the 59th anniversary of that battle.

I returned to Bougainville in 1984. The jungle had again reclaimed the island. A few of the dirt roads our forces had built remained. The airfields had been stripped of their mettle mats and only one remained as a grass strip suitable for small planes.

Since sometime in the late eighties the island has been in the state of a civil war and it continues to this day.

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F COMPANY - 164TH INFANTRY

Looking for Frank Julius Cappaccilli who served with F Company, 164th Infantry. He last worked for Railway Express in Chicago. contact:

Michael A. Beatini

Montvale, NJ 07645

Tel: [REDACTED]

E-mail: [REDACTED]

\*\*\*\*\*

COMPANY B - 182ND INFANTRY

Did you know this man?

I am looking for information on the operation that included the assault on Horseshoe Ridge on the island of Cebu. My grandfather, Thurman St. Gaddis was killed during this action on 4 April 1945.

I would like to talk to anyone that participated in, or knows anything about this action.

My research paper on the battle for Cebu is part of my study at the USAF Air Command and Staff College. Please contact:

Major Craig Gaddis

Maxwell AFB, AL 36113

E-mail: [REDACTED]

\*\*\*\*\*

C COMPANY - 132ND INFANTRY

Looking for anyone that served with C Company, 132nd Infantry on Bougainville, Leyte, and Cebu. Contact:

Walter R. Easlick

Camp Hill, AL 36850

Tel: [REDACTED]

E-mail: [REDACTED]





AMERICAL DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION  
ANNUAL REUNION REGISTRATION  
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS  
26 - 29 JUNE, 2003  
BACK TO THE NATURAL STATE

PLEASE PRINT:

REGISTRATION: \$20 PER PERSON X # OF PEOPLE ( ) \$

Registration is due in by 1 June 2003 so that the reunion Book will list all attendees. Registrants mailing their forms to Arrive by 1 June will receive a personalized Americal name badge With their convention kit.

TOUR AND LUNCH: \$15 PER PERSON X # OF PEOPLE ( ) \$

The tour on Friday 27 June will depart the hotel and travel by bus to Little Rock Air Force Base where Americal vets will receive a Tour of the facility and a C-130 aircraft along with lunch.

FISH FRY: \$25 PER PERSON X # OF PEOPLE ( ) \$

The Friday 27 June night fish fry includes all the fish you can eat and a Great jazz band for your enjoyment. It will be held downtown On the Arkansas River.

BANQUET: \$25 PER PERSON X # OF PEOPLE ( ) \$

The banquet will be held on Saturday 28 June night and will include an Excellent buffet meal and cash bar.

TOTAL REGISTRATION \$

NAME(S) OF REGISTRANTS: (LAST) (FIRST)

NICKNAME

ADDRESS

CITY, STATE, ZIP

AMERICAL UNIT DATES SERVED

GUEST NAME (\$)

Registrations are due by 1 June 2003. Those registering at the door or after 1 June will not be charged extra but they will not receive a memento of the reunion or a reunion book. Please call the hotel directly for your reservations.

Mail your registration and check to:  
Roger Gilmore

Rowlett, TX 75089

For Hotel Reservations Contact:  
Doubletree Hotel

Little Rock, AR 72201

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE  
AMERICAL DIVISION  
VETERANS  
ASSOCIATION

Bill Bacon, Junior Vice Commander

Recently, I traveled to Little Rock to meet with Nick Bacon, MOH. Cameron Baird and Roger Gilmore met me there and we viewed the Doubletree Hotel and the downtown Little Rock area. I can truthfully say that we have a winning opportunity here.

The hotel is excellent. It is right on the Arkansas River and very pleasant. The rooms are spacious and reasonable. On the ground floor there is a good restaurant and a lounge with reasonable prices. We will practically own the second floor where we will have our registration. On the same floor will be Association and chapter booths as well as service and another vendor. These lead into hospitality. A separate room on the second floor will house our vendors. And at the other end, but very close is the banquet room that can hold up to 700 people. So no one should be left out.

Nick has lined up some very interesting activities. The schedule looks like this:

26 June 2003 Thursday. Registration opens at noon. The reunion will officially begin at 1700 Hours with the posting of our colors and a few short words from National Commander Rich Scales. Hospitality will be open all day as will the vendors. No other formal activities are planned.

27 June 2003 Friday. Registration will reopen at 0800 and run to noon. We will have our EC meeting in the morning. This will be followed by a trip to Little Rock AFB where we will tour C-130s and other aircraft and have lunch. In the evening we will host a fish fry with live entertainment by Tommy Henderson, an Arkansas native, and renowned jazz musician. The event will be in a pavilion within walking distance of the hotel.

28 June 2003 Saturday. We start with our general membership meeting. Immediately afterwards, chapters can break out for their own meetings. In the afternoon there will be speakers and seminars in a special room for

those who want to attend. And then we will finalize with our banquet. Nick is trying to get a well known country singer to provide us with entertainment after the banquet.

29 June Sunday. National Chaplain Perry Woerner will lead us in a fare well prayer service as we head home, not with good bye, but with 'til we meet again.

In addition to the amenities offered by the hotel, we will be center stage in a successful center-city revitalization program. You will be able to tour the Old State House Museum and the Douglas MacArthur Museum. There are shops, clubs and restaurants to your heart's content and all within a short walk of the hotel. You will not want for activities during your stay here.

I know that Reunion 2003 follows closely a very successful reunion hosted by Terry Babler and the 1/1<sup>st</sup> Cav, but we need you to come out for Little Rock as well. This is an excellent opportunity to bring your units back together after all these years and to make new friends with whom you have so much in common.

Nick has done an excellent job organizing Reunion 2003, and the staff at the hotel are truly excited to have us there. So why not come out and enjoy?

Not many years ago, I wrote a letter to my former brother in law. He and my sister had divorced many years ago, and I had lost contact with him. Joe retired from the USAF and had flown recon RF-4s over the North. He had ALS or Lou Gherig's disease and the prognosis was not good. Joe responded with a long letter that I still have. Two weeks after writing the letter, Joe died. I am so thankful I took time to write him. We were great friends, and I miss him. But at least I have the satisfaction of knowing I didn't wait too long. I will never say, "I wish I had \_\_\_\_." So now, when I get a lead on one of my former unit, I call them right away and try and arrange to meet them somewhere, sometime.

The ADVA reunion is the place to meet.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

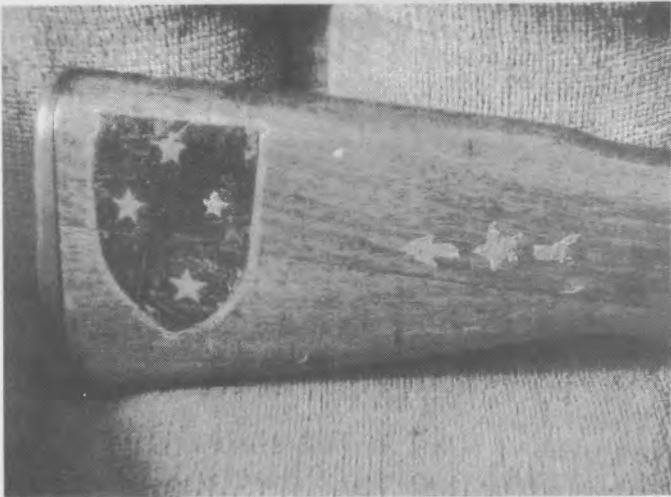
Bill



DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS INSIGNIA?

I found the Americal Division Veterans Association on the internet and thought I would write and see if someone in the organization would recognize the insignia, and its meaning, from the enclosed picture.

I found this old WW II Japanese rifle at a local sale. There was no history that came with it. On the butt of the rifle in very old paint, as you can see from the picture, is the Americal Division Patch and also a second set of insignia with which I am unfamiliar. Some of my fellow historians believe it may be an obscure unit insignia for one of the Americal units. It is a white arrow with a star in the middle of the shaft.



I have assembled a nice collection of WW II memorabilia and would appreciate whatever help anyone may be able to provide in solving this 'mystery' for me.

Sincerely,  
Kim Fields  
Tidd City, OH 45371

JIMMY THE GREEK

When the name "Jimmy the Greek" is mentioned, many people remember a colorful sport and betting figure from several years ago. The Jimmy that I would like to tell you about, was a beloved 'MESS COOK' that our unit was fortunate to have during WWII in the Pacific. His name, Sergeant James Maroutos.

Jimmy joined our gun battery shortly after we made our landing on Bougainville in the Solomons, in December of 1943. Jimmy came in to replace several of our old cooks who had been at Pearl Harbor, and had enough points to be rotated back to the States. He could not have come at a worse time. We had been under almost nightly air attack from Japanese planes based at Rabual. Jimmy's welcome to war was a lot of our own shrapnel falling on his mess tent and quarters, after we had fired on Japanese bombers overhead.

Jimmy did not have the appearance of what a typical mess cook should look like. He wasn't bald, short or round. He was young, tall, with an athletic build, and sported a handle bar mustache. "ZORBA THE GREEK PERSONIFIED"! Jimmy had a

wonderful sense of humor and a ready smile and a greeting for everyone. His expertise at his profession was soon evident. Even under hazardous conditions, primitive equipment and unappetizing condiments, he was able to come up with a combinations of ingredients that were actually edible! How he was able to accomplish this, with a supply tent that boasted such gems as, canned Spam, bully beef and corned beef. Other goodies consisted of dehydrated eggs and potatoes and powered lemonade. Jimmy could rustle up some good loaves of bread and decent coffee. During air raids Jimmy and his crew could be counted on to help any gun position needing assistance.

