

July/August/September
2007



AMERICAL

JOURNAL

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

The Americal on Cebu

セブ島

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

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[REDACTED]**Commander's Comments**

By Larry Watson



My first year is done and I'm on the back stretch of my two-year term as National Commander. I want to thank the Eastern Chapter members for all their hard work on the National Reunion in Buffalo. Unfortunately, we had a few members that normally attend our reunions that were not able to join us. I hope Jim Buckle, the Executive Council Chairman and American Journal Editor Emeritus, is well and able to join us next year in Jacksonville.

At our banquet in Buffalo I had the pleasure of presenting two Lifetime Achievement Awards, one each to Gary Noller and John "Dutch" DeGroot. They are very much deserved.

The Executive Council recently approved a five member nominating committee. This committee will present the candidates for our next national election of officers. See more information on the nominating committee on page 9.

This first year has been fun and I am looking forward to another good year. I have become much more familiar with fellow members that are involved with all that the ADVA does. The talent that is in this association really impresses me. We are in good hands for the next several years.

Our Sr. and Jr. Vice-Commanders, Dave Taylor and Rich Merlin perform their duties in an outstanding manner. Everything they have been asked to do they have done very well. Dave is involved in so many things with the ADVA: the American Journal, the American World War II museum, recruiting, and on and on. Everything he does is done right and no detail is overlooked.

Rich does a first rate job, also. He is chairman of the Future Focus Committee that will map out the long term planning. Many of the suggestions made by this committee will be implemented over the next couple years. One suggestion that came from this committee is a reunion oversight committee. The guidelines for planning and executing a national reunion are well underway and should be ready by the end of this quarter.

Gary Noller is the chairman of a committee to review ADVA by-laws. The committee's work was considered and approved at the Executive Council meeting in Buffalo. The suggested changes will be included in the next elections.

Another pleasure I had in Buffalo was sitting in on the Scholarship Committee meeting. Bob Short is doing a terrific job and our membership is being very supportive of this worthwhile project. With your support this committee was able to approve nearly \$42,000 in scholarships. See a full scholarship report beginning on page 8.

There are so many people for me to thank and so little space to do it in. They are people like Spencer Baba, Wayne Bryant, Roger Gilmore, Ron Ellis, and on and on. What a great job they are doing. There are many others I have missed. I am excited about all that took place in Buffalo and anticipating another good year this next year and the future of the ADVA.

I hope to see you in Jacksonville for the reunion next year. Don't miss it! Lee Kaywood gave Dave Taylor and me a tour of the hotel, the area restaurants, and the beach for the "ChuLai Standown". You will love it!

**Preliminary Finance Report**

By Spencer Baba
National Finance Officer

Key points for the 2006-2007 fiscal year ending June 30, 2007:

- Income exceeded expenses by \$2,618.51
- Dues income exceeded budget by \$2,864.03.
- Retail sales generated a net profit of \$1,706.92. .
- There were extraordinary expenses for restocking the book Under the Southern Cross.
- The newsletter was \$2,663.41 over budget.
- Miscellaneous expenses were \$2,471.22 under budget.

Continued success in recruiting is essential for the viability of the ADVA because the largest portion of income comes from member dues. We continue on a solid financial basis but we must watch expenses and emphasize recruiting efforts.

Selected items from the 2006-2007 financial report as of June 19, 2007:

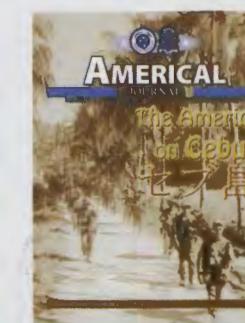
Income Statement

Total Income	37,130.95
Total Expenses	34,512.44
Variance	2,618.51

Cash Assets:

Investments	67,947.07
Checking accounts	23,956.44
Total	91,903.51

A large portion of the cash on hand is held in reserve as paid-life membership dues. Membership dues contribute a substantial portion of income at \$34,360. The cost of publishing the *American Journal* is the single largest expense item at \$22,670.



Featured Story 132nd Inf On Cebu

Adjutant's Notes

By Roger Gilmore

Our June Reunion in Buffalo, NY was a great event. The turnout was great and we could not have asked for better weather. Downtown Buffalo has some very good eating establishments. It was good to see many old friends and to meet many new ones.

From a new member recruiting perspective, ADVA had a very good past quarter. We added more new members this past quarter than any other during my tenure as National Adjutant.

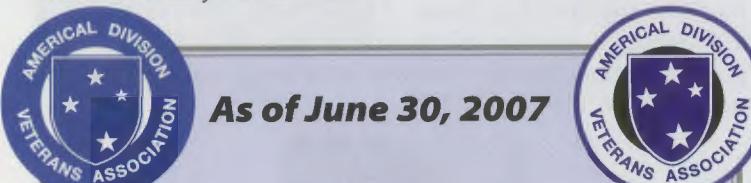
This surge in new members is due in large part to an increased focus on new member recruiting by the recruiting team and individual members at veteran's gatherings and unit reunions.

National Commander Larry Watson and Senior Vice-Commander David Taylor recruited eighteen new members at the April veteran's reunion in Melbourne, Florida. Member Conrad Geibel recruited twelve new members at a recent unit reunion. Other unit reunions have brought in a few new members to date.

Recruiting efforts at the June reunion in Buffalo resulted in twelve new members being added to the ADVA roster, of which three were life memberships. Two former members were reinstated at Buffalo.

The Sponsor A Buddy program is a way for each member to get a fellow American veteran started with an ADVA membership by paying his or her first year dues. This quarter, David Taylor and Junior Vice-Commander Rich Merlin sponsored buddies for their first year membership in ADVA.

As a reminder, each member's membership status is printed above your name in the address box on the back cover of the Journal. Annual pay members should check this date to ensure their dues are paid up. Please mail your dues payment to PNC Ron Ellis if your renewal date is May 2007 or earlier. Ron's address is listed on the back cover of this American Journal issue.



As of June 30, 2007

Total Members:	3,055
Annual Pay Members:	2,010
Paid-Life Members:	1,045
Associate Members:	252
06-07 Members Added:	175
06-07 Members Re-instated:	16

NEW MEMBERS

James H. Abney
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Rossharon, TX
★ Conrad Geibel

Albert L. Andzik, Jr.
1/82nd Arty
Monument, CO
★ Dave Eichhorn

James R. Antel
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Hermitage, PA
★ Conrad Geibel

Randell G. Backovich
198th LIB 5/46 Inf
Vallejo, CA
★ Dave Taylor

James M. Bertrand
198th LIB 1/6 Inf
Melbourne, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Michael L. Bishop
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Southgate, MI
★ Jay Flanagan

Herschell M. Blackwell
198th LIB C/1/52 Inf
Indianapolis, IN
★ Dan Young

Calvin Blank
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Westminster, IN
★ Conrad Geibel

Eugene Bouley
23rd MP Co
Milledgeville, GA
★ Rich Merlin

Terry L. Buelow
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Newhall, IA
★ NC Larry Watson

Carl R. Burton
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Troy, OH
★ Conrad Geibel

Dwight Cole
11th LIB C/1/20 Inf
Marietta, GA
★ NRC 2007

06-07 Members Added:
175

06-07 Members Re-instated:
16

Michael D. Collingwood
198th LIB 23rd MP Co.
Lexington, VA
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Martin L. Collins
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Bloomfield, NY
★ Conrad Geibel

Paul Commer
196th LIB D/3/21 Inf
Newberry, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Greg Cook
196th LIB C/2/1 Inf
Brunswick, OH
★ Dave Taylor

David Daniels
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Ringgold, GA
★ Conrad Geibel

Charles Didio
A Trp 1/1 Cav
Buffalo, NY
★ Connie Steers

David Disch
198th LIB C/1/6 Inf
Madison, WI
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Edward S. Dole, Jr.
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
N. Palm Beach, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Harold T. Durham
11th LIB C/4/21 Inf
Bronson, TX
★ Roger Gilmore

Charles J. Earl
11th LIB E/1/20 Inf
Plainville, CT
★ Bob Cudworth

Robert Espada
11th LIB
Lake Worth, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Tommy Foley
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Eddy, TX
★ Self

James M. Fontana
198th LIB 1/6 Inf
Lackawanna, NY
★ Self

John H. Forshag
198th LIB E/5/46 Inf
Luling, LA
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Eugene J. Gamache
198th LIB 1/6 Inf
Cumberland, RI
★ NC Larry Watson

Benny Gamino
518th Engr Co (Korea Era)
Los Banos, CA
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

William Gariepy
11th LIB HHC/1/20 Inf
Brooksville, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Robert C. Gast
198th LIB C/5/46 Inf
Alden, NY
★ Dave Taylor

Philip A. George
39th Cmbt Engrs Co. B
Carthage, MO
★ Dave Taylor

Henry R. Goedel
11th LIB A/1/20 Inf
Delhi, NY
★ Self

Jack Griffin
23rd MP Co.
Athens, GA
★ Rich Merlin

Henry C. Hammersley
American Div HHC
Culpepper, VA
★ Albert E. Simms, Jr.

