

* GUADALCANAL

* NORTHERN SOLOMONS

* LEYTE

* SOUTHERN PHILLIPINES

* KOREA

* VIETNAM



AMERICAL NEWSLETTER

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

FOUNDED 1945

Editor in Chief:

James C. Buckle

Vietnam Editor:

Roland T. Castronova

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THE AMERICAL DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION- P.O. BOX 1381, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02104



AMERICAL DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION
1996-1997 DIRECTORY

Commander
Gary L. Noller
[redacted]
Kansas City, MO 64114

This is a list of the 1996-1997 elected and appointed officers and committee chairs of the Americal Division Veterans Association*. Phone numbers may be obtained elsewhere in this newsletter or by writing to the individual.

Sr. Vice-Commander
Edward W. Marsh
[redacted]
Jones, MI 49061

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[redacted]
Harwich, MA 02645

Exec. Council Member
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[redacted]
Pittsburg, PA 15227

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[redacted]
Henderson, TX 75652

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[redacted]
Westlake Village, CA 91362

Exec. Council Member
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[redacted]
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[redacted]
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[redacted]
Peabody, MA 01960

Exec. Council Member
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[redacted]
Melrose, MA 02176

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Bernard C. Chase
[redacted]
So. Yarmouth, MA 02664

Exec. Council Member
William K. Maddox
[redacted]
Portland, TX 78374

Exec. Council Member
John (Dutch) DeGroot
[redacted]
Mt. Prospect, IL 60056

Judge Advocate
Peter J. Messina
[redacted]
Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

Exec. Council Member
Peter J. Messina
[redacted]
Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

Exec. Council Member
John A. Bowley
[redacted]
Joshua Tree, CA 92252

Sergeant-At-Arms
Larry Gelnett
[redacted]
Pocasset, MA 02559

Exec. Council Member
Edward J. den Braven
[redacted]
McKee City, NJ 08232

Vietnam Historian
David E. Williams
[redacted]
Rock Falls, IL 61071

Editor-in-Chief
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[redacted]
Harwich, MA 02645

Chaplain
Rev. William T. Elliott
[redacted]
Hope, MI 48628

Museum Curator
Kenneth B. Turner
[redacted]
Wakefield, MA 01880

Vietnam Editor
Roland T. Castronova
[redacted]
Peabody, MA 01960

Chaplain
Rev. Perry Woerner
[redacted]
Fredericksburg, TX 78624

Nom. Committee Chair
Joseph B. Chin
[redacted]
Lincoln, MA 01773-0006

Chapter Coordinator
Austin Jay Roth
[redacted]
Westlake Village, CA 91362

Historian
W. Mark Durley
[redacted]
Sonome, CA 95476

Scholarship Chair
Ronald L. Ward
[redacted]
St. Louis, MO 63123

Chapter Commander
South Midwest Region
Ernest B. Carlson
[redacted]
Fredericksburg, TX 78624

Chapter Commander
Great Lakes Region
Terry Babler
[redacted]
New Glarus, WI 53574

Chapter Commander
Far West Region
Pat Tognoli
[redacted]
Isleton, CA 95641

Chapter Commander
East Region
Robert L. Granoff
[redacted]
Collegeville, PA 19426

Chapter Commander
Central Midwest Region
Ronald L. Ward
[redacted]
St. Louis, MO 63123

Chapter Commander
Northwest Region
Lloyd J. Morrell
[redacted]
Redmond, OR 97756

Chapter Commander
Southeast Region
Bob Kapp
[redacted]
Tampa, FL 33615

Chapter Commander
New England Region
Harold J. Gigli
[redacted]
Carver, MA 02330-1809

* As of July 15, 1996

193/INL454423
.CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE 1997- 1998 - FOR YOUR INFORMATION

OFFICE	SERVICE UNIT	OFFICES HELD
Commander: Gary L. Noller	196 LIB	Sr. & Jr. Vice Com Mem. Com. Ex Council
Sr. Vice Commander: Edward W. Marsh	11 LIB	Sr. Vice Com. Exec. Council
Jr. Vice Commander: Ronald R. Ellis	198 LIB 1/46 Inf	Jr. Vice Com. Exec. Council
Executive Council: Alfred R. Doig	 247 F.A.	 PNC, Exec. Council Museum Committee
Austin J. Roth	164 Infantry	Exec. Council Chapter Coordinator
John H. DeGroot	23 M.P.	PNC, Exec. Council Mem Com. - Nom Com.
Robert N. Thornton	221 F.A.	PNC, Fin. Off, Exec. Council, Museum Com.
James P. Meade	196 LIB 5/46 Inf	Nat. Sgt at Arms
William K. Maddox	182 Infantry	PNC, Chap. Com. Exec. Council
Brian J. Mulcrone	23 M.P.	Membership Com.
James C. Buckle	182 Infantry	PNC, Newsletter Ed. Chair Exec. Council
Malcolm D. Cate Jr.	26 Sig Co.	Exec. Council Museum Com.
Leslie W. Hines	123 Avn. Bn.	Membership Comm.
John A. Bowley	182 Infantry	Exec. Council Chap. Com.
Richard D. Heroux	196 LIB	
Stephen N. Dennison	196 LIB	PNC, Chap. Com. Ex.Coun., Nom Com.
Edward den Braven	196 LIB	Executive Council

BALLOTS MUST BE RETURNED BY MAY 3, 1997

AMERICAL DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION
OFFICIAL BALLOT 1997 - 1998

NATIONAL COMMANDER

Gary L. Noller

SENIOR VICE COMMANDER

Edward W. Marsh

JUNIOR VICE COMMANDER

Ronald R. Ellis

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COUNCIL
(Vote for Eleven)

Alfred R. Doig

Austin J. Roth

John H. DeGroot

Robert N. Thornton

James P. Meade

William K. Maddox

Brian J. Mulcrone

James C. Buckle

Malcolm D. Cate Jr.

Leslie W. Hines

John A. Bowley

Richard D. Heroux

Stephen N. Dennison

Edward J. den Braven

BALLOTS MUST BE RETURNED BY MAY 3, 1997

TEAR OUT THIS PAGE AND RETURN IN ENVELOPE INSERTED IN THIS
NEWSLETTER ADDRESSED TO JOSEPH CHIN.

ADVA 1997 Reunion Nears

The annual reunion is just around the corner and it promises to be a very enjoyable event. I would like to encourage you to make plans to join your friends and fellow veterans for a few days of fun and reminiscence. Additional information about the reunion can be found elsewhere in this newsletter.

I would like to extend a special invitation to those who may have never before been able to attend a reunion. You can expect that we will have several hundred people in attendance and that you will find something or someone that meets your interest. This year the reunion will be held near the Americal Museum. Reunion attendees will have the opportunity to see the fine work that has been accomplished by the museum volunteers.

Please help publicize the reunion by asking your local papers to run a brief notice. An example is shown below. If you like, add your name as an additional contact person. Maybe you will meet a neighbor who is also an Americal veteran!

AMERICAL DIVISION REUNION PLANNED

The Americal Division Veterans Association will hold its annual reunion June 19-22, 1997 in Worcester, MA, home of the Americal Museum. Veterans of WWII, Korea, and Vietnam are invited to attend. For more information contact Mr. Bernie Chase, Reunion Chairman, [REDACTED], South Yarmouth, MA, 02664. [Note to editor: The word Americal is correctly spelled with an 'L' at the end.]

196 Light Infantry Brigade Reunion

I would like to thank the editor of the 196th LIB Association Newsletter for the full page story about the ADVA. It is my intention that the ADVA work hand-in-hand with related unit associations for the common benefit of our members.

The 196th LIB Association will have its biennial reunion August 15-17, 1997 in Washington, DC. A wreath laying ceremony at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial is being scheduled. Headquarters will be at the Holiday Inn Rosslyn Westpark Hotel.

For more information on the 1997 reunion or to obtain a membership application, please contact Mr. Bill Knight, President, [REDACTED], Winslow, IN 47598-8970

196th
REUNION
'97
1965 - 1997
Washington, DC



The 196 LIB was one of the infantry brigades that made up the Americal Division in Vietnam. The brigade was formed at Ft. Devens, MA and went to Vietnam on troop ships as a unit. It was one of the largest brigades in Vietnam and elements of the 196 LIB were the last ground troops to leave Vietnam.

Korea Era Veterans (Canal Zone)

The ADVA web site [www.americal.org] is in need of historical information about the Americal Division (23 Inf) during the Korean War era. If you have historical information that would be suitable for this use please forward it to Gary Noller,

[REDACTED] Kansas City, MO, 64114; [REDACTED]

We currently have an Order of Battle posted thanks to W. Mark Durley, Historian. We are especially interested in a narrative (one to two pages) of the activities of the division during this period. Your assistance is greatly appreciated.

Author Recognized by ADVA

Keith William Nolan has been awarded an Honorary Life Associate Membership in the Americal Division Veterans Association. He was nominated for the recognition by PNC John "Dutch" DeGroot. Nolan is a noted author of several books detailing historical events of the Vietnam War.



Keith William Nolan, Author

Some have mistaken Nolan for a Vietnam veteran. He was, however, a young child during the Vietnam War. He had a magazine article published when he was sixteen and his first book was published in 1983 when he was nineteen. As of now he has had eight books published and two more are underway.

Nolan holds a BA degree in history from Webster University and is a full time writer. His works of special interest to Americal Division veterans include Death Valley, Sappers in the Wire, and The Magnificent Bastards. Nolan has also written about the Tet '68 battles at Hue and Saigon and the incursions into Cambodia and Laos. Several of his works are currently in paperback at local bookstores.

In the preface to Battle for Hue, Nolan writes "When I was growing up, the Vietnam War was some vague, distant thing which was treated like a dirty word. It was this silence-compounded by the flip remarks of my liberal teachers in school about My Lai, drug addicts, and psychotic Vietnam veterans-which sparked my interest in the subject. It bothered me that so many of our country men could have suffered so greatly, and so few care about it."

Nolan decided to study the Vietnam War and to write about those who fought the campaigns. He adds "I began to research the subject and I went to the only source that really mattered, the men who were there." A feature of Nolan's books is a listing of each veteran that contributed to the work.

To research Battle for Hue, his first book, Nolan spent time in Washington, D.C. interviewing veterans at the Marine Barracks. His father, a history professor, was a marine in the 1950's. This background led to a curiosity that was not filled by history books available in the early 1980's. Nolan decided to write his own.

As a student of the war, Nolan has developed some critical opinions relative to the conduct of the military operations. "The U.S. should have taken the war to Hanoi, at least with the full weight of our air power. The NVA should not have been allowed to maintain sanctuaries in Laos and Cambodia." He also believes that removing Vietnamese from their ancestral homes in the pacification process was a counterproductive activity.

PNC Ron Ward and NC Gary Noller recently visited with Nolan in St. Louis. Nolan graciously accepted the honorary membership and stated "It is you who should be receiving the recognition for what you did in Vietnam."

Requests for Help

The following requests have been received via the ADVA web page [www.americal.org]. If you can be of any assistance please reply to the sender. If you need help to send a reply by e-mail, you may write or call Gary L. Noller, National Commander, 10107

Kansas City, MO, 64114:
Dennis Sebring (D, 4/31 Inf) is seeking information about a nurse named Annette that served at 91st Evac Hospital in November, 1969. Also looking for a vet named Levell Wheeler who possibly served in the 1st Cav Div. Send replies to:
Debbie McFadden would like to know if the Sgt. Michael Hobran, KIA on 5 Aug 68, was serving with E Co., 1/6th Infantry. Reply by e-mail to:
Eliseo Martinez is seeking information and fellow veterans of Company K, 164th Infantry, 1941-1945. Reply to Sun Valley, CA, 91352
Noel Boilard is seeking anyone stationed in Chu Lai 5/68 to 5/69, Co. A, 23d S&T Bn POL section. Please send reply by e-mail:
Paul Bigham is seeking anyone assigned to 1/52 Inf, 198th LIB RECON in 1971. Reply to:
Ray Gantz is looking for anyone from D Btry, 6/11th Artillery, FSB 411 from 12/69 to 2/71. Reply by e-mail to:
Don Wingo would like to contact anyone who served with Co A, 4/31 Inf. in the period 5/68-5/69 Please respond to
Joel Cortez seeks Jack Perriera, 4th Plt, C Co, 3/1 Inf, 11th LIB. 9/69 Send e-mail to
write: Oklahoma City, Ok 73135
Paul Tanner is looking for Dennis Demers or anyone from HHC, 123 Avn Bn, 69-70. He was a U6A pilot. Write or e-mail to
Dale Albers seeks anyone who served in 3/18th Artillery, B Btry or Service Btry. 6/68 to 6/70. Reply to
Bob Kapp would like to locate anyone from C, 5/46 Inf 3/68 to 6/68 and anyone from C, 4/21Inf, 11th LIB 6/68 to 2/69. Reply to Tampa, FL, 33615
John E. Kolenchak is seeking anyone who may have served with his brother, Frank P. Kolenchak during WWII. Frank was killed on Cebu in 1945. Please send replies to
Horace Campbell is looking for Jerry Eubanks, 23d Division, Ft. Davis, Canal Zone, 55-56. From Pasadena, TX via Texas A&M. Please send reply to
Thomas Dier is looking for anyone who served in C Co, 1/52Inf, 198th LIB, 81mm mortars. Send response to:
William Lawson wants to locate veterans of 1/1 Cav, 66-67-68. Also wants to locate veterans of 135th AHC, 1st Avn Bn, 67/68 E-mail or write
Steven Sells seeks anyone from C Btry, 6/11 Arty, 70-

71. Send mail to or
Lancaster, OH 43130
Charley Sparks seeks anyone from the 71st AHC Rattlers/Firebirds 1st Plt Widow Makers 69-70. Also looking for anyone from F Troop, 1 Cavalry. Reply to:
Gary Froehlich wants to locate anyone from Co B, 3/1Inf, 67-68, Duc Pho and LZ Lizz. Respond to
Adam Marcinuk would like to locate anyone who knew his grandfather, of the same name, who served in the 182d Infantry. Respond to
Jim Bales is looking for anyone who served with Co C, 182d Infantry, Cebu and Japan, 1945. or
Albemarle, NC 28001
David V. Smith is looking for SGT Thomas C. Humbert from NYC area. They served together with the 509th Sig Bn in Chu Lai in 1967. Reply to or write to Swanton, VT 05488
Gary G. Piont is looking for the Infantry Captain at LZ Buff in Nov/Dec 1969. Mail to
Larry Ginzberg is seeking Frank Potter of C Co, 523 Signal, 70/71. Mail to or write to E. Howell, NJ. 07731
Jon Bales is looking for Pat Goodfellow, 5/46 Inf, 7/70 to 2/71. Reply to
Jim Lewis would like to locate anyone from A Co, 1/52 Inf, 198 LIB, 1968. E-mail or write to St. Paul MN 55104
Bill Lupton seeks any Animal, Skeeter, or Scorpion from 123d Avn Bn, 1968. Mail to or
Palm Springs, FL, 33461
Jack V. 'face would like to locate anyone on OP 1 from 2/70 to 70 HHB, 18th Artillery. or write to Rosemount, MN 55068
Leo Miller would like to find members of the Anti-Tank Co, 132d Infantry, WWII. Mail to
Luther Fransen would like to find Kevin Murphy of Co D, 26th Engineers. Mail to
Mike Twomey wants to find Henry Parks 1SG of C Btry, 3/82 Arty, FSB Siberia, and anyone else assigned from 5/70 to 10/70. Send reply to
Mark O'Connor seeks Warlords (23d Aviation) from 1/71 to 9/71. E-mail or write to Sioux Falls, SD
Richard C. Lovett would like to find Roy Brigknack (sp) or anyone of the 182d Anti-tank Co, 44-45 Phillipine Campaign. Send to or write to Albany, OR. 97321
Tod Dorris seeks anyone from Co A, 4/31Inf, 196 LIB 5/69 to 7/69. Mail to
Ralph Williams would like to find Vern Reed, C Co, 26th Eng., 69-70, Duc Pho. Contact
Douglas Moses is looking for Thomas Klein, Co C, 3/21 Inf, late 1967. E-mail to dmoses@ac.net or write to Mt. Gilead, NC 27306
James Polewchak wants to locate Leo Bailey, C Btry, 3/16 Artillery. FSB Siberia. Write

TAPS TAPS TAPS

11 LIB HHC 4/3 INF 101 QM 125 QM
Jose Alvarez Courtland B. Bacall
Toa Baja, PR Boxford, MA
April 27, 1996 Date Unknown
101 MED CO. H 23 INFANTRY DIVISION
Paul E. Bernard David J. Bright
Palm Harbor, FL 101 QM 125 QM
11 LIB HHC 4/3 INF
Jose Alvarez Courtland B. Bacall
Toa Baja, PR Boxford, MA
April 27, 1996 Date Unknown
101 MED CO. H 23 INFANTRY DIVISION
Paul E. Bernard David J. Bright
Palm Harbor, FL Coatesville, PA
January 25, 1997 January 1, 1997
221 FA BTRY A 182 INFANTRY C CO.
Allan R. Campbell Clement E. Daley
Randolph, MA Fairhaven, MA
Date Unknown February 15, 1996
132 INFANTRY HQ/1 ASSOCIATE
Frederick G. Della Pietro George Fukui
Matawan, NJ Naka-ku, Yokohama
February 20, 1996 May 16, 1996
182 INFANTRY 1st BN 147 INFANTRY
Col. Albert J. Hannon Carl E. Hanseman
Wakefield, MA Cincinnati, OH
May 26, 1996 Date Unknown
26 SIGNAL CO. 245 FIELD ARTILLERY
Walter F. Heckman Sam Hyman
Clearwater, FL Clarksburgh, WV
December 30, 1996 August 8, 1996
245 FIELD ARTY C BTY 198 LIB
George W. Stone Jr. Anthony Lupporelli
Gastonia, NC Beacon, NY
January 2, 1997 August 20, 1996
26 SIGNAL CO. 246 FIELD ARTILLERY
Frank J. Lyman Ferdynan Matus
Franklin, MA Toms River, NJ
January 22, 1997 Date Unknown
182 INFANTRY F CO. 196 LIB
John McIsaac Thomas W. Mull
Matthews, NC Taylors, SC
June 2, 1996 1996 Date Unknown
245 FIELD ARTILLERY 182 Infantry
Raymond M. Riethmeier William F. Robitaille
Rochester, MI North Palm Beach, FL
November 27, 1996 Date Unknown
ASSOCIATE (182 INF) 132 INFANTRY AT CO.
Mrs. Gerald Sellers Dale C. Stewart
Millis, MA Leavenworth, KS
Date Unknown November 26, 1996

ASSOCIATE 164 INFANTRY
William T. Thornton Col. Arthur C. Timboe
Burlington, MA San Francisco, CA
January 17, 1997 June 14, 1996
101 QUARTERMASTER 196 LIB
Raymond C. West Paul Yankun
Asheville, NC Hyde Park, MA
October 25, 1996 Date Unknown
AMERICAL DIV ARTY COM GEN 23 INF DIV
Charles W. Young Jr. B.G. George H. Young (Ret)
Trenton, NJ Leavenworth, KS
January 21, 1997 October 23, 1996

BRIG. GEN. GEORGE H. YOUNG JR.

Retired Army Brig. Gen. George H. Young Jr., died peacefully at his home on Wednesday, October 23, 1996. He was 75.

He was a graduate of Columbia Military Academy in Columbia, Tennessee, and graduated with honors from the Citadel in 1942 and immediately entered the Army.



Gen. Young spent seven years in combat in three wars. He served at every level of command from platoon to division and at all except brigade in combat. Regarded as one of the most highly decorated American officers of this century. Gen. Young participated in three amphibious landings - Sicily, Salerno, and southern France. Wounded twice at the battle of Monte Cassino in Italy, he won one of his six awards for gallantry there.

In 1967, he returned again to a combat zone and he became assistant division commander of the Americal Division. At 25,000 strong, the Americal Division was the single largest fighting unit in the Army's history. In 1969 he took command of the Da Nang Support Command, Vietnam.

Gen. Young attended many Staff and Command Colleges before retiring from the Army in 1971.

He is survived by his wife, Jean, of 50 years, a daughter Cornelia, and a son George H. Young III.

Gen. Young was buried with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery.

MONTHLY A.D.V.A. MEETINGS

March 1, 1997
Americal Museum
Worcester, MA
10:00 A.M.

April 5, 1997
Americal Museum
Worcester, MA
10:00 A.M.

May 17, 1997
Americal Museum
Worcester, MA
10:00 A.M.

June 21, 1997
Crowne Plaza Hotel
10:30 A.M.

CONVALESCENT MEMBERS

Robert Galpin
Chandler, AZ 85224

Kenneth E. Trombley
Waltham, MA 02154

Both of these men served with the 221st Field Artillery. HOW ABOUT A CARD GUYS!

NEW LIFE MEMBERS

Michael C. Dorman
196 LIB
Jackson, MI

Malcolm P. East
723 Maint Co B
Lumberton, TX

Col. James A. Franklin
11 LIB
Plainville, GA

Mrs. Thomas W. Furey
Associate
Stoneham, MA

Michael D. Gottschalk
11 Arty 6th Bn
Lapeer, MI

Ltc. George H. Haertel
132 Infantry
Tucson, AZ

Arthur W. Hanley
164 Infantry A Co.
Mt. Vernon, WA

Albert B. Harlan
Associate
Seagoville, TX

John A. Hoff
56 Arty D/6/56
Edwardsville, IL

A. Albert Kandarian
221 F.A. A Btry
West Hartford, CT

Col. Everett H. Kandarian
110 Cav 208 CA (AA)
West Hartford, CT

Randall Kelley
182 Infantry C Co.
Flint, MI

James B. Lynch
31 Inf C/3/82 Art
Carteret, NJ

Ms. Ann T. Magee
Associate
Braintree, MA

Kempton B. McManus
23 Americal
Presque Isle, ME

Edward W. Ostrosky
196 LIB D/1/46 B/3/2
REP OF SOUTH AFRICA

Alfred K. Petsche
221 FA
San Bruno, CA

Paul E. Reissig
196 LIB A Co.
Mendon, NY

Danny J. Richards
123 Avn Bn B Co.
Pueblo, CO

HAVE YOU CALLED THAT BUDDY YET?