When our former unit began having annual reunions eighteen years ago, Jimmy was one of the first to appear, to greet and welcome us. Jimmy passed away in 1995 and I wrote the following poem as a tribute to a wonderful friend and buddy.

"WHY WE NEEDED JIMMY"

On Bougainville Isle  
In the year of forty-four,  
The chow we were served,  
Was sometimes very poor.  
And then we got Jimmy,  
A gem of a cook,  
His talent was so special,  
We were no longer served "gook"

The bombers, they kept us up,  
Sometimes all through the night,  
But Jimmy's smiling face in the morning,  
Was a very welcome sight.  
His pancakes were tasty.  
But most of all "light",  
His stew was so "hearty",  
A gun crew's delight'

On the isle of Cebu,  
We made many moves,  
But Jimmy's meals,  
They only improved.  
One morning we woke,  
To a pleasant surprise,  
Jimmy cooking us fresh fried eggs,  
What a treat for us guys!

Along came reunions,  
And Jimmy was there,  
His greeting and smile.  
So willing to share.  
Now Jimmy has passed,  
To the big range in the sky,  
He still has that smile on his face,  
Jimmy now cooks for the "Big Guy".

Leornad 'Zack' Owczarzak  
Btry D - 746 AAA Gun Bn.

ATTENTION NEW JERSEY MEMBERS

If you live in the vicinity of Camden, New Jersey, the Battleship New Jersey Museum is looking for volunteers to serve as tour guides. The guides are needed on weekends, weekdays, and evening events. Training is provided.

Contact: Dan Farrell  
at  
Call toll free

ARE YOUR DUES PAID?  
Check that address label NOW!

BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM C. DUNCKEL

In the Oct-Nov-Dec 2002 Newsletter, Max Hartswick, pays tribute, as an Infantryman to the Field Artillery. In his letter he tells of meeting a Brigadier General of artillery and wished that he could "hear from anyone that could shed some light on this man".

This man was Brig. Gen. William C. Dunckel who commanded the artillery of the Americal Division and if I remember correctly he served from sometime in 1944 (Bougainville) thru the Cebu campaign (1945) as artillery commander.

Anyway, to shed some light on the General, I relate this short story for Max Hartswick and the rest of the Old Guard.

Late in the Cebu campaign, perhaps in July or August of 1945, General Dunckel called for a full pack field inspection of the artillery battalions, or at least the 221st. The Battalion was standing on a sloping hill, arrayed by its four batteries. In front of each soldier, displayed neatly on a blanket, was his personal Army kit. (If you remember your induction, we were issued so many shirts, pants, socks, underwear and a toilet article kit).

As I stood at attention behind my display, the General began his inspection, followed by his aides. the Battalion Commander, the Battery Commander and who knows who else!

The group inspected each man and finally it was my turn. The General looked at my arrayed kit and then he looked at me and said, "Where are your five razor blades, soldier?" My response one could fairly say would be the equivalent to the ambiguous "DUH". I was dumbfounded by the General's demand--I couldn't tell him that I had used those blades two and one half years ago! I couldn't respond, my mouth was open but no words came out. What would you say?

I met the General again, three days after the landing on Cebu and had a man to man "conversation" with him. That incident I will not relate at this time.

As I remember General Dunckel, he was a competent commander of artillery and basically a kind and gentle man.

Jack Warkow  
B Btry-221st F.A.

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YOU WANNA GO ONA K.P.  
by Don Pantaleo

Before the 101st Medical Regiment left for training at Camp Edwards MA, Our Adjutant, Capt. Ralston, said that the Band would not do K.P.. Upon arrival at the Camp the disillusion came with a call for a K.P. from the Band. The next morning a K.P. had to be selected. Now, the Non-Com's room contained two men, 1st Sgt. Camille Santamaria and S/Sgt. Joe Mangone. Both men were of World War I vintage and they spoke superb broken english.

At five A.M. the following day the door to the Non-Com's opened and there stood Sgt. Mangone, all spit and polish and ready to perform his first official duty of the day. As he was about to emerge, a single light bulb, hanging from the ceiling behind him, created an incredible

silhouette. He was wearing a Smokey the Bear hat, jodphers with leggings, and a pair of fatigues tucked under his arm.

In the first bunk was Jimmy Buckley. (In broken english it's 'Broccoli'). Very quietly the Sgt. woke Buckley and whispered, "You wanna go ona K.P.? The answer was 'NO'. "Sh, go back to sleep". It was the same scenario at each bunk. I was so hysterical I hid under the covers. After the last refusal the Sgt. was very angry and stormed into the 1/Sgt and yelled, "Son ama betch, nobody wanna go ona K.P.". The 1/Sgt. replied, "ay-watta you wanna from me? Make somebody go!" The silhouette came out yelling, " Son ama betch", threw the fatigues at Buckley and yelled, "Ay Broccoli, you go ona K.P.!"

This scene was repeated for the next few days,'til finally Buckley complained at which time a K.P. roster was made.



L to R: Dom Pantaleo. Mess Sgt. Mervin Gold. Sid Feldsten, and Arthur Bizier. (Picture made, directed and produced by Dom Pantaleo)

Back then K.P. was about fourteen hours of punishment. One pair of small fatigues for the entire Band. They were slimey and had that kitchen smell. In time everyone was issued their own fatigues.

Dom Pantaleo  
101st Medical Band  
AKA-290th Army Ground Forces Band

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182nd INFANTRY

Looking for anyone that knew my uncle, Francis J. Boutin, KIA on Bougainville. Any information about my uncle's service and death would be appreciated. Contact:

Richard P. Nathhorst  
Shutesbury, MA 01072  
Tel:

E-mail:

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COMPANY H - 164TH INFANTRY  
(Did you know this man?)

My Dad, Avery M. Turner served with H Company, 164th Infantry and I would like to hear from anyone that served with him. Please contact:

Everett Turner  
Mr. Gilead, OH 43338



132ND INFANTRY

Robert C. Muehrcke who served with the 132nd Infantry has been having health problems. He would like to hear from former members of that Regiment and all Americal veterans. His address:

Robert C. Muehrcke  
Marguardt Memorial Manor  
[redacted]  
Watertown, Wisconsin 53098

He was an enlisted man with the 132nd Infantry on Guadalcanal. He returned home, was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant, and returned to combat on Okinawa with the 383rd Infantry Regiment. Here he was wounded three times.

After the war he became a physician, fathered seven sons of whom three became physicians. He was also Editor of the book, "Orchids in the Mud", a compilation of the accomplishments of the men of the 132nd Infantry Regiment. He was also the prime mover in getting a battlefield memorial on Guadalcanal which was formally dedicated on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle. He served as master of ceremonies at the dedication.

I am proud to have served with him and the other members of the 132nd Infantry Regiment.

I retired after 36 years of service in WWII, Army National Guard and Army Reserve.

Col. Toby Weinshenker (Ret)

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BOUGAINVILLE - SOLOMONS ISLANDS

I am not sure of the exact time but it was as we passed north heading for Green Island that we had a stop over on the island of Bougainville. We were camped just south of the airstrip and action on the island seemed to be winding down.

One day orders were given allowing the men to bathe on the beach. From a bare beach it became a crowded beach which looked much like Coney Island on a Sunday in August

We had been in a war state and suddenly it ended--the men were enjoying a view of the mountains, allowed to swim in a most beautiful surf, it was the most pleasant of beach weather, just the right amount of sunshine and crystal clear sand.



Everyone was relaxed and enjoyed it as if they were on the most expensive beach in the world! In a world just miles from warfare the troops had some much needed rest and relaxation.

Col. Warren R. Hester (Ret)  
90th Station Hosp - 70 C.A.

BOUGAINVILLE MEETING LEADS TO A WEDDING

As I recently researched my father's (Edward John Gekosky-deceased 1970. G Company, 182nd Infantry, Americal Division) activities during the war. I discovered a precious family story that I would like to share with you through the Americal Newsletter.

Dad came from a small coal mining town in Eastern Pennsylvania named Kulpmont. Total population has never exceeded 1500. On Bougainville, Dad recognized another soldier, a member of an engineering group, named Wally Bogush (deceased around 1974). Needless to say, the two Kulpmont boys struck up a conversation and friendship and periodically ran into each other throughout the Bougainville campaign and the balance of the war. My father and Wally Bogush were very happy to have someone to talk with from their hometown.

Upon returning home from Japan in late December 1945, Dad visited Wally Bogush for Christmas, to renew the friendship that had started on Bougainville. Dad, just home from the war that had taken him to New Caledonia, Fiji, Bougainville, Leyte, Cebu, and Japan, met Wally's sister, Julia, that day--Christmas, 1945. A romance blossomed and there soon would be a wedding, and a happy family. My mother, Julia, recently confirmed that this was how she met Dad, as I questioned her trying to learn more about him and his military service.

As a post script, Dad, Mom, and Wally stayed close through the years. So much so that when the coal region jobs ran out, Dad and Mom followed Uncle Wally to the New jersey job markets, and I grew up near my Uncle Wally and knew him well. While Dad seldom spoke of the war to me, after Dad passed away, Uncle Wally told me some of what they went through, building my interest in researching Dad's activities.

I appreciate greatly the Americal Newsletter and locator service. They have been invaluable to me in following Dad's service through the war. It seems very important to me that the soldiers that were there to tell their stories and pass them down. Every member of my generation should know about what Bougainville really means.

Edward John Gekosky Jr.

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COMPANY B - 164TH INFANTRY

I was a 2nd Lieutenant, and the C.O. of B Company during the clean-up operations on the island of Cebu, when I received a direct order from the C.O. of the Regiment to take out a Jap machine gun. This machine gun was dug in under a very large tree and was holding up the advance of the Company. The Colonel told me in know uncertain terms that he wanted the machine gun 'taken out' before nightfall.