Donald D. Hammett
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Clarksville, TN
★ Self

Robert Hermenitt
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Hollywood, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Frank H. Hill
11th LIB C/1/20 Inf
Oldsmar, FL
★ NRC 2007

Dennis L. Jarvis
11th LIB
Oviedo, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Richard Ketcham
9th Spt Bn HHC
Eustis, FL
★ Dave Taylor

James Koerner
23rd MP Co.
Oshkosh, WI
★ Rich Merlin

Victor B. Kovac
196th LIB 4/3 Inf
Melbourne, FL
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Kenton B. Kurtz
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Stewartstown, PA
★ Conrad Geibel

Robert H. Leightenheimer
635th MI Dtchmt
Tucson, AZ
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Bob Leinen
198th LIB 1/6 Inf
Dearborn, MI
★ Bob Cudworth

James A. Linton
198th LIB H Trp 17th Cav
Flushing, MI
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Thomas M. Loudon
723rd Maint Bn
Port St. Lucie, FL
★ Dave Taylor

John J. Lynch
11th LIB D/3/1 Inf
New Port Richey, FL
★ Dave Taylor

David Malchow
11th LIB C/4/3 Inf
Cheektowaga, NY
★ Bob Cudworth

Ruben A. Martinez
198th LIB E/1/6 Inf
Las Cruces, NM
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Michael C. Pruesner
1/14th Arty Btry B
Vincennes, IN
★ Dave Taylor

Alan McFarling
23rd MP Co.
Albuquerque, NM
★ Rich Merlin

John J. Purdy
196th LIB
Palm Bay, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Al Migneco
198th LIB
N. Lauderdale, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Earl M. Minter
164th Inf Rgmt Co. C
Dania Beach, FL
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Alfred Moore
198th LIB C/1/46 Inf
St. Cloud, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Ralph Nash
198th LIB 1/6 Inf
Casselberry, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Bruce Olmsted
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Englewood, FL
★ Self

Thomas M. Pascall
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Buffalo, NY
★ Dave Taylor

Kent R. Peatross
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Duchesne, NY
★ Conrad Geibel

Jonathon E. Polecheck
11th LIB 4/3 Inf
Duluth, MN
★ Ronald E. Soder

Mel Poston
3/16th Arty
Moline, IL
★ Dave Taylor

James Van Mills
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Pink Hill, NC
★ William E. Hendricks

William L. Wendover
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Cave Junction, OR
★ Self

Thomas J. Williams
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Avon, CT
★ Self

MG (Ret) Jode K. Wilson
Provo Marshal
Oklahoma City, OK
★ Self

Bob Sargin
196th LIB 23rd Admin
West Seneca, NY
★ Joe Adelsberger

Vincent N. Scalese
196th LIB A/2/1 Inf
Thornton, NH
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Michael Sekal
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
DeBeque, CO
★ Conrad Geibel

Charles Smith
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Hueytown, AL
★ Conrad Geibel

Jeffrey A. Smith
198th ASHC
Akron, OH
★ PNC Gary L. Noller

Jimmy Steadman
11th LIB A/4/3 Inf
Lakeland, FL
★ Dave Taylor

Edward R. Suits
196th LIB 2/1 Inf
Palatine Bridge, NY
★ Ed Costello

Al Taylor
196th LIB 2/1 Inf
Melbourne, FL
★ Dave Taylor

James Van Mills
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Pink Hill, NC
★ William E. Hendricks

Thomas J. Williams
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Avon, CT
★ Self

MG (Ret) Jode K. Wilson
Provo Marshal
Oklahoma City, OK
★ Self

NEW PAID LIFE MEMBERS

W. Leonard Baker
198th LIB B/1/52 Inf
Raleigh, NC
★ **Conrad Geibel**

R. Duane Cossey
11th LIB C/4/21 Inf
Mountain View, MO
★ **Roger Gilmore**

James R. Essam
23rd MP Co.
Beaverton, OR
★ **Ed Costello**

Edward Frazier, Jr.
198th LIB D/5/46 Inf
Montgomery, AL
★ **PNC Gary L. Noller**

Barry D. Gasdek
11th LIB D/4/21 Inf
Laramie, WY
★ **Dave Taylor**

Brian J. Keelan
198th LIB 1/6 Inf
Bellerose, NY
★ **Self**

Gary A. Pratt
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Jefferson, OH
★ **Dave Eichhorn**

David S. Weick
3/82nd Arty
Boise, ID
★ **Dave Taylor**

Edward B. Wengers
39th Cmbt Engr Bn
Hartford, CT
★ **Dave Taylor**

Rudy Alaniz
198th LIB A/1/46 Inf
Walla Walla, WA
★ **Self**

Howard D. Felter
196th LIB HHC/4/31 Inf
Napa, CA
★ **Ron Davis**

Stephen D. Frausto, Sr.
198th LIB D/5/46 Inf
Costa Mesa, CA
★ **Dave Taylor**

Vinson N. Rose
196th LIB HHC/1/46 Inf
Elizabethtown, KY
★ **Jim Buckle**

NEW ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Michelle Desrochers
Operation Iraqi Freedom
San Diego, CA
★ **PNC Dutch DeGroot**

Theresa Labert
No Unit
Wayne, MI
★ **PNC Dutch DeGroot**

Kathy Peterson
No Unit
Irving, NY
★ **Bob Short**

RE-INSTATED MEMBERS

Alan Allen
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Wimberly, TX
★ **NC Larry Watson**

Thomas A. Chiki
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Athens, OH
★ **Mark Deam**

Donald Kaiser
198th LIB A/1/6 Inf
Baytown, TX
★ **Self**

William J. Tucker
1/1st Cav D Trp
Cleveland, IL
★ **Self**

George C. Yates
182nd Inf Rgmt
Canonsburg, PA
★ **Self**

TAPS

World War II Veterans

110th Cav

Everett H. Kandarian
COL (Ret)
Hartford, CT
April 26, 2007

132nd Inf. Regmt G Co.

Ellis Perdue
Roanoke, Va
July 3, 2007

182nd Inf Rgmt E Co.

Daniel E. Ferguson
Worcester, MA
July 1, 2006

221st FA

John V. Nightingale

Rockland, MA
January 23, 2007

Jack Warkow (B Btry)

Pembroke Pines, FL
June 5, 2007
247th FA Btry A

Lloyd W. Davis

St. Petersburg, FL
June 15, 2007

57th Engrs A Co

Leroy J. Bourne
Tewksbury, MA
April 26, 2007

832nd Sig Bn

Paul E. McCarthy
Lawrence, KS
February 9, 2007

Vietnam Veterans

198th LIB B/5/46 Inf

Albert Nirenstein
Palm Coast, FL
November 13, 2006

Widows - WWII

SGM (Ret) James I. Harsch
Hampton, Va
February 8, 2007

Mrs. Leo Volta

West Bridgewater, MA

Date Unknown

WWII Era

132nd Inf Rgmt F Co.

William A. Roiniotis
Chicago, IL
January 21, 2007

Vietnam Era

196th LIB

Ronald D. Hepper
Bismarck, ND
January 28, 2007

196th LIB 3/82nd Arty.

Dennis C. Hickman
Naperville, IL
June 25, 2007

23rd MP Co.

Bernard L. Moore
Ashville, OH
February 2, 2007

H Trp, 17th Cav.

Michael (Doc) Moehrke

Tijeras, NM 2006

3/82nd Arty.