REINSTATED MEMBERS

Jesus E. Avila
164 Infantry Hq/2
Long Beach, CA

Gregory Chave
198 LIB C/1/6 Inf
Apple Creek, OH

William E. Chrest Jr
196 LIB
Owosso, MI

Paul R. Flora
198 LIB C/1/52 Inf
Perry, IA

Thomas A. Gina
196 LIB 198/D/1/46
Buffalo, NY

Carl R. Gold
Associate
Baltimore, MD

Alfred Gutttag
754 Tank
Punta Gorda, FL

Jim W. Hallbauer
16 Arty B/3/16
Duncanville, TX

Berry G. Jacobs
132 Infantry M Co
Garland, TX

Robert L. Keck
196 LIB C/3/21 Inf
Hersey, PA

John J. Moran
11 LIB A/1/20 Inf
Dumont, NJ

Royal Simmons
182 Infantry G Co
Centerville, IA

Paul M. Szalkowski
26 Eng Co. A
Nashua, IA

NEW MEMBERS

Mr. Andrew H. Adam III
11 LIB C/1/20 Inf
San Antonio, TX
#Manuel Cerda

Mr. Gordon A. Alexander
16 Arty A/3/16
Toma, WI
#Bernie Chase

Col. Donald E. Alsbro
23 Adm Co
Benton Harbor, MI
#R. Castronova

Mr. Ronald A. Arpy
198 LIB A/1/46 Inf
Des Moines, IA
#William Schneider

Mr. Thomas Atkinson
11 LIB A/4/21 Inf
Duncan, OK
#Membership Committee

Mr. Donald G. Atkinson
21 Recon Tr
Fortson, GA
#Bernie Chase

Mr. John J. Barrows
11 LIB C/1/20 Inf
Raleigh, NC
#R. Castronova

Mr. Bradley Bean
17 Cav H Troop
Laurence Harbor, NJ
#Bernie Chase VFW

Mr. John C. Benson
196 LIB A/1/41 Inf
DeWitt, MI
#Don Ballou Memb. Com.

Mr. James L. Bertie
22 Ord MM
Willowick, OH
#Arthur Boessneck

Mr. Frederick W. Betters
196 LIB 3/21 Inf
Lake Placid, NY
#Edward Ostrosky

Mr. Nolan Bingham
196 LIB HHC/B/1/46
Columbus, IN
#Tommy Poppel

Brig. Gen. Philip L. Bol
1 Cav 1/1
West Union, SC
#Castronova-Terry Babler

Mr. Robert E. Boyle
196 LIB C/2/1 Inf
Rochdale, MA
#Membership Committee

Mr. George J. Braithwait
196 LIB Hq/4/31 Inf
Petersburg, VA
#Bernie Chase

Mr. Ronald R. Brakhage
11 LIB B/4/21 Inf
Coffeyville, KS
#Gary L. Noller

Rev. Raymond R. Brown
746 AAA C Btry
Jonesboro, IN
#L. Owczarzak

Mr. James C. Brundregt
6 Infantry A/1/6
Westerville, OH
#Fred Vigeant M.C.

NEW MEMBERS

Mr. Byron B. Burdette
164 Infantry A Co.
Cosby, TN
#Paul Dickerson

Col. William Burston
23 Med Bn D Co.
Springfield, VA
#R. Castronova

Mr. Sigfredo Castillo
11 LIB
Arecibo, PR
#R. Castronova

Mr. Don Christman
196 LIB HHC/4/31 In
Canton, GA
#Gary L. Noller

Mr. John M. Clark
196 LIB 1/46 Inf
Tampa, FL
#Carl D. Hewitt

Mr. Ernest V. Correale
23 Recon Troop A
Clearwater, FL
#Jim Buckle & GCV

Mr. Jimmie L. Coulthard
11 LIB C/1/20 Inf
River Falls, WI
#R. Castronova

Mr. William Creed
23 Division
Florence, SC
#Fred Vigeant M.C.

Mr. William E. Creel
132 Infantry
Raytown, MO
#Everett Arnold

Mr. Wilfred L. Delozier
132 Infantry H Co.
Martinsburg, PA
#Bernie Chase

Mr. Larry Dresser
?
Center, ND
#Membership Committee

Mr. Carl C. Dyson
11 LIB C/1/20 Inf
Chickasaw, AL
#R. Castronova

Mr. Gerald P. Esford
196 LIB
Lancaster, NY
#Castronova-Hines

Mr. William L. Fenner
196 LIB
Chonotosassa, FL
#R. Castronova

Mr. Robert J. Franecki
196 LIB
Milwaukee, WI
#R. Castronova

Mr. Lawrence F. Gamret
11 Arty D/6/11
Pittsburg, PA
#Bernie Chase

Mr. Robert J. Gardner
196 LIB
Milwaukee, WI
#R. Castronova

Mr. Wallace Geivois
23 S+T
Grand Isle, ME
#Castronova-Hines

Mr. Edward C. Gittens
196 LIB A/1/46 Inf
Brownsville, MN
#R. Castronova

Mr. James E. Hannah
196 LIB B/4/31 Inf
Senath, MO
#Harvey Bell

Mr. Michael T. Harkau
6 Inf E/1/6 Inf
LaPorte, IN
#Jim Brown

Mr. Max E. Hartswick
132 Infantry
State College, PA
#Memb. Comm

Mr. Warren P. Haugen
11 LIB 4/3 Inf
Klamath Falls, OR
#R. Castronova

Mr. John S. Henyan
11 LIB HHC 3/1 Inf
Cordova, IL
#Ronald L. Davis

Mr. Lionel Hewitt
196 LIB
Erie, PA
#R. Castronova

Mr. John B. Horne
196 LIB
El Dorado Hills, CA
#R. Castronova

Mr. Harland D. Huiskes
123 Med C Co.
Laverne, MN
#R. Castronova

Mr. Richard M. Hyland
196 LIB
West Bloomfield, NY
#R. Castronova

Mr. Keith Johnson
?
Preston, MN
#Bernie Chase

Mr. James C. Jordan
23 Administration
Lexington, KY
#Memb. Comm.

Mr. David E. Kasper
11 LIB 21 Inf
Grand Forks, ND
#Bernie chase

Mr. William G. Kiker
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MANY THANKS

I wish to thank my friends in the Americal Division Veterans Association, for the many sympathy cards and telephone calls that I have received since losing my beloved wife, Frances.
We had only been married for fifteen and a half years, but they were great years. Fran and I had been all over the world and we had attended every Convention since 1981, plus several Chapter Reunions. She was a great help with my activities in the ADVA--mostly her patience and support. She was not only my wife, she was also my best friend and constant companion. She is sorely missed.
I wish to ask all members to forgive me for mistakes in recent Newsletters and also my failure to answer my mail promptly. I more than likely failed to return telephone calls also. I did not accomplish much of anything for three months, but I am slowly putting my life back together.

Thank you for understanding.

Jim

SOUTH MID WEST CHAPTER
CHAPTER CHATTER

Commander Ernie Carlson Fredericksburg, TX 78624 Tel- [redacted]	Secretary/Treasurer Malcom P. East Lumberton, TX 77656 Tel- [redacted]
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Sergeant - Arms: Bruce Mobley
Chaplain: Rev Perry M. Woerner

Now that the holidays are over, we are trying to get back to the business at hand. Had a fine 12 days with my daughter, (from a first marriage), over Christmas. Our first in over 41 years!!!! Also, Malcolm and Beverly East (723 Maintenance) brought me a pair of WW II canvas leggings. To go along with them a Japanese sniper rifle - with the Lotus symbol still intact. Of course, these are to go into the Americal Division exhibit that I am putting together for the Admiral Nimitz Museum here in Fredericksburg, Texas. My daughter brought me a packack from 1942.

Stan Marwil - 247th Field Artillery - WW II has a pair of Japanese spotter binoculars, complete with tripod, like the ones used on us at Talasay beachhead on Cebu, P.I. Islands. All we have to do is get them here. Some of the guys are working on a relay system. They cannot be shipped by public carrier.

Our membership is slowly growing! A few of the boys from WW II are now among us. Jim Winters - 164th Inf, also Bill Kiker 164th, who was lucky enough to have served with the 132nd also.

The Chapter still has a few members that are behind in paying their dues. With regret we will have to drop them from the roster soon. Check the date on your Chapter Cards for your due date. Also, part life payments from before 1996 are now becoming overdue. 1997 dues are now payable.

Alan Duglosh A/2/1st 196th has had to retire from his work at the V.A. Hospital in Kernville, TX. He is one of our boys with the results of Agent Orange.

As we only had response from FOUR members, we will put on hold, the idea of forming troops within the Chapter. It was just an idea presented to me by a member. He hoped that those living within an area would be able to get together once in awhile. I thought that it was a good idea, and still do. Our 5 state area is over 540,000 square miles.

Wear your Combat Infantry Badge, your Americal Patch -- and hug somebody.

Your buddy,
Ernie Carlson

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 South-East Chapter was represented by Commander Bob Kapp and his wife, Carol, at a recent get-together in New Glarus, Wisconsin. The occasion was their annual Winterfest R&R, All Veterans Rally. Many Americal members

participated in the Friday night parade. We braved the cold weather and a great time was had by all.

Just a quick reminder--we are again extending an invitation to join us in another fun filled meeting of the Arthur wood South-East Chapter of the A.D.V.A. which will be held at the Holiday Inn Riverfront in Melbourne, Florida on April 18 thru April 20, 1997. We recommend that you make your reservation as soon as possible to get a room close to the pool. When making reservations tell them your confirmation number is 64530417. We're getting a group rate of \$45.00 per night. The number to call is 1-800-296-1615. Hope to see a lot of you attend and enjoy the great Florida Sunshine State.

Just a note--on April 19th we will have a free hospitality tent at the Vietnam Veteran Reunion in Wickham Park which is nearby. Look for the big blue tent in the middle of Campground 'A' and stop by for a free cold drink and snack. Who knows--you might just run into an old Americal buddy.

Any questions call Bob at [redacted].

Yours in comradeship,
Bob Kapp

FAR WEST REGIONAL CHAPTER
AZ, CA, CO, HI, NV, UT, NM

Regional Commander SEC/TREAS

Paris Tognoli [redacted] Isleton, CA 95641 Phone [redacted]	Donald (Don) Shebesta [redacted] Rio Vista, CA 94571 Phone [redacted]
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Sergeant-at-Arms Chaplain	Harvel Bell Herbert A. Holt
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Well, here we are again. A warm hello to all our Vet buddies and our sincere hope that you all have a great year.

Business got off to a rough start this year when Gino Massagli resigned his Sec/Treas job. My prayers were answered when one of our Old Guard buddies volunteered to take it on. Let me introduce Donald (Don) Shebesta to you. He will take over the Sec/Treas for the time being. Don joined the 182nd Inf. on Cebu and continued on into Japan with the outfit.

The major news item is our Chapter Reunion which is officially scheduled for August 21-23, 1997. The location is the Holiday Inn on the Bay. Any vet that wishes to attend can call the Holiday Inn at [redacted] or [redacted]. Make your reservations by July 20, 1997. When you call for reservations mention the Americal Division Veterans Association to obtain the special rates.

Our Chapter Newsletter (The Cannon) will continue putting out information to the Far West district members.

If any non-members would like to attend call me and I will pass on any additional information.

Come join us for our yearly get together.

Sincerely,
Paris (Pat) Tognoli

BATTLE OF BUGA BUGA RIDGE, LEYTE P.I. 23 FEB 45
F Company, 182nd Infantry

At 0700 on 23 Feb Lt. Hammett was ordered by Capt. Tatro to report to the battalion CP for patrol orders. Hammett alerted the squad leaders before leaving. LTC Woolfolk, the Battalion Commander, gave the platoon leader the mission to contact, physically, the 3rd Battalion 164th Regiment which was on the highest point on Buga Buga Ridge, 5 miles to the southwest across a mile wide valley, from the ridge they were now standing on. LTC Woolfolk added that the 164th had been advancing from Polompom against fairly heavy resistance. The patrol was to move out at 0900 hours and would be re-inforced by a section of machine guns from H Co, and a Field Artillery Detachment plus two Filipino to carry the radios.

LTC Woolfolk asked the patrol leader if he had any questions. Hammett said, "Yes, what assurances were there that the 164th was on Buga Buga Ridge?" The Battalion Commander said that LTC O'Brien, the Regimental Executive Officer told him that the 164th had reached that position late last evening and that the Regimental Commander, Colonel Dunn was very anxious that one of his units make physical contact with the 164th today.

The patrol moved out at 0900 with the following strengths and leaders:

2nd Platoon Co. F-----41
Co. H Machine Gun Section-----13
Field Artillery Detachment-----5
Aid Man-----1
Filipino Radio Bearers-----2
Total 62

Patrol Leader-----Lt. Hammett
Platoon Sergeant-----Sgt. Stevens
Platoon Guide-----Sgt. Swinkunas
Squad Leader-----Sgt. Ramsey
Squad Leader-----Sgt. Smith
Squad Leader-----Corp. Hines
Field Artillery Chief-Lt. Hitter
H Co. MG Section Leader-Sgt. Vinto
Aid Man-----PFC Nassif

The patrol moved directly south on the ridge for several hundred yards when Major Holman, the Battalion Executive Officer caught up with them and took the Patrol Leader aside to warn him that he did not think the 164th was on Buga Buga. This angered the Patrol Leader who wanted to go back and see the Battalion Commander as he did not want to walk into a trap. Major Holman said it was his own personal feeling that the only ones on Buga Buga Ridge were Japanese, but as long as Col. Dunn felt so strongly about contacting the 164th that the patrol should go on but take all precautions possible.

Major Holman then wished the patrol good luck. The patrol then continued down the ridge for another 100 yards when they came to the location where a G Co. patrol had been ambushed the evening before and Lt Williams, the 2nd Battalion Asst. S-2 was with a detail bringing the bodies back. Lt Williams warned that from his observation that morning that the enemy was in force in the valley.

The patrol continued down the ridge for a half a mile to where the ridge ended and the patrol paused while talking to two young Filipino men and one young woman who said they had seen about a dozen Japanese soldiers in the valley. The day was warm and sunny, not as humid as it had been. The valley

that the patrol was about to enter had rice paddies in the center interspersed with low rises, which had coconut palms. Around the edges of the valley the ground had been planted with sweet potatoes, called by the Filipinos, camotes. The patrol leader saw that there was not too much cover for the Japanese to conduct an ambush except from the coconut groves down the middle of the valley. He decided to go straight down the valley, alternating Rifle Squads to secure each coconut grove as they advanced.

Just before the patrol entered the valley, the Patrol Leader directed PFC Roy, who had charge of the two radios, to radio Battalion and tell them they were entering the valley. The time was 1000 hours. Sgt. Smith went ahead with his squad to secure the first coconut grove. The patrol leader gave his binoculars to Sgt Eller and told him to keep scanning the flanks and to report any enemy activity as soon as he sighted it.

The patrol moved without incident from one coconut grove to the next Sgt Eller kept reporting Japanese groups from 6 to 20 in size moving long the west portion of the valley and seemingly keeping pace with the patrol but staying out of gunshot distance.

A 1100 hours the patrol leader directed PFC Roy to notify Battalion that they were directly opposite the high point on Buga Buga and were now going to move directly west toward the objective ridge.

The patrol advanced toward a long low hill which was covered with kunai grass or wild sugar cane. As the patrol got to the base they followed a path which was well used and the patrol leader took the lead going up followed by PFC McQuaide, the first Scout for Sgt. Smith's squad. As the patrol leader reached the top of the hill he also stepped out of the high grass into a clearing and suddenly faced a Japanese at less than ten feet. The Japanese dove into some bushes as both the patrol leader and McQuaide shot and missed him. Sgt Smith walked to the edge of the hill and Sgt. Smith killed a Japanese by a small hutment, while PFC Sullivan opened up with his BAR, on a dozen or so enemy soldiers running below him, and was joined by McQuaide. Four bodies were observed after the rest of the Japanese disappeared.

The patrol then moved off the hill, crossed a small ravine, and proceeded up a steep path to a flat area which had some cover and was big enough for the whole patrol to disperse and eat their lunch. After local security was out, a patrol of six men was sent up a zigzag trail to the main finger leading to Buga Buga Ridge, with instructions to move half way up and observe for 15 minutes and then return.

The Patrol Leader gathered all the leaders to talk over the situation. All agreed that the 164th was not on the ridge above them. The Patrol Leader radioed the Battalion Commander and told him with all the firing that had just occurred, the 164th must know where the patrol was or the 164th was not on the ridge. LTC Woolfolk agreed and said wait for instructions after he talked with Regiment. The patrol returned and Sgt. Eller who led the patrol said the trail was heavily marked by Japanese hob nail boots and with his glasses observed a Japanese Officer with binoculars looking down at where the main patrol was eating lunch. He said he was within rifle range but had instructions only to observe (which was correct).

Continues Next Page

At this time LTC Woolfolk radioed back and said that Col. Dunn was positive the 164th is on the ridge and to inform the patrol leader that he wanted to report to the Division Commander that one of his patrols had made physical contact with the 164th by 1700 hours today. The patrol leader told the Battalion Commander they would do the best they could if the Japanese did not interfere too much.

The patrol then resumed with Corp. Hines squad first, Rucker and Walton lead scouts, Sgt Ramsey's squad next, followed by Artillery detachment and then the H Co. MG section. Sgt. Smith's squad was last, as rear guard.

The scouts followed by the patrol leader went up the zigzag trail to a rock out-cropping, which overlooked the first hill the patrol had gone over and was thick with brush. As the scouts turned to move up the finger to the ridge the path was severely eroded before reaching a gradual climb, the path was well shaded by trees 25 to 35 feet tall, which grew on both sides of the path. On the right (or north side) there was a sudden or steep drop off, on the left (south side) the ground sloped gradually to the water shed between the finger they were on and the next finger, about 200 yards further south. The scouts advanced slowly to a dogleg in the trail which abruptly turned south for 25 yards then west up the hill again.

As Rucker and Walton both appeared to be getting more apprehensive, the Patrol Leader had Sgt. Ramsey's squad relieve Corp. Hines's squad with PFC Glover and Pxt. Ness as scouts. The aggressive Glover moved so fast the Patrol Leader kept holding him back. After moving another 100 yards the trail connected with a well worn trail running north and south or perpendicular to the trail they were on.

The Patrol Leader was surprised to find himself, Glover, Ness, and Sgt Ramsey at the intersection. The rest of the patrol still had not rounded the dogleg 100 yards below. Sgt. Ramsey went back to bring up the patrol as the Patrol Leader and the two scouts examined the area. To the right the trail skirted as precipice, then led up into the wooded rocky area which was the highest point on Buga Buga Ridge. To the left the trail went 50 yards, then turned directly up the hill. Very high Kunai grass lay between the trail and the ridge top, about 60 yards away. The Patrol Leader and the scouts distinctly heard a heavy machine gun belt clang as the Japanese loaded it in the rocky wooded area that the trail leading to the right led to. The Patrol Leader took the scouts to the left, just short of the turn going up to the hill, and instructed Glover not to move until he gave him permission. Meanwhile Sgt Ramsey had brought the patrol up. The Patrol Leader instructed Sgt Vine to place his two machine guns covering the trail leading to the right with Sgt Smith's squad, protecting them, and then had four BAR men, PFC Brownrigg, Alexander, Supe and Sullivan, prepared to fire, covering fire, if necessary, as the patrol followed the two scouts. The Patrol Leader then instructed Rey to inform Battalion that they were getting ready to move onto the top of the ridge. At this time the Patrol Leader glanced at Glover, who to the Patrol Leader's horror, must have mistaken the glance as a signal to go and turned and stepped into the trail going up and was instantly shot, falling backwards on the trail. Sgt Ramsey ran over to him with PFC Emerich and tried pulling him out, but fire from the ridge top

drove them back. Sgt Ramsey told the Patrol Leader that Glover was shot through the heart and was dead. The Platoon Leader confirmed this when he tried to reach Glover.

The Patrol Leader then radioed Battalion and told Major Holman that if the 164th was on the hill, then they just killed one of our men. Col Woolfolk came on the radio and asked that the position be marked by a white phosphorus grenade so that they would know exactly where the patrol was. The Patrol Leader asked PFC Emerich to throw the grenade into the path above Glover and Sgt Ramsey would try and get the body out. The Patrol Leader was still on the radio when Sgt Ramsey was driven back again by enemy fire and the Battalion Commander said he could see the smoke from the grenade. As the enemy fire grew heavier, the four BAR men replied raking the top of the ridge with fire. At this time the Battalion Commander in a horrified voice told the shocked Patrol Leader that the patrol was just 100 yards from General Suzuki's Third Japanese Headquarters and that Japanese soldiers are moving down fingers to the right and left of the patrol to cut the patrol off. He said, "Hammett, they have at least 500 men around you and the 164th is being pushed back about 3 miles from where you are now, get your men off as quick as you can or none of you will get out." The time was 1445 hours,

The dazed Patrol Leader ran over to where Sgt Vito was attending one of his men, Begesser, who had just been wounded and told him to take his men on down, then told Sgt Ramsey to form a small rear guard with the four BAR men until every one was gone. Then motioning to Sgt Stevens, the Patrol Leader ran down the hill stopping just above the dogleg where he could see the small hill they first had been on. As Sgt Stevens and the patrol came up the Patrol Leader instructed Sgt Stevens to move onto the small hill, make a perimeter and hold that position until every one was off the ridge. The Patrol Leader then followed to the dogleg where Thornton, of H Co was shot in the back, as he was carried away, the Patrol Leader stopped Rey with the two Filipino radio bearers, PFC McFann and Robertson, who he instructed to stay with Rey and the radios. They selected as CP the eroded area, just above the zigzag trail and next to the rock outcropping which looked down on the hill on which Sgt Stevens was forming a perimeter. After Rey and the radios established the CP, the Patrol Leader went back to the dogleg where he met Sgt Ramsey, Emrich, Alexander, Shupe and and Sgt Eller. They informed him that Sgt Vine had taken a small trail down the watershed with Brownrigg and Begesser, who were both wounded, and 6 H Co men with their MG's. Emerich and Shupe wanted to join the group with Sgt. Stevens. The Patrol Leader decided to close off the trail he was on to the Japanese until all personnel but the CP group was down safely. The CP had Rey and the two Filipino in the eroded area, Alexander with his BAR in the rock out-cropping overlooking the hill Stevens was on. The Patrol Leader, Sgt Ramsey and Sgt Eller remained at the dogleg firing at the advancing Japanese, until McFann came up to state the Battalion Commander wanted to talk to the Patrol Leader. The Battalion Commander was informed of the situation, he then told the Patrol Leader that all Companies in the Regiment were tuned in on the patrol's radio and following the battle with great interest. Sgt Ramsey and Eller came to the CP stating the enemy fire got too hot. Alexander suddenly started firing his BAR and told the Patrol Leader a large group of enemy was formed around Stevens Group on

Continued Next Page

the hill below. At this time the patrol was broken down as follows. (1000 hours).