I had no choice so I told my best sergeant, Sgt. Juan Rodriquez, to get a flame thrower, fill it, and follow me. We crawled about 200 yards, all uphill, in order to get the flame thrower into effective range. The sergeant gave the machine gun position several long blasts from the flame thrower and I followed this up with several grenades. The machine gun was silenced!

I took the machine gun from the dead Japs and went slowly back to my command post. I then put a note on the gun saying, "Colonel, this is for you". and had it delivered to him..

Sgt. Rodriquez and myself both received Bronze Stars Medals for that little deed. I still have my Bronze Star, framed and hanging on a wall in my home. I treasure it greatly.

I was promoted to 1st Lieutenant and when the war ended, after almost four years in the Pacific, I returned home.

Near the end of the war I had been promoted to Captain and I have my Captain's bars ready to frame one of these days.

Sincerely,  
Capt. Robert L. Welch (Ret)  
[redacted]  
Palestine, TX 75802

Ed Note: At the end of Capt. Welch's letter he mentions that he is house bound. How about you 164th Infantry vets, or any Americal vet, getting a card off to him?

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WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM VETERANS  
By Jacob Siegel - Northgate High School

For many Americans, Veterans Day has become just another holiday, a welcome respite from work and school during the long stretch between the end of summer and Thanksgiving. Yet, when we as Americans forget the actions of our veterans, we both do a disservice to them and miss out on a valuable opportunity to appreciate how lucky we are to live in such a great and free nation.

Americans today could learn a lesson about the value of humility from men and women who fought bravely on our behalf. They were ordinary people who rose up to do heroic things in the service of our nation. Yet, when our servicemen and servicewomen came back home, they once again became ordinary people. They never demand the limelight. They didn't ask for parades celebrating their valor. Our veterans felt that having been able to protect the free world from despotism was enough of a tribute in and of itself.

Even more importantly, we should learn from our veterans something about the great cost of maintaining our freedom. Our veterans gave years of their lives to fight for our nation. They saw many of their friends lose their lives for the cause of liberty. Those veterans who made it back were forever changed by the horrors of the wars that were fought to protect our rights. By examining their sacrifice, we can truly understand the great price that is required to preserve liberty.

(This was a prize winning Veterans Day essay and was sent in by Frank R. Markovich. Frank served with the 721 Ordnance during world War II and now resides in Napa, California.)

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I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE

Just about every unit in the service, whether it was large or small, had their con-man, finagler or hustler. This was a guy who could get you those items that were rationed or hard to get. It might be for friendship, but usually it was for a price.

While serving on Bougainville in the Solomons our gun battery was fortunate in having Pvt. Eugene D. Withrow in charge of "procurement." If our mess sergeant was running short of coffee, canned goods, or even Spam. Withrow was the guy you put in charge of the truck going down to the ration

dump. He made sure that all items on the mess sergeant's list were loaded on the truck, plus a few extra "goodies" that might be available

When scarce lumber was only available for hospitals or office's quarters, Withrow was some how able to scrounge a sufficient amount of board feet to put floors in all of the Battery D's tents. Of course, the sergeant running the jungle sawmill, having been from Withrow's home town, could have influenced our good fortune.

When someone developed a thirst for some "hard stuff" Withrow just happened to know some southern boy who was making some very fine quality raisin jack or white lightning. If your taste was for more refined libations Withrow knew someone at the bomber strip that could arrange for Jack Daniels, Seagrams 7 or Scotch to be flown in from Guadalcanal. He had several requests for this service even though the going price at this time for a fifth was fifty (50) or sixty (60) dollars. The list goes on: combat boots, toilet articles, candy, gum, cigarettes or cigars. Any shortage was a challenge for Withrow.

Withrow was born and raised in a small town in West Virginia. He left home at an early age because of "family problems." December 7, 1941 found him serving with our unit at Pearl Harbor at the ripe old age of 17. Withrow lied about his age, after leaving home, to join the Army. He was a good soldier. He was short, wiry and tough.

During air raids every gun sergeant wanted Withrow on his crew. No one could match the speed in which he could pass the ammo. Later in the war, on Cebu, Withrow was the man you took on patrols. He could smell an ambush and always knew which was the right trail to take. When our old gang gets together at Reunions someone is sure to ask, "I wonder what Withrow wound up selling after the war?"

Leonard 'Sack' Owczarzak  
D Btry 746th AAA Gun Bn.

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132nd INFANTRY

Looking for anyone that knew my grandfather, Max Hartswick, and served with him. He is alive and well! He lives in State College, PA. Contact:

Steve Dreibelbis  
[redacted]

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DO YOU KNOW RAY BACHEWICZ?

Ray would like to hear from you, especially a guy named 'Ed' and 'Harvey'. I have a picture of the three of us. Contact:

Kenneth Bachewicz  
[redacted]  
Charlestown, SC 29481

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26th SIGNAL COMPANY

Served with the Signal Company on Bougainville, Philippines and occupation duty in Japan. Would like to hear from any former member of the Signal Co. Contact:

Daniel Coco  
[redacted]  
Denver, CO 80211





China Beach, DaNang



Chu Lai perimeter



My Lai memorial

The photos on this page are only a few of those taken by William W. (Bill) Shugarts during his visit to Vietnam in March 2002. Bill made another trip to Vietnam in January 2003. On the second trip he traveled with Jan Scruggs of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund. The VVMF is helping to remove land mines from the Quang Tri area. Shugarts served with HHC, 23<sup>rd</sup> S & T and currently lives in Glenn Allen, VA.



LZ Baldy



Chu Lai front gate



Highway 1 north of Quang Ngai

## Major General Robert W. Chesnut: Duty Calls ... Again

### Americal Vet Carries Vietnam Lessons into War on Terrorism

Gary L. Noller

By the time you read these words the United States Armed Forces may once again be fighting a hot war against a defiant enemy. Some of those serving in this war are veterans of the first Persian Gulf war. A handful are veterans of the Vietnam War. And at least one is a veteran of the Americal Division.

LT Robert L. Chesnut served with the Americal Division as a Platoon Leader with 2<sup>nd</sup> Plt., B Trp., 1<sup>st</sup>/1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry from June through November 1969. When 1LT Don Kingery was killed Chesnut turned down a rear job and volunteered to take over Kingery's 3<sup>rd</sup> Plt. Chesnut credits his decision to stay in the field to his Squadron Commander, LTC Dick Graves, calling him "an awesome and dynamic leader". Included in Chesnut's Vietnam awards is the Purple Heart and Bronze Star for Valor. After returning from Vietnam Chesnut decided to remain in the Army as a reservist.

#### Born To Serve

Robert W. Chesnut was born in Hattiesburg, Mississippi and raised on a farm in Gaylesville, Alabama. He graduated from high school in 1964 and enrolled in the University of Mississippi ("Ole Miss"). In 1968 he received a degree in Political Science and Spanish and was a Distinguished Military Graduate from the university's Army ROTC Program. He was commissioned a 2LT in Armor in May 1968, completed the Armor Officer Advanced Course at Ft. Knox, KY and was assigned to an armor unit at Ft. Hood, Texas. He arrived in Vietnam after completing training at the Jungle Operations Training School, Ft. Sherman, Panama.

Military service came naturally to Chesnut. His family made a huge sacrifice during World War II. His father and five of his uncles – all six brothers- served in combat. One uncle was killed at Anzio, one was wounded at Normandy and another was wounded at Guadalcanal. Chesnut reflects, "From an early age service to my nation became etched in my mind, something that should be willingly undertaken. To me it was something I was supposed to do. That's one reason I volunteered to leave my assignment at Fort Hood and go to Vietnam."

#### Learning from The Past

Of his experiences in Vietnam, Chesnut relates: "Although history will reflect the loss of will power of the American people and our politicians to press for victory, at the tactical level our soldiers were never defeated and performed superbly. In fact at the small unit level the soldiers fought for each other, never

to let one another down and did everything that was asked of them. The average soldier did what he had to do to survive and fought against tremendous odds; fought as hard as any soldier we put on the battlefield in any war. I will always remember the heroism and sacrifice made by ordinary soldiers constantly putting their lives on the line for their buddies, always following the spirit that no one is ever left behind."



MAJ GEN Robert W. Chesnut

General Chesnut believes there is no substitute for well-trained soldiers in combat. He also thinks that to be successful it is essential that the military, the government and the civilian population be in agreement with the final outcome. He notes how the composition of the Armed Forces has changed since the Vietnam War. "We now have the Army Reserve and Army National Guard embedded in all aspects of our Total Army so that we cannot mobilize and deploy for even a small scale contingency without employing the Guard and Reserve. The net effect of this is that it requires the civilian population to come together with the government on the long term outcome". He adds, "In Vietnam, because we never mobilized the citizen soldiers to any great extent, the soldiers and families of those serving on active duty were the only ones concerned with the war."

Chesnut says, "Today's forces are different from those in Vietnam because they are much smaller and efficient, they have more high-tech weaponry, and they are all volunteers." He believes that the war on terror will last many years. "The country must stay committed and support the effort. There will be no second chance. We have to get it right the first time," he adds.