Dennis C. Hickman
Naperville, IL
June 25, 2007

Americal Unit Not Known

Harold Connolly
Sun City, AZ
January 12, 2007

Howard Council
Marinwood, CA
February 14, 2007

James G. Ellison
Venice, FL
April 29, 2007

Jesus Esparza
San Pedro, CA
April 26, 2007

Dr. James H. French
Hot Springs, AR
January 9, 2007

Frank R. Gonzalez
Tampa, FL
February 22, 2007

Joseph Harding
East Dennis, MA
March 22, 2007

Widows - WWII

SGM (Ret) James I. Harsch
Hampton, Va
February 8, 2007

Harry W. Jury
Lansing, MI
January 10, 2007

Edward J. Kolodjay
Chicopee, MA
June 15, 2007

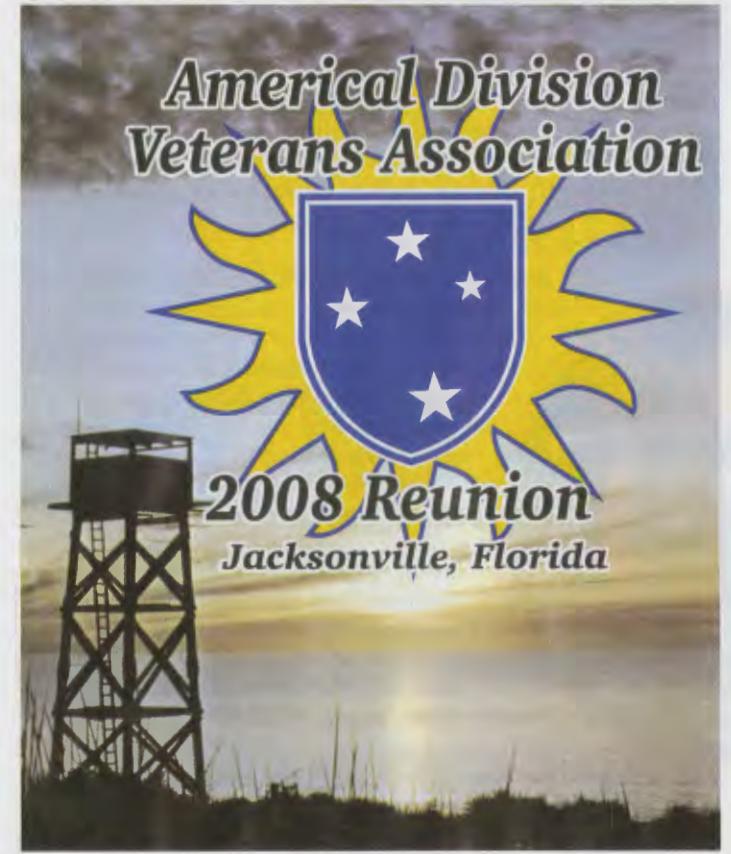
John F. Murphy
Chicago, IL
May 24, 2007

Hubert J. St. Onge
Chesterfield, MO
April 16, 2007

MAJ (Ret) David W. Wik
Corpus Christi, TX
April 7, 2007

Jacksonville Reunion
June 26-29, 2008

By this time next year you will be talking about what a great time you had at the Jacksonville Reunion. The "Chu Lai Stand Down" will keep you buzzing for months; the delicious Polynesian cuisine, the waves washing on the shore as the sun sets in the west, the moon light dancing across the water as the night wears on, the fire dancers and great music from the show.



Since the Mayport Naval Station is home to 33 units, it is common to see helicopters skimming the water or jets soaring high above and the masks of the fleet are always part of the landscape.

The Stand Down is only one part of this great reunion. The trip to Camp Blanding will also add to the experience. This active Army and Florida National Guard training base will bring back the "good old days". Just seeing the barracks, the firing ranges and the troops in formation will have you reminiscing about your training days and all the trouble you got into.

The indoor and outdoor museums with the large variety of vehicles and weapons including the mock up fire base will add to this great experience. This trip includes lunch so you can share that unique army experience with your friends and loved ones.

The spouses (remember when they were wives), family and those who like to sneak away from the meetings will

enjoy one of two trips to either St. Augustine or Amelia Island. Both of these trips offer a glimpse into our illustrious past.

St Augustine is the first and oldest city in the USA. It was founded by the Spaniards and has a rich history. It features the Fountain of Youth, the Old Jail, the Mission of Nombre de Dios (Shrine) where first Catholic mass was said, and the Castillo de San Marcos our nation's oldest monument. There is also the old Fort, the shopping in the open market area and of course great places to enjoy lunch. The Columbia Restaurant is the oldest family run restaurant in Florida and features great Spanish cuisine.

The Amelia Island tour provides another perspective on the unique history of Northeast Florida. On this tour you travel up scenic A1A stopping off at the Kingsland Plantation and America Beach before you get to downtown Fernandina with its blocks of Victorian houses.

This island, which has served under eight flags, is the cradle of the early commercial shrimp industry in the USA. The shrimp boats still leave from the marina docks daily. The many restaurants feature local shrimp on their menus. This quaint little First Coast town will win your heart. You will want to return.

The best part of the reunion is catching up with old friends and buddies who share a common bound. The recently completely renovated Wyndham Riverwalk Hotel offers a great environment to sit back relax and swap stories. Whether you are in one of the hospitality suites, the lounge, out on the Riverwalk, around the pool or in the lobby with its inviting atmosphere you will find just the right place to enjoy yourself.

If you want to take it outside then just jump on the water taxi to the Jacksonville Landing with its many shops and restaurants. Or you may choose to take a stroll down to the San Marco section of Jacksonville.

No matter where you turn you will find a friend and a good time at the Jacksonville Reunion. So join us June 26-29, 2008. Go to the website www.americal.org/reunion.shtml or look for the registration information the next edition of the Americal Journal or contact me.

Don't forget we are having a registration contest.

Each confirmed hotel and paid 2008 reunion registrant who registers before January 1, 2008 will be entered into a drawing to receive: one complimentary night at the hotel during the convention, one free reunion registration and one ticket to the Saturday evening banquet. Each confirmed hotel and paid 2008 registrant who registers before March 31, 2008 will be entered into a drawing to receive one complimentary ticket to the Saturday evening banquet.

Hotel records and reunion committee records will be used to determine eligibility. Decisions of the judges are final.

**Lee Kaywork, Chairman
2008 ADVA Reunion Jacksonville**

2007 ADVA Scholarship Awards

By Bob Short, Scholarship Fund Chairman



The scholarship fund trustees met on June 21, 2007, at the annual reunion in Buffalo and authorized awarding \$42,000 in scholarships to children and grandchildren of ADVA members. There were thirty-four qualified applicants this year. Twenty-three applicants were sponsored by Vietnam veterans and eleven applicants were sponsored by World War II veterans. All applicants received a minimum of \$1,000.

Top Awards

Katelyn Mahoney received the first place award of \$3,000. Katelyn attends Chowan University and was sponsored by her grandfather, the late William McGoldrick, who served in World War II with the 182nd Infantry.

Mallory Andrews received the second place award of \$2,500. Mallory attends the University of Florida and was sponsored by her grandfather, Frank Cohee, who served in Vietnam with the 23rd Supply & Transportation Battalion.

Ashley Wengers Herron received the third place award of \$2,000. Ashley attends Fordham University and was sponsored by her grandfather, Edward Wengers, who served in Vietnam with the 39th Combat Engineer Battalion.

\$1,500 Awards

Steven Bolger attends the Colorado School of Mines and was sponsored by his father, James Bolger, who served in Vietnam with the 3rd Battalion, 16th Artillery. **Patrick Bright**

attends Bemidji State University and was sponsored by his father, Gene Bright, who served in Vietnam with the 1st Battalion, 6th Infantry. **Matthew Burch** attends Coe College and was sponsored by his father, James Burch, who served in Vietnam with the 26th Combat Engineers. **John Byrnes** attends Binghamton University and was sponsored by his father, James Byrnes, who served in Vietnam with Headquarters & Headquarters Battery, Division Artillery.

Kevin Little attends Taylor University and was sponsored by his father, Alan Little, who served in Vietnam with the 174th Assault Helicopter Company. **Alan Orthmann** attends the University of Washington and was sponsored by his father, Dennis Orthmann, who served in Vietnam with the 174th Assault Helicopter Company. **Emily Siemer** attends Southern Illinois University and was sponsored by her father, Terrence Siemer, who served in Vietnam with the 16th Combat Aviation Group.