CP GROUP (9)	H GROUP (9)
Lt Hammett	Sgt Vine
Pfc Rey	Brownrigg (F) Wounded
2 Filipinos	Bogesser (H) Wounded
Pfc McFann	Six H Co Men
Pfc Robertson	
Pfc Alexander	
Sgt Ramsey	
Sgt Eller	
2nd Platoon (-1) (43)	
Sgt Stevens	Sgt Swinkunas
Sgt Smith	Sgt Hines
28 F Co Men	5 H Co Men
Lt Hitter	4 FO Men
	Pfc Nassif (Medic)
Total 61	

Mean while Sgt Steven's Group had reached the hill at the base of the finger leading to Buga Buga Ridge. Stevens initially deployed the group with Corp Hines Squad facing to the north west, Sgt Smith's squad facing to the west and the group CP in the center, with Sgt Swinkunas, Nassif the aid man, taking care of the wounded, Thornton and Lt Hitter with his FO Detachment. As Stevens did not think it possible to dig in he gave instructions for every one to get into prone position. At 1600 hours there was considerable firing and all at once the Japanese soldiers were nearly on them. The main Japanese attack came from the northeast nearly over running the CP. Nassif was giving blood plasma to Thornton at the time, and Thatcher of H Co. shot two Japanese that were nearly on top of Nassif, who only glanced at the enemy soldiers, and continued to give blood plasma. Lt Hitter was talking on his radio but had time to pick up his carbine and kill an enemy soldier. Duncan killed the enemy officer leading the attack, while Shupe got three with his BAR and Rogers and Sgt Smith killed two more, effectively stopping the attack.

Firing continued but things quieted down and by 1630 only the firing on the finger, where the Patrol CP was located could be heard. However machine gun fire from the northwest suddenly swept the top of the hill 15 minutes later nd Maury of H Co. and Rogers were both shot in the back and killed instantly.

Sgt Stevens crawled to them and confirmed that they were dead. Under the cover of this fire another Japanese attack developed and Stevens told everyone to pull back. Sgt Smiths squad put fire on the advancing enemy, permitting every one to pull out. Sgt Swinkunas kicked the Artillery radio as he passed it, as it had been abandoned. Sgt Stevens and Sgt Swinkunas and four men became separated from the rest of the group as they pulled back.

Meanwhile the situation with Patrol CP was nearly as serious. The Patrol Leader was on the radio talking to the Battalion Commander and told him the Japanese were attacking the Platoon under Sgt Stevens and that they were so close the fighting was nearly hand to hand. The Battalion Commander asked what was the continuous snapping sound on the radio? He was told that these were Japanese bullets going by the radio aerial. The Patrol Leader stated that the CP Group was pinned down and could not move. Below 15 feet he could see McFann and Robertson pinned down under heavy fire and even Alexander could not fire back.

After about 10 minutes the enemy fire suddenly stopped and the CP Group took advantage of this and moved down the zigzag trail, past the area where they had eaten lunch, and into the small ravine. The time was 1700 hours.

As there was no sound from the small hill where the Platoon was, the Group started up the path, when one machine gun and scattered rifle fire from the northeast section of the top of the small hill killed one of the Filipino radio bearers . The Patrol Leader pulled the other radio man back, he fortunately had the radio at the time, his name was Capisinio. The Patrol CP Group then moved to the right in the gully between the finger and the small hill where they came to a marshy area, in which they found the footsteps of Sgt Vino's Group leading to the east. As they followed the feet prints they were suddenly taken under fire from the tip of the southern finger leading to the ridge. The Cp Group fired back forcing the Japanese to seek cover and the Group then moved quickly into heavy shrubbery but losing Sgt Vino's trail.(Sgt Vino had turned into some very heavy brush at the foot of the southern finger). After moving about 100 yards the Patrol Leader and Sgt Eller left the group under Sgt Ramsey's charge while they attempted to contact the Platoon and Sgt Stevens on the hill. After reaching the top of the hill they both came under very heavy fire and became separated in the high grass. The Patrol Leader moving toward the center of the hill where he could see a clearing and Sgt Eller moving to his right, Sgt Eller ran into two Japanese, one of them an officer and killed them when, a machine gun opened on him and he scrambled on down the hill, but being under fire from the south finger, also missed the Group under Sgt Ramsey and went deep into the shrubbery where he found Sgt Vino's Group and stayed with them.

The Patrol Leader heard the firing from Eller's direction and as the machine gun opened on Sgt Eller he could see the two man crew on the other side of the clearing and took two shots at them before pulling back to the position Sgt Eller was in, but suddenly rather intense fire from the south finger was directed at him and he could see a Japanese Officer waving his saber and yelling hoarsely at his men who were in the prone position firing at him, while the Officer was standing. The Patrol Leader took a snap shot at the Officer (about 160 yards away) as he dove down the hill, knocking the surprised McFann down as he came charging down the slope. The Japanese Officer could still be heard yelling at his men as the Group continued east along the gully. It was getting dark when the Group crossed the small valley back of the small hill and met the remnants of the Patrol. This left Sgt Vino in the gully with the wounded Begesser, Browarigg, Sgt Eller and 6 H Co men. Sgt Stevens was still on the hill with Sgt Swinkunas and 4 F Co men. The patrol had 43 men, including the wounded, Thornton who Nassif said needed immediate medical attention. The Patrol Leader asked Lt Hitter if he could put artillery fire on the ridge, but Lt Hitter said he lost his radio, but at this time a very tired Phillipy Capisinio came staggering up with the Patrol radio. Lt Hitter then put extensive artillery fire on the ridge as far down as the zigzag trail.

The patrol debated whether to stay and find the missing men but all felt both Sgt Vino and Sgt Stevens had already gone in. It was quite dark as the patrol made their way back to artillery positions where Thornton was evacuated to Humabay.

Conclusion Next Page

It took nearly 4 hours to reach the artillery so it was after midnight before the patrol was finished with the days work.

The next morning the Patrol Leader was ordered to report to General Ridings the Assistant Division Commander at Humabay.

After the Patrol Leader had briefed the General on the patrol the General said that no one should have sent a patrol up there because they knew General Suzuki was there and were trying to surround him. "I'm sure after the artillery fire that General Suzuki will be long gone to seek a new place that will be safer until he is evacuated". The General also added that the patrol action in pulling back so quickly was fortunate as even 10 minutes delay would have caused the whole patrol to be wiped out. He ordered the Patrol Leader to go in a Recon plane to look the area over.

The Patrol Leader in the plane could see that the Japanese were gone. On the ridge top was zigzag trenches the Japanese had dug out and near the highest point on the ridge could be seen where tents had been and the camouflage material was pulled off.

Both Sgt Stevens and Sgt Vino made their way back that morning. Sgt Vino getting assistance from G Co to carry the two wounded men. Sgt Stevens said that he heard considerable firing as the Japanese were evacuating, evidently they thought one American Group was still cut off above the zigzag trail. After midnight the Japanese pulled out--hurriedly, as they did not attempt to pick up their own dead.

Then on the morning of the 25th a platoon from Recon Troop (Division) recovered the bodies of Rogers, Maury and the Filipino radio bearer and counted 23 Japanese bodies on and around the small hill, but the troop did not make any attempt to go beyond the zigzag trail. So there must have been more all the way to the top of the ridge. The Artillery no doubt would account for some on the slopes of Buga Buga Ridge. The Patrol was credited officially for 23 dead enemy.

Lt. Hammett
F Co. 182 Infantry

246th FIELD ARTILLERY - HEADQUARTERS BATTERY

I see in the last issue of the Americal Newsletter that Jim Buckle is looking for memories of the Philippines and especially Cebu. That was a long time ago but the memories seem fresh and clear. I remember sitting on the deck of the ship the night before the beachhead writing a letter to my folks "just in case". As our Headquarters Battery of the 246th F.A. headed for shore I remember the air and sea pounding on the shoreline and then running off the ramp as we hit the beach. It happened to be in about three feet of water and so I fell forward, went under the water, and then got to my feet and made it to shore. A couple of days later I found the bolt of my carbine rusted shut as a result of the soaking.

The things that come to mind so many years later. Our first place to set up our unit was in an abandoned bar that had a pool table in the back, but no balls or cues. The pool table became a friendly place a couple of times when enemy shelling hit the upper part of the building. A row of butt ends sticking out from under the table.

We moved to the other side of the island and then the enemy cut the road for some time. We used a church for our unit's area and it was still being used by the local people. I can remember our headquarters work going on during a funeral service for a native of the area. I wrote once before about a remarkable evening when we looked out on the bay where we were camped. The whole village was walking through the water while holding torches to drive fish before them to the beach. There they were harvested for a community fish dinner. What a beautiful sight in the moonlight.

It was about this time that I came down with Hepatitis and was flown out of the area in a L-5 and we landed on the main street of Cebu City. From there I was flown in a DC 3 to Leyte to the hospital. I didn't rejoin my outfit until we headed for Japan. Where has the time gone?

About ten years ago I was talking to a retired one star general who was part of the beachhead that morning. He talked about what a wonderful sight the landing was. I asked him where he was. He replied that he was in a B-25 looking down at it. From ten thousand feet it might well look beautiful.

Rev. William T. Elliott

(Rev. Elliott is our National Chaplain)

1st BATTALION - 182nd INFANTRY

Going back to the origin, we were a National Guard Unit, at our Armory on Westford Street in Lowell, Mass. which contained a group from the 180th Field Artillery, Headquarters, First Battalion. 182nd "C" and "D" Companies, approximately 400 men. In 1973 they tore down the armory, left a park with no indication of what was there before. "D" Company had two Kay boys, Frederick and Robert, "C" Company had one Edgar. Next door to the former Armory was a funeral parlor. The last of the Kay boys, Robert was laid out there. Mac (George McAneney) and I, looked out the window of the funeral home and saw nothing saying that there was once a magnificent building standing there. Right there and then something clicked in Mac's head. He came up with the idea of a monument on the site. We went to work to solicit some cash. Donations from our members, whatever they could spare, coffee can banks (decorated for the occasion) at different fraternities and clubs, with a substantial donation from the city. In 9 months we dedicated a nice \$3000 monument on the site, on Veterans Day 1984 or 85, I forgot. The following Memorial Day we dedicated a 30' fiber-glass flag pole, with a 5' by 8' Americal flag. About a year and a half after that I was notified the neighborhood kids had broken the flag pole. The city replaced it. The following year it happened again, and this time they replaced it with a steel pole. To this date it is still there with the flag flying continuously because the undertaker next door has a flag also with a spot light shining on both flags.

Al Hudon

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED YOUR NEWSLETTER

PASS IT ON TO A NON-MEMBER
GIVE IT TO A V.A. HOSPITAL

WOMEN IN THE INFANTRY?

This is how a combat infantry man lives:

You are always too hot or too cold, it is raining or snowing but you are parched with thirst, you are always tired and have the runs and your feet are sore, you are dirty and itchy and stink and you hurt in small ways and are bent and chafed under a 60-pound pack. And you are almost always afraid because a few miles away an artillery man you can't see is about to kill you or just the other side of the ridge another infantryman you don't know is going to try to kill you before you kill him.

Or even before the firefight starts you are going to step on a mine and blow off your legs.

I know nothing about air or naval warfare but I know about being an infantryman and it is no job for women. Nor is it a job for men or for the higher order of animal even though, in combat, an infantryman becomes an animal himself. Three years ago in a book about a winter war I wrote this: "Men were always getting hurt. I don't mean wounds. Take hands: Outdoors the cold works at your hands, and in the bunkers it was the dry heat from the Coleman stoves...when your hands were always sore and bleeding you weren't as efficient at doing anything. It didn't matter what, firing a weapon or opening a can or wiping yourself with toilet paper, you didn't do it as well with sore hands...In this cold, dry air with wind, your lips were always chapped and sore, sometimes so cracked they bled...There was no privacy anywhere; hygiene was a derisory concern. You couldn't get clean so why worry about dirt? Maybe that's why when the flu hit the Division so many of us came down with it...

Getting hurt was something that happened to us every day; twisting an ankle on the ice or smashing a thumb in the bolt of a weapon or cutting your hand on a ration can or chipping a tooth or tearing off a fingernail trying to shore up the ceiling logs or dropping a jerrican of water on your foot...There were men with rheumatism from the wet months sleeping on the ground and men who coughed and spit up blood. And men who had been frostbitten early and would always be susceptible afterwards...None of these things qualified you for medical evacuation. You tried to heal them yourself or asked the corpsman and you stayed on the line."

And the corpsman, the medic. he was getting hurt and wounded too and in the hard cold before he could give you morphine when you were hit, he held the Syrettes in his mouth to thaw.

We stayed on the line once through January and February 46 days. Never washed, never changed clothes, living underground and you slept four hours on, four hours off, and we ate from tin cans. No fresh fruit, no milk, no bread. No liquor, no women, no sex, rock or roll. Our faces were pitted with pustules and blackheads and in the cold, snot froze greenish and solid in our nostrils and upper lips and our eyes were bloodshot from candle smoke and twitched from nerves and fatigue. We were 18 and 20 and 25 years old and after while we moved like old men from the cold and the damp and tiredness.

And when you had a bowel movement you slid down through the snow to the reverse slope and on a wooden ammo box with a hole in it with your trousers down around your ankles shivering while

the wind blew and the snow fell and you did your thing and then your anus hurt too much to wipe so you just pulled up your pants again and went back into the trench or the bunker and no one remarked how you smelled. Because we all stank.

That time when we came down off the line to shower after 46 days they burned our uniforms.

I don't know what it is to fight in the jungle or desert. Maybe it is a lot worse. I don't think I would have done very well in Viet-Nam. Or in the South Pacific where the landing craft shelved on the beaches and the six guys in front of you were dead before you ever got out of the damned boat. And then, if you survived the beach, there behind it was the jungle. And the Japanese waiting.

I had all I wanted in one small near forgotten war. Can you conceive the fear, when it's your turn that night to take out the ambush, to lie there freezing and motionless in the snow, hoping that the enemy comes and when they do, you kill them except for one or two you try only to wound so you can drag them in to be questioned? I used to pray they'd skip my turn. They never did.

And I can still remember, four decades later, how much a dying man weighs when you have to carry him up to the ridgeline and he keeps sliding off the stretcher into the snow and he groans from his wound and you get him on the stretcher again and the corpsman looks at you and you know he is not going to make it and when he is finally dead, in a way you are relieved, because he will be easier to carry and you don't worry so much if you drop him occasionally.

And you try very hard to do your job because these are good men around you and it is a fine country we are fighting for and because you have some small pride left. And you try to keep it hanging together when a friend of yours is killed or loses an eye or his hands and try to forget what dead men look like hanging on barbed wire in the morning after you have fought again through the night.

This is how a combat infantryman lives. And dies.

As Defense Secretary Aspin puts the proposed changes in rules of combat:

"A range of new opportunities for women."

(James Brady: Copied from the C.B.I.)

AMERICAL POST CARDS

We are now able to offer some very nice post cards to our membership that will also benefit the ADVA Scholarship Foundation. You may purchase 20 cards for \$6.00 or 44 cards for \$12.00. Here's a chance to get something that everyone will use and help the Scholarship Foundation at the same time.

Send requests and check to :

Ron Ward Gary L. Noller
St. Louis, MO 63123 Kansas City, MO 64114

ARE YOUR DUES PAID?
CHECK THAT CARD NOW!

132nd INFANTRY REGIMENT

Enjoyed reading the article in the Americal Newsletter concerning the CAM Division. However, it is incomplete as to the actions taken by the 132nd Infantry involved in the giant pincer movement from Cape Esperance to the village of Tenaro, where the battle for Guadalcanal ended.

Allow me to fill in the details as the 132nd Infantry was very instrumental in forcing the Japs to evacuate Guadalcanal at Kamimbo Bay during the nights of Feb. 1, 2, 4, 5, 7 and 8th, 1943.

Here is the actual and historically accurate facts of the event that took place:

On Feb 1, 1943, the 2nd Battalion, 132nd Infantry Regiment, reinforced, boarded one APD (USS Stringham) and six LCT'S and made a beachhead at Verahue, behind the Jap lines. Our task force consisted of nearly 1,000 troops, they were:

2nd Battaliom, 132nd Infantry
Company M, 132nd Infantry
Anti-Tank Company, 132nd Infantry
Detachment, Headquarters Co. 132nd Inf.
Detachment, Service Co.,132nd Infantry
Battery F, 10th Marines
Detachment 65th Engineer Combat Bn.
Detachment, 101st Medical Regiment
Detachment, 26th Signal Company

This was quite an imposing force and I'm sure the Japs had to speed up their evacuation plans.

The actual beachhead itself was unopposed and a perimeter was established. At noon a flight of Japanese bombers appeared and three of the enemy planes were shot down by our escorting warships, Unfortunately one of our Destroyers was sunk.

Following a series of skirmishes, the 2nd Battalion arrived at Titi thinking we were Jap troops. An S.O.S. was sent out and the shelling stopped.

Patrols were sent out daily and some scattered resistance was met. Many Jap soldiers were abandoned due to sickness and starvation. Large stores of Jap supplies and equipment was scattered around the shores of Kamimbo Bay.

Company G., 2nd Battalion (in which I was the Platoon Sergeant) was ordered to advance to the village of Marovovo, near Kamimbo Bay. We ran into some fierce resistance against Jap light and heavy machine gun fire. We poured in 60mm and 81mm mortar fire plus artillery fire from Battery F, 10th Marines.

It was decided to defend the south bank of the stream, south of Morovovo, about a mile in front of the village. Japs shelled our positions with 90mm mortars and artillery fire. Following the barrage we could hear loud screams (banzai charges) from the Japanese in their final do or die charge in the empty village. The Jap attacking force was large (based on the screams and barrages).If our task force had positioned itself to defend the village, we would have been decimated.

All night long we heard motors of the Japanese small boats. We thought the Japs were landing tanks and getting in position to launch a major assault against our Task Force. They were in fact evacuating Guadalcanal.

On February 8, 1943 our Task Force moved aggressively on Kamimbo Bay. There was scattered resistance primarily from sick and dying Japanese.

The area around Kamimbo Bay was littered with hundreds of landing craft, small boats, all sorts of guns, weapons, ammunition and debris. (Note: I have personally been back to Guadalcanal eight times in the last six years and there is no evidence of what we saw over 50 years ago.) In February '43 the area was filthy; flies by the millions leaving maggots; and flies infested the dead Japanese bodies. Some prisoners were taken.

On the morning of February 9th, 1943, our combat team started around Cape Esperance for the village of Tenaro, at the Tenamba River, and met the 1st Battalion of the 161st Infantry. The gigantic pincer was complete and Gen, Alexander M. Patch, Jr., sent a message to Adm. William Halsey, "Total and complete defeat of the Japanese forces on Guadalcanal effective today. Am happy to report this kind of compliance with your orders because the Tokyo Express no longer has terminals on Guadalcanal." Admiral Halsey replied, "When I sent a Patch to act as tailor for Guadalcanal I did not expect him to remove the enemy's pants and sew it on so quickly. Thanks and congratulations."

Joseph G. Micek

21 RECON - HDQ CO. 1st BN 182nd INFANTRY

I was with the 21st Recon, and Headquarters Company 1st Battalion, and went overseas with "A" Company 182nd Infantry. During the Carolina maneuvers, "A" Company, left a squad of us, from the weapons platoon, in the woods. We were about 25 miles from Albermarle, North Carolina. The rest of the Battalion left and did not come back. After spending the night in the woods, and late into the next day, we hit the road and thumbed down the last empty truck in a passing convoy. We told the driver to stop at the next likely eatery. We found it in Albermarle. Coming out of the place we joined a group of females and relations began, watching the trucks coming through.

I spotted this one I took up with and got her name and address. Some officers came by on a motorcycle side-car, and told us to get our rear ends in the parked truck. This after wanting to know what we were hanging around the corner for. Anyhow he lead us out beyond Oakboro, N.C. to "A" Company 182nd, some 40 miles from our deserted area in the woods.

We, the girl I met, wrote to each other during my stay in the Pacific, 3 1/2 years. We finally met when she came to Boston to meet my sister and her husband. To shorten this, Rachel and I got married in November of 1946. Lived in Boston for 2 1/2 years. Moved back to Albermarle and have been there ever since. We have two sons, and two grandchildren.

Perhaps some other G.I. was with with me, and recalls this incident. The only name I remember was Lenny Antell from the weapons squad.

Ed Loeb

HOW ABOUT SENDING A CARD TO AN AILING COMRADE

**CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL
WORCESTER**

**AMERICAL DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION
JUNE 19 - JUNE 22, 19
RESERVATION FORM**

GUEST
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

TELEPHONE () _____

ARRIVAL DAY/DATE _____ DEPARTURE
(Check-In 3:00pm) (Check-Out)
Earlier Check in, if room is available.

NAME OF PERSON(S)
SHARING WITH: 1. _____ 2. _____

ROOM OCCUPANCY		TYPE OF ACCOMMODATION	
Single _____	Double _____	2 Double Beds _____	King Bed _____
Triple _____	Quad _____	Smoking _____	Non-Smoking _____
		Handicapped _____	

Hotel cannot guarantee availability of specific room types.

All " AMERICAL DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION " overnight attendees will require one night's deposit or valid credit card information. If we receive a credit card please be advised that one night's room and tax charges will be applied.

Type of Card: _____ Card Number: _____

Expiration: _____ Name as it appears on card: _____

Cancellation policy: Cancellations are due no later than 7 days prior to arrival on or before (Wednesday, June 12, 1997) to receive credit on your deposit.

All reservations must be received by 5:00pm on **May 22, 1997**. Please allow sufficient time for mail delivery. This reservation form is for " AMERICAL DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION " Reservations only.

" RATE: \$ **75.00** (RATE IS SUBJECT TO 9.7% HOTEL TAX) Occupancy (up to 4 people) per room/per night.

Crowne Plaza Hotel

Please Mail To: 10 Lincoln Square - Worcester, Massachusetts 01608

Attention: Reservations Department _____ or call _____

AMERICAL DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

-- JUNE 19 - 22, 1997 -- WORCESTER, MA.