#### A New War ... A New Time To Serve

Most of Chesnut's reserve duty was with the 87<sup>th</sup> Maneuver Area Command (now Training Support Division). In June 2000 he began a reserve assignment on the Army Staff as the assistant G-3 for Mobilization and Reserve Affairs. That assignment took him to the Pentagon a few times each month for routine duty. Chesnut arrived at the Pentagon for one of these short tours, expected to last four days, on September 10, 2001. He was in the Pentagon the next day when the plane piloted by terrorists struck the wing he was in. He was on his way to the office of his Executive Officer, Major Cole Hogan, when the blast knocked him off an escalator. Chesnut saw injured people and blast debris down the corridor. After exiting the damaged building he spent the rest of the day helping the survivors any way he could. Unfortunately, Major Hogan did not survive the deadly attack.

Chesnut was immediately activated to full time status as the principal advisor to the Army G-3 on mobilizing, organizing, training and deploying the Army Reserve and Army National Guard in fighting the Global War on Terrorism. After completing almost 35 years of dedicated service he was recently promoted to the rank of Major General.

#### The Americal Citizen Soldier

Major General Robert W. Chesnut and his wife Vivian have four children: Shannon, Melissa, Angela and Rob. "They have all been very supportive of me in the past as well as now. Vivian is my biggest supporter, not only in my Army service but running my business and keeping the home fires lit as well. She has always been there to help me. I could not have worn the green suit all these years without her support."

After his active duty in Vietnam Chesnut enrolled in Law School at the Cumberland School of Law in Birmingham, Alabama. He received his JD degree in 1973 and became a self-employed Certified Financial Planner associated with American Express Financial Advisors. His tentative retirement date is June 2004, after which he plans to return home to rebuild his financial planning practice. As a civilian once again he plans to return to his fishing, gardening and following the Ole Miss Rebels in sporting events. His reflection on future plans is coupled with a proud reflection on the present and past: "I never thought I would have the opportunity to serve my country in this capacity at such a critical time in our nation's history. I am glad to help the nation." And it all started with the Americal.



## "A New Season of Life" ... An Americal Vet is Elected to Congress

David W. Taylor

"For all things there is a season, And for every affair under heaven its time". (Ecclesiastes 3:1)

Americal Vietnam veteran Jim Marshall, like many of his fellow veterans, has seen many "seasons" of life. Recently, in November 2002, he was elected to the Congress of the United States to represent Georgia's Third District.

Jim Marshall's seasons of life were many, but he lived them guided by a love of God and country. The son and grandson of Army generals, he spent his formative years moving from one Army post to another. In 1966 he graduated from high school in Mobile, Alabama and received a National Merit Scholarship to attend Princeton University.

Compelled by a sense of duty and fairness, Marshall left Princeton in 1968 to enlist in the Army and volunteer for Vietnam duty. He enlisted in November 1968, attended Basic, and Advanced Individual Training (Infantry AIT), Airborne School, the Non-Commissioned Officers Instruction Course (NCOIC) and Ranger School.

Arriving in Vietnam on October 14, 1969, Marshall was assigned to the 1<sup>st</sup>/52<sup>nd</sup> Battalion, 198<sup>th</sup> LIB, on LZ Stinson. He served as a Platoon Sergeant with C Company, then Platoon Sergeant for the Echo Company Recon Platoon.

Marshall has many memories of his time with the Americal, but the one most etched in his mind was during a firefight on February 15, 1970 in Quang Ngai Province. One of his men, PFC Michael Bosowski ("BZ"), saw a grenade at Marshall's feet. "BZ could have run away from that grenade", recalls Marshall. "That was the one I didn't see. Instead, he screamed a warning, picked it up and tried to throw it away. It exploded in his hand. Because of that I only took some shrapnel. He died saving my life. I'm here today because BZ is not here today. I remind myself of that fact everyday as I live-out my life of marriage, raising children and performing public service."

Marshall left Vietnam in August 1970. During his service with the Americal he was awarded two Bronze Stars (one for valor), the Purple Heart and the Army Commendation Medal.

Marshall returned to Princeton after Vietnam, graduating in 1972. During and after college, he worked jobs as a short order cook, laundry sorter, security guard, construction laborer, restaurant manager, welder, mechanic, and wilderness guide and high school teacher. He also owned and operated a small logging business in northern Idaho, a venture that ended abruptly when he fell a tree on himself, crushing his right leg.

Jim Marshall and his wife Camille settled in Macon, Georgia after both graduated from law school in 1977. He joined the Mercer University Law School faculty in 1979 and, by the mid-eighties was very involved in numerous civic and community organizations.



Jim Marshall, Vietnam - 1970

The opportunity to serve persuaded Marshall to run for Mayor of Macon, Georgia in 1995, which he won against an incumbent. Marshall's work with ministers and children to address the moral poverty of youth drew national attention and was highlighted by General Colin Powell at the first anniversary meeting of America's Promise. Marshall was elected a member of the Advisory Board of the United States Conference of Mayors.

After successfully completing his term as mayor, Jim Marshall set his sights on a seat in Congress in 2000. He did not unseat a popular incumbent but his experience prepared him well for the 2002 campaign for an open seat in the new Third District of Georgia.

As a combat veteran, civic leader, mayor and now congressman, Marshall feels very strong about "meeting our moral commitment to veterans". He believes Congress should end the concurrent receipt inequity. This is an issue whereby a veteran who is receiving, both a retirement pay and disability compensation, can be penalized by one offsetting the other. Marshall, "These two payments are apples and oranges that cannot and should not be substituted or offset for one another". He also believes "we should provide eligible veterans with access to private physicians and medical facilities of their choice if the Veterans

Administration cannot deliver prompt, quality services". Marshall also supports the position of the American Legion that the Veterans Employment and Training Service program, designed to assist veterans in overcoming barriers to employment, should stay with the Department of Labor, and not be transferred to the Veterans Administration. "The American Legion and I believe this program should stay with the experts on labor matter, the Department of Labor, with increased funding".



Congressman Jim Marshall, 2003

Finally, Americal vet Jim Marshall is strongly in favor of the proposed amendment to protect the American flag from desecration. "I believe the proposed amendment concerning flag protection is properly and narrowly targeted to accomplish a specific purpose. If enacted, it would not impose a significant limitation upon an individual's right to engage in political speech, protest and communication. The amendment is a fitting tribute to those who paid the ultimate price to raise a flag on a battlefield or keep it flying. There were too many, and one is too many to forget".

As Congressman Jim Marshall enters into this new challenge and "new season" of his life, his mind remains fixed on the sacrifices of veterans to secure our nation's freedom. His outlook is seasoned by his very personal experience of war and combat; and grateful for the gift of life given to him by an Americal comrade. "I believe vets and the nation must respect those memories and emotions of war. They nourish a waning spirit in this country, the spirit of individual sacrifice in combat for the good of the nation. Vets must constantly remind our nation that freedom truly ... is not free."

## ADVA at Veterans Day ceremony at Arlington National Cemetery.

L to R: Dave Chrystal, Central Midwest Commander; PNC Gary Noller, Vietnam Editor; Richard Scales, National Commander; Cameron Baird, South Midwest Commander; PNC James Buckle, Editor-in-Chief; Ronald Ellis, outgoing National Commander. Americal Division veteran Nicky Bacon (not in photo) was seated on the dais. Nicky is the current president of the Congressional Medal of Honor Society and chairman of the 2003 reunion in Little Rock.



## Seeking Vietnam Donut Dollies



I served with Co. D, 4/3<sup>rd</sup> Inf., 196<sup>th</sup> LIB in November 1968-69. I attended a reunion of Americal veterans this past summer. Some of the guys mentioned that the Donut Dollies had their own website.

I have three photos of two Donut Dollies that that was taken in March 1969 on LZ West. I would like to reach the Donut Dollies and share my photos with them. I want to thank them for risking their life and limb to go to Vietnam to cheer us up.

Anyone who can identify the Donut Dollies is asked to contact Julius (Jay) Merlo at 87-14 80 St., Woodhaven, NY, 11421 or send an e-mail to [jaymva@aol.com](mailto:jaymva@aol.com).



Photo of 2002 attendees of Co. C, 1/52<sup>nd</sup> Inf. L to R. Back row: Frank Garcia, Oscar Sutherland, Mike Farney, Paul Garrison, Terry Gordon, Jerry Husted, Bill Hibbett, Bruce Fent, Vinny Tabor, John Stringer. Middle row: Phillip Jones, Dennis Philburn, Jim Culhane, Rich Amborziak, Tom Dier, Bill Highland, Tom Kreger, Harvey Miller, Phil Feder, Phil Hovey, Philip Krause, Dick Hall, Jimmy Wilkie, Ed Angel, Gary Franklin, Jay Flanagan, Tim Barron, Jerry Collins. Front row: Augustine Abeita, Chuck Swanson, Terry Wyrick, Jim Sands, Bill Oberle, Darrell Ordway. Not in photo: Charles Knipper, Jesse Reynoso, Darrel Ficene, and Jerry Walls.

## Late Purple Heart awarded to Daniel Phillips



Vietnam veteran Daniel Phillips, left, was awarded the Purple Heart 32 years after he was wounded in Vietnam. Brig. Gen. Scot Mayes, Commandant of the Alabama Air National Guard made the presentation at the Veterans Day observance in Tallahassee, AL. Looking on at the right are Lt. Col. Don Bryant, USAF (Ret.) who served as Master of Ceremonies, and 1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. Scott Gatewood, USA (Ret.) who served with Phillips in Vietnam and read the citation for the award. Phillips had his medal mailed to him upon returning from Vietnam and never had a presentation ceremony. Phillips and Gatewood served in 1969-70 with Delta Co., (Black Death), 3/21<sup>st</sup> Inf., 196<sup>th</sup> LIB.