\$1,000 Awards

Briget Alsbro attends Lake Michigan College and was sponsored by her grandfather, Donald Alsbro, who served

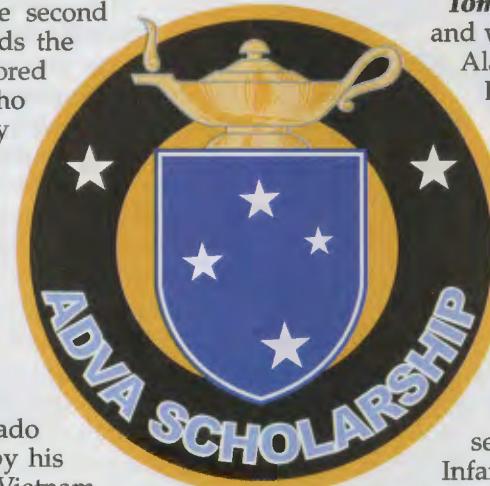
in Vietnam with the 23rd Administration Company. **Sara Beschle** attends the Maryland Institute College of Art and was sponsored by her grandfather, the late Robert Beschle, who served in World War II with the 121st Medical Battalion. **Melissa Bungo** attends the University at Buffalo and was sponsored by her father, Ronald Krul, who served in Vietnam with the 4th Battalion, 3rd Infantry. **Kerry Coffey** attends the University of Connecticut and was sponsored by her father, Gerald Coffey, who served in Vietnam with the 1st Battalion, 82nd Artillery.

Lauren Cooper attends Bridgewater State College and was sponsored by her grandfather, the late Leonard Oliver, who served in World War II with the 221st Field Artillery Battalion. **John Davenport** attends the University of Central Oklahoma and was sponsored by his father, Jim Davenport, who served in Vietnam with the 2nd Battalion, 1st Infantry. **Tammy Ecklund** attends the University of Wisconsin and was sponsored by her father, Eric Ecklund, who served in Vietnam with the 4th Battalion, 31st Infantry. **Brian Gates** attends Western Illinois University and was sponsored by his father, Kenneth Gates, who served in Vietnam with the 1st Battalion, 46th Infantry.

Tony Gertsch attends Gonzaga University and was sponsored by her grandfather, Rudy Alaniz, who served in Vietnam with the 1st Battalion, 46th Infantry. **Zachary Hiser** attends Indiana Wesleyan University and was sponsored by his father, William Hiser, who served in Vietnam with the 4th Battalion, 3rd Infantry. **John Jurica IV** attends Linn Benton Community College and was sponsored by his father, John Jurica III, who served in Vietnam with the 23rd Military Police Company. **Anna Lauritsen** attends the University of Texas and was sponsored by her grandfather, Carl Lauritsen, who served in World War II with the 164th Infantry.

Eric Lauritsen attends Dartmouth College and was sponsored by his grandfather, Carl Lauritsen, who served in World War II with the 164th Infantry. **Stephanie Loeb** attends the University of North Carolina and was sponsored by her grandfather, Everard Loeb, who served in World War II with the 182nd Infantry. **Crystal Martinez** attends the University of New Mexico and was sponsored by her father, Ruben Martinez who served in Vietnam with the 1st Battalion, 6th Infantry. **Sean Matthews** attends the University of Connecticut and was sponsored by his father, Dennis Matthews, who served in Vietnam with the 4th Battalion, 21st Infantry.

Karen Petersen attends the University of Wisconsin and was sponsored by her father, Roger Petersen, who served in Vietnam with the 23rd Military Police Company. **Joel Reynolds** attends the University of Oregon and was sponsored by his grandfather, Jack Morton, who served in World War II with the 182nd Infantry. **Melanie Russell** attends Pasco-Hernando Community College and was sponsored by her grandfather, the late Leonard Oliver, who served in World War II with the 221st Field Artillery Battalion. **Julianne Smith** attends Akron University and was sponsored by her father, Jeffrey Smith, who served in



Vietnam with the 178th Assault Helicopter Company.

Alexandra Stevenson attends Bates College and was sponsored by her grandfather, the late Arthur Little, Jr., who served in World War II with the 101st Quartermaster Regiment. **Don Tait** attends Central Michigan University and was sponsored by his father, Larry Tait, who served in Vietnam with the 23rd Administration Company. **Christine Trout** attends the University of Pittsburgh and was sponsored by her grandfather, Kermit Trout, who served in World War II with the 26th Signal Company.

Elizabeth Trout attends Temple University and was sponsored by her grandfather, Kermit Trout, who served in World War II with the 26th Signal Company.

Raffle Winner

The \$250 scholarship raffle winner this year was **Stephen Piazza**, a World War II veteran from Bolton, MA.

The tremendous financial support that ADVA members and friends of ADVA have provided for the scholarship fund is very much appreciated. More than \$189,000 in scholarships has been awarded to children and grandchildren of ADVA members since the inception of the fund.

Scholarship Fund Report

By Tim Vail, Scholarship Fund Treasurer

Summary of Finances:

Scholarship Fund Balance - 07/01/06

\$ 100,873.63

Income from Contributions, Donations, etc.

30,633.00

Interest Income

1,709.73

Appreciation of Vanguard Fund

10,105.22

Sub-Total: 143,321.58

Scholarship Fund Expenses (includes scholarships)

43,761.07

Scholarship Fund Balance - 06/30/07

\$99,560.51

Itemization of Fund Expenses

Printing Expense	\$ 726.88
Postage Expense	680.49
Banking Fees	103.70
Scholarship Awards - 06/21/07:	42,000.00
Raffle Winner - 06/23/07:	250.00
Total:	\$ 43,761.07

Nominating Committee News

By David Chrystal

National Commander Larry Watson has announced the formation of a Nominating Committee for the 2008 elections. The members of the committee are:

David A. Chrystal, Chairman
23rd M.P. Co.
Centralia, MO

Wayne Bryant
Co. C, 1/46th Inf.
Greensboro, NC

Roger Gilmore
Co. C, 4/21st Inf.
Rowlett, TX

David E. Hammond
Co. C, 5/46th Inf.
Portland, OR

Larry Swank
Co. A, 1/6th Inf.
Bowie, MD

We are honored to have been selected by the commander and confirmed by the Executive Council to be the nominating committee for the 2008 ADVA general elections. I am humbled by the faith that the committee has placed in me to be the chairman.

During the next six months the committee will be accepting names for the positions of commanders, Executive Council members, and scholarship trustees. If you are interested in being a part of the ADVA leadership or want to suggest someone to be a part of the ADVA leadership please ensure that the person you name is willing to serve. Contact a member of the nominating committee to begin the process of getting names on the ballot.

Souvenir of Cebu

セブ島

Troops of the 132nd Regiment, Americal Division, march north on Cebu on May 8, 1945 in a push to erase remaining Japanese forces from the island. Cebu was an important base during Japan's occupation of the Philippines.

BY Harold R. Sargent

Three years ago I had an emergency hospital visit, which required an X-ray. "Why do you have a bullet in you?" the technician wanted to know. When I replied that I didn't, he unfurled the film, and there was a perfect image of a .20-caliber bullet, a half-inch from my spine. Instantly, I was transported back six decades. I remembered getting shot, of course. But the field hospital doctors who treated me at the time told me the bullet had exited near my hip.

I was a private with the 132nd Regiment of the U.S. Army's 23rd "Americal" Infantry Division in late March 1945, and we were on Cebu Island, in the Philippines. Two days before my arrival, one battalion from the regiment had recaptured Cebu City from the Japanese; now Company E, which I'd just joined as a replacement, was charged with rousting out bands of Japs hidden along the island's mountainous spine.

We marched north near the Camotes Sea, over fields pockmarked from shelling. Dodging craters and abandoned foxholes, we finally came to a grove of coconut trees that offered welcome shade. Our platoon leader, Lieutenant Goss, stepped before us, his face a study in stress and concentration. "OK, men. Make yourself comfortable for the night. No smoking. No loud noise. Check your rifle, ammunition and water. We're going to move out tomorrow morning."

The handsome officer, thin to the point of emaciation, pointed toward the hill rising a mile or two from us. "There's the destination," he said. "Those of you with pens can write a letter home." That's how battle was for us. No explanation. Follow orders, or else. We laid back on our packs and talked quietly about what tomorrow might bring.