EVENTS REGISTRATION FORM

UNIT _____ W.W.II _____
VIET _____

(Last Name) _____

PHONE () _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

per person (No. _____) (\$ _____)

Y JUNE 20, 1997

at Lexington and Concord, Ma. \$ 30.00 per person

omb Air Force Base.

all taxes and gratuities. (No _____ \$ _____)

HOTEL \$ 25.00 per person

(No _____ \$ _____)

Dinner served at 7:30 p.m.

FRIDAY JUNE 20, 1997

DINNER— Dance at the CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL

\$ 26.00 per person

All Taxes and gratuities included.

Dinner served at 7:30 p.m.

(No _____ \$ _____)

SATURDAY JUNE 21, 1997

DINNER— DANCE IN THE ARMORY WHERE THE AMERICAL MUSEUM IS LOCATED.

Choice of Stuffed Boneless Breast of Chicken or Roast Tenderloin of Beef.

Dinner served at 7:30 p.m.

Chicken Dinner \$ 22.00 per person No. _____ \$ _____

Beef Dinner \$ 24.00 per person No. _____ \$ _____

Please make check payable to

N.E. Chapter ADVA

MAIL CHECK AND FORM TO BERNARD CHASE, 82 PHYLLIS DRIVE, SO. YARMOUTH, MA. 02664.

DEADLINE FOR SUBMITTING CHECK AND RESERVATION FORM MAY 22, 1997.

CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL is located one block west of the AMERICAL MUSEUM.

DIRECTIONS TO THE MUSEUM
(Salisbury Street Armory)

To reach the AMERICAL MUSEUM from the East take the Mass. Turnpike to Exit 11-A, (Rte 495 N). Travel along 494 N to Exit 25-B, (Rte 290 W). Travel along 290 W to Exit 18 (Rte 9 Leicester-Westboro). Take a right at the end of the ramp/lights. Bear right. Armory is on the right.

From the West: Take Mass. Turnpike to Exit 10 (Rte 290 E). Travel along 290 E to Exit 17. At the end of ramp take a left. Travel along Rte 9 to lights and take a right. At the next set of lights bear to the left.

101 MEDICAL REGIMENT & BAND

Enclosed is a snapshot of Joe Liotta taken on Guadalcanal in 1942. He had quite a few snapshots of the history of his stay in the service.



Joe passed away on July 24, 1994 at the Brockton Veterans Hospital, after a six year stay. He had the best of care from the wonderful and caring staff of the V.A. Hospital--the BEST!

Sincerely,
Cecilia L. Liotta

ATTENTION ALL A.D.V.A. MEMBERS

I have had some very distressing news lately!!! I have been told that the activity in some Chapters is at a standstill !!!

This shocks me, because each & every one of us knows, that it takes every member of a team to accomplish a task!!! WE ARE A TEAM--WE ARE THE AMERICAL!!!

With somewhere between 3 or 4 thousand members, we are divided Geographically into 8 Chapters. The only way we can have a successful organization (ADVA), is for each of us to do what we can in our area Chapters!!! My estimate is that about 1 (one) per cent of the National membership goes to our annual meetings.

The membership is becoming younger with each year. How's that you say?? We "Old Guard" are thinning out faster and faster!! This leaves us with a dilemma!!!

While we are getting younger (ADVA), we have a large percentage still working each day!! Most of these are Vietnam Veterans with college expenses--two car payments--high rents etc.

Naturally, most can't make it to a National Reunion, but could possibly join with their Buddies, closer to home!!!

If each and every member would contact his Chapter Commander, they would be informed as to the needs of the Chapter and possibly help strengthen each of the Chapters.

As a Chapter Commander, I know how much EACH member means to the success of our great Americal Veteran's Association!!!

Everyone reminds us that dues are due, so I won't mention it!!!

Attend a meeting--wear your C.I.B.--wear a smile--and--HUG SOMEBODY!!!

Your Buddy,
Ernie Carlson

IN MEMORIAM

Charles W. Young Jr.

"Young", as he always signed his letters, passed away on January 21, 1997. For many years he was the glue that held the former members of the Headquarters Battery, Division Artillery together. He spent a great deal of time and much of his own resources trying to locate former members.

To quote from one of his letters: "Time passes, passes and keeps passing--quickly, oh, much to quickly and I haven't located very many of our buddies".

Charles continues with: "We have watched as the organization, (ADVA), has grown, even with the unavoidable attrition rearing its ugly head. Many units in the ADVA have get-togethers and it would be great if we could attend the National Convention as a group. However, it seems, because of the time lapse, we need us 'just us'--to reacquaint, to renew, to relive, to realize what we were and what it was that touched us so deep--we still feel it after all these years.

I will miss receiving letter from Charlie, as we corresponded frequently through the years. He will be missed and I certainly hope some one will step forward and keep his old unit together.

In closing I will use a poem that "Young" sent to me some time ago:

AROUND THE CORNER
By Henson Towne

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end,
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year has gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race,
He knows I like him just as well,
As in the days when I rang his bell,
And he rung mine. We were younger then--
And now we are busy, tired men,
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name,
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show I'm thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes--and tomorrow goes;
And the distance between us grows and grows.
Around the corner! -- yet miles away...
"Here's a telegram, sir."
"Jim died today."

And that's what we get--and deserve in the end--
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Charles W. Young Jr. -- You will be missed.

Jim Buckle

P.I. OBSERVATION POST USED 44 YEARS BACK
BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS

Cpl. Everett Arnold in an Outpost That Finds Names
Scratched on Wall of Tower on Cebu

With the Americal (spelling correct) Infantry Division in the Philippines. Three Missouri reconnaissance doughboys, members of the 132nd Infantry Regiment, pursued the enemy across the hilly country side of Cebu and happened onto something out of the past--when another group of Americans was engaged in somewhat similar activities.

Cpl. Everett W. Arnold of Bethany, Cpl. Lee H. Vannoy [redacted], Butler, and Pfc. Arthur Radige, [redacted], St. Louis, set out during on of 82 days of consecutive days of combat on Cebu to set up an observation post and report on enemy action.

The spot selected for the O.P. was the bell tower of an old abandoned cathedral, one of those sturdy, weather-beaten reminders of the early Spanish influence of Christianity, constructed of stone walls three feet thick.

The trio was suprised to note names scratched into the walls in the dim tower. Stranger still, they seemed to be very American sounding names and the date after them was 1901. Remembering their history and the fact that Admiral Dewey came to Manila in 1898 they decide to see if they could learn more about it.

They did. On nearly all islands, after the "official settlement" was made with Spain, groups of tribesmen fought on. Our forces, of course, had to subdue them.

The names, then, were those of some other American soldiers who had used the same old tower, possibly e same purpose as this group of 1945 Yankees.

So, in a church over one hundred years old, history repeated itself.

(This story appeared in the Harrison County Times in 1945 and was sent in by Everett Arnold).

Everett would like very much to contact Lee Vannoy and Arthur Radige. If anyone knows of their whereabouts please contact:

Everett Arnold
[redacted]
Ridgeway, MO 64481

746th AAA GUN BN. - 251st COAST ARTILLERY
TIME IS RUNNING OUT

If you served in either of the above units we would like to hear of your experiences during your service. You do not have to be an accomplished writer or author. We would just like you to jot down a few lines relating to some of the events that made an impression on you during those exciting years. It could be a humorous event, or a military action your group were involved in. It could be about daily living, food, quarters, details, or shortages. How about a religious experience, or a generous compassionate happening that made you feel life was worth living? How did you feel when those bombers came over or when you were shelled and fired on?

If you have any papers concerning shipping orders, detail rosters,, promotions, guard duty, or alert assignments, a copy would be appreciated. Any Japanese papers or photos wiioth writing on the back can be copied and interpreted for you.

Every year at our Reunions, we learn of the passing of some of our comrades. We would like to collect and preserve as much of the memorabilia as possible, before it is lost or destroyed. We Would like to have the 251st and the 746th remembered for the important part they played in the war. Each contribution will help make the historical archives more complete.

Thank you in advance for any material you may wish to donate, or have copied, or interpeted. All material will be handled with utmost care.

Send 251st Material to:	Send 746th Material to:
Col. John V. Long	Leornard Owczarzak
[redacted]	[redacted]
El Cajon, CA 92021	Brooklyn, MI 49230
Phone [redacted]	Phone [redacted]

THE ORIGIN OF 'TAPS'

I'm not certain about the origin of the Bugle Call "TAPS". There are probably several versions regarding it's origin. I've read that the melody was originally used by Germans during the Thirty Years War (1618-1648) as a bugle call to stop the evening beer drinking. There are three different sets of words, that I know of, all sung slowly and reverently. Recently I came across the following:

It all began in 1862 during the Civil War, when a Union Army captain, Robert Ellicombe, was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia. The Confederate Army was on the other side of the narrow strip of land. During the night, Captain Ellicombe heard the moan of a soldier who lay mortally wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention. Crawling on his stomach through the gun fire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier, and began pulling him toward the encampment. When the Captain reached his own lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead.

The Captain lit a lantern. Suddenly he caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier. It was his own son!! The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, he enlisted in the Confederate Army.

The following morning the heart-broken father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial despite his enemy status. His request was partially granted.

The Captain had asked if he could have a group of army band members play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral. That request was turned down, since the soldier was a Confederate. Out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him only one musician. The Captain chose a bugler to play a series of musical notes he found on a piece of paper on the pocket of the dead youth's uniform. The wish was granted. That music was the haunting bugle melody we know now as "Taps" used at all military funerals.

(Reprinted --Springfield, MN Advance Press)
(Thanks to Brian Mulcrone)

COMPANY I 182nd INFANTRY

Please print the following in the Americal next issue. It concerns an article by Bill Maddox about the photograph that I have included. To explain the photo--please print the following:

First the patrol wasn't in Cebu. It was just before the Cebu landing while we were in Ormoc Leyte. It is a patrol of I Company men outside of Ormoc, just after Christmas 1944, while we were in pursuit of the Japanese stragglers in and around Ormoc.



In the photo Poynter is the first BAR man followed by Antonio Zindarcic, who was blasted out for wearing his soft hat instead of a helmet that day.

The patrol was a reconnaissance patrol later being part combat, and the action was very mild because the Japs did not want to fight anymore.

Most of the Jap soldiers were taking the route from Ormoc through the Camote Islands and going on to Cebu. Company I 182nd was the Company that was sent to the Camotes to stop the Japs as they evacuated the Ormoc area of operation.

I hope that some others from I Company will remember this patrol and write in about it.

I'm sending you a photo that I found in my attic about a battle that someone may remember about Bougainville around January 1944 near the perimeter. I believe it is about the Japanese attack on the perimeter and there were a number of Japs killed that had to be buried by a bulldozer. I received this photo from a Buddy. I wasn't a part of this battle. I believe the 132nd Infantry was involved. You may want to inquire about it and find the unit.

Honor & Courage
Ray E. Poynter

Ed Note: The above picture was in the Oct-Nov-Dec issue of the Americal Newsletter on Page 33. Ray believes his caption is the correct on.

TASK FORCE 6814-A

When the 182nd Infantry Regiment, a Massachusetts National Guard Federalized unit, landed at Noumea, New Caledonia, in early March, 1942, two of it's companies, Company L and Company M were detached

from the regiment and sent up North to Port Vila, Efate, New Hebrides, to act as a forward observation force. The Japanese were in the Solomon Islands then, and we learned later that our small force was totally expendable,

The 500 men in the two infantry companies, a platoon from the 57th Engineers, and a few medics were under the control of Brig. Gen. William I. Rose, an attorney from Worcester, Ma. I was in Company M, a heavy weapons company, as a communications man and runner for the company commander, Capt. Roy F. Goggin. Since Gen. Rose was in need of an orderly, I was assigned to work for him. And it was good for me because I was billeted in town in a requisitioned house in Port Vila while the rest of the troops were scattered around the harbor in dug-in defensive positions.

There are about a dozen or so of the men from Companies L and M of the 182nd Infantry Regiment who served in the New Hebrides in the early days of WW II who are still around. I keep in touch with most of these men.

How, I, a Chinaman, survived the time in the South Pacific, including the four months on Guadalcanal, where my regiment was part of the First Marine Division-Reinforced, is another story. But I have much empathy for my comrades who served with me.

Joseph Chin

OLD FOLKS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE

With silver in their hair
Gold in their teeth
Stones in their kidneys
Lead in their feet
And gas in their stomachs

I have become a lot more social with the passing of the years.

Some might even call me a frivolous old Gal.

I'm seeing five gentlemen every day.

As soon as I wake
Will Power helps me get out of bed
Then I go see John
Then Charlie Horse comes along
And when he is here he takes a lot
of my time and attention
When he leaves
Arthur Ritis shows up and
Stays the rest of the day
(He doesn't like to stay in one place very long,
So he takes me from joint to joint)
After such a busy day
I'm really tired and glad to go to bed
With Ben Gay

WHAT A LIFE!!!!

P.S. The preacher came to call the other day
He said that at my age
I should be thinking about the hereafter
I told him I do--all the time
No matter where I am
In the parlor, upstairs, in the kitchen or
Down in the basement
I ask myself
Now what am I after?

(anonymous)

SALUTE TO THE MEDICS

In the States we laughed at Medics
thought they rode the gravy train
Thought they only saw and never felt
the awful hurt and pain

But since we've been in action
We've a different point of view
We have to hand it to them
for the job the Medics do

The Infantry's no picnic
It's a hard and bloody game
It's dangerous and dirty
and it lacks the Air Corps fame

But the real unsung heroes
are the guys who tag along
With the doughboys into Battle
Just in case that things go wrong

I have watched them save a Buddy
that I could have sworn was dead
I have seen them bring the wounded
through a wall of solid lead

If a sniper hits your forearm
makes a cut you hardly feel
Or a mortar blows beside you
and your guts are full of steel

The call goes out for medics
and you know they'll get you through
For they always have the answer
seem to know just what to do

Stop the bleeding, give you Plasma
Give you Morphine, kill the pain
Get you back to where the doctors
can make you well again

When the bitter war is over
and the victory is won
There'll be a million doughboys grateful
for the job that they have done

But perhaps they'll never know it
'Cause for words we're at a loss
To Praise the Lads whose arm bands
Bear the Red Geneva Cross

Phillip O. Downing

(This poem was given to me in 1944 on Bougainville by an Infantry man as I was boarding a landing craft. I was with the 121st Med. Bn., Co. D.)

Alfred Piscitello

SOFTBALL ON GUADALCANAL ANYONE?

Adding a new twist to the annual Solomon Islands Campaign pilgrimage, a proposed game of softball between the American and Japanese WWII Veterans is well into the planning stage.

August 7th, the anniversary of the landings on Guadalcanal and Tulagi, has been pronounced "Guadalcanal Veterans Recognition Day". All veterans of all branches of the services who took part in the campaign, Solomon Islanders, Americans, Coast Guard Watchers, New Zealanders- and Japanese- are cordially invited to a commemorative ceremony at the American Memorial high on a hill commanding Iron Bottom Bay.

This ceremony will be attended by the diplomatic corps with music provided by the superb Solomon Islands Police Band.

Following the ceremony all participants are invited to go to the Yacht Club where it is hoped campaign veterans will participate in an exchange of war time experiences.

In a recent poll among various veterans groups the majority indicated this was an idea whose time had come. Younger WWII buffs and historians welcome an opportunity to learn of personal experiences from a former enemy.

The Japanese Veterans have expressed a wish to lay a wreath at the American Memorial as well as inviting American Veterans to attend an informal ceremony at the Japanese Memorial.

As the tour includes Tulagi, the Russell Islands, New Georgia, Rendova, Kolombangara and other sites of great naval, land and air battles, tour members are accommodated aboard the "Spirit of Solomons" a motor vessel ideally suited for expeditions in shallow waters. Cabins are adequate, food wholesome and plentiful, dress 'barefoot casual' with shore excursions on small outboard boats.

Each tour member is invited to specify places of special interest to them. Tour director Bob Reynolds, who knows the islands well plans the itinerary to accommodate as many of the places as time may allow.

Excursions now include snorkeling over a well preserved Hellcat fighter aircraft in 40 feet of clear water; a swim over B17 and Japanese cargo ships; walks across remote islands once teeming with Marines or P T Boat crews; visits to local villagers where a rusting Japanese gun serves as a plaything for children; visits to landing beaches' abandoned airstrips; camp sites Ltc, etc. Local villagers are glad to welcome visitors.

The 13 day tour leaving on July 31st costs between \$3,900 and \$5,000 depending on cabin size selected. The cost includes air fare from Los Angeles round trip in economy class, the cruise, all meals, all transfers and all tipping.

Bob Reynolds who has led dozens of tours to the Solomon Islands, finds his 'repeaters' return because of the beauty of the islands and friendly peoples as much as for WWII relics and history, particularly as one travels up to the New Georgia group.

"As one takes in the awesome beauty of Kolombangara at sunrise - one recalls the brave Coast Watchers. Almost in its shadow, one can swim to the island where a young Lieutenant J. F. Kennedy swam after his P T Boat was cut in half by a Japanese destroyer." said Reynolds who organized the preparation for the National Geographic team to plot WWII warships sunk in Iron Bottom Sound which lead to the superb video "The Lost Ships of Guadalcanal".

For a brochure with itinerary and cabin descriptions, write to Bob Reynolds, [redacted], Sausalito, CA 94965 or call [redacted]

(Sent in by Joseph G. Micek)

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?

F COMPANY 182nd INFANTRY
Annual Reunion and Dinner

Cottage Crest Restaurant - Waltham, MA
April 27, 1997

For Information contact:

Frank Rourke Joe Rando
Waltham, MA 02154 Waltham, MA 02154
Tel. [redacted] Tel. [redacted]

H COMPANY 182nd INFANTRY
Annual Dinner and Reunion

Silver Fox Restaurant - Everett, MA
Saturday, May 23, 1997
12:00 Noon til 4:00 P.M.

This will be a family style dinner. Friends and escorts are invited. Cost will be \$20.00 per person. Make check payable to Co. 'H' Association and mail to:

Fred Zaino
[redacted]
Everett, MA 02149

For more information call [redacted]

John Groppi
Chairman

L COMPANY 182nd INFANTRY
Annual Reunion

The Reunion will be held as usual, at the home of Bob Doucette. You may arrive at 11:00 A.M. and lunch will be served. Contact:

Robert Doucette
[redacted]
Lynn, MA 01904
Tel. [redacted]

OLD SOLDIERS FADING AWAY, I SALUTE YOU
By Lewis Grizzard

It happened to me before, running into men who served with my late father in WW II. This time I was in Greensboro, N.C., at a bookstore. I was signing copies of one of mine.

I noticed the old man at the first of the hour. He stood at the entrance of the store, looking at me. After the hour, the signing was over. Meekly, the man walked to where I was sitting. He had one of those faces that said, here's somebody's beloved grandfather. There was a lot of knowledge and caring in it. Without another word, he said, "Your daddy was my first sergeant in W. W. II."

I've studied my father's record as a soldier closely and I know he was in France, then Germany, and I know he was later sent back to Korea.

"He saved my life in Germany," the man continued. "He saved a lot of lives, and they gave him a battlefield commission."

According to a copy of the citation I have, the colonel was killed and the unit under heavy fire. Sergeant Grizzard reorganized the company, running

in the open where the bullets flew, and saved himself and his men from certain annihilation.

"If it weren't for your daddy," the man said, "I wouldn't be here today".

How do you respond to something like that? I certainly was proud of my father at that moment--to think that this man had carried for a half a century the memories of what my father did that day. And to think he would come to me after all this time. It was like trying to thank me for something my father did fifty years ago.

I think I managed a "Bless you," or a "Thanks for looking me up." We shook hands and the old man walked away. My eyes teared as he did.

My parents' generation, I sincerely believe, had more to bear than any other in this country's history. Their lives were affected--and some were ruined by W.W.I, the Great Depression, W.W. II and Korea, and some lost children in Vietnam. And now, the last of them fading into the shadows cast by the young they brought into this world.

A national magazine, noting the passing of the presidency to someone too young to have had World War II experience, offered a spread titled, "Goodbye, Old Soldier."

GEORGE BUSH was the youngest fighter pilot in the Navy during World War II.

Now he has gone to his retirement, having been replaced by one with no military experience whatsoever, one whose dealings with the draft system still has a number of unanswered questions.

The Old Soldiers have moved out, and the Baby Boomers have moved in.

That is unsettling to me. The country's leadership, save a few veteran members of Congress, is in the hands of those never tested by fire.

Few of my generation really know the meaning of sacrifice. What did we ever want for and couldn't have? When have we ever been hungry? When did most of us ever have to run through a hail of bullets in a foreign land in order to save our comrades? I never have and neither has Bill Clinton.

After the man in Greensboro had walked away, I realized I had made a mistake by not sitting with him and asking him to tell me what happened that day in Germany. I would have liked to have known about it from a survivor, not from some document.

But you know how it is. We're all in a hurry. We just don't know where it is we're hurrying to.

Goodbye, Old Soldiers, and thank you.

You are the very best of us.

(This column appeared in the Atlanta Constitution a while back and was sent in by Earl Cook).

All contributions to the Americal Scholarship Foundation are tax deductible and can be written off in Schedule A of form 1040 in the contribution section. Please--make the check out to:

AMERICAL DIVISION FOUNDATION

LZ/DC ALL VETERANS REUNION

November 8-9-10-11, 1997
Marriott Hotel
Arlington, Virginia

The 1st Squadron, 1st Cavalry Association is co-sponsoring the LZ/DC All Veterans Reunion this year. For information contact:

Terry Babler, Chairman
LZ/DC All Veterans Reunion
[redacted]
New Glarus, WI 53574
Tel. [redacted] After 4:00 P.M.