## Co. C, 1/52<sup>nd</sup> Inf. reunion

A reunion of Co. C, 1/52<sup>nd</sup> Inf. veterans will be held on July 18-19, 2003 in St. Louis, MO. The reunion will be headquartered at the Crown Plaza Hotel St. Louis Airport, 11228 Lone Eagle Drive, Bridgeton, MO, 63044. Lodging rooms are reserved at the special rate of \$73 per night plus tax. Reservations must be made by June 18. Please request the special reunion rate. For more information contact Terry Wyrick, Cabool, MO, 65689. E-mail can be sent to [twyrick@cabool.net](mailto:twyrick@cabool.net). Website at [www.coc152.com](http://www.coc152.com)



## Road to Vietnam- Thanksgiving 1967

By Rick Ropele

We left Ft. Lewis, WA on the morning of the 23 Nov 1967. I was one of some 200 - 300 servicemen aboard a Northwest Orient 727 flight to Vietnam. I was 22 years old and this was the beginning of the "biggest adventures" of my life.

We stopped in Anchorage, Alaska about 2:30 in the afternoon. Airports are depressing places to wait, and this one was no exception. It was practically empty. I think they must have had a minimum staff working because of the holiday.

While waiting, I took the opportunity to call home. I knew my family would be celebrating Thanksgiving with the Monroy family at Nana and Grandpa's house.

My Mom and Dad established traditions in our family just for events like today. I knew where my family was and what they were doing and I wanted them to know where I was and what I was doing.

When I hung up the phone, I had that warm feeling that comes over you when you know there are people that are concerned about you. Yet, it was that classic good news/bad news scenario.

The good news was that I got to reconnect with family on this holiday, and the bad news was that I realized again just how far away I was. With the future so uncertain, it was going to be a lonely holiday.

Meanwhile, a snowstorm blew in and closed the airport preventing us from continuing our flight until the next day. The military made arrangements for us to spend the night at the American West Hotel in downtown Anchorage.

John Harrold and I shared a room. We went through basic at Fort Ord and AIT at Fort Polk. It was after 5:00 p.m. by the time we were settled into our rooms.

Because it was the holiday, the hotel notified us that a full Thanksgiving dinner was being served in the dining room and we were all welcome to eat our fill. John and I readily accepted the invitation. We anticipated Thanksgiving dinner on the airplane, this was quite a pleasant surprise.

We feasted on turkey, mashed potatoes, and all the trimmings, pumpkin pie. You name it and the hotel served it. We ate and we talked and we relaxed. Those anxious feeling about our futures were temporarily put in the background.

It was after dinner that I was privileged to be on the receiving end of one of the most extraordinary acts of compassionate service that I have ever experienced.

Some life changing experience happen boldly and noisily and you realize at the

time that you won't be the same person after it's over. But this was one of those experiences that comes along simply and quietly. It's only later, when you have time to reflect, that you understand the deep and immense impact that has taken place in your soul.

John and I left the dining room and walked down a corridor to the lobby. We were going back to our room to watch a little television. I felt the touch of a child's hand in mine. I looked down into the eyes of a boy, 5 or 6 years old. He grasped my hand tightly in his and began pulling me across the lobby while calling, "Daddy, Daddy, I got one, I got one".

It was then that I became more aware of our surroundings. The hotel lobby was filled with people, with families, children, people were everywhere. These were local residents of Anchorage.

A local radio station had broadcast the news that a planeload of soldiers, bound for Vietnam, had been stranded because of the storm. This station suggested that it would be a nice gesture if the residents of Anchorage would invite these soldiers into their homes for Thanksgiving dinner. And boy, did these good people respond.

John and I had the good fortune to be "captured" by the Robert Cacy family. Like all the other local residents, the Cacy family interrupted their Thanksgiving celebration to drive downtown, in a snowstorm, to share their time, their homes, their meal and most importantly, their family, with us.

They drove us to their home where we had a real family style Thanksgiving dinner just like the one my family was having at home. We didn't tell them we had just eaten at the hotel. The enjoyment of the evening was not in the food, but in the company and in their compassion for us. We ate, we talked, we laughed, we watched football - we did those things that families do when they are together during the holidays.

The evening was magical. Thoughts of our present circumstances and our immediate future were temporarily put into the background as we enjoyed the sacrifice and the graciousness of this good family. I felt like I was at home.

After dinner, they drove us around to see some of the sites of Anchorage and then returned us to our hotel about 9:00 p.m. After wishing us well, they left. Just as quietly as they came into our lives, they were gone, without fanfare. The next day we left Anchorage to continue our journey.

Each time I sit down to a Thanksgiving dinner, I ALWAYS remember this experience. Even to this day, even now when I'm writing these words, I can still feel that little child's hand squeezing mine and I can still hear those words that made

me feel so at home, "... Daddy, Daddy, I got one, I got one ...".

The Cacy family wrote the following letter to Mom and Dad:

To the Ropele family.

*You don't know us however we had the pleasure of meeting your son on Thanksgiving day. The plane he was on going to Viet Nam was grounded here in Anchorage at about 2:30 pm. There was a general appeal on the radio to invite the boys from the plane home for dinner. We were happy to have your Rick as one of our guests.*

*He is certainly a fine young man. We were very pleased by his whole outlook with regard to going overseas. We have a boy on his way over there also. He is in the Navy. His ship is the USS Manley, a destroyer - He has been in the Navy a year. Rick said he had been in the five months.*

*Our prayers will be with Rick and the many others who are in Viet Nam.*

Sincerely,

The Robert Cacy family.

I didn't realize until years later what an impact these people and their compassion would have on my life. I can't help but think how that scripture in Matthew 25: 35 - 40 applies:

35. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

36. Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me.

37. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee and hungered and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

38. When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked and clothed thee?

39. Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

40. And the King shall answer and say unto them, verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.

I was "one of the least of these" that the savior spoke about. I was "hungered" and "thirsty" for that warmth that exists in families. I was a "stranger" in Alaska, on Thanksgiving and the Robert Cacy family "took me in."

The Cacy family physically left my life that night of November 23rd, 1967, but there will always be a place for them in my heart as their extraordinary act of kindness continues to burn bright.

The next morning we awoke, had breakfast in the hotel restaurant and boarded our plane to continue the journey.

Rick Ropele; E. Co., 1/6, 198 LIB, 67/68  
Corona, California [rrlopele@earthlink.net](mailto:rrlopele@earthlink.net)

## Sharon Lane memorial

Dear Commander Scales,

I am enclosing a note of thanks to Mr. Dave Taylor for the recent article published in the Jul-Aug-Sep 2002 *Americal Newsletter*.

The Americal Division has honored Sharon Ann Lane, Army Nurse stationed at the 312<sup>th</sup> Evac. Hospital in Chu Lai, RVN in June 1969. Such endeavors by Mr. Taylor help to bridge the years of pain and suffering for the Vietnam veteran. It also helps to educate the veteran about a positive and purposeful effort to share in the legacy of the caring spirit Lt. Sharon Ann Lane. This effort is the medical clinic in her memory that now exists in Tam Hiep near the site of her service and sacrifice.

We are grateful to you and your enlightened editorial staff for publishing this article. Congratulations on a well-written magazine, which honors the service and sacrifices of veterans of all wars, and which encourages reflection on the meaning of that sacrifice.

May all your membership enjoy this article and the knowledge that we keep the memory of all Americal soldiers, living and deceased, close to our hearts. God bless your association. We ask God's blessing on each and every member and their families. May he also bless all who wear the Americal patch today and keep them safe. God Bless America.

The Sharon Lane Foundation  
Kathleen A. Fennell, PA-c

## Memorial Day tribute

I want to thank all veterans for their service. Without their patriotism, heroism, and sacrifices we would not be able to assemble in the freedom that we now have.

In May 1998 I visited Europe and stayed at a bed and breakfast in Austria. A woman of about 65 or 70 came from the kitchen to talk to the Americans. She spoke of her experiences as a young girl during World War II. She stated in broken English that the Americans were good to them, better than the soldiers from other countries. I quote, "The Americans gave us food when we were hungry." This lady touched me deeply and allowed me to see what real people think of the USA.

Let us all remember the veterans of World War II and be thankful for the freedom and prosperity that their efforts made possible. Let us also remember the veterans of the Korean War for they sought to suppress the spread of Communism.

The Vietnam War, in which I served, was a political event. But never the less it was a part of this great country. I was a draftee and I am proud to say that I served my country when asked to do so. In 1969, the day before Thanksgiving, I became part of the U.S. Army. After a not so formal introduction to drill sergeants and several weeks of training, I was selected for a little OJT in Vietnam. This was a place that I could hardly find on the map. It was a place where 58,000 American lost their lives and another 2,500 are still unaccounted for.

Vietnam was a costly war. The numbers above do not include those that took their own lives after returning to the states. It does not include those that died from drugs, alcohol, and other hard living. This was a war that was seen by many to have no purpose.

During the Vietnam War the US was ablaze with peace marches, riots, and protests against the war. Some GIs returning from Vietnam in their uniforms were beaten up for participating in the war. This was a poor welcome home for those who believed they had done their patriotic duty, who had lived in adverse conditions, and who had looked death in the eye.

We Vietnam veterans wanted to return home in one piece and still breathing and slip unnoticed into society. We wanted to forget Vietnam and we sought to push it out of our minds. We found that we could not. Now that we are mellowed with age Vietnam begins to creep out. Only in the past year have I learned the state of many of my Nam friends.

It has been said that Vietnam vets are a crazy bunch. Those that say these words can think what they want, for we know who we are. As any veteran can say, the military made one grow up, appreciate life, and love freedom.

James B. Adams; 23<sup>rd</sup> R & D Co.  
Elberton, GA

## Dog tag makes way back to owner after 30 years

It was a common practice in the jungles of Vietnam for infantrymen to put a dog tag in the laces of their boots. This was not because it was cool to do so. It was done to help identify the soldiers in case they were killed or wounded in action.