Scarduzio was an Italian from Philadelphia. Soldier buddies always called each other by their last names or by a given nickname. I was "Sargent" or "Sarge," which was an occasional cause for confusion—especially with none of the officers around me wearing stars or bars, to avoid being first in a sniper's sights. I liked Scarduzio. His beautiful smile was a welcome contrast to the devastation all around, and his stories intrigued me. I listened for the next hour as he talked about his girl back home—"Polish," he called her. "She's the only girl I've ever been with or ever want to be," he told me. "I love her. If I ever get back, I'm gonna marry her." I looked up at the waving coconut trees and thought of home. Just before we fell asleep he leaned over to me.

"Are you scared?" he asked. "No!" I said with all the conviction I could muster. "No bullet has been made with my name on it." I had made up my mind that I would never admit to fear.

"Sargent, I have this premonition. I'm gonna be killed tomorrow," he said. "Will you do something for me?" In the black of night and of mind, I leaned toward him and nodded. "When I die, write my mother and tell her how it happened." What the hell could I say to something like that? Combat's bad enough without thinking of death. "Go to sleep," I replied. "Be ready for tomorrow. You'll probably

marry 'Polish' and have five kids."

Mount Lanibga was only about 2,000 feet high, but because it rose directly from the face of the sea it seemed much higher—especially when we had to go up a steep incline to take it. In between us and the summit was nothing but devastation. Shelling from destroyers, tanks, mortars, artillery and dive bombers had turned every inch of soil over several times. The island of green was now gray and tan. Trees had been shorn into small, ragged limbs sticking up from the coral. We crawled inch by inch toward the hill.



Of his 22 days of combat on the island, Harold Sargent says, "Each day produced a series of actions that left us drained of energy and adrenalin."

There was no enemy fire, but the heat was terrible. Each of us carried two canteens, one on each hip. Others were devouring their water, but I meant to save mine. At last, suffering from unquenchable thirst, I reached for the canteen on my right hip. It was empty. Panicky, I reached for the one on my left. Empty! I had committed the unforgivable.

Within an hour I started feeling weak and my buddies began to dance around my eyes. There was no way I was going to tell them that I had forgotten to fill my canteens, and for sure I wasn't going to ask for one of theirs. Quietly, I began to inquire about where I could find water. The sergeant pointed to the rear: "It's back there somewhere. But I'm not going back. It's not secure back there, and you could be picked off by Japs." We could hear sounds of battle in the distance. "Could I go?" I asked. "What the hell's wrong with you, Private? Yer puttin' yer life in danger." "I'm goin', if it's OK with you."

"OK, but if you're goin', get some water for the rest of us. We'll all be out in another hour." The squad searched the rubble and came up with two sticks about 5 feet long. They pushed 20 canteens over the rods and, loosening the strap of my M1 so the rifle looped over my chest and I could hold the rods in my fists, I took off for the rear without further ado.

Keeping my body low to the earth, I wormed my way to the rear, seeing more stars before my eyes with each minute. Torn between the desire for safety and the need for water, my eyes traversed a thousand feet of wasted landscape. I

saw nothing that looked like a water bag and wasn't sure what else to look for. Talk about panic. I looked for Japanese and listened for bullets. Nothing. On a nearby plateau I saw something that looked like a dirty swamp. At its side sat a contraption with a long hose sticking into the water. Beneath it hung two large bags. Taking out my canteen cup, I drank that awful, chlorinated swamp water until my belly distended, making me look pregnant. Only then did I fill the canteens and thread them onto the poles. Needless to say, my squad heartily welcomed me back.

The following day, April 12, we were taking whatever protection we could find on a nearby slope when an NCO came along and told us that President Franklin D. Roosevelt had died. We looked at each other for a few seconds, each thinking the same thing: that Roosevelt was the only president each of us had ever known. But we all also knew that the news changed nothing about our immediate situation.

At noon, we began to receive mortar fire from the hills directly in front of us. We crawled to join the rest of the company where they had taken a position in the mud. I crawled into an old foxhole containing a pool of muddy water. Lieutenant Goss jumped in beside me. "Scarduzio has been killed," he told me. "A knee mortar landed on top of him. Sargent, I want you to go up there with your buddies and help carry him to the rear. It'll take four of you."

Remembering what Scarduzio had told me, I was paralyzed. I could hardly talk. "I can't do it, Sir," I said. It was the only order I ever refused in this man's army. The lieutenant looked at me and understood. I sat in the mud and thought of "Polish" and Scarduzio's mother and of my promise. Five minutes later, four men carrying a burdened poncho came past my hole. It sagged in the middle from the weight.

Scarduzio's death caused a commotion in our platoon. Someone had to be assigned his Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR). At 25 pounds, it was too heavy for some to carry easily. Goss walked off a few yards and returned to stand before me with the weapon. "You're the biggest and strongest man in the platoon," he said. "It's yours." I knew it was not a request. "Work on it. Clean it. I'll get the ammunition." He returned with 100 cartridges and two bandoleers.

We moved up the scarred, beaten hill a few feet at a time. As darkness came on, I crawled into another abandoned foxhole. About midnight, the Japs rolled their howitzers out of tunnels they'd dug in the hillside and began firing straight down on us. As we hunkered down, the shells flew two feet over our heads. Someone had told me that if those shells hit even a raindrop they would explode. Frightened out of my head, I figured that as long as I hugged the earth I would be OK.

We advanced the next day, staying as close to the earth as possible until we came to a system of trenches the Japs had fashioned, deep enough so that we could walk with only our heads above the embankment. Looking back down over the route we'd taken, it was painfully obvious that the

Japs could view every move we'd made; even our going to the slit trench we used for a toilet. Looking up the hill was another thing. There was one level space, bearing nothing that looked like life, and then the hill rose precipitously. It had been shelled, bombed, dive bombed and strafed for more than a month. With the peak escarpment rising ahead of us, we began to believe our ordeal would soon be over.

My squad took a position astride what appeared to be the center of the entrenchment system. The more adventurous soldiers crawled out of the trenches to investigate the premises. One of them called, "Sargent, come out here and look at this." I emerged from the trench to view the most ghastly scene I had ever witnessed or ever would.

As many as 25 Japs in full khaki uniform lay where they'd died days before. Heat had swollen their bodies until their uniforms stretched against their flesh. The awful stench of decaying flesh left an odd, sweet aroma that I had never smelled before. Several of us vomited repeatedly. Holding our noses, we meandered through the bloated corpses. Hadley, a trooper from Idaho, jammed a bayonet on the end of his rifle and began to cut buttons from the stretched tunics. With my bayonet, I opened a tunic and a wallet dropped out of a breast pocket. As I opened it, a photo came into view. A wife and three children gazed up at me amid the rotted remains of a body bursting from the tropical heat. I removed the bayonet from the rifle, shoved it into the sheath and dropped back into the trench.

A short time later, Lieutenant Goss jumped in to kneel beside me. I knew by now that meant he was about to ask me to do something I'd rather not do. "Sargent, after dark I'm sending you and two other guys out to the front beyond our position to make sure we don't get overrun during the night," he said. He pointed to the foxholes. "Take your BAR and get in the one to the right." "Alone?" I asked. He didn't bother to reply. "Olmstead and Oporto will take the one on the left." It still puzzled me why I was to be a single outpost. Then I knew. My previous heroics had caught up with me. I was the only one dumb enough to go beyond the platoon. Plus, I had been in the front lines for only 10 days; most

everyone else had been at it for months or years. It was my time.

Fortunately the night passed uneventfully and, along with the rest of my platoon, I was able to view our dominant height with impunity the next morning. The battalion commander and Goss were in a huddle, pointing to a worn path that went up the steep face of the mountain. Then Goss came over to our platoon. "OK, we're going up," he said. A single file of about 20 men formed, and within 15 minutes we'd reach the brow of the hill. From here, we looked down

on the land that we had secured over the last three days.

Hadley disappeared into one of the Jap's tunnels. No one else followed; we thought it would be booby-trapped. He reappeared with Filipino scrip the Japs had printed by the pound, tossing sheaves of bogus money into the breeze and letting it float down the mountainside. Laughing derisively, he remarked, "There's no guns in there." He went back into the tunnels again and emerged with propaganda leaflets intended to undermine the natives' support of the Americans. The next time he came out with a Japanese flag and handed it to me.

We had now taken up residence facing west away from the bay, where the slope of the land afforded a place to sit, much like a stadium.