196th REUNION 1997

196th Light Infantry Brigade Association
August 14--17, 1997
Washington, DC

For information contact:

Bill Knight, President
196th Light Infantry Brigade Association
[redacted]
Winslow, IN 47598
Tel: [redacted]

VIETNAM VETERANS OF AMERICA

Welcome Home Brothers and Sisters
First Annual Reunion

of
Missouri Vietnam Veterans
In the heart of the Ozarks

October 3, 4, 5, 1997

Contact:

Vietnam Veterans of America
[redacted]
Waynesville, MO 65583
Tel. [redacted] or [redacted]

ROLLING THUNDER

Washington, D.C.
Memorial Day Weekend
May 25, 1997

POW-MIA "We Will Never Forget"

For Information contact:

Rolling Thunder Inc.
c/o Artie Muller
[redacted]
Neshanic, NJ 08853

L.Z. FRIENDLY

Campout 1997 will be held at a new location this year. For information on upcoming Reunion contact:

L.Z Friendly
[redacted]
Athens, GA 30604

HEADQUARTERS
DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
12th SPECIAL FORCES GROUP (AIRBORNE)
[redacted]
ARLINGTON HTS., IL. 60005

MEMORANDUM FOR: RECORD 19 FEB 94

SUBJECT: 1ST. SQUADRON, 1ST. CAVALRY

1. THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION WAS OBTAINED PER YOUR REQUEST:

1st SQUADRON, 1st CAVALRY (ARMORED CAVALRY)
ARRIVED VIETNAM: 29 AUGUST 1967
DEPARTED VIETNAM: 10 MAY 1972
PREVIOUS STATION: FORT HOOD, TEXAS

AUTHORIZED STRENGTH 1968 1970
SQUADRON 1,027 1,050

THE 1st SQUADRON, 1st CAVALRY WAS DETACHED FROM THE 1st ARMORED DIVISION AND SENT TO VIETNAM AS A SEPARATE ARMORED CAVALRY SQUADRON ATTACHED TO THE U.S. ARMY, PACIFIC (USARPAC). TRADITIONALLY, IT WAS PART OF THE "1ST REGIMENT OF DRAGOONS". THE SQUADRON CONSISTED OF THREE GROUND CAVALRY TROOPS AND ONE AIR CAVALRY TROOP, D, WHICH WAS DEPLOYED IN JULY 1968 AND ATTACHED TO THE 101st AIRBORNE DIVISION (AIRMOBILE) UNTIL 1969, WHEN IT REJOINED THE SQUADRON. TROOP D'S ASSETS WERE LATER USED IN THE REACTIVATION OF TROOP D, 17th CAVALRY WHEN THE LATTER UNIT WAS ACTIVATED IN VIETNAM ON APRIL 30, 1972. SQUADRON PERSONNEL, WERE ENTITLED TO WEAR THE SHOULDER SLEEVE INSIGNIA OF THE 1st ARMORED DIVISION.

LOCATION	SERVICE	MAJOR COMMAND
CHU LAI	SEPT.67--OCT.67	TASK FORCE OREGON
CHU LAI	NOV.67--NOV.68	23rd INF. DIVISION
DA NANG	DEC.68--JAN.69	23rd INF. DIVISION
DA NANG	FEB.69--SEPT.69	23rd INF. DIVISION
TAM KY		
CHU LAI	NOV.69--MARCH 70	23rd IND. DIVISION
CHU LAI	APRIL 70--JULY 70	23rd INF. DIVISION
MO DUC		
CHU LAI	AUG. 70	23rd INF. DIVISION
TAM KY		
TAM KY	SEPT. 70	23rd INF. DIVISION
THACH KHE	OCT.70	23rd INF.DIVISION
CHU LAI	NOV.70-MAR.71	23rd INF. DIVISION
TAM KY		
CHU LAI	APRIL 71	11th INF. BRIGADE
TAM KY		
PHU BAI	MAY 71	101st AIRBORNE
TAM KY		
PHU BAI	JUNE 71	23rd INF. DIVISION
TAM KY		
AI NGHIA	JULY 71-NOV.71	23rd ARVN DIVISION
TAM KY		
AI NGHIA	DEC.71-MAY 72	196th INF.BRIGADE
		(Sent in by Terry Babler)

THE SUPPLY SERGEANT'S GIFT

Your discussion of your medical responsibilities bringss back some memories. I wonder if we "knew" some of the same women?

Around Christmas time in 1970 on the Battery rear area in Chu Lai, our sypply Sergeant noticed that the morale in the rear was in need of a boost. The main source of the problem he identified as lack of recreation for the troops after their jobs were done for the day. Some form of after hours authorized recreational therapists either on the base or officially available from the local economy, although I have heard that the 4th Division had a recreational therapy area adjacent to it's division base camp.

Our supply Sergeant decided that drastic action was not necessary so he went out into the local economy and obtained the services of a local, uh, recreational therapist who specialized in the recreational needs of recreational deprived troops.

Since the therapist was unofficial the supply Sergeant decided it would be best if he brought the, uh, therapist in for the evening so that most of the troops would be "off duty" and could avail themselves of her, uh, therapy sessions.

In addition, since the, uh, therapist was unauthorized, he decided to limit her, uh, sessions to those who were E5 and below. This was a security measure, keeping it on a need to know basis. Higher ups would have to find their own, uh, therapy.

The, uh, therapist was given a temporary office in the shack that housed our movie projector, which was painted white and also served as the movie screen. Many of the troops were able to avail themselves of this, uh, recreational opportunity.

In fact, word soon spread, to a couple of neighboring units and some of them were also able to relieve themselves of this recreational deprivation.

The movie that night was I believe, DARKER THAN AMBER. Quite a good action flick that featured Will Smith in ine of his many roles as a hulking heavy.

The, uh, recreational therapist gave so many, uh, therapy sessions that evening that she was so exhausted the next morning she had difficulty walking.

A few days later the Battery Commander asked me, I don't know why he would ask me about this, how the troops had enjoyed the, uh, therapy sessions? I diaavowed any knowledge of the incident. He said he knew of the, uh, therapy before it happened but decided not to intervene as he felt it would improve the morale of the troops. He said he had noticed such an improvement.

So much for need to know security.

Later we heard that one of the squad leaders in the unit at one of the LZ's had been given a Field Grade Article 15 for doing much the same thing for the troopers at his force base. Ah, where's the justice.

Bob Cook
G. Bat, 55th Arty 70-72
(Prodigy Bulletin Board)

OPERATION "TP" TO BOSNIA

U.S. troops participating in Operation Joint Endeavor in Bosnia have had to get used to living in the field and doing without basic "luxuries" taken for granted in garrison.

Thanks to Lt. Col. Bill Starr, U.S. Army Reserve, and VFW Post 1337 in Mt. Prospect, Ill., members of the 308th Civil Affairs Bde., Homewood, Ill., won't have to worry about doing without one of modern life's basic necessities during their tour of duty.

Starr's mention to his wife of the critical "special need" in Bosnia for stateside toilet paper prompted a chain reaction involving Starr's long time friend and fellow VFW member Brian Mulcrone.

Mulcrone shared the need with Vietnam vet "Dutch" DeGroot and within days members of Post 1337 purchased, acquired, collected, packed and shipped 400 rolls of "TP" via Air Force transport. According to Starr, when new personnel rotate into the 308th, they are issued standard equipment plus 10 rolls of toilet paper.

With the need satisfied, Starr and the 308th donated some excess rolls to Egypt House, a local orphanage serving Serb, Croat and Muslim children, run by the Servants of Jesus, a Catholic order of sisters in Bosnia.

The 308th is involved in the formation and implementation of Bosnia government activities, including local elections to stabilize the war-torn area.

VFW Magazine--Dec.1996

REDCATCHER ASSOCIATION -- 199TH LIB

I am a member of the Redcatcher Association, the veteran organization of the 199th Light Infantry Brigade, which was formed for service in Vietnam in 1966 and was deactivated after it was withdrawn in 1970. The Association has received a permit from the administration at Ft. Benning, Ga., to erect a monument there to honor the unit and its deceased members.

To that end, we have established a fund raising goal of \$25,000 and to date are half way there. Dedication is set for Memorial Day, 1998, and we need to reach those veterans of our unit who are not members of the Association, to give them an opportunity to participate.

We would like to run the following in your locator column:

REDCATCHERS (VIETNAM)! The 199th Inf Bde needs its' men again, this time at Ft. Benning, Ga., on Memorial Day 1998 to dedicate our unit memorial--and we need your monetary help to make it possible. Please, send contributions to:

Jay Voorhees
Painted Post, New York 14870

And advice on your location and ability to attend the ceremony to:

Pete Joanides, Redcatcher
McLean, Virginia 22101-199

ATTENTION

196th LIB - 4/31 Infantry Bravo Co.
Nov. 68 - Nov. 69

Anyone out there who was with or around the 196th 4/31st Bravo Company at the time of Nov. 68 & Nov 69., and has pictures or the Stars & Stripes Newsletter, that I might get copies of please write to me.

My husband was Sgt. James (Eddie) Hannah. He served with Capt. William Gaylor.

I'm trying to replace pictures because of a fire.

Thanks guys,
Kathy

Kathy Hannah
Senath, Mo. 63876

QUAD 50

I was looking through some pictures and found one of a Quad 50 at LZ Debbie, think it was April 71 and at the bottom of the hill. The note on the back says its last trip to Duc Pho guarding a convoy that had the howitzers as they left the hill for the last time. If I remember right its name was Paris Peace Talks II. I don't know where the Quad 50 went but some of the howitzers were sent to Bronco and set up where they could cover Debbie as we tore it down.

Seems like the 50's were close by. Maybe not

William Bruinsma
A/6/11 ARTY 70-71
(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

LZ PRO.

When we rotated back to the hill the only free time we had was after dark. The brass always had something for us to do during daylight hrs. I had this idea of rigging up a light in our bunker. I found some batteries that was in a conex (a metal box that was 8x8x8 that was slung below a chinook for transporting sundries and supplies). I requisitioned, (stole is a harsh word) a taillight bulb from the potable water trailer. All of this was down on the helipad. I light proofed the bunker. My bunker mates and I could write letters and read magazines, etc. Worked great for a while until they started locking the conex. My source for batteries. My bulb disappeared and so did the other one on the water trailer.

Our bunker was next to the generators for the FDC. They ran all day, everyday and they had regular receptacles. I located some commo wire and borrowed a 110v lightbulb and socket from what we called the mess bunker. I dug a trench from our bunker to the generators and buried the wire so it could not be seen. I found a switch, hooked the lightbulb up and we were back in business.

Well all good things come to an end and it did. I was writing a letter one night and this LT burst in the bunker wearing nothing but a steel pot helmet, flak jacket, jungle boots and poka-dot

boxer shorts and started yelling the riot act to me. I couldn't help it! I burst out laughing. It was hard to keep a straight face with someone wearing that getup. I think he realized he was kinda funny looking too and started laughing. He told me the generators were the power source for the FDC computers. The smile left my face then because I realized that could have jeopardized someones safety. We had gotten outa some jams because the arty guys and their computers. I told him it would never happen again.

I had thought the generators were for their fans and refrigerators. You know, creature comfort. I didn't have the opportunity to talk to him much after that. He would smile if I waved at him and shake his head. It was one of the few times that I laughed over there.

Do any of you guys remember who the FO was for Company C/1/46 around March of 1970. That guy was sharp! I remember our company was setting up a night lager on the side of a hill overlooking a valley southeast of Pro. Someone noticed someone was coming out of a tree line on the other side of a blueline. Then another. Then another. This kept up until there was about 20 of them in the open and more were still coming out! The FO got on the horn and called in a fire mission back to PRO. He held up the spotting round until we counted 118 of them stretched out from the tree line, across the blue line (river) and on a road that stretched in front of the hill in front of us. Then he let them have it! I heard the 155's and some 6 inchers from Tam KY wanted some of the action too! It was a good thing they did. The 105's at Pro Could not reach the tree line. Man he played that arty like it was an orchestra. He walked it from the front and rear of their line to the middle and back out again. Delayed fused rounds would blow them into the air and the air bursts would knock them to the ground again. Then he would do it again. I looked around to see if I was the only one standing there with their mouth open. I wasn't. It turned out from the intel gathered that they were NVA and were headed to Pro to try and knock it out that night! Oh well. You know what they say about the plans of mice and man. The C.O. of our Company was a 1st LT Bilawaski or something like that.

Ray Pierce
C/1/46 196LIB
(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

SPOOKY

Les Hines tour overlapped mine in the 123d Avn Bn., but in a different company. He sent me a copy of a Southern Cross newsletter from 1970 that had my name on it. Kinda spooky seeing something that must have crossed my path 24 years ago! How, when, and where I might have had the Southern Cross newsletter and even signed it, I do not know but it was nice of Les to pass it along.

Les has CD roms that he can use to help track down ex GIs via their social security numbers if anyone has that information and is looking for an old buddy. He's also putting together a history of the 123d/Americal.

John Boyer
F/8 CAV 123rd AVN 70-71
(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

COMPANY

Early one morning prior to moving out on minesweep, we were all smoking and joking and generally loafing when our ears perceived a familiar sound. The distant growl of a CH-47, or Chinook, helicopter. (Also known as the Hook). They were not by themselves unusual, but this one seemed to be heading our way, and it was carrying something. Behind it came another, equally laden.

As it came closer, we were able to ascertain what it was carrying. An artillery piece. "Oh no", we wailed, "Cannon cockers"!! Sure enough, upon our return from sweep, we found our worst fears realized. Part of our S-4 yard was now a 105 battery!

Now don't get me wrong, we had nothing against our artillery brothers personally. As a whole they were a generally sociable bunch and even brought their own beer. It was just that where most people saw a 105 howitzer, we saw a two wheeled, long barreled mortar and rocket magnet. We had no particular dislike for guns, and even keeping us awake was no great problem, as we found out that we could even get used to that. Charles, however, hated artillery with the proverbial "purple" passion.

Sure enough, they weren't there but one night and the indirect fire attacks began. And continued on a regular basis. The usual drill. Stay away from doors and windows, especially after dark. Sleep in your helmet and flak jacket. Wear same to the shower and the Sh***er. Hide under your mattress when they started and then run out to your fighting position at the first lull.

When they departed after about 2-3 weeks, we all breathed a sigh of relief. Our only worry then was mines, booby traps, snipers and the occasional firefight. Almost like in country R&R after the 105's. Peace, Big Ed P.S. 8 inches were even worse. But that's another story.

James Eddington
C/39 Eng 69-70

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

AND THE GUNS FELL SILENT

The speaker certainly had passion. He possessed more than his fair share of conviction. He may have been right. He just fired at the wrong target.

Earlier this year, I traveled to College Station, Texas. No football game was planned for that weekend. I barely had time to say hello to my daughter who is a junior at Texas A & M. This was more in the nature of a private pilgrimage.

On a beautiful fall Saturday, a group of graying, middle-aged Aggies dedicated a memorial to classmates who died for our country in Southeast Asia. A tree was planted for each of the 11 members of the class 1969 who died "defending American ideals of freedom and democracy during the Vietnam Era."

Class officers had selected park benches and the marker that made a fitting reminder of our friends. I had nothing to do with any of the day's prologue. I simply heeded the call to join in this last farewell.

The speaker was a retired Air Force colonel a member of the class of 1963 at Texas A & M. A Vietnam veteran, he had been a prisoner of war for seven years.

He spoke at our little gathering in the Sam Houston Sanders Corps of Cadets Center. Present were about 20 classmates, maybe two dozen family members of the 11 men, some university officials and a few current members of the Corps of Cadets.

When Phil Callahan, our former class agent and owner of a Bryan real estate company, introduced the colonel as active member of the Brazos County Republican Party and popular speaker, I heard a distant alarm bell, but still hoped for the best.

He certainly began well. The retired officer who now works for Texas A & M mixed Scripture, stories and exerts from the Gettysburg Address to predictable success. For all their crustiness, Aggies and their emotions are easily stirred at a time like this. If you can't get us a little glassy-eyed, then you need to find another hobby.

Just as he had us hanging on the edge, the colonel pulled the wagon into right field. He paused a moment then lunged ahead.

"I have the utmost respect for the office of the presidency, but there is a candidate for President of the United States from, a major party who meets definition of a traitor in my dictionary," the colonel declared. He proceeded to read what Mr. Webster had to say on the subject, then recounted Bill Clinton's efforts to avoid the draft and his antics while a student at Oxford.

While the good colonel rode his political stick horse around the room, I mentally cringed. He is certainly entitled to his opinion. If I had been a POW for seven minutes, let alone seven years, I probably would have led the cheering.

Still it was the wrong message at the wrong time.

What the moment demanded was for someone to tell the members of these 11 families whether or not their sons, to borrow the phrase from Abraham Lincoln, had died in vain.

That is the question that needed answering that day. It is one that seems to still have the nation's attention as well. Since September I have seen numerous television programs, read articles and even saw a stage show, all on some aspect of Vietnam. The American people can't seem to be able to find a neat, clean place to file and forget this divisive struggle.

If all we can do 25 years after the fall of Saigon, however, is point fingers and say, "I served and you didn't," then we really did lose the war.

That black wall in Washington is not a list of losers. I didn't waste a year of my life. More than 50,000 good men and women did not bleed and die in vain. And the country needs to reach the same conclusion.

Americans like problems wrapped in tidy packages. Occasionally, we tolerate a three part mini-series, but our taste runs to 30-minute solutions. If we would open a history book, however, we could find subjects such as the Hundred Years War and the Thirty Years War.

Conclusion Next Page

When they write American history in the year 2200, I am not sure if they will call this the Seventy Years War or the Forty Years War, but they will certainly view the Vietnam and Korean Wars in the context of a multi-decade struggle against the spread of communism.

In 1948, President Truman declared that we would oppose the expansion of communism from the Soviet Union's borders. The Truman Doctrine became as much a part of the national psyche as the Monroe Doctrine and a driving force in our foreign policy.

We expended much blood and treasure in places like Chu Lai and Pusan as well as countless hot spots around a battered Earth implementing that policy. Harry Truman said that if we just held that morally, politically and economically bankrupt philosophy known as communism in check it would implode. Ronald Reagan and George Bush proved him right.

When Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev borrowed an American journalist's pen to sign the instrument dissolving the Soviet Union, the victory was about as complete as it can get.

The good news for this Veteran's Day is WE WON. It may seem strange that we have to tell ourselves that, but apparently we do. The guys who bled on Hamburger Hill or froze at Chosin are winners. They didn't get the ticker tape, but they won the war.

The trick is to think and act like winners. Certainly, this nation can remain free only as long as its young men and women are willing to defend it. Yet, we now should move past those questions that divided us over Vietnam.

When your football team wins state, you don't worry about whether every kid in the school put on pads. Let the guy who stayed in the stands ponder his role. You did your part.

Once the colonel finished, we strolled over to the little park where red ribbons fluttered around the young trees. Family members cut the ribbons to symbolize the opening of the little park. A last minute recruit, I was privileged to cut the ribbon in memory of Bob Johnson, my good friend from Paris.

On my desk is a scrap of ribbon and a program. I have tried off and on to get these tokens to members of Bob's family. Perhaps I have stalled because I did not quite know what to say.

(Sent in by Robert L. Palmer)

MACHINE GUN

We had a 50 caliber for defense on LZ Siberia. No one wanted to be assigned to it because, if you were attacking a hill, who would you shoot first? We found the tracer rounds to be wonderful for soldering together little metal parts - if you had solder. You could pull the bullet out and light the phosphorus(?). Its flame would melt solder fine.

I cannot now imagine what we were fixing.

Barry Kelly
C/3/82 Arty 69-70

UNIFORM SPIRIT OF SERVICE STILL IS OUT OF FORCE

There are about 254,000 veterans in Orange County, and on this Veteran's Day weekend I wish I could write something about each and every one of them.

But since I can't, I'm going to tell you about a guy named Bob Kakuk.

Almost 30 years ago, Bob served with the Army's Americal Division in Vietnam. He wasn't a hero, never got wounded, didn't win a chestful of medals. He was just another GI out in the boonies, a guy doing his bit and counting down on his short-timer's calendar until he could come home.

And when he did finally come home, he didn't run for political office or write a book or direct a movie. Instead, he eventually started a landscaping business in Huntington Beach and went on with his life.

So why would I pick Bob out of a quarter-million Orange County vets, and 26.2 million vets nationwide, as the subject of this column?

It's because of a vision Bob had. A vision of stone.

See, for the past couple of years Bob has been struggling to build a monument to the Huntington Beach men who died in America's 20th-century wars. The monument, a slab of black granite with the names of 90 dead men engraved on it, will stand on a patch of grass next to the Huntington Beach City Hall. The city has approved the \$20,000 project and donated the ground for it. but the monument will be built with private funds.

About \$9,000 including \$2,000 from a Huntington Beach retired psychiatric nurse named Rena Hewitt, who heard about the proposed monument and dashed off a check. Various business, vets groups and the Huntington Beach city employees' association also chipped in.

Bob had hoped to have the monument ready for dedication by Monday, Veteran's Day, but that's not going to happen. He's still \$11,000 short.

Now he hopes the Monument will be ready by Memorial Day. If you want to help, you can contact Bob and the Huntington Beach Veterans Memorial Fund at [REDACTED].

Bob is a quiet, almost taciturn man, not given to speechifying. Ask him why he has put so much effort into the monument project, and he'll likely answer this way: "Because they (the dead) deserve it."

It's a simple answer, but one that any veteran immediately understands. Enough said.

But even though the monument isn't ready, it's still appropriate to write about Bob and his mission on this Veterans Day weekend. Because what he is doing is the kind of thing that so many veterans do--like Bob, quietly and without a lot of fanfare.

Throughout this county, and country, there are veterans who work to help their former comrades-in-arms, or to make sure that no one forgets the sacrifices of the mostly young men and women who never came home, who didn't live long enough to ever be veterans on Veterans Day. These veterans build monuments, march in parades, fly POW/MIA

flags, deliver meals to homeless vets--in thousands of ways, in thousands of places, those who served still serve.

So on this Veterans Day, if you want to pause and remember the nation's veterans, you certainly can honor guys like Bob for what they did.

But you can also honor them for what they are doing.

Gordon Dillow

HEARING

Its funny you writing this note now, I was just talking with my wife, when a huey's distinct sound broke the quiet of morning. What's funny is I can recognize the sound of it as well as the LOH, and "S" hook without seeing the aircraft itself. Even when not over the horizon. The LOH gives, generally a pleasant almost happy feeling, while the Huey is more somber. Guess it has to do with what happened with history, keep seeing body bags with the Huey, not being infantry I rarely flew in the Huey except with the old Man, the Div Arty CO. Most of my AO and travel time was in the LOH, the Hughes model. It was a very good bird, even in a hard stop (hate those). My hearing is shot, can't see that good, but I can hear a LOH or huey before most even hear a sound.....

William Wood Jr.
Hq Div Arty 70-71

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

TARGETS

I recall that most of the area west of Siberia and Hiep Duc were considered free fire zones. Additionally, sections of the territory between West and Hiep Duc were considered free fire and we could shot at folks just for being there. The practice was horrible! H&I fires were a total waste of time and money and often lives. During the 45 day battle in 1970 we were still given numerous H&I targets to shoot, including targets they wanted hit during daylight hours. I could often see the target identifications, which might include "civilian reported seeing man with weapon four days earlier at sited trail junction." We would get mortared almost every time we shot our 105's, which was something we had to take when shooting for the infantry, but something I refused to do was to hit targets that would have been cold five minutes after being reported, let alone four days later. I quit shooting the daylight H&I's but didn't falsify the ammunition count as I should have. Finally was questioned about the ammo by the Arty Bn XO, who attempted to order me to shoot these targets after I conceded I was not doing so and gave him the reasoning. I told him to tell the CO to call me and give me a direct order to shoot these worthless targets and endanger the men in the process. I don't recall that he ever did or that we ever shot another such target. What were they going to do, send me to Vietnam?