Louis Dunlap in Vietnam

Louis Dunlap served with Co. A, 4/3<sup>rd</sup> Inf, 11<sup>th</sup> LIB from January 1970 to December 1970. Like many of his buddies, Dunlap had dog tags in the laces of his boots. At some time during his tour one of the dog tags pulled through the bootlace and was lost in the jungle. On October 15, 2002 the dog tag was returned to Dunlap in a ceremony held on the courthouse lawn of his hometown of Ada, OK. It was returned to him by another Vietnam veteran, Charles Brinkley, of Clinton, OK. Brinkley and a few other veterans have made trips to Vietnam and have purchased GI dog tags at Vietnamese street markets. Vendors sell dog tags for a price ranging from fifty cents to three dollars each. Brinkley helps research the veterans' names and returns any dog tag that he can match.

Dunlap now has the dog tag in a special presentation case in his home. He wears a set of dog tags that his father wore in World War II. He is especially happy that his grandkids will now have something historical about his service in Vietnam.

The return of the dog tags was given frontpage coverage in the *Ada Evening News*. The story was also featured on an Oklahoma City television station. Dunlap used the occasion to put in a good word for his fellow veterans. "They are some of the finest, bravest met anyone could get to know," he said. "They served in some of the most miserable and brutal conditions of anyone. I can close my eyes and still see them."

The surprise of getting the dog tag back was matched by another recent surprise. Dunlap reunited with others he served with 31 years ago while on Operation Iron Mountain. But it was a bittersweet reunion. Dunlap recalls an incident that occurred on April 1, 1970 in which resulted in 40 U.S. killed and 60 wounded. They were part of a 4/3<sup>rd</sup> Inf. Bn. task force operating just a few kilometers from San Juan Hill. A 500 pound command detonated mine was blown as the unit prepared its night defensive position.

The blast knocked Dunlap to the ground but he was not seriously injured. He told the company clerk not to put him in for a Purple Heart. "I simply could not accept it," he says. "Others had given so much than I did." Dunlap would like to find out more about the incident but has been unable to find much information in official documents. The operation report only includes one sentence about the deadly blast.

Like many returning Vietnam veterans, Dunlap considered himself lucky to return home alive. He just wanted to put Vietnam behind him and get on with his life. He is now a semi-retired auto body technician. He believes that today's youth want to know about the experiences of Vietnam veterans. "They are headed to a war against terrorism," he said. "They want to understand what we went through. I think they want to show gratitude and appreciation for what we did."



Dear editor,

I am inquiring about an artillery unit that was in I-Corp in late 1967. Its name was the 2nd Battalion, 11th Artillery. I believe they were part of Task Force Oregon that later became the Americal Division. I wonder what happened to this unit. They took heavy casualties during the Tet Offensive and would like to know if it was disbanded or merged with another unit. I would appreciate any help I could get on this matter.

Larry Anderson; [REDACTED]

Dear editor,

I am trying to locate anyone who served with Co. D, 1/52<sup>nd</sup> Inf., 198<sup>th</sup> LIB from 8/68 until 8/69. I was platoon leader with the Americal. I was also with MACV attached to the 1st ARVN division in 70-71. Please contact me at: John Snapp, 4117 North Roxboro Road, Durham, NC, 27704, [REDACTED]

John Snapp; Co D, 1/52<sup>nd</sup> Inf.  
Durham, NC

Dear editor,

Below are two lists of decorations the 6th Infantry has been awarded. I was with the 1/6<sup>th</sup> in Vietnam and was at Lo Giang. I'm wondering what ribbons guys in my Company A might wear over the right pocket. For example, I know we can wear the Valorous Unit Award for Lo Giang, but should we be wearing any of the Presidential Unit Citations or others?

#### DECORATIONS

Presidential Unit Citation (Army), Streamer embroidered ORAN, ALGERIA

\* Presidential Unit Citation (Army), Streamer embroidered MT. PORCHIA

\* Valorous Unit Award, Streamer embroidered LO GIANG

\* Republic of Vietnam Cross of Gallantry with Palm, Streamer embroidered VIETNAM 1969-1970

\* Republic of Vietnam Cross of Gallantry with Palm, Streamer embroidered VIETNAM 1971

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Valorous Unit Award for PANAMA

Valorous Unit Award for IRAQ

Valorous Unit Award for IRAQ-KUWAIT

Army Superior Unit Award for 1989

Alan Allen; Co. A, 1/6<sup>th</sup>, 198<sup>th</sup> LIB  
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Dear editor,

I am researching two soldiers who served with the 1/52<sup>nd</sup> Infantry in 1968-1969. They are Virgil Woodard of Kentucky and John Masson of Louisiana. They served together and separately within the unit as machine gun crews.

Woodard was recently buried in Carlisle Cemetery in Nicholas County, KY. He was carried to his grace by a horse drawn caisson. Woodard was awarded the Purple Heart and Bronze Star.

Charles Maddox  
[REDACTED]

Dear editor,

I am looking for anyone who knew my brother, SP4 Edward Glen Baker. Eddy "Ed" was in Co. C, 1/20<sup>th</sup> Inf., 11<sup>th</sup> LIB. He was killed

the night of 5 Aug 68 while on night patrol. The squad leader on the patrol, Herman Suerman, hit a tripwire and was also killed. Another soldier, Jim Young, was killed too. This information was sent to us in the '90s by a Richard D. Rameriz. Rameriz was in Eddy's squad.

I would appreciate any and all information about my brother's tragic death. Maybe someone who knew him will be at the Americal reunion in Little Rock in June. If so I would like to come down and meet them.

Mary Joe Baker

C/O Glen C. Davis, Box 237, Paden, OK, 74860 [REDACTED]

Dear editor,

I would like to find out what happened to one of the greatest officers that I ever met. I served with Co. B, 2/1<sup>st</sup> Inf., 196<sup>th</sup> LIB, from August 1971 to June 1972. I was an 81mm mortarman and served at Maude, Linda, Hill 151, OP 56, and Camp Horn.

I served under a Colonel Mitchell. His first name may have been Fred or he might have been nicknamed Fritz. I called him Sir. When he came to the firebase everyone else ran and hid. I stayed in my mortar pit and snapped him a salute if the situation called for it.

He always stopped to chat and asked how I was doing and if I needed anything. Over the course of my tour we developed a mutual respect for each other. He was an officer who I could relate to and I would have followed him all the way to Hanoi. He knew I was the best gunner in the battalion. He offered me the chance to leave Vietnam early and have the opportunity to attend West Point.

I hope to be able to attend an Americal reunion sometime in the future. I would appreciate that if anyone has information on Colonel Mitchell would contact me. My address is [REDACTED], Milwaukee, WI 53217.

J. Gales; Co. B, 2/1<sup>st</sup> Inf.

Dear editor,

I served with Co. A, 23<sup>rd</sup> S & T Bn., from Sep. 8, 1971 to June 18, 1972. We were located in Chu Lai and then DaNang. I am applying for a service connected disability and would like assistance in obtaining records to support my case. I was in a vehicle accident involving a truck and a jeep. I have tried many resources and have not been able to obtain my records. Anyone who can help can write to me at [REDACTED], Chicago, IL, 60628.

Lee Dale Washington; Co. A, 23<sup>rd</sup> S & T Bn.

#### Americal Field Artillery veterans reunion

The Americal Division Field Artillery Reunion will be held on May 13-15, 2003 at the Holiday Inn at Pigeon Forge, TN. The room rate is \$55 per night plus tax. Lodging arrangements can be made directly with the hotel by calling 800-555-2650 and ask for John Flick. Make your reservations before the last week of March and be sure to mention that you want the special reunion rate.

A farewell dinner will be held on Thursday evening. The dinner will be \$22 per person including taxes and tip with a choice of entree of beef or turkey. Bring your swimsuit because the hotel has a nice pool. The hotel will provide a hospitality room but you must BYOB. There is much to do in town and transportation is available by trolley.

This reunion is open to Americal artillery veterans of all eras. If you have questions please call Robert J. (Bob) Miller at [REDACTED]

#### -Correction-

The Oct-Nov-Dec 2002 edition of the Americal Newsletter contained an article about Americal snipers in Vietnam. An error was made in describing sniper target range. The article should read "liberal target group at 25 meters" and not "liberal target group at 100 meters". -Vietnam Editor

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**MG Alan D. Johnson retires**

MG Alan D. Johnson was placed on the retired list effective 1 January 2003 according to the Office of the Chief of Staff, U.S. Army. Major General Alan D. Johnson culminated his more than 33 years of service as the Commanding General, United States Army Japan/9th Theater Support Command, Japan. Johnson had service with the Americal Division during the Vietnam War.

On a related note, COL Thomas Bedient, Ft. Leavenworth, KS is expected to retire on 31 July 2003. Bedient may be the last Americal veteran that is an active Army officer. Several Americal veterans are still serving on a reserve basis although some of them are currently called up for active duty.

Please contact the Vietnam Editor if you have knowledge of Americal veterans still in uniform.

**Co. D, 1/20<sup>th</sup> Inf., 11<sup>th</sup> LIB reunion**

The Co. D, 1/20<sup>th</sup> Inf. 2004 reunion will be held at the Holiday Inn in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee on the weekend of April 30, 2004. A block of 35 rooms is reserved at the Holiday Inn. Please send in any ideas or thoughts on special things to do at the reunion.

Well over 120 men on the D/1/20 mailing list. For convenience and for saving mailing costs, it is preferred to send future newsletters by e-mail. Veterans are requested to send in their e-mail addresses to the contact listed below.