During the last several days of combat, we had suffered from the defensive advantage afforded the Japs, yet in that time we'd never seen a live Jap. Then - suddenly - "There they are!" someone shouted. In the valley some figures were moving slowly, loaded down with gear. They were assumed to be Japanese, of course, but were too distant for us to be certain. Nevertheless, Hadley and several others began peppering them with bullets. Eventually the last one fell. No one felt victorious, but Hadley's explanation made sense: "If we hadn't killed him, he'd kill us on the next hill." We sat for several minutes pondering the incident. Battle isn't a place where one has the time to sort out morality. Mostly it's about how to stay alive, and kill rather than be killed.

On April 19, three trucks approached and everyone in our company was ordered to jump on the back and hold on to the racks. Racing up north on the improved road, we reached the rest of the battalion in less than 15 minutes. We were about 10 miles from our previous position but now



Cebu's mountainous spine runs the length of the 140-mile-long island. The ridge offered an ideal defensive position; most of the fighting took place atop it.

much closer to the coast. As usual we hopped out and made for the coconut trees. Two jeeps drove up and the officers jumped out and spread a huge map over the back of one of the vehicles. Grouped around the map they pointed animatedly toward a substantial hill covered with trees and brush. It did not appear navigable by troops with heavy equipment.



The first waves of U.S. troops from the 132nd Infantry crawl ashore while under fire just south of Cebu City on March 26, 1945.

This time our platoon was going to be the reserve. We waited quietly as other platoons disappeared into the woods. Mortar and gunfire echoed in the distance. It is difficult to describe how men go into battle, knowing full well they may not come back. Some can't take it. My mouth was so dry I couldn't talk. Having had my birthday recently, I was 19 by a little more than a month; even so I wasn't the youngest of the young.

Lieutenant Goss waved his arm forward and the platoon, with him in the lead, joined the file heading up the hill. In addition to the backpack, the weapon and the web belt, I had at least 100 rounds of ammunition in two bandoleers slung over my shoulders and more in a special web belt around my waist. I looked like Pancho Villa.

Mortars came in with that famous whining sound that instills fear into the most courageous of veterans. A soldier next to me said, "If you can hear that sound, the mortar is beyond you." That was a modest consolation. Another went over; Screee-RUMP. It always seemed an eternity until the mortar exploded.

As mortars continued to whine down, a flare rose up and exploded 200 feet above us. Bullets zipped over our heads, and once in a while we heard a moan. Troops ahead of us had tied ropes around trees to ease our climb; even so it was slow going. We were close to the crest of the hill when orders came down to run towards an opening. As we emerged at a trot out of the jungle growth, a small open plateau lay before us. Fifteen dead Japs were sprawled in every position, still holding weapons in their fists. As the walking wounded from the first assault team left the hill, Lieutenant Goss took over.

Unfortunately, the flare - which had been shot to notify the battalion headquarters we'd reach our objective - had ignited a blossoming fire that now surrounded the entire hill. The Japs were one thing; a meadow fire blazing up 3 feet around our heels was another. The temperature was 90 degrees to begin with; the blaze brought it to well over 100. My fatigues were soaked. Goss ran through the raging fire while we waited, our weapons at ready. In less than a minute, he jumped back through the flames and motioned toward me. "See that elephant grass down there?" With trembling hands he pointed to a level area, 200 yards away. "Take your BAR, and go down there in that tall grass. We can't afford to let them flank us."

Without waiting for my response, he turned and leaped through the flames into the copse where I assumed the rest of the company was busy. My brain worked overtime trying to figure out what the hell was going on. I felt safe from snipers at the moment. But there was no sign of a breeze; the heat was my real enemy. In an effort to keep as cool as possible, I already wasn't wearing any underclothes. Now I stripped off my fatigue shirt and readjusted the bandoliers over my wet skin, wondering, again, why Goss ordered me down there alone.

I ran down 100 yards and squatted behind the high grass. I picked out one of my clips and placed it on the ground so that I could retrieve it in an emergency. For several minutes, I breathed deep and enjoyed the safety the grass afforded. Then, curious to see what was going on, especially up on that hill, I lifted my eyes just enough to see over the grass. My heart skipped three beats. Two hundred yards away about eight Japs were advancing on my position, carrying



Platoon leader Lieutenant Goss (center) in an October 1945 photo, displays the same confident air he bore in battle.

a heavy machine gun. I dropped down to take stock of my situation. When your life is at risk even a callow 19-year-old can think fast and hard. Their goal was to reach the hill behind me where they could gain high ground and zero the gun in on our wounded troops, who were taking their ease in the rear.

I didn't have time to equivocate. Rising high enough to get a good bead on the advancing Japs, I squeezed 20

rounds and dropped below the high grass. Wishful thoughts raced through my brain; Perhaps they would leave. Maybe I had wounded or killed many of them. I jammed another clip in the gun and, rising again, poured another 20 rounds into their midst. From the distance they appeared to waiver and scatter slightly. Then sand and dust began to skip off the dry earth beside my combat boots, like dust hit by raindrops back home in Pennsylvania. Grass fell on me like it had been cut like a scythe. Bullets were striking all around me. They knew where I was.

I thought to myself: These guys are shooting at me! It was like an insult. That put a new slant on my dangerous plight. I decided to try to escape. Although they outnumbered me, until they could set up their machine gun I was the one with the advantage. With three or four of them carrying the machine gun mount, they only had .20 caliber carbines available for immediate use, while I had an automatic that could deliver 20 shots in five seconds. Quickly, I moved to the left about 10 feet, where the grass was high. I could see bullets striking the dust and grass where I had just been standing.

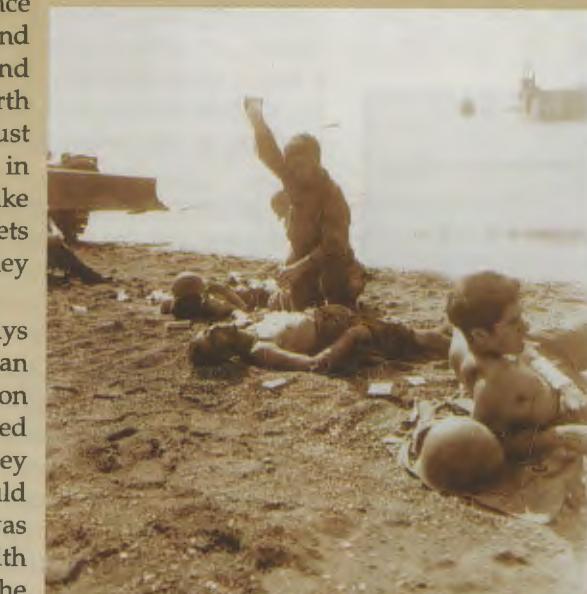
I danced farther to my left, where I thought they couldn't see me. When I peeked above the grass, they were still advancing, moving as quickly with the gun as they could. Aiming carefully I emptied every shell into their midst, inserting another clip into the rifle and let them have it again. Silhouetted against the tan landscape, the figures began to topple. At that distance it was impossible to tell for certain what effect the 80 bullets had on the group.

I was out of my depth; basic training had not taught me what to do in a situation like this. Sitting on the ground wearing nothing but my fatigue pants, I waited,

thinking that this teenager was too young to die. The Japs could make a desperate banzai charge. I could mow most of them down, but those who remained could eliminate me.

I churned up the guts to peer over the grass again, assuming I'd be looking into the whites of their eyes. What I saw brought me more surprise and joy than I had ever known in my short life. A few yards away, I could see their backs. They were leaving! Dropping to the ground again, I did some hard thinking. Should I run after them to polish them off completely? Or should I be happy that I was still alive and had thwarted their mission? Let 'em go, my mind said, and I did. Sitting alive and safe without a shirt in the awful heat of that day was very acceptable.

On the perimeter at the top of the hill, Lieutenant Goss appeared in the distance and shouted: "Sargent! Come up here." With my BAR at the ready and the remaining ammunition over my shoulders, I struggled up the small hill to face Goss, who no doubt had seen plenty himself over the last hour. He didn't ask what had happened to me and I was too traumatized to tell. It was a good deal hotter up here, well into the 100s, as flames flickered



A medic treats one of the 132nd wounded during the beach landing south of Cebu City. The author joined the battle three days after the beach landing, to replace a GI who had been killed.



Infantryman from the 132nd swarm on and around a tank mired in a river bottom. Generally tanks afforded protection to troops as they advanced; this one seems to be mainly assuring dry feet.

pressure of battle, Goss could barely talk. "Follow me!"