Michael Twomey SR
C/3/82 Arty 1-10/70

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

CHAPLAIN

On LZ Ross, we got a full time chaplain from one of the Av Bn in Chu Lai. He conducted services each Sunday in our small chapel. As with some of your Thursday night services, we had attendance problems also. Since I wanted the odds in my favor as much as possible, I maintained a close friendship with the chaplain and battalion surgeon. One night we got hit by sappers when I happened to be visiting chappy in his hootch. Somehow, it seemed the natural thing to do, I offered him my .45 since I had my M-16 with me. He accepted, saying in his almost one year in Nam, including many trips to the field to visit our line companies, no one else had ever offered him a weapon. He accepted saying that while he did not look forward to shooting anyone, if someone came thru the doorway trying to do him in, he would shoot back. As it turned out, neither of us had to fire that night.

Spencer Baba
2/1 196 68-69

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

FLYING INSTRUCTIONS

We did in fact teach many of our crew chiefs to fly our helicopters enough so they could get us back if they needed to. Didn't teach them the finess of hovering, as that's a bit difficult to pick up with only a few lessons, but flying it enroute and running it on a runway was usually what we taught. Was really illegal for us to let them actually fly, but who cares. We did it anyway.

I've heard several stories of crew chiefs and door gunners actually flying aircraft back with shot-up pilots, but luckily mine didn't have to practice their new-found skills. On two occasions, though, my co-pilot was shot up badly enough that the crew chief had to use the hinged pilots seat (there's a quick-release on the back of the seat that allows the seat to hing backward from the rear of the seat and lay flat in the cargo area) and pull the co-pilot into the back cargo area enflight to treat his wounds, and on one occasion when I took a bullet through the windshield directly in front of my face and sprayed my face with plexiglass, the crew chief thought I had taken the bullet in the chest and pulled me back into the cargo area.

I still remember trying to access how badly I was hit, as my neck and shoulder were numb because of the shock to the nerves when the plexiglass fragments hit me in the face and neck and I couldn't feel my left arm at all, and all of a sudden my feet went up and I was laying flat on my back looking at the overhead circuit breaker panel. I thought the helicopter was coming apart and I was dead! Whew!

As for the name of LZ Bronco, seems to me it was named by one of the early infantry units that was there. I don't remember, but does 11th LTB have a horse or "bronco" as part of their logo or motto or something? I'm pretty sure if 11th didn't, the unit that was first there did. That's my recollection, and I was at Bronco within a month of the first Army units going into the area in 1967. We still called it Montezuma at first.

We also pulled standby gunship missions occasionally from the top of Mount Bronco, but most of the time we just stayed in our hootch at

the base of the hill. The Sharks never did go to the Cobras, but were still flying the Huey UH-1C's when the unit stood down in 1971. There were no Cobras at Bronco when I was there. Someone else could have had access to Cobras after I left in '68, but I don't know who they would have been.

Can't trust those barbers, man. Our barber was found dead in the wire after Tet of '68. Scarry when you think back that we let those guys shave us and work that straight razor around our neck and ears. Hmmmmmm. Actually we did think of that then, and we ALWAYS had at least two of us when we went to the barber, and we always wore our side-arm.

Jim McDaniel
174th AHC 67-69

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

COMBAT LOSS

I couldn't help liking Miller.

His first name was Marlin, but everyone just called him Miller. He stood at almost, six feet, had curly brown hair, a mustache that flirted with Army regulations and a twinkle in his brown eyes that peered out at you through wire-framed glasses.

"I came in country with the guy," Jim Jordan recalled last week. "We met at Long Binh and came north together."

"He (Miller) had been to Yale, smoked Pall Malls and quoted poetry. He liked to talk and laugh and tell stories. He tended to know a poem that went with every story."

Henry Grambergu was Miller's closest buddy.

"The whole thing with Miller is very personal," Grambergu, who now runs his own business in California, told me. "We were really very good friends. He was a brilliant guy with a great sense of humor and a talented writer. It was like having John Lennon on Chu Lai."

Miller, Grambergu, Jordan and myself in the fall of 1970 were lieutenants assigned to the Americal Division public information office.

Although it was Vietnam, it wasn't bad duty. Rockets might land in our vicinity occasionally, but we had three hots, a cot and an officer's club just over the hill. If headquarters life became too tedious, we could always dream up a story idea and go to the bush for a few days.

One memory abides.

The duty day had just ended. Miller and I leaned against the bunker outside our office, sipping the first cold beer of the day, while watching a horseshoe game. Miller was spinning a story again. This one about how one summer he worked off-shore in the Gulf. He thought driving his MG to New Orleans would be fun.

In the mid-1960's, however, a sports car with New York plates and a college kid meant only one thing to the guardians of Southern law and order. "Whatcha doin' down here boy?" was the most asked question at the frequent traffic stops endured.

Concluded Next Page

Miller knew enough not to flash any Yale-honed wit or verse. He would just communicate to the local deputy in words with a minimum number of syllables that he was just a working stiff on his way to a job and not a civil rights worker.

Maybe one reason that story has stayed with me is its paradox. If Miller was smart enough then to know how to play dumb, why couldn't he have done the same thing later.

Within a few weeks our little group began to break up. I was re-assigned to the 1/1 Cav. Personnel officers from some of the division's combat units began snooping around, making noises about how overstaffed the IO shop was and how they needed lieutenants.

Miller, the fellow with the English degree from Yale was Infantry.

"The last time I saw Miller, he was in the IO sitting on a desk," Jordan, now a business writer for the Lexington (Ky) Herald-Leader, recalled. "We were offering him Cokes and cigarettes. He seemed cheerful and happy." Then Jordan stretched his memory a little bit further. Miller had been in the field for at least a couple of months by the time he paid this visit to his buddies in Chu Lai.

"He (Miller) had lost some weight," Jordan continued. "He was nervous. His eyes I remember were moving quickly at every sound. The twinkle wasn't there. At the time I just thought he was tired."

In June Grambergu noted that Miller's company commander had received an award. He decided to do a story on the captain and at the same time visit Miller. A helicopter dropped Grambergu off with the company in the field where he was met by both the captain and Miller.

"Miller looked bad. He was thin. His teeth were yellow from smoking too many cigarettes," Grambergu said. "Miller wanted to know if I was going to be with his platoon. I told him 'no, I'm going to be with the CO.' He seemed disappointed.

After making hurried plans about getting together the next day at the base camp, Miller and his platoon went one way and the company commander along with Grambergu went the other.

By dark, the two elements were about 600 yards apart when they went into their night positions.

It was the next morning, as they were breaking camp, when they heard the shot. The radio report said Miller had been hit by a sniper. A chopper scooped up the CO and Grambergu and deposited them on the scene.

"We were there within five or six minutes," Grambergu said. "Obviously, he had been shot. There were also powder burns on his chest."

It was pretty clear to Grambergu that no sniper in some distant tree had killed Miller.

"The brigade commander landed and asked if anyone knew this man," Grambergu continued, "I stuck up my hand, but I couldn't answer him. I was crying so hard."

Over the years Miller's friends have discussed different theories about what happened that day at the bush.

"I don't know what report to give his parents," Grambergu said, "I suppose they told them it was a sniper. But I couldn't believe it when they (the official investigation) said that he had killed himself."

"I just don't know what happened," Jordan said. "Somehow I would just like to have that chapter closed. Something....."

Part of me still clings to the notion that a weary man was the victim of a freak accident, but after 25 years, Henry, Jim and myself have come to accept the Army's conclusion. Claiming a call of nature, Miller moved a short distance from camp, put the butt of his M-16 rifle on the ground, bent over the muzzle and pulled the trigger.

Miller's friends still struggle with feelings of inadequacy. Could we, should we have known or done something? Why is it so difficult for us to comprehend, accept or even ignore this man's death?

"It still bothers me that if he was sending signals, none of us picked up on it," Jordan related.

"He was too soft a soul in too hard an environment," Grambergu observed.

Tomorrow is Memorial Day. This is the time set aside to honor the nation's war dead.

I think it is important to remember individuals, not just faceless mobs or anonymous rows of crosses. If you knew someone or want to recall someone else that's fine.

At some point Monday, however, my mind will turn to a kid from New York who liked poetry and liked to laugh. His name was Marlin Miller.

Your welcome to join me.

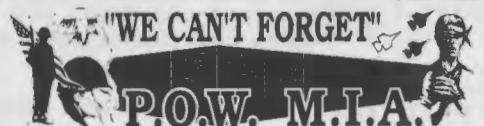
(By Robert L. Palmer - 70-71 B&E/1/1Cav - Div PIO)

LZ/DC ALL VETERANS REUNION
WASHINGTON, D.C.--NOV. 8-9-10-11-1997

The Reunion will be held at the Marriott in Crystal City. The Americal will be one of the sponsors. Hospitality parties, Dance & Banquet, Veterans Program, etc. The price of the hotel is \$79. for up to 4 people to a room. Start making reservations now if you are planning to go. The phone number is Toll-Free and is 1-800-228-9290. Tell them it is for the LZ/DC all veterans Reunion.

I hope to see many of our Americal friends at this event. Why not go? It's the best time to go and meet friends and see the sights of DC.

Terry Babler, Commander
Great Lakes Regional ADVA
W5889 Durst Road
New Glarus, Wisconsin 53574



11TH LIB.

Our higher command only cared about one thing, and that was body count. We were always looking for a good ambush site. One evening we were climbing one of the high hills and someone noticed a line of VC or NVA walking across the valley. We were ordered to hold tight and observe the movement the following day. Sure enough, around the same time, another line of VC/NVA crossing the valley. The following day, we dispatched a small patrol to go down into the valley and sit up an ambush. We picked out a killzone, set out our claymores, put an M60 on each flank and waited. Our Q was to open up when the claymores were detonated. Not long after, we saw approximately 14 VC headed toward the killzone. The point man had an AK slung on his shoulder, the rest appeared to be carrying supplies. It was a real scary situation, my mind was racing a mile a minute. I was wondering if there were more VC or NVA to come, was worried about a counter ambush, and basically just worried about buying the farm. Anyway, the G's entered the killzone and the ambush was very successful.

After investigation, the individuals ambushed were carrying NVA uniforms, blankets and hospital supplies. A couple of the dead were female (maybe nurses). I remember hearing stories that there was an NVA underground hospital in the AO. When we returned to the CP, we were told that CC was very happy and we all were given an atta-boy. After some rest, we moved out to find another adventure. Was it worth it?

Charles Mankin
B/3 /1 11 LIB 69-70

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

C CO. - 3rd BATTALION - 1st INFANTRY - 11th LIB
Duc Pho 1968

I am trying to locate my Camp Commander whom I served under during my tour in Vietnam. He was more like a Dad, than a Commander, to all of us.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of Captain Phrineheart, I would certainly appreciate hearing from them.

Leon Gray Jr.
[REDACTED]
Village Mills, TX 77663

ANOTHER CASUALTY

On October 3, 1996, as a Sergeant in the Anacortes Police Department, I had to investigate the suicide of a fellow Vietnam veteran. Terry Sawyer, 51 years old, was an infantryman with the 196th LIB in 1968/1969. Terry suffered from the effects of Agent Orange and PTSD. When Terry ended his life, the war in Vietnam had claimed another soul. My heart goes out to his father and the rest of his family.

Sincerely,
Thad I. Lindquist
[REDACTED]
Anacortes, WA 98221

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?

A COMPANY - 26th ENGINEERS

I want to thank our Adjutant, Bernie Chase, for sending me the July-Aug-Sep issue of the Americal Newsletter. My copy did not arrive because the last four numbers of the zip code had changed and the Post Office did not forward my copy. Also, I am informing Jim Buckle, per his request to all members, of this change.

I would like to inform everyone that Rey Mendoza and Harvey Bell are still okay and afloat.

I can sure say one thing--the Monsoons that blew in here near the end of the year brought back feelings of *deju vu* for me, as it continued to rain it began to smell exactly like a jungle during Monsoon season in Vietnam. I was lucky as I didn't begin to mold or catch jungle rot that is. The warm temperatures, 60 degrees in the early morning hours, caused the snow on the Sierra Nevada mountains, as high as 7,000 feet or more to melt. This brought flooding over a large area. The parade route we followed in downtown Reno, last June, was under water.

Before closing I would like to thank all the members that signed my journal at previous Reunions. My thanks also to Commander Gary Noller and PNC Ron Ward for the pictures they sent to me. A special thanks to Ron Ward's wife for being a good sport and dancing with me, (though I am sure she noticed this Country Boy had two left feet and couldn't even be classed as a poor dancer).

Speaking of left feet--I bet many along the parade route in Reno noticed the SP/4 in the last row of the color guard, didn't know which left foot to start on first. I can only thank MSG Howard Walker for keeping me in line--he was easy to spot as he carried the RVN flag. And wouldn't you know it--I was on MSG Walker's left--I wonder if I did anything right!

Many thanks also to MSG & Mrs. Howard Walker, Tom Dawson, Ron Ellis, and countless other un-named people for being such wonderful friends. These are the kind of people you truly enjoy seeing at a Reunion.

The Tunnel Rat,
Maurice Henson

GUNDERSON

The crash was in late 69. The chopper was not a Shark, but was from the 174th I think out of Duc Pho. Five people were on board were KIA'd.

The extra passenger was a former member of my unit B-3-1 11th with the last name of "Gunderson" (don't know the first). He was going home and caught a last ride to the field on a resupply chopper. The area was far West of Quang Ngai. Cords unknown.

I just checked a book that was given to me by my friend Jay Roth at the 93 DC reunion, that lists all the names on the Wall. Five Gunderson's are listed (Army); however date of death is not listed. I might be able to find the exact date from the directory at the Wall.

Charlie Mankin
B/3/1 11th 69-70

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

Dear Editor:

I got your address through the Internet and am writing to ask for your assistance.

I am a writer working on a book about the role of Hispanics in the Vietnam War and need very much to get in contact with Cuban-Americans who might be interested in being included in my project. Basically, it is a collection of first-person oral histories.

I would appreciate it very much if you would run the following announcement:

“Writer seeks Cuban-American vets for a book he is editing on the role of Hispanics in the Vietnam War. For more information, write to Gil Dominguez, [redacted], San Antonio, Texas 78235; or leave a message at [redacted].”

Also, I am in the process of starting a quarterly newsletter—with plans for turning it into a magazine later—for Vietnam vets of all backgrounds. Its tentative name is Perimeter and I hope to get it started next year. I am seeking articles, photos, cartoons, poetry, essays, movie and book reviews and commentary for the modest publication.

Since I’m starting on a shoe string budget I won’t be able to pay for submissions now but may in the future, depending on the Perimeter’s success. Initially, I can afford only copies of the newsletter as compensation. Anyone interested can write to me at the address noted above.

Thank you very much for your attention to this letter. Please let me know if there is any charge connected with running this notice.

Sincerely

Gil Dominguez
[redacted]
San Antonio, TX 78325

HOW IT ALL BEGAN...

The design of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial was selected in 1981 from entries submitted in a nationwide competition conducted by VVMF. As each entry was received-and there were a total of 1,421- it was assigned a number.

Eight individuals, internationally recognized in the fields of architecture, sculpture, and landscape architecture, were chosen as jurors. After five days of judging, their unanimous choice was entry number 1026. One juror described it as “the finest and most appropriate.”

The designer Maya Lin, was a 21 year old architecture student at Yale University. The memorial was assigned as a design problem in one of her classes. With fellow students, Lin visited the site on the Mall and tried to visualize an appropriate structure.

“I thought about what death is, what a loss is,” she remembered. “A sharp pain that lessens with time, but never quite heals over. The idea occurred to me there on the site. Take a knife and cut open the earth, and with time, the grass would heal it.”

She designed the black granite wall, 493 feet long, rising from the ground to 10.1 feet in height, and bending at the center in a 125:12 degree angle. On its polished panels would be engraved the names of more than 58,000 members of the U.S. armed forces who died or remain missing in the Vietnam War.

The Vietnam Veterans Memorial is one of the most visited monuments in our nation’s capital. In the words of the jury who selected the design, it is a “place of quiet reflection, and a tribute to those who served their nation in difficult times. All who come here can find it a place of healing.”

Dear Rollie,

Thanks for sending me the membership reminder. Please find my check enclosed. Could you mention in your newsletter that I am interested in hearing from guys I served with in Nam. I was an RTO in Charlie Company, 3rd of the 1st, 11th LIB, from July ‘69 to Feb ‘70. From Feb to July ‘70, I was in the S-1 section, HHC, same unit. I was stationed off of FSB 411 and in Duc Pho.

For anyone who is not aware yet, there is a Hill 411 Association. I am not a current member of that either, but I have their address.

I would really appreciate anyone who could help me get in touch with members of my unit. I have yet to make contact with anyone I knew in Nam.

Thanks

Dean Hendrickson
[redacted]
Ft Dodge, IA 50501

Looking For

Anyone who knew or served with SFC Neil P Farmer RA16333431, SSAN 310-34-8024, who served with Troop B, 1st Squadron, 1st Cavalry, Americal Division K.I.A., who was awarded posthumously The Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star and Bronze Star. Please contact his son

Patrick C Farmer
[redacted]
Oak Creek, WI 53154

or

PNC Roland T Castronova
[redacted]
Peabody, Ma 01960

P.S. This man was quite a WAR HERO

ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS!

PLEASE--Check the address label on your Newsletter! The Post Office is getting very picky, picky. If the street number is not exact and the street is not spelled correctly, and for goodness sake don't allow the zip code to be incorrect. Because of the new methods of process mail it is necessary to have the address correct.

Also, please inform us if you are planning on moving. For every address correction the Post Office gives us we are charged \$.50 and this adds up at the end of the month. Thanks.

Jim

Dear Sir

Perhaps this letter should be directed to Roland T Castronova. I am listed as a new member as of the last publication of the Americal Newsletter (11th LIB A/3/1 Inf). I was in Vietnam in 1969-1970. For the last six to seven months I was with the 82 Arty. D Battery stationed 10 miles south of Chu Lai. Units were being busted up as President Richard Nixon struggled to bring the long unpopular war to a conclusion. Myself and a good buddy James Blankinship both fell into some sort of slot and were given orders to report to Chu Lai headquarters for the 82nd Artillery. I went to D battery 10 miles south of Chu Lai working with 8" track mounted guns and Jim went back south somewhere around Duc Pho working with 175 "long toms". I saw Jim briefly a few times before our Deros late June something We were to leave together however I had a gook sore on my right foot and could barely walk, I needed to go to medical, so we had a quiet good bye with me telling him "I'll be down to see you sometime". Jim who was a man of few words replied, "If you do I'll give you a gallon of the stuff we drink", meaning moonshine. I don't drink much now, but I sure would like to get down to see Jim. He lived in Virginia somewhere down Rt 81, I guess by the West Virginia border. The town of Oakwood seems to stick in my mind.

I want to get in touch with Jim. Can you help? Perhaps a list of members in "D" Battery who are now members. I can't remember what battery Jim was with down by Duc Pho, but I do know they were 175 long toms. Jim left Vietnam late in June 1970 or early or early July 1970. I don't know if Jim got restationed back in the states or received an early out. Based on the information I have relayed, I hope you can be of assistance in expediting this long delayed reunion. Thank you so much.

Sincerely

Robert J Miller
[redacted]
Farmington NY 14425

Dear Mr Castronova,

I have enclosed three sets of orders that I found pertaining to my service in the Americal Division. I hope that this will assist you.

I also have the original home addresses for the following men who served with me in Co A 5/46, 198th LIB. Please let me know if you are interested in having these addresses.

Francis R Hale
Gregory Sikora
Michael J Richardson
Harold Manley
Jim D'Amico
J.D. White
Vaughn D Delong

I am afraid I never contacted them, nor do I know if all made it home. Please let me know if I can be of further assistance.

Robert L Cummings
Sgt., Co. A 5/46 Inf. 198th LIB
March 1968- March 1969
[redacted]
Morehead City, NC 28557

YOU MUST BE A MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING
RECEIVE THE AMERICAL NEWSLETTER

The Americal Division Association is sending every member a letter, asking you to look for any old orders you have with names of Americal Soldiers. Any orders, especially with Social Security No's. Or old addresses or serial no's. Any orders for the Silver Star, Bronze Star, Arcorn, Cib, CMB, ETS, TDY, or Purple Heart. Dutch DeGroot, has a few friends in the organization, who can come up with names of Americal Men. If he has a Social Security No. Or old addresses. He has one of those world telephone books on computer. Any orders you have will you please send them to me at:

Peabody MA 01960

Sincerely

Roland T Castronova
Medic 11 LIB 66-68

P.S. If you have already mailed orders, then please disregard this letter

SOUTHERN CROSS-AMERICAL DIVISION

Vol 2 No.11

Chu Lai, Vietnam May 25, 1969

GVN DECORATES DIVISION TROOPS

Quang Ngai-Nine Americal soldiers from the 5th Bn. 46th Inf. 198 Inf. Bde were among 32 Americans decorated for valor recently by the South Vietnamese Government.

LtC Ronald R Richardson (Colorado Springs, CO) and Cpt Michael R Smith (Dayton, OH) were awarded the Gallantry Cross with Silver Star.

Awarded the Gallantry Cross with Bronze Star were SP/4 Wendell R Roberts (Kodak, TN) and SP/4 Guadalupe Elizondo Jr. (McCalla, TX) of A Co., Sgt David W Bloom (Oakley, KS) and Sgt Edward E Floyd (Rushville, IN) B. Co. Pfc Charlie W Rose (Tradewell, VA) C Co. 1 Lt James G Fraser (Decatur IL) and SP/4 Gary N Brock (Bixby, OK), HHC Medic working with D. Co. (198 JO).

Dear Mr Castronova

Just a line to say that a good deed and excellent works need to be commended and that is the subject of this letter. Your recruiting and enlisting of new members has been terrific, I don't know how you do it but it excelled. I read the Americal newsletter from cover to cover, and it's similar to being greeted by an old lifelong friend.

You of the younger set and your buddies make us #2 proud to turn over leadership into such capable leadership hands. I wonder if there will be anyone to carry on when your generation reaches our present age group?

Thanks from our depths for the fine work and "Carry On".