Those attending the last reunion had a great time. D/1/20 vets are encouraged to come to the next reunion in 2004. I will be good to be with one another again.

Alan and Leslie Conger; Co. D, 1/20<sup>th</sup> Inf.

██████████, Boulder, CO 80303 ██████████

**Reunion reflections**

Several times I've tried posting the words that best describe my experience in D.C. Each time, no matter what I write, the words never reach the level of those that rest in my heart. Do I attempt to simply say thank you, or do I outline each personal event and what it did for me? One is too little, the other too long for such a small space!

With each reunion I discover new things about what it means to be a Vietnam veteran. With each reunion I discover what it means to grasp the hands of others who in their own unique way are just like me. Each one provides needed fuel and tools that enable me to take one step closer to home. Each of us helps to complete a circle. Within the circle we hold a safety net for others who take the first step in that journey. Every time a fellow veteran falls into the net, he makes it stronger.

Like many others, memories can get the best of me. Once again I become overwhelmed with anger and guilt over friends I left behind. No other place do I experience this more than at The Wall. I never invite nor welcome the emotions it brings out of me. It's a walk I never look forward to, but know that I must do it as often as possible.

It seems with each visit I become more saddened than I ever thought possible. As so aptly stated by Tom Packard, "No matter how many times I return, it never gets easier". But no other place do I experience the strength of the circle. Without asking, I feel a hand on my shoulder, an arm around my waist, or as on Veteran's Day, two or more vets holding me tightly while telling me to "Let it out".

Somehow, through uncontrollable sobs they understand me asking, "When does it end? When does it get better?" They answer "It does my friend, it does!" It's during those times I understand the sheer power that our circle has. Thank you for allowing me to stand alongside you! Thank you for helping me be proud I'm a veteran of Vietnam! To my Brothers, my Friends.... "Welcome Home"!

Randy Teal;

A Trp., 2/1 Cav.; F Trp., 17th Cav.; 23rd Military Police Co.

**E-Recon 1/6th 198th LIB, Americal Division**

Kneeling left to right: Jim Kittson, Gary Thompson, Richard Bellrose. Standing left to right: Jim Brown, Eugene Siperra, Danny Collins, Mike Horkavi, Robert Gray. July 10-14, 2002

**Americal Snipers**

It was with great interest that I read Dave Taylor's article "The Long Shot Warriors: Americal Snipers in Vietnam" in the Oct-Nov-Dec 2002 issue of the Americal Newsletter. As a radio/telephone operator I was often sent out on artillery forward observation missions with the infantry units of the Americal. This was my job between January 1943 and August 1945. My details ranged from four days to as long as two weeks. During this period I was with all three infantry regiments of the division and probably with all battalions in the division.

I was on a FO detail on Cebu in 1945. We occupied a ridge from which we were able to see the Japs on the opposing ridge quite clearly. The ridges were about 900 meters apart. Since the hills of Cebu were mostly devoid of trees everybody walked upright as if they did not have a care in the world.

Every morning as we were eating breakfast or shaving the Japs opened up on us with their machine guns. But because of the distance between us we heard the sounds of the gun bursts before the bullets reached our positions. At the sound of the firing we naturally all hit the dirt. Seconds later we could hear the bullets passing over us.

Everybody had a good laugh and usually our machine guns replied in kind. But one day there was no response from our machine guns. Instead, an infantryman came up to the forward edge of our ridge and sat down on a rock. He was armed with an '03 Springfield rifle (.30 cal) fitted with a sniper's scope. We all stood around him while he got set with the shoulder strap entwined around his arm for support.

He set the windage and estimated the distance. He said it was 900 yards. While we watched he took aim and fired one round. As soon as he fired we all looked toward the Jap positions. In seconds we saw a Jap fall to the ground. Two more Japs ran over to him and began to drag the wounded Jap away.

Unbeknownst to me, the sniper was working with his unit's mortar squad. As soon as the target grew to three Japs the mortars opened up from the back side of our ridge. The mortars were right on target and we could see the rescuing Japs running for cover. Once again we all had a good laugh and we finished our breakfast with relish.

To this day as I recall this incident I am amazed that this all took place in the open. No attempt was made to conceal our actions. It's not the usual image one has of a sniper at work.

Jack Warkow; Btry. B, 221 FA Bn. (155mm)

Editor's note- Copies of the following articles were provided by Danny Phillips of Tallassee, AL. Phillips served with Co. D, 3/21<sup>st</sup> Inf. from September 1969 to September 1970.

**Stars and Stripes; August 12, 1972  
Last Patrol- Ice Cream  
Yes, But No Picnic**

UPI reporter Ken Wagner went on the last patrol of the last American ground combat unit in Vietnam, which was deactivated Friday. Here is his report

By Ken Wagner

DaNang, Vietnam (UPI)- Helicopters twice brought us sandwiches, ice cream, and cold soda, but the last patrol of the last American ground combat unit in Vietnam was no picnic.

Two men of Delta Company, 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, 21<sup>st</sup> Infantry, were wounded by boobytraps. We spotted one guerrilla and detected others. We also had to contend with a spreading grass fire.

About three out of four men in the battalion are going home soon, and some of them griped about going on this last patrol.

"Why did they send us on a four-day mission?" Spec. 4 Gary Hoffman, 20, of Spokane, Wash., asked. "After all these years, four days won't make much difference."

Some were sorry it was coming to an end. "Myself, I'd rather stay out in the bush," said Spec. 4 Michael Fields of Pine Top, Ky. "I like it here."

It was a patrol like any other. Artillery "prepped" the landing zone about seven miles west of DaNang with 15 minutes of intense shelling to chase off any guerrillas. But the shelling set fire to some of the rolling elephant grass.

We landed in six waves of four choppers each then split up into platoons. Our platoon moved a few hundred yards to a low hill and set up positions for the night. That meant digging foxholes, blowing up rubber mattresses, rigging mosquito nets and sending out men to guard the flanks.

We got word by radio that the 2<sup>nd</sup> platoon a mile away had spotted an armed man who jumped up and started running. The platoon raked the area with gunfire but found nothing.

At sundown we heard an explosion-somebody in the 1<sup>st</sup> Platoon had tripped a booby trap. A medevac chopper picked him up within 10 minutes. He was not seriously hurt.

Our artillery observer, 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Dick Kent, 25, of Montgomery, Ala., radioed our position back to the artillery battery. After sundown, the battery fired up the areas around our night defensive positions to discourage any attempt to sneak up on us.

For the next two days we cut our way through occasional clumps of bamboo, bathed in streams, got cold soda, roast beef, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, vanilla ice cream with butterscotch sauce and mail and newspapers by helicopter.

The battalion commander, Lt. Col. Rocco Negris of Fairfax, Va., said, "No taking chances, no heroics. This is our last patrol."

On the last night, another man stepped on a booby trap about a mile from our position. Again, a helicopter picked him up within 10 minutes and rushed him back to the hospital.

The wounded man, Spec. 4 James M. McVicar, 20, was reported in good condition in the 95<sup>th</sup> Evacuation Hospital. He could be the last American infantryman wounded in Vietnam combat. McVicar's parents are Mrs. Caroline Belle of Cascade, Idaho, and James McVicar, Greenville, Calif.

In the morning the company commander, Capt. Charles Viale, 30, of Sebastopol, Calif., Kent and I heated our last cup of coffee-instant powdered coffee mixed with water in a metal canteen cup and boiled over the blue flame of a chemical heat tablet in a punched-out C-ration can.

We reached our pickup zone at mid-morning, the sun already hot. The choppers dropped off South Vietnamese infantrymen, who were taking over this area of operations. The Americans turned over some of their extra ammunition.

"We've done a lot over here," said Kent, the company's forward artillery observer. "We could have done more."

**Stars and Stripes; August 13, 1972****Last Wounded Grunt**

By Ken Wagner

DaNang, Vietnam (UPI)- Jim McVicker stepped on a booby trap in the jungle southwest of here Wednesday night and made American history.

The 20-year-old rifleman was the last American to be wounded fighting with a U.S. Infantry outfit in Vietnam. On Friday, his unit-the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, 21<sup>st</sup> Infantry- was deactivated. At that time it was the only U.S. ground battalion still in the field. "I don't particularly care to be the last grunt wounded," he said Saturday, "but someone had to be."

McVicker, of Cascade, Idaho, now lies quietly on the green sheets of a steel bed in the U.S. 95<sup>th</sup> Evacuation Hospital here. Bandages encase both legs where shrapnel caused multiple wounds.

And pads are held across both eyes by a rubber band that stretches around his head. A piece of metal hit above his left eye, and he must undergo an operation to have it removed. "There is some question about his sight. he will be flown this week to Okinawa for further treatment.

Saturday, some of his friends from his Delta Company platoon visited him. They joked, pushed each other around in wheelchairs and bought cold drinks for McVicker and the six other men in his ward.

Someone asked how he felt about being the last grunt to be wounded in Vietnam.

"I could have done without it," he said.

"But I will be all right. I have always been proud to be a grunt. We had a mission to do and we did it."

His platoon was preparing a night defensive position when he tripped the hidden booby trap, McVicker said.

"I remember the dirt and the metal coming up all around me. It must have blown me five feet in the air," he said. "I was conscious all the time and afraid I would land on another mine when I came down."

[Source and date unknown]

**Going Home****Last ground combat unit in Vietnam packs its bags**

From Press Dispatches

Saigon- The last U.S. ground combat unit in Vietnam was deactivated Friday, the U.S. Command said.

It was the 3<sup>rd</sup> Bn., 21<sup>st</sup> Inf. Regt., nicknamed "The Gimlets" and numbering 1,043 men along with its supporting artillery and medical detachment.