Running, he jumped through the wall of flame and I followed. As he threaded through a copse of slim trees, he pointed to a line of kneeling troops with M1s pointed toward the enemy. "Help those guys!" he bellowed, and disappeared. As I looked around to get my bearings, a



Sargent unknowingly carried a bullet in his pelvis for 62 years. "My recollections are not meant to imply I was a hero," he says. "I did what I had to do to survive, and I was very lucky."

volley of shots echoed over on the right. Oporto—one of the pair who spent the recent night on watch with me in a neighboring foxhole—lifted his hand into the air with four fingers pointing upward and shouted with elation: "I got four of 'em—four!" Standing 5-foot-1, with biceps the size of my upper leg and a body like a locomotive, he had the broadest smile I'd ever seen in my life. Fearless, he waved his fingers around in the air several times, shouting over and over again: "I got four! I got four!" Before he pulled his arm down, a piece of shrapnel took a gash out of it, leaving a square-inch, bloody hole. Looking at his arm in astonishment, he mumbled "Medic," and stumbled to the rear.

Things happen fast in battle, yet each minute seems like an hour in slow motion. There was a slight rise ahead of us, with some brush no more than five feet to the left. I was searching the brush for any trace of movement when a hand shot above it, releasing a grenade that sailed five feet into the air. "Grenade! Grenade!" I screamed. The missile came in on the right. No one was hit. Sighting my BAR to where the grenade had been thrown, I unloaded 20 rounds into the brush. Then, taking a grenade from my waist, I pulled the pin, waited four seconds, and threw it. It rolled back a foot and exploded. All was quiet now.

During the action, I'd taken to kneeling with my right knee raised to support the weight of the BAR, my other knee on the ground. It sacrificed accuracy but dramatically increased the number of rounds I could fire. Suddenly, I felt as if a horse had kicked my right leg. I slapped my right hip but there was no blood. Feeling a tingle, I again slapped my

hip. This time I brought up a bloody fist. I'd been hit.

Examining my wound, I moved slightly to my left, raising an incredible stench. Who could believe? I had rolled over into a pile of Japanese excrement. Talk about problems. I stripped my fatigue pants off and screamed: "Medic! Medic!" In pain, I wiped myself off the best I could. Soon a medic came forward. "I've been hit," I said. He looked at me slightly amused and replied, "You and everybody else." Looking at my sad condition, he added: "Well! Go to the rear."

I left my weapon, ammunition and fatigues and made for the rear, joining a group of several soldiers leaving in the same manner. Even in the sorriest of circumstances, GIs can find something to laugh about and this was no exception, as many of them saw fit to comment about the size of my equipment. What could I say? Until then I hadn't been fully aware I was naked.

At the aid station, they laid me on a stretcher, punched an M1 with a bayonet into the ground and set up a plasma drip. I began to sob. A medic looked at me quizzically and muttered, "What ya' crying about, son?" As tears rolled down my cheeks, I replied, "Left my wallet up on the hill and it has my sweetheart's picture in it." At the time that seemed like as good an answer as any.

Less than 20 minutes later, I lay on a hard table inside what looked like an abandoned church. Two doctors, one on each side, poked and scrubbed my wound. "You got lucky," one of them opined. "Looks like it went in here"—pointing two inches above my right knee—"and came out here." He grunted as he swabbed an area just below my buttocks. The examination didn't last more than three minutes.

The next morning, I was loaded aboard an ambulance plane bound for nearby Leyte. After a month of rest and recuperation, I returned to Company E. Just a few months following that, I was aboard a troop transport ship in Tokyo Bay, the day after the Japanese surrendered—a memory that has lasted a lifetime.

But when I look back on everything that happened to me on Cebu, I recall those days as the best of my life. When you're 19 years old, everything is an adventure. Now, looking at my X-ray, I realize I've had a souvenir of that adventure with me all along.



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Taps For A Friend

By David W. Taylor



Jack Warkow passed away June 4, 2007 near his home in Pembroke Pines, Florida. He was a long-time member of the ADVA, attending many national and eastern chapter reunions; he was energized each time he was with his Americal family.

Jack and I, two generations apart, became good friends. We would correspond or talk on the phone every 8-10 weeks. Part of that friendship was that we were both South Jersey boys, he and Jean lived in Maple Shade for many years and I was raised in Deptford nearby. Jack was raised in New York City in the Bronx and Jean grew-up in Brooklyn; when they started dating after a blind date he rode the subway for over an hour to meet with her. After the date he would ride the subway back to Brooklyn to take her home, then the hour back to the Bronx. Eventually they would meet in Manhattan halfway, for their dates. He would call to get together every two weeks; on the second date Jean saw that he had a different suit and different shoes. "Hmm", she thought, "He has two pair of shoes he must have money". She liked him but couldn't figure out why he would call once every two weeks. Then he told her, "I have a government job, I only get paid every two weeks." So she started chipping in for the dates so they could see each other every week. When they got married in 1948 she told him, "You still owe me \$8.00 on the ledger". They would laugh about it for the next 59 years of marriage.

Jack, like his comrades, grew up in the depression with nothing; by his own admission he was as blind as a bat and the glasses he wore were 1/8th-inch thick. Pearl Harbor came and he was drafted. True to form, the Army eventually assigned him as a forward observer with the 221st Field Artillery Battalion. Jack served with distinction. As young adults Jack and his comrades were presented with evil in the world and they conquered it.

If I had a question about the Jewish religion or Jewish history I would give Jack a call. As WWII historian he sent me many articles, books and artifacts for the World War II museum and to use as a reference for articles in the Americal Journal. Most of all, Jack loved, embraced and supported the Americal's Vietnam veterans. And I loved him. Rest in eternal peace my friend.

We Will Meet Again
William B. Chisholm

On Monday, June 4, I received a telephone call from Pembroke Pines, Florida. It was a call I most definitely did

not want to receive. The caller was Jean Warkow. She advised that her husband Jack had died early that morning. Jack had undergone extensive cancer surgery and though he was able to survive the surgery, post operative complications caused his death.

Jack Warkow and I were of the same age; we were both born in February of 1924. We first met in the fall of 1943 in Fiji as replacements assigned to Battery B, 221st Field Artillery, Americal Division. The battery had just recently arrived in Fiji from Guadalcanal and was recovering from the rigors of that campaign and awaiting further combat assignments.

Jack and I "hit it off" almost immediately. While we were from different parts of the country – he from the Bronx and I from the south side of Chicago – we quickly discovered that we both had the same or similar "inner city" experiences. We would regale each other for hours on end about our respective home lives, families, or neighborhood friends and growing up in general. The similarities of our "formative" years were down right amazing!

After Fiji, Jack and I served together on Bougainville, Leyte, Cebu and in the occupation of Japan. While Jack would scoff at the idea that he was indeed a true American hero, he most definitely endured more than most of us in battery B.

Jack was assigned to what I remember – it's been some 63 years ago – as being the "wire section". His job was to constantly go on missions with an officer and other men to establish communications with our forward observation posts which were ensconced with the infantry in very rugged enemy-infested hill country.

Jacks job, along with his fellow "wire" men, involved carrying very heavy reels of telephone wire and agonizingly cumbersome radio transmitters over exceedingly rugged terrain. Unfortunately, on some occasions, Jack's fellow soldiers would discard valuable and essential equipment – including in one incident a carbine! – to lighten their load when they became very weary and could no longer "carry on."

Jack realized then importance of the discarded equipment and retrieved it and added it to his already heavy load. His action not only saved material essential to the success of the mission, but allowed his weary companions to regain their strength and resume their individual mission responsibilities.

Jack should have very definitely been awarded a medal. He gave real meaning to the phrase, "The Greatest Generation." I know with all my heart that Jack and I will meet again, because we still have so much to talk about. He was my buddy!



Have you contacted that old buddy yet? Tell him about the Americal Division Veterans Association A reunion is a great place to meet.

"Pearls of Pauline" My WWII Memoirs

By Fernando Vera

WWII Historians note: This is part three of Fernando Vera's memoirs, which began in the 1st quarter 2007 issue of the Americal Journal.

Leyte (Continued)

We went back down and skirted this peak. There were caves at the base and a lot of Filipinos were coming out with sacks and baskets of rice. Someone said that it had been a general's headquarters. I think some guys went in and got some Japanese and Philippine occupation monies. Apparently it was payroll funds or whatever they had left behind in a hurry. As we went by there were quite a few dead Japanese already mummified with very dark brown skin. They were probably casualties of the previous fierce fighting we had heard about.