Yours in comradeship

Bill Picardy P.E.
[redacted]
Kansas City, MO 64123

THE SUPPLY SERGEANT'S GIFT

Your discussion of your medical responsibilities bringss back some memories. I wonder if we "knew" some of the same women?

Around Christmas time in 1970 on the Battery rear area in Chu Lai, our sypply Sergeant noticed that the morale in the rear was in need of a boost. The main source of the problem he identified as lack of recreation for the troops after their jobs were done for the day. Some form of after hours authorized recreational therapists either on the base or officially available from the local economy, although I have heard that the 4th Division had a recreational therapy area adjacent to it's division base camp.

Our supply Sergeant decided that drastic action was not necessary so he went out into the local economy and obtained the services of a local, uh, recreational therapist who specialized in the recreational needs of recreational deprived troops.

Since the therapist was unofficial the supply Sergeant decided it would be best if he brought the, uh, therapist in for the evening so that most of the troops would be "off duty" and could avail themselves of her, uh, therapy sessions.

In addition, since the, uh, therapist was unauthorized, he decided to limit her, uh, sessions to those who were E5 and below. This was a security measure, keeping it on a need to know basis. Higher ups would have to find their own, uh, therapy.

The, uh, therapist was given a temporary office in the shack that housed our movie projector, which was painted white and also served as the movie screen. Many of the troops were able to avail themselves of this, uh, recreational opportunity.

In fact, word soon spread, to a couple of neighboring units ansd some of them were also able to relieve themselves of this recreational deprivation.

The movie that night was I believe, DARKER THAN AMBER. Quite a good action flick that featured Will Smith in ine of his many roles as a hulking heavy.

The, uh, recreational therapist gave so many, uh, therapy sessions that evening that she was so exhausted the next morning she had difficulty walking.

A few days later the Battery Commander asked me, I don't know why he would ask me about this, how the troops had enjoyed the, uh, therapy sessions? I diaavowed any knowledge of the incident. He said he knew of the, uh, therapy before it happened but decided not to intervene as he felt it would improve the morale of the troops. He said he had noticed such an improvement.

So much for need to know security.

Later we heard that one of the squad leaders in the unit at one of the LZ's had been given a Field Grade Article 15 for doing much the same thing for the troopers at his force base. Ah, where's the justice.

Bob Cook
G. Bat, 55th Arty 70-72
(Prodigy Bulletin Board)

OPERATION "TP" TO BOSNIA

U.S. troops participating in Operation Joint Endeavor in Bosnia have had to get used to living in the field and doing without basic "luxuries" taken for granted in garrison.

Thanks to Lt. Col. Bill Starr, U.S. Army Reserve, and VFW Post 1337 in Mt. Prospect, Ill., members of the 308th Civil Affairs Bde., Homewood, Ill., won't have to worry about doing without one of modern life's basic necessities during their tour of duty.

Starr's mention to his wife of the critical "special need" in Bosnia for stateside toilet paper prompted a chain reaction involving Starr's long time friend and fellow VFW member Brian Mulcrone.

Mulcrone shared the need with Vietnam vet "Dutch" DeGroot and within days members of Post 1337 purchased, acquired, collected, packed and shipped 400 rolls of "TP" via Air Force transport. According to Starr, when new personnel rotate into the 308th, they are issued standard equipment plus 10 rolls of toilet paper.

With the need satisfied, Starr and the 308th donated some excess rolls to Egypt House, a local orphanage serving Serb, Croat and Muslim children, run by the Servants of Jesus, a Catholic order of sisters in Bosnia.

The 308th is involved in the formation and implementation of Bosnia government activities, including local elections to stabilize the war-torn area.

VFW Magazine--Dec.1996

REDCATCHER ASSOCIATION -- 199TH LIB

I am a member of the Redcatcher Association, the veteran organization of the 199th Light Infantry Brigade, which was formed for service in Vietnam in 1966 and was deactivated after it was withdrawn in 1970. The Association has received a permit from the administration at Ft. Benning, Ga., to erect a monument there to honor the unit and its deceased members.

To that end, we have established a fund raising goal of \$25,000 and to date are half way there. Dedication is set for Memorial Day, 1998, and we need to reach those veterans of our unit who are not members of the Association, to give them an opportunity to participate.

We would like to run the following in your locator column:

REDCATCHERS (VIETNAM)! The 199th Inf Bde needs its' men again, this time at Ft. Benning, Ga., on Memorial Day 1998 to dedicate our unit memorial--and we need your monetary help to make it possible. Please, send contributions to:

Jay Voorhees
Painted Post, New York 14870

And advice on your location and ability to attend the ceremony to:

Pete Joanides, Redcatcher
McLean, Virginia 22101-199

ATTENTION

196th LIB - 4/31 Infantry Bravo Co.
Nov. 68 - Nov. 69

Anyone out there who was with or around the 196th 4/31st Bravo Company at the time of Nov. 68 & Nov 69., and has pictures or the Stars & Stripes Newsletter, that I might get copies of please write to me.

My husband was Sgt. James (Eddie) Hannah. He served with Capt. William Gaylor.

I'm trying to replace pictures because of a fire.

Thanks guys,
Kathy

Kathy Hannah
Senath, Mo. 63876

QUAD 50

I was looking through some pictures and found one of a Quad 50 at LZ Debbie, think it was April 71 and at the bottom of the hill. The note on the back says its last trip to Duc Pho guarding a convoy that had the howitzers as they left the hill for the last time. If I remember right its name was Paris Peace Talks II. I don't know where the Quad 50 went but some of the howitzers were sent to Bronco and set up where they could cover Debbie as we tore it down.

Seems like the 50's were close by. Maybe not

William Bruinsma
A/6/11 ARTY 70-71

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

LZ PRO.

When we rotated back to the hill the only free time we had was after dark. The brass always had something for us to do during daylight hrs. I had this idea of rigging up a light in our bunker. I found some batteries that was in a conex (a metal box that was 8x8x8 that was slung below a chinook for transporting sundries and supplies). I requisitioned, (stole is a harsh word) a taillight bulb from the potable water trailer. All of this was down on the helipad. I light proofed the bunker. My bunker mates and I could write letters and read magazines, etc. Worked great for a while until they started locking the conex. My source for batteries. My bulb disappeared and so did the other one on the water trailer.

Our bunker was next to the generators for the FDC. They ran all day, everyday and they had regular receptacles. I located some commo wire and borrowed a 110v lightbulb and socket from what we called the mess bunker. I dug a trench from our bunker to the generators and buried the wire so it could not be seen. I found a switch, hooked the lightbulb up and we were back in business.

Well all good things come to an end and it did. I was writing a letter one night and this LT burst in the bunker wearing nothing but a steel pot helmet, flak jacket, jungle boots and poka-dot

boxer shorts and started yelling the riot act to me. I couldn't help it! I burst out laughing. It was hard to keep a straight face with someone wearing that getup. I think he realized he was kinda funny looking too and started laughing. He told me the generators were the power source for the FDC computers. The smile left my face then because I realized that could have jeopardized someones safety. We had gotten outa some jams because the arty guys and their computers. I told him it would never happen again.

I had thought the generators were for their fans and refrigerators. You know, creature comfort. I didn't have the opportunity to talk to him much after that. He would smile if I waved at him and shake his head. It was one of the few times that I laughed over there.

Do any of you guys remember who the FO was for Company C/1/46 around March of 1970. That guy was sharp! I remember our company was setting up a night lager on the side of a hill overlooking a valley southeast of Pro. Someone noticed someone was coming out of a tree line on the other side of a blueline. Then another. Then another. This kept up until there was about 20 of them in the open and more were still coming out! The FO got on the horn and called in a fire mission back to PRO. He held up the spotting round until we counted 118 of them stretched out from the tree line, across the blue line (river) and on a road that stretched in front of the hill in front of us. Then he let them have it! I heard the 155's and some 6 inchers from Tam KY wanted some of the action too! It was a good thing they did. The 105's at Pro Could not reach the tree line. Man he played that arty like it was an orchestra. He walked it from the front and rear of their line to the middle and back out again. Delayed fused rounds would blow them into the air and the air bursts would knock them to the ground again. Then he would do it again. I looked around to see if I was the only one standing there with their mouth open. I wasn't. It turned out from the intel gathered that they were NVA and were headed to Pro to try and knock it out that night! Oh well. You know what they say about the plans of mice and man. The C.O. of our Company was a 1st LT Bilawaski or something like that.

Ray Pierce
C/1/46 196LIB

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

SPOOKY

Les Hines tour overlapped mine in the 123d Avn Bn., but in a different company. He sent me a copy of a Southern Cross newsletter from 1970 that had my name on it. Kinda spooky seeing something that must have crossed my path 24 years ago! How, when, and where I might have had the Southern Cross newsletter and even signed it, I do not know but it was nice of Les to pass it along.

Les has CD roms that he can use to help track down ex GIs via their social security numbers if anyone has that information and is looking for an old buddy. He's also putting together a history of the 123d/Americal.

John Boyer
F/8 CAV 123rd AVN 70-71

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

COMPANY

Early one morning prior to moving out on minesweep, we were all smoking and joking and generally loafing when our ears perceived a familiar sound. The distant growl of a CH-47, or Chinook, helicopter. (Also known as the Hook). They were not by themselves unusual, but this one seemed to be heading our way, and it was carrying something. Behind it came another, equally laden.

As it came closer, we were able to ascertain what it was carrying. An artillery piece. "Oh no", we wailed, "Cannon cockers"!!! Sure enough, upon our return from sweep, we found our worst fears realized. Part of our S-4 yard was now a 105 battery!

Now don't get me wrong, we had nothing against our artillery brothers personally. As a whole they were a generally sociable bunch and even brought their own beer. It was just that where most people saw a 105 howitzer, we saw a two wheeled, long barreled mortar and rocket magnet. We had no particular dislike for guns, and even keeping us awake was no great problem, as we found out that we could even get used to that. Charles, however, hated artillery with the proverbial "purple" passion.

Sure enough, they weren't there but one night and the indirect fire attacks began. And continued on a regular basis. The usual drill. Stay away from doors and windows, especially after dark. Sleep in your helmet and flak jacket. Wear same to the shower and the Sh***er. Hide under your mattress when they started and then run out to your fighting position at the first lull.

When they departed after about 2-3 weeks, we all breathed a sigh of relief. Our only worry then was mines, booby traps, snipers and the occasional firefight. Almost like in country R&R after the 105's. Peace, Big Ed P.S. 8 inches were even worse. But that's another story.

James Eddington
C/39 Eng 69-70

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

AND THE GUNS FELL SILENT

The speaker certainly had passion. He possessed more than his fair share of conviction. He may have been right. He just fired at the wrong target.

Earlier this year, I traveled to College Station, Texas. No football game was planned for that weekend. I barely had time to say hello to my daughter who is a junior at Texas A & M. This was more in the nature of a private pilgrimage.

On a beautiful fall Saturday, a group of graying, middle-aged Aggies dedicated a memorial to classmates who died for our country in Southeast Asia. A tree was planted for each of the 11 members of the class 1969 who died "defending American ideals of freedom and democracy during the Vietnam Era."

Class officers had selected park benches and the marker that made a fitting reminder of our friends. I had nothing to do with any of the day's prologue. I simply heeded the call to join in this last farewell.

The speaker was a retired Air Force colonel a member of the class of 1963 at Texas A & M. A Vietnam veteran, he had been a prisoner of war for seven years.

He spoke at our little gathering in the Sam Houston Sanders Corps of Cadets Center. Present were about 20 classmates, maybe two dozen family members of the 11 men, some university officials and a few current members of the Corps of Cadets.

When Phil Callahan, our former class agent and owner of a Bryan real estate company, introduced the colonel as active member of the Brazos County Republican Party and popular speaker, I heard a distant alarm bell, but still hoped for the best.

He certainly began well. The retired officer who now works for Texas A & M mixed Scripture, stories and exerts from the Gettysburg Address to predictable success. For all their crustiness, Aggies and their emotions are easily stirred at a time like this. If you can't get us a little glassy-eyed, then you need to find another hobby.

Just as he had us hanging on the edge, the colonel pulled the wagon into right field. He paused a moment then lunged ahead.

"I have the utmost respect for the office of the presidency, but there is a candidate for President of the United States from, a major party who meets definition of a traitor in my dictionary," the colonel declared. He proceeded to read what Mr. Webster had to say on the subject, then recounted Bill Clinton's efforts to avoid the draft and his antics while a student at Oxford.

While the good colonel rode his political stick horse around the room, I mentally cringed. He is certainly entitled to his opinion. If I had been a POW for seven minutes, let alone seven years, I probably would have led the cheering.

Still it was the wrong message at the wrong time.

What the moment demanded was for someone to tell the members of these 11 families whether or not their sons, to borrow the phrase from Abraham Lincoln, had died in vain.

That is the question that needed answering that day. It is one that seems to still have the nation's attention as well. Since September I have seen numerous television programs, read articles and even saw a stage show, all on some aspect of Vietnam. The American people can't seem to be able to find a neat, clean place to file and forget this divisive struggle.

If all we can do 25 years after the fall of Saigon, however, is point fingers and say, "I served and you didn't," then we really did lose the war.

That black wall in Washington is not a list of losers. I didn't waste a year of my life. More than 50,000 good men and women did not bleed and die in vain. And the country needs to reach the same conclusion.

Americans like problems wrapped in tidy packages. Occasionally, we tolerate a three part mini-series, but our taste runs to 30-minute solutions. If we would open a history book, however, we could find subjects such as the Hundred Years War and the Thirty Years War.

Conclusion Next Page

HUE SAHN

April/May was a mean time for us. We were originally sent to Camp Evans to support the troops at Khe Sahn and were told to expect to go there to get them out. As it turned out the next day was when the marines at Dong Ha got surrounded. It might have been a little more embarrassing to the government to report that an entire marine battalion was lost than have the base at Khe San wait for someone else. But at any rate, between the marine losses, ours, and the airborne, it was a pretty bloody time. I think you might find in the archives that due to all this the 1st Cav was brought up to Evans in full force. I think they were originally down in the highlands until TET. Most books I have also read talk about Hue still not being in full control until mid April. The night sky was lit up all along the DMZ for the time I was there. Fun times.

Bill Gerber
C/3/21 11th & 196th 67-68

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

HOLIDAY ON THE NAM

As the holidays approached I was reminded of my hometown and the town of Tam Ky, in Quang Ngai province, South Vietnam. I grew up in West Springfield, Massachusetts, a small town in the western part of the state. The largest private employer in town was Gilbarco, Inc. a manufacturer whose products are used all over the world. In the mid-seventies Gilbarco moved to North Carolina where land, taxes, and labor are cheaper than in New England. More on this later.

In early December 1970 I was part of a convoy travelling from Chu Lai to Da Nang. I forget what the convoy consisted of as many convoys traveled QL1 between these two bases without the benefit of a Quad 50 escort. I may have been on a Quad 50 truck or in another type vehicle. We were to rendezvous with other vehicles from LZ's near Chu Lai in Tam Ky. We arrived a little early so we pulled off the highway in Tam Ky at a Shell gasoline station beside the road. Yes that's right, a Royal Dutch Shell station in the middle of a small town in war torn South Vietnam. I was somewhat stunned but I guess business must still go on and the local VN's need gas for their motor scooters and busses. I became curious so I got off the truck and walked up to get a closer look of the gas pumps. There in big, bold letters was the name of the manufacturer-GILBARCO, West Springfield, Massachusetts!!! What a shock. There I was 10,000 miles from home with Christmas fast approaching and I was doing my best not to think of home and there big as life is a gas pump manufactured in and displaying the name of my hometown. Tears formed in my eyes and a lump soon formed in my throat as I shouted out to the other guys with me to look at the pumps. Made in my hometown back in the world.

To this day whenever I see a Shell station, and it's around Thanksgiving and Christmas, I remember that encounter so far from home.

Rob Cook
Quad 50 G Bat 55th/Arty

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

When they write American history in the year 2200, I am not sure if they will call this the Seventy Years War or the Forty Years War, but they will certainly view the Vietnam and Korean Wars in the context of a multi-decade struggle against the spread of communism.

In 1948, President Truman declared that we would oppose the expansion of communism from the Soviet Union's borders. The Truman Doctrine became as much a part of the national psyche as the Monroe Doctrine and a driving force in our foreign policy.

We expended much blood and treasure in places like Chu Lai and Pusan as well as countless hot spots around a battered Earth implementing that policy. Harry Truman said that if we just held that morally, politically and economically bankrupt philosophy known as communism in check it would implode. Ronald Reagan and George Bush proved him right.

When Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev borrowed an American journalist's pen to sign the instrument dissolving the Soviet Union, the victory was about as complete as it can get.

The good news for this Veteran's Day is WE WON. It may seem strange that we have to tell ourselves that, but apparently we do. The guys who bled on Hamburger Hill or froze at Chosin are winners. They didn't get the ticker tape, but they won the war.

The trick is to think and act like winners. Certainly, this nation can remain free only as long as its young men and women are willing to defend it. Yet, we now should move past those questions that divided us over Vietnam.

When your football team wins state, you don't worry about whether every kid in the school put on pads. Let the guy who stayed in the stands ponder his role. You did your part.

Once the colonel finished, we strolled over to the little park where red ribbons fluttered around the young trees. Family members cut the ribbons to symbolize the opening of the little park. A last minute recruit, I was privileged to cut the ribbon in memory of Bob Johnson, my good friend from Paris.

On my desk is a scrap of ribbon and a program. I have tried off and on to get these tokens to members of Bob's family. Perhaps I have stalled because I did not quite know what to say.

(Sent in by Robert L. Palmer)

MACHINE GUN

We had a 50 caliber for defense on LZ Siberia. No one wanted to be assigned to it because, if you were attacking a hill, who would you shoot first? We found the tracer rounds to be wonderful for soldering together little metal parts - if you had solder. You could pull the bullet out and light the phosphorus(?). Its flame would melt solder fine.

I cannot now imagine what we were fixing.

Barry Kelly
C/3/82 Arty 69-70

UNIFORM SPIRIT OF SERVICE STILL IS OUT OF FORCE

There are about 254,000 veterans in Orange County, and on this Veteran's Day weekend I wish I could write something about each and every one of them.

But since I can't, I'm going to tell you about a guy named Bob Kakuk.

Almost 30 years ago, Bob served with the Army's Americal Division in Vietnam. He wasn't a hero, never got wounded, didn't win a chestful of medals. He was just another GI out in the boonies, a guy doing his bit and counting down on his short-timer's calendar until he could come home.

And when he did finally come home, he didn't run for political office or write a book or direct a movie. Instead, he eventually started a landscaping business in Huntington Beach and went on with his life.

So why would I pick Bob out of a quarter-million Orange County vets, and 26.2 million vets nationwide, as the subject of this column?

It's because of a vision Bob had. A vision of stone.

See, for the past couple of years Bob has been struggling to build a monument to the Huntington Beach men who died in America's 20th-century wars. The monument, a slab of black granite with the names of 90 dead men engraved on it, will stand on a patch of grass next to the Huntington Beach City Hall. The city has approved the \$20,000 project and donated the ground for it. but the monument will be built with private funds.

About \$9,000 including \$2,000 from a Huntington Beach retired psychiatric nurse named Rena Hewitt, who heard about the proposed monument and dashed off a check. Various business, vets groups and the Huntington Beach city employees' association also chipped in.

Bob had hoped to have the monument ready for dedication by Monday, Veteran's Day, but that's not going to happen. He's still \$11,000 short.

Now he hopes the Monument will be ready by Memorial Day. If you want to help, you can contact Bob and the Huntington Beach Veterans Memorial Fund at (714) 968-9591.

Bob is a quiet, almost taciturn man, not given to speechifying. Ask him why he has put so much effort into the monument project, and he'll likely answer this way: "Because they (the dead) deserve it."

It's a simple answer, but one that any veteran immediately understands. Enough said.

But even though the monument isn't ready, it's still appropriate to write about Bob and his mission on this Veterans Day weekend. Because what he is doing is the kind of thing that so many veterans do--like Bob, quietly and without a lot of fanfare.

Throughout this county, and country, there are veterans who work to help their former comrades--in-arms, or to make sure that no one forgets the sacrifices of the mostly young men and women who never came home, who didn't live long enough to ever be veterans on Veterans Day. These veterans build monuments, march in parades, fly POW/MIA

flags, deliver meals to homeless vets--in thousands of ways, in thousands of places, those who served still serve.

So on this Veterans Day, if you want to pause and remember the nation's veterans, you certainly can honor guys like Bob for what they did.

But you can also honor them for what they are doing.

Gordon Dillow

HEARING

Its funny you writing this note now, I was just talking with my wife, when a huey's distinct sound broke the quiet of morning. What's funny is I can recognize the sound of it as well as the LOH, and "S" hook without seeing the aircraft itself. Even when not over the horizon. The LOH gives, generally a pleasant almost happy feeling, while the Huey is more somber. Guess it has to do with what happened with history, keep seeing body bags with the Huey, not being infantry I rarely flew in the Huey except with the old Man, the Div Arty CO. Most of my AO and travel time was in the LOH, the Hughes model. It was a very good bird, even in a hard stop (hate those). My hearing is shot, can't see that good, but I can hear a LOH or huey before most even hear a sound.....

William Wood Jr.
Hq Div Arty 70-71

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

TARGETS

I recall that most of the area west of Siberia and Hiep Duc were considered free fire zones. Additionally, sections of the territory between West and Hiep Duc were considered free fire and we could shot at folks just for being there. The practice was horrible! H&I fires were a total waste of time and money and often lives. During the 45 day battle in 1970 we were still given numerous H&I targets to shoot, including targets they wanted hit during daylight hours. I could often see the target identifications, which might include "civilian reported seeing man with weapon four days earlier at sited trail junction." We would get mortared almost every time we shot our 105's, which was something we had to take when shooting for the infantry, but something I refused to do was to hit targets that would have been cold five minutes after being reported, let alone four days later. I quit shooting the daylight H&I's but didn't falsify the ammunition count as I should have. Finally was questioned about the ammo by the Arty Bn XO, who attempted to order me to shoot these targets after I conceded I was not doing so and gave him the reasoning. I told him to tell the CO to call me and give me a direct order to shoot these worthless targets and endanger the men in the process. I don't recall that he ever did or that we ever shot another such target. What were they going to do, send me to Vietnam?