The command announced that the battalion is going home from DaNang. The first American infantry units to enter the Vietnam war, 3,500 Marines, landed at the northern port on March 8, 1965 to provide security for the DaNang Air Base.

"It's an air war now," said one U.S. officer in referring to American air support being provided the South Vietnamese army.

From the first Marine landing in 1965, U.S. strength in Vietnam grew to a peak of 543,000 in April 1969, including 112 infantry battalions, the front-line bread-and-butter troops. Two months later, President Nixon started pulling out U.S. forces and turning the ground combat over to the South Vietnamese.

By Sept. 1, the U.S. force in Vietnam will be cut to 39,000 men, advisers, logistics personnel, air crewmen and other technicians. Another 100,000 U.S. Air Force, Navy and Marine personnel are operating from air bases in Thailand and Guam and from 7<sup>th</sup> Fleet ships off the coast of Vietnam.

Most of the men from the 3<sup>rd</sup> Bn. will be going home in the next few days, save those with job specialties still needed and those with less than six months service, the command said.

Many of those remaining behind have volunteered as gunners or security guards for the remaining U.S. bases. As of last week, 44,600 American servicemen were in Vietnam.



Looking For: Donald Thomas, 67-68, 198, 1/6<sup>th</sup> Inf. HQ. Contact: Paul DelVitto, [redacted], Mt Holly Springs, Pa 17065 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, C Troop, 1st/1st Cav., with 3/16<sup>th</sup> Arty also, 68-71. Contact: Thomas Cook, [redacted] Sweet Home, OR 97386

Looking For: Anyone, 23rd Admin Co., 69-70. Looking for James Long, Buffy Bolin, Olin Deboer. Contact: Philip Pavone, [redacted], Hebron, CT, 06248 [redacted]

Looking For: Gary Liefer, C 2/1 196<sup>th</sup> LIB, Dec. 1970-October 1971. Contact: Paul R. Rosteck, Jr. [redacted], Indianapolis, IN 46237-3610 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, A Co., 4/3rd, especially LT Montgomery, J. L., Ronnie, Frog; Jan. 71-Nov. 71. Contact: Wally Cullen, [redacted], Ipswich, MA 01938 [redacted]

Looking For: Information on Americal Vietnam vet SP4 George C. Carpenter, HHC Americal Division, 69-70, a driver for Gen. Donaldson. Contact: Paul Kaser, [redacted], Fresno, CA 93720

Looking For: Thomas Gehlhaos, 1968, 3rd/21<sup>st</sup>, Contact: Dallas Hugo, [redacted], Dacula, GA 30019 [redacted]

Looking For: Lt. Mihalic, either 6/11th Arty or 1/82nd Arty. Contact: Amy Eason, [redacted], McDonough, GA 30252 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, C/1/6 198th 3rd platoon, 7/70-11/70. I am trying to get verification for a PH. Contact: Robert J. Behm, [redacted] PA 17963 [redacted]

Looking For: Jimmy Glass, Rich Dobozinski, Gerald Moore; 196th HHC, 67-68. Contact: Richard Lutz, [redacted], ME 04029-0162 [redacted]

Looking For: Phil Tevis / Bill Biggs, C Btry, 6/11 Arty. Contact: Eric Lightner, [redacted] Olympia, WA 98501-3588 [redacted]

Looking For: Larry Silva, 176 Assault Helicopter, 1969. Contact: Henry or Hank Van Horn, [redacted], South Daytona, FL 32119 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, A Btry 1/14 Arty. Contact: Larry { Mac } McMurtrie, [redacted], San Jose, CA 95122 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, HHC 5/46, Nov 68-Feb 69. Contact: John Danforth, [redacted] Tifton, GA 31793 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone knowing Floyd D. Thomson, in Vietnam with the Americal Division. Contact: Gerald Cox,

[redacted], Venus, TX 76084 [redacted]

Looking For: James Cotter, Robert Stark, Dan Phaffel, Ben Molina, C Co., 5/46th, 198th, 1970-71. Contact: John Gardner [redacted], Machias, ME 04654 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone knowing my cousin Edwin Grant Newell, medic, 198th LIB. He died on May 19, 1968. I was with B Co., 23rd S&T Battalion at the time. Contact: Ken Craycraft, [redacted] Franklin, OH 45005 [redacted]

Looking For: Someone who remembers Howard M. Bissen, KIA Jan. 1968, 4/31, 196th LIB. Contact: June A. Bissen, [redacted] Jupiter, FL 33458 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, Co. B. 1st Plt., 3/21<sup>st</sup>, 196<sup>th</sup>, Nov 67-Nov 68. Contact: Leonard Shields, [redacted] Winchester, KY 40391 [redacted]

Looking For: Petrone or Joe Miller and others, Cos. C and D, 1/52<sup>nd</sup> Inf., 198<sup>th</sup> LIB, Nov 1967 - May, 25 1968. Contact: Forest Shuck, [redacted] Holland, MI, 49423 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone who knew Frank Almendarez aka Poncho, 198th LIB during 68 TET. He was my brother-in-law and is now deceased. Contact: PV2 Mario J Ruiz, [redacted] Ave., Stockton, CA 95215 [redacted]

Looking For: Paul Miller, 198th-1/6-Co D-2nd platoon. Contact: David L Gibson, [redacted] Bardwell, Ky 42023 [redacted]

Looking For: CWO Heckert, 23d HHB, DivArty Motor Pool, 1971. Contact: Nick Picek, [redacted] Norman, OK 73072 [redacted]

Looking For: Warrant Officer Erickson, Bill Rogers, Randy Ebers, Butch Bocheck, Sgt. Shipp, Al ?, Don Bostick; 1/1st Cav., Sept. 1968-1969. Contact: Ernie Romero, [redacted] Lane, Barstow, CA 92311 [redacted]

Looking For: Jack Perreira, C 3/1 11th Inf Bde, 1969. Contact: Joel Cortez, [redacted] Oklahoma City, OK 73135 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone knowing my uncle Francis J. Boutin, KIA on Bougainville. I presume he was with the 182 Infantry. Any information about my uncle's service and death is appreciated. I have photos he took just before he was killed. Contact: Richard P. Nathhorst, [redacted] Shutesbury, MA 01072 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone from Co. D, 4/21st Inf., 11th LIB, late June or early July 1968. Contact: Leroy Wyatt [redacted] Hurlock, MD 21643-0219 [redacted]

Looking For: Frank Currier Julius Cappuccilli, 164th Inf. Regt., Co. F. He last worked for Railway Express in Chicago.

Contact: Michael C. Beatini, [redacted] Montvale, NJ 0764 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, Svc. Btry 3/16 Arty., July 69-Sep 70, Donald Plurde, Rudy Grimaldo, Flash Gordon, Col. DuBoise. Contact: Kent Eno, [redacted] Englewood, CO 80110 [redacted]

Looking For: Capt. Jose Gomes, CO, A Co., 1/6<sup>th</sup>, 198th LIB. 1971. Contact: Randy Fredrickson, [redacted] San Diego, CA 92163 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, 1/1<sup>st</sup> Cav., A Troop, 2d Platoon, Oct.68-Oct.69. Contact: Walt Scheinost, [redacted] Fernwood, Id, 83830 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone that served with Bobby Wilson, 1<sup>st</sup> Plt., Co. C, 1/20<sup>th</sup> Inf., 11<sup>th</sup> LIB, KIA 2/25/68. Contact: Amy and Bob Wilson, [redacted] Owensburg, IN, 47453 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, A Co., 3/21<sup>st</sup> Inf., 196 LIB, 1968-1970. Contact: William Solivan, [redacted] Cayey, PR 00737 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone who knew my uncle, PFC Edward J. (Jackie) Vailancourt, 3rd Plt., A Co., 1/20<sup>th</sup>, KIA Feb. 28, 1970. Contact: Christopher Howe [redacted] Rancocas, NJ 08073 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone who knew William (Bill) Bonner, KIA June 20, 1970; Co. E, 1/52<sup>nd</sup>, 198th LIB. Contact: Kimberly McClure, [redacted] Palmdale, CA 93551-4706 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, Co. D, 4/31st.196th. & HHC, 4/31st. 196<sup>th</sup>, from August 1966 to October. Contact: Vance A. van Wieren, [redacted] Fennville, MI, 49408 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, C 4/21, June 68 to Feb 69. Contact: Bob Kapp, [redacted] Thonotosassa, FL 33592, [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, A Co., 4/3<sup>rd</sup> Inf., 3rd Plt., Jan 1971 - Nov 1971. Contact: Wally Cullen, [redacted] Ipswich, MA 01938 [redacted]

Looking For: Larry Gann, Larry Burris, Joe Brancato, Tom Turley; 1st Plt., A Co., 4/3 Inf, 11th Bde; Oct 1970-Oct 1971. Contact: John H. Dewing, [redacted] Alexandria, VA 22315-2670, [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone knowing Daniel J. Hommel (Danny), D Co., 1/52nd Inf., 198th LIB, KIA on May 25, 1968. Contact: Bob Beecher, [redacted] Brentwood, NY 11717 [redacted]

Looking For: Anyone, 3rd Plt., C Co., 132<sup>nd</sup> Inf. Regt., Leyte, Bougainville, and Cebu. Contact: Walter R. Easlick, [redacted] Camp Hill, Al 36850, [redacted]

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World War II	1942-1945
Korea War (Caribbean)	1954-1956
Vietnam War	1967-1973

Eligibility includes those who served with Task Force 6814 and Task Force Oregon. Branch of Service is immaterial.

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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.

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