We reached the top of this knoll and looked down a small valley. Ahead of us was a very hilly area of various degrees of jungle overgrowth. A squad patrol sent to this valley was hit and we lost our BAR man, PFC L. Seroczynski. Our battalion doctor tried to save him. I wasn't even aware that he was this far forward. Apparently this was a battalion operation. My high school friend, Vic Crowder, was on this patrol; many times he had been our first or second scout.

Well, we pulled out and went toward our right to the beach when we heard a shell coming our way but it was a smoker. Needless to say, someone had spotted us and called for zeroing. They did a good job as it landed about 50 to 75 yards away. I got on our SCR 300 and yelled to cease fire as it was just us GI's. Anyway, they got the message, no more firing as we came to an asphalt road.

Here I must do some backtracking, going back to where we came upon the guerilla group. We went southerly from there, through a small and short winding trail. There we received some automatic fire; I received some rounds right at the toes of my feet. I gingerly fell sideways and fell in some tall grass. Lewicki who was right in back of me asked how I was and I told him that I thought I'd had it. I wasn't hit but I was expecting whoever to start spraying where I'd fallen. I got up running and joined those who had gone before me. Lewicki came after me; he was fired upon, but no hits.

In front was a high ridge with head-high grass; a squad went up there to check it out, nothing. The firing apparently was a lone sniper with a Nambu, somewhere to the right of us. Here I must pause to mention the two Filipinos who joined our company patrol from when we started in Valencia. One was young boy named Mario and the other was an elderly gentleman named Lorenzo. They were good to have as they knew where the water was. We had to tell them to leave us as somehow we knew we were going into a hazardous area. We wanted to pay them but we were without funds. I think we gave them some items and told them we would pay them when we went back to Valencia. We never went back. I often think about them as they were unafraid about going in with us.

To continue, just one platoon had passed by this sniper area, the rest of the company were told to meet us further down as there was a small ridge parallel to this draw we were in. We met further down where there were quite a few draws and small hills. In this area some were bare, others were overgrown. We went up this small draw and stopped. Two squads were sent out on different routes; in the one

more further from us one of the fellows got wounded and he couldn't walk. From where I was I couldn't see him, but Sgt. Mattrazo took off running and got him. For some reason the Japs didn't fire on him. I guess they respected his bravery. He was of slight build. The squad that was nearer to us came back running. One of them said. "There's Japs up there. We stared at them and they stared at us, but no firing." Just then they started dropping mortars and it was time to withdraw as the terrain was bare, although we were safe in the draw as far as rifle fire was concerned.

On the way I got the radios' long antenna snagged on an over-hanging branch. I was the last guy and I could just feel bullets plowing into me as I thought for sure they were right behind me. Anyway, no bullets, I got un-snagged and broke another record catching up with the troops. As we were strategically on our way, I said "Take the high ground." As some of the guys started up, they got sprayed with machine gun fire. Only one guy got nicked in the ear and that was our gambling genius Zol Zander.

First thing he said was "Ouch!

My wife almost

collected \$10,000.

Big bucks!" And,

in spite of our

situation, we

laughed.

Needless to

say, the guys

dropped down

quickly, it wasn't

such a good idea



at all. It was getting quite dark and as we approached the staging area some Filipino guerillas started firing at us with machine guns. We yelled at them to stop and they did. The next morning the sniper was still firing intermittently. Sgt. Delong was called forward to see if he could spot them and he was killed. Then Sgt. Cannel was also killed. These two were from the original 182nd Regiment; sadly they had already been over here a long time.

I'll now go back south to the asphalt road as we were going forward. One of the guys accidentally shot himself in the knee and was sent back to Villaba. We hadn't been there yet so we didn't know how big it was. We broke off southerly into some low hilly terrain. I noticed where someone had thrown full Garand clips off the trail but we didn't touch them; they might have been bobby-trapped. We went up a small bare hill and came upon some previously occupied foxholes (two-man holes). It was barren in front of us for quite a ways so we pulled back and proceeded to another low ridge with a trail on it which was overgrown with jungle. It was getting late so we stopped to bivouac for the night. Across from us about 300 yards away a fierce fight was going on.

Someone spotted us and sprayed our hillside with a couple of bursts of machine gun fire and one of our men was killed. From what I heard, he was a family man. I don't remember his name.

Next morning we continued and came upon this clearing that had to be crossed. Sgt. Neumeyer's squad was sent forward. They received a burst of machine gun fire and one young man was wounded across the chest. Sgt. Neumeyer rescued him. They came back all muddy as this was part of a rice paddy. We pulled back and went southerly along the foot of another low ridge, crossed an opening to another low ridge. We were like sitting ducks as the walking was slow and muddy from behind the protection of this ridge which was burnt bare. I think this is where the previous fight had taken place. Another squad was sent around it, and again they were fired upon. Joseph Dennis was killed. Frisco Wauneka had been the first scout.

We went back from where we had turned off the asphalt road, continued south a little ways and came upon a small valley and slight incline. It was open with a small brook and several groups of overgrown islands. We stooped and a squad again was sent to check out this large growth. Our first scout was killed by a lone Jap sniper in a hole. The new first scout was just a recent replacement, never even got a chance to get acquainted with him. To me it seemed extra sad to lose one with a lot of time over here or one with so little time. Here I must mention that as we started up this small inclined valley, I looked back and saw a group of coconut trees with the ocean as background. It was postcard beautiful. I wondered to myself "we are fighting with this around us?"

A squad was sent up further to check out the area. When they came back the younger LT. Smith reported that they ran into some abandoned huts. LT. Smith had been in North Africa in tanks, got wounded and I heard that he requested to come to the Pacific Theatre; damn good soldier! Me, I quietly was requesting to go home. I think I was a little worried.

While nosing around this small defensive area I found a small leather case with a small Rising Sun flag; stepped back and stepped into a small hole that was hidden in some knee high grass. It was a latrine sunk in about eight inches of stinking rice-based excrement. Stink? It stank! Even the dead Japanese didn't smell that bad. I went to a small stream and washed off. From here we went on to Villaba. There really wasn't anything there. Climbing up this small hill I ran into my friend Martin J. Vasquez, with whom I had basic training. He was in the Regimental Reconnaissance squad. He would always say, "I want to go home"; it was really quite humorous since it was a duration contract that we were coerced into; pun intended.

We had a kind of drizzly first rain since we had started from Valencia. This was our last patrol in Leyte. Guess our mission here for all the outfits was to locate the defensive boundaries of the encircled enemy. Here I must interject what I read either in the "Stars and Stripes" or in the company bulletin board in Cebu - that this area was going to be used for combat experience training for new replacements. Whoever thought of this had either never been in combat or just I wonder what? As most of us who had been under fire, we all know that it only took ONE SHOT to make you a seasoned veteran. I'm glad the war came to an end and such a plan was never implemented. It would be interesting to know how many Japanese surrendered there.

This same day, March 15, 1945, we boarded some ducks and were taken northerly towards Tacloban and skirted the shoreline quite closely along the route as this coastline was densely covered with jungle and coconut trees. As close as we were to the shore we were easy targets but apparently there were no enemy troops along the way. Guess the journey was about two to three hours long when we came

to a small community, name unknown. Our duck didn't go all the way to shore so we dropped off into chest high water. We billeted in an office building that accommodated the whole company. While there a few days, the proverbial children came and befriended us. On receiving our mail, we also received a few nationally known magazines: Life, Time, Readers Digest and comic books which I devoured (and still do). These were sans advertisements and free. I offered the children the comic books and in their shrill childish voices they said, "Oh no." I asked why and they answered "Those others are more educational!"

Here we started hearing from the general Filipino public that we were Cebu bound; where they got the info I sure don't know. They were right; a few days later my company and other outfits made a beachhead landing without me on March 26, 1945. From this building we were moved to another staging area nearby to some tents in a rain-swamped area, without cots. I think we took over the place from some other outfit. Anyway, I was already getting quite feverish but had to lay down in this water-soaked ground, nice and wet, and very, very feverish! Next morning I woke up dry but was still not feeling well and went to sick call. The battalion doctor detected some lumps under my armpits and groin area. He sent me to a hospital. They found I was infected with the jungle rot on my feet; curse the guy who discovered penicillin, because in about a week's time I got well. This is how I copped out of the beachhead, thank