Michael Twomey SR
C/3/82 Arty 1-10/70

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

CHAPLAIN

On LZ Ross, we got a full time chaplain from one of the Av Bn in Chu Lai. He conducted services each Sunday in our small chapel. As with some of your Thursday night services, we had attendance problems also. Since I wanted the odds in my favor as much as possible, I maintained a close friendship with the chaplain and battalion surgeon. One night we got hit by sappers when I happened to be visiting chappy in his hootch. Somehow, it seemed the natural thing to do, I offered him my .45 since I had my M-16 with me. He accepted, saying in his almost one year in Nam, including many trips to the field to visit our line companies, no one else had ever offered him a weapon. He accepted saying that while he did not look forward to shooting anyone, if someone came thru the doorway trying to do him in, he would shoot back. As it turned out, neither of us had to fire that night.

Spencer Baba
2/1 196 68-69

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

FLYING INSTRUCTIONS

We did in fact teach many of our crew chiefs to fly our helicopters enough so they could get us back if they needed to. Didn't teach them the finess of hovering, as that's a bit difficult to pick up with only a few lessons, but flying it enroute and running it on a runway was usually what we taught. Was really illegal for us to let them actually fly, but who cares. We did it anyway.

I've heard several stories of crew chiefs and door gunners actually flying aircraft back with shot-up pilots, but luckily mine didn't have to practice their new-found skills. On two occasions, though, my co-pilot was shot up badly enough that the crew chief had to use the hinged pilots seat (there's a quick-release on the back of the seat that allows the seat to hing backward from the rear of the seat and lay flat in the cargo area) and pull the co-pilot into the back cargo area enflight to treat his wounds, and on one occasion when I took a bullet through the windshield directly in front of my face and sprayed my face with plexiglass, the crew chief thought I had taken the bullet in the chest and pulled me back into the cargo area.

I still remember trying to access how badly I was hit, as my neck and shoulder were numb because of the shock to the nerves when the plexiglass fragments hit me in the face and neck and I couldn't feel my left arm at all, and all of a sudden my feet went up and I was laying flat on my back looking at the overhead circuit breaker panel. I thought the helicopter was coming apart and I was dead! Whew!

As for the name of LZ Bronco, seems to me it was named by one of the early infantry units that was there. I don't remember, but does 11th LIB have a horse or "bronco" as part of their logo or motto or something? I'm pretty sure if 11th didn't, the unit that was first there did. That's my recollection, and I was at Bronco within a month of the first Army units going into the area in 1967. We still called it Montezuma at first.

We also pulled standby gunship missions occasionally from the top of Mount Bronco, but most of the time we just stayed in our hootch at

the base of the hill. The Sharks never did go to the Cobras, but were still flying the Huey UH-1C's when the unit stood down in 1971. There were no Cobras at Bronco when I was there. Someone else could have had access to Cobras after I left in '68, but I don't know who they would have been.

Can't trust those barbers, man. Our barber was found dead in the wire after Tet of '68. Scarry when you think back that we let those guys shave us and work that straight razor around our neck and ears. Hmmmmmm. Actually we did think of that then, and we ALWAYS had at least two of us when we went to the barber, and we always wore our side-arm.

Jim McDaniel
174th AHC 67-69

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

COMBAT LOSS

I couldn't help liking Miller.

His first name was Marlin, but everyone just called him Miller. He stood at almost, six feet, had curly brown hair, a mustache that flirted with Army regulations and a twinkle in his brown eyes that peered out at you through wire-framed glasses.

"I came in country with the guy," Jim Jordan recalled last week. "We met at Long Binh and came north together."

"He (Miller) had been to Yale, smoked Pall Malls and quoted poetry. He liked to talk and laugh and tell stories. He tended to know a poem that went with every story."

Henry Grambergu was Miller's closest buddy.

"The whole thing with Miller is very personal," Grambergu, who now runs his own business in California, told me. "We were really very good friends. He was a brilliant guy with a great sense of humor and a talented writer. It was like having John Lennon on Chu Lai."

Miller, Grambergu, Jordan and myself in the fall of 1970 were lieutenants assigned to the Americal Division public information office.

Although it was Vietnam, it wasn't bad duty. Rockets might land in our vicinity occasionally, but we had three hots, a cot and an officer's club just over the hill. If headquarters life became too tedious, we could always dream up a story idea and go to the bush for a few days.

One memory abides.

The duty day had just ended. Miller and I leaned against the bunker outside our office, sipping the first cold beer of the day, while watching a horseshoe game. Miller was spinning a story again. This one about how one summer he worked off-shore in the Gulf. He thought driving his MG to New Orleans would be fun.

In the mid-1960's, however, a sports car with New York plates and a college kid meant only one thing to the guardians of Southern law and order. "Whatcha doin' down here boy?" was the most asked question at the frequent traffic stops endured.

Concluded Next Page

Miller knew enough not to flash any Yale-honed wit or verse. He would just communicate to the local deputy in words with a minimum number of syllables that he was just a working stiff on his way to a job and not a civil rights worker.

Maybe one reason that story has stayed with me is its paradox. If Miller was smart enough then to know how to play dumb, why couldn't he have done the same thing later.

Within a few weeks our little group began to break up. I was re-assigned to the 1/1 Cav. Personnel officers from some of the division's combat units began snooping around, making noises about how overstuffed the IO shop was and how they needed lieutenants.

Miller, the fellow with the English degree from Yale was Infantry.

"The last time I saw Miller, he was in the IO sitting on a desk," Jordan, now a business writer for the Lexington (Ky) Herald-Leader, recalled. "We were offering him Cokes and cigarettes. He seemed cheerful and happy." Then Jordan stretched his memory a little bit further. Miller had been in the field for at least a couple of months by the time he paid this visit to his buddies in Chu Lai.

"He (Miller) had lost some weight," Jordan continued. "He was nervous. His eyes I remember were moving quickly at every sound. The twinkle wasn't there. At the time I just thought he was tired."

In June Grambergu noted that Miller's company commander had received an award. He decided to do a story on the captain and at the same time visit Miller. A helicopter dropped Grambergu off with the company in the field where he was met by both the captain and Miller.

"Miller looked bad. He was thin. His teeth were yellow from smoking too many cigarettes," Grambergu said. "Miller wanted to know if I was going to be with his platoon. I told him 'no, I'm going to be with the CO.' He seemed disappointed."

After making hurried plans about getting together the next day at the base camp, Miller and his platoon went one way and the company commander along with Grambergu went the other.

By dark, the two elements were about 600 yards apart when they went into their night positions.

It was the next morning, as they were breaking camp, when they heard the shot. The radio report said Miller had been hit by a sniper. A chopper scooped up the CO and Grambergu and deposited them on the scene.

"We were there within five or six minutes," Grambergu said. "Obviously, he had been shot. There were also powder burns on his chest."

It was pretty clear to Grambergu that no sniper in some distant tree had killed Miller.

"The brigade commander landed and asked if anyone knew this man," Grambergu continued, "I stuck up my hand, but I couldn't answer him. I was crying so hard."

Over the years Miller's friends have discussed different theories about what happened that day at the bush.

"I don't know what report to give his parents," Grambergu said, "I suppose they told them it was a sniper. But I couldn't believe it when they (the official investigation) said that he had killed himself."

"I just don't know what happened," Jordan said. "Somehow I would just like to have that chapter closed. Something....."

Part of me still clings to the notion that a weary man was the victim of a freak accident, but after 25 years, Henry, Jim and myself have come to accept the Army's conclusion. Claiming a call of nature, Miller moved a short distance from camp, put the butt of his M-16 rifle on the ground, bent over the muzzle and pulled the trigger.

Miller's friends still struggle with feelings of inadequacy. Could we, should we have known or done something? Why is it so difficult for us to comprehend, accept or even ignore this man's death?

"It still bothers me that if he was sending signals, none of us picked up on it," Jordan related.

"He was too soft a soul in too hard an environment," Grambergu observed.

Tomorrow is Memorial Day. This is the time set aside to honor the nation's war dead.

I think it is important to remember individuals, not just faceless mobs or anonymous rows of crosses. If you knew someone or want to recall someone else that's fine.

At some point Monday, however, my mind will turn to a kid from New York who liked poetry and liked to laugh. His name was Marlin Miller.

Your welcome to join me.

(By Robert L. Palmer - 70-71 B&E/1/1Cav - Div PIO)

LZ/DC ALL VETERANS REUNION
WASHINGTON, D.C.--NOV. 8-9-10-11-1997

The Reunion will be held at the Marriott in Crystal City. The Americal will be one of the sponsors. Hospitality parties, Dance & Banquet, Veterans Program, etc. The price of the hotel is \$79. for up to 4 people to a room. Start making reservations now if you are planning to go. The phone number is Toll-Free and is 1-800-228-9290. Tell them it is for the LZ/DC all veterans Reunion.

I hope to see many of our Americal friends at this event. Why not go? It's the best time to go and meet friends and see the sights of DC.

Terry Babler, Commander
Great Lakes Regional ADVA

New Glarus, Wisconsin 53574



11TH LIB.

Our higher command only cared about one thing, and that was body count. We were always looking for a good ambush site. One evening we were climbing one of the high hills and someone noticed a line of VC or NVA walking across the valley. We were ordered to hold tight and observe the movement the following day. Sure enough, around the same time, another line of VC/NVA crossing the valley. The following day, we dispatched a small patrol to go down into the valley and sit up an ambush. We picked out a killzone, set out our claymores, put an M60 on each flank and waited. Our Q was to open up when the claymores were detonated. Not long after, we saw approximately 14 VC headed toward the killzone. The point man had an AK slung on his shoulder, the rest appeared to be carrying supplies. It was a real scary situation, my mind was racing a mile a minute. I was wondering if there were more VC or NVA to come, was worried about a counter ambush, and basically just worried about buying the farm. Anyway, the G's entered the killzone and the ambush was very successful.

After investigation, the individuals ambushed were carrying NVA uniforms, blankets and hospital supplies. A couple of the dead were female (maybe nurses). I remember hearing stories that there was an NVA underground hospital in the AO. When we returned to the CP, we were told that CC was very happy and we all were given an atta-boy. After some rest, we moved out to find another adventure. Was it worth it?

Charles Mankin
B/3 /1 11 LIB 69-70

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

C CO. - 3rd BATTALION - 1st INFANTRY - 11th LIB
Duc Pho 1968

I am trying to locate my Camp Commander whom I served under during my tour in Vietnam. He was more like a Dad, than a Commander, to all of us.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of Captain Phrineheart, I would certainly appreciate hearing from them.

Leon Gray Jr.
Village Mills, TX 77663

ANOTHER CASUALTY

On October 3, 1996, as a Sergeant in the Anacortes Police Department, I had to investigate the suicide of a fellow Vietnam veteran. Terry Sawyer, 51 years old, was an infantryman with the 196th LIB in 1968/1969. Terry suffered from the effects of Agent Orange and PTSD. When Terry ended his life, the war in Vietnam had claimed another soul. My heart goes out to his father and the rest of his family.

Sincerely,
Thad I. Lindquist
Anacortes, WA 98221

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?

A COMPANY - 26th ENGINEERS

I want to thank our Adjutant, Bernie Chase, for sending me the July-Aug-Sep issue of the Americal Newsletter. My copy did not arrive because the last four numbers of the zip code had changed and the Post Office did not forward my copy. Also, I am informing Jim Buckle, per his request to all members, of this change.

I would like to inform everyone that Rey Mendoza and Harvey Bell are still okay and afloat.

I can sure say one thing--the Monsoons that blew in here near the end of the year brought back feelings of *deja vu* for me, as it continued to rain it began to smell exactly like a jungle during Monsoon season in Vietnam. I was lucky as I didn't begin to mold or catch jungle rot that is. The warm temperatures, 60 degrees in the early morning hours, caused the snow on the Sierra Nevada mountains, as high as 7,000 feet or more to melt. This brought flooding over a large area. The parade route we followed in downtown Reno, last June, was under water.

Before closing I would like to thank all the members that signed my journal at previous Reunions. My thanks also to Commander Gary Noller and PNC Ron Ward for the pictures they sent to me. A special thanks to Ron Ward's wife for being a good sport and dancing with me, (though I am sure she noticed this Country Boy had two left feet and couldn't even be classed as a poor dancer).

Speaking of left feet--I bet many along the parade route in Reno noticed the SP/4 in the last row of the color guard, didn't know which left foot to start on first. I can only thank MSG Howard Walker for keeping me in line--he was easy to spot as he carried the RVN flag. And wouldn't you know it--I was on MSG Walker's left--I wonder if I did anything right!

Many thanks also to MSG & Mrs. Howard Walker, Tom Dawson, Ron Ellis, and countless other un-named people for being such wonderful friends. These are the kind of people you truly enjoy seeing at a Reunion.

The Tunnel Rat,
Maurice Henson

GUNDERSON

The crash was in late 69. The chopper was not a Shark, but was from the 174th I think out of Duc Pho. Five people were on board were KIA'd.

The extra passenger was a former member of my unit B-3-1 11th with the last name of "Gunderson" (don't know the first). He was going home and caught a last ride to the field on a resupply chopper. The area was far West of Quang Ngai. Cords unknown.

I just checked a book that was given to me by my friend Jay Roth at the 93 DC reunion, that lists all the names on the Wall. Five Gunderson's are listed (Army); however date of death is not listed. I might be able to find the exact date from the directory at the Wall.

Charlie Mankin
B/3/1 11th 69-70

(PRODIGY BULLETIN BOARD)

Dear Editor:

I got your address through the Internet and am writing to ask for your assistance.

I am a writer working on a book about the role of Hispanics in the Vietnam War and need very much to get in contact with Cuban-Americans who might be interested in being included in my project. Basically, it is a collection of first-person oral histories.

I would appreciate it very much if you would run the following announcement:

“Writer seeks Cuban-American vets for a book he is editing on the role of Hispanics in the Vietnam War. For more information, write to Gil Dominguez, [redacted], San Antonio, Texas 78235; or leave a message at [redacted].”

Also, I am in the process of starting a quarterly newsletter—with plans for turning it into a magazine later—for Vietnam vets of all backgrounds. Its tentative name is Perimeter and I hope to get it started next year. I am seeking articles, photos, cartoons, poetry, essays, movie and book reviews and commentary for the modest publication.

Since I’m starting on a shoe string budget I won’t be able to pay for submissions now but may in the future, depending on the Perimeter’s success. Initially, I can afford only copies of the newsletter as compensation. Anyone interested can write to me at the address noted above.

Thank you very much for your attention to this letter. Please let me know if there is any charge connected with running this notice.

Sincerely

Gil Dominguez

San Antonio, TX 78325

HOW IT ALL BEGAN...

The design of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial was selected in 1981 from entries submitted in a nationwide competition conducted by VVMF. As each entry was received-and there were a total of 1,421- it was assigned a number.

Eight individuals, internationally recognized in the fields of architecture, sculpture, and landscape architecture, were chosen as jurors. After five days of judging, their unanimous choice was entry number 1026. One juror described it as “the finest and most appropriate.”

The designer Maya Lin, was a 21 year old architecture student at Yale University. The memorial was assigned as a design problem in one of her classes. With fellow students, Lin visited the site on the Mall and tried to visualize an appropriate structure.

“I thought about what death is, what a loss is,” she remembered. “A sharp pain that lessens with time, but never quite heals over. The idea occurred to me there on the site. Take a knife and cut open the earth, and with time, the grass would heal it.”

She designed the black granite wall, 493 feet long, rising from the ground to 10.1 feet in height, and bending at the center in a 125:12 degree angle. On its polished panels would be engraved the names of more than 58,000 members of the U.S. armed forces who died or remain missing in the Vietnam War.

The Vietnam Veterans Memorial is one of the most visited monuments in our nation’s capital. In the words of the jury who selected the design, it is a “place of quiet reflection, and a tribute to those who served their nation in difficult times. All who come here can find it a place of healing.”

Dear Rollie,

Thanks for sending me the membership reminder. Please find my check enclosed. Could you mention in your newsletter that I am interested in hearing from guys I served with in Nam. I was an RTO in Charlie Company, 3rd of the 1st, 11th LIB, from July ‘69 to Feb ‘70. From Feb to July ‘70, I was in the S-1 section, HHC, same unit. I was stationed off of FSB 411 and in Duc Pho.

For anyone who is not aware yet, there is a Hill 411 Association. I am not a current member of that either, but I have their address.

I would really appreciate anyone who could help me get in touch with members of my unit. I have yet to make contact with anyone I knew in Nam.

Thanks

Dean Hendrickson

Ft Dodge, IA 50501

Looking For

Anyone who knew or served with SFC Neil P Farmer RA16333431, SSAN 310-34-8024, who served with Troop B, 1st Squadron, 1st Cavalry, Americal Division K.I.A., who was awarded posthumously The Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star and Bronze Star. Please contact his son

Patrick C Farmer

Oak Creek, WI 53154

or

PNC Roland T Castronova

Peabody, Ma 01960

P.S. This man was quite a WAR HERO

ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS!

PLEASE--Check the address label on your Newsletter! The Post Office is getting very picky, picky. If the street number is not exact and the street is not spelled correctly, and for goodness sake don't allow the zip code to be incorrect. Because of the new methods of process mail it is necessary to have the address correct.

Also, please inform us if you are planning on moving. For every address correction the Post Office gives us we are charged \$.50 and this adds up at the end of the month. Thanks.

Jim

Dear Sir

Perhaps this letter should be directed to Roland T Castronova. I am listed as a new member as of the last publication of the Americal Newsletter (11th LIB A/3/1 Inf). I was in Vietnam in 1969-1970. For the last six to seven months I was with the 82 Arty. D Battery stationed 10 miles south of Chu Lai. Units were being busted up as President Richard Nixon struggled to bring the long unpopular war to a conclusion. Myself and a good buddy James Blankinship both fell into some sort of slot and were given orders to report to Chu Lai headquarters for the 82nd Artillery. I went to D battery 10 miles south of Chu Lai working with 8" track mounted guns and Jim went back south somewhere around Duc Pho working with 175 "long toms". I saw Jim briefly a few times before our Deros late June something We were to leave together however I had a gook sore on my right foot and could barely walk, I needed to go to medical, so we had a quiet good bye with me telling him "I'll be down to see you sometime". Jim who was a man of few words replied, "If you do I'll give you a gallon of the stuff we drink", meaning moonshine. I don't drink much now, but I sure would like to get down to see Jim. He lived in Virginia somewhere down Rt 81, I guess by the West Virginia border. The town of Oakwood seems to stick in my mind.

I want to get in touch with Jim. Can you help? Perhaps a list of members in "D" Battery who are now members. I can't remember what battery Jim was with down by Duc Pho, but I do know they were 175 long toms. Jim left Vietnam late in June 1970 or early or early July 1970. I don't know if Jim got restationed back in the states or received an early out. Based on the information I have relayed, I hope you can be of assistance in expediting this long delayed reunion. Thank you so much.

Sincerely

Robert J Miller

Farmington NY 14425

Dear Mr Castronova,

I have enclosed three sets of orders that I found pertaining to my service in the Americal Division. I hope that this will assist you.

I also have the original home addresses for the following men who served with me in Co A 5/46, 198th LIB. Please let me know if you are interested in having these addresses.

Francis R Hale
Gregory Sikora
Michael J Richardson
Harold Manley
Jim D'Amico
J.D. White
Vaughn D Delong

I am afraid I never contacted them, nor do I know if all made it home. Please let me know if I can be of further assistance.

Robert L Cummings
Sgt., Co. A 5/46 Inf. 198th LIB
March 1968- March 1969
Morehead City, NC 28557

YOU MUST BE A MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING
RECEIVE THE AMERICAL NEWSLETTER

The Americal Division Association is sending every member a letter, asking you to look for any old orders you have with names of Americal Soldiers. Any orders, especially with Social Security No's. Or old addresses or serial no's. Any orders for the Silver Star, Bronze Star, Arcorn, Cib, CMB, ETS, TDY, or Purple Heart. Dutch DeGroot, has a few friends in the organization, who can come up with names of Americal Men. If he has a Social Security No. Or old addresses. He has one of those world telephone books on computer. Any orders you have will you please send them to me at:

Peabody MA 01960

Sincerely

Roland T Castronova
Medic 11 LIB 66-68

P.S. If you have already mailed orders, then please disregard this letter

SOUTHERN CROSS-AMERICAL DIVISION

Vol 2 No.11

Chu Lai, Vietnam May 25, 1969

GVN DECORATES DIVISION TROOPS

Quang Ngai-Nine Americal soldiers from the 5th Bn. 46th Inf. 198 Inf. Bde were among 32 Americans decorated for valor recently by the South Vietnamese Government.

Ltc Ronald R Richardson (Colorado Springs, CO) and Cpt Michael R Smith (Dayton, OH) were awarded the Gallantry Cross with Silver Star.

Awarded the Gallantry Cross with Bronze Star were SP/4 Wendell R Roberts (Kodak, TN) and SP/4 Guadalupe Elizondo Jr. (McCalla, TX) of A Co., Sgt David W Bloom (Oakley, KS) and Sgt Edward E Floyd (Rushville, IN) B. Co. Pfc Charlie W Rose(Tradewell, VA) C Co. 1 Lt James G Fraser (Decatur IL) and SP/4 Gary N Brock(Bixby, OK), HHC Medic working with D. Co. (198 JO).

Dear Mr Castronova

Just a line to say that a good deed and excellent works need to be commended and that is the subject of this letter. Your recruiting and enlisting of new members has been terrific, I don't know how you do it but it excelled. I read the Americal newsletter from cover to cover, and it's similar to being greeted by an old lifelong friend.

You of the younger set and your buddies make us #2 proud to turn over leadership into such capable leadership hands. I wonder if there will be anyone to carry on when your generation reaches our present age group?

Thanks from our depths for the fine work and "Carry On".

Yours in comradeship

Bill Picardy P.E.
Kansas City, MO 64123



James C. Buckle
36 Standish Woods Circle
Harwich, MA 02645

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JANUARY - FEBRUARY - MARCH 1997

Address Correction Requested

Mr. Malcolm P. East P.L.
[REDACTED]
Lumberton, TX 77656-9429

Eligibility for Membership

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

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.

Dedication

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.

AMERICAL DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

P.O. Box 1381

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02104

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Name _____ Telephone _____

Street _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Americal Unit Rgt/Bde _____ Bn _____ Co _____ Other _____ Associate _____

Dates of Service _____ to _____ Serial/SSN No. _____

Occupation _____ Name of Spouse _____

Date _____ Signature _____ Enclosed DD-214 Y N

Sponsored by _____ Please enclose dues: One year: \$12, Three years: \$30
Send to Attn: National Adjutant Life dues: 75 years of age or over \$75, Under 75 year of age: \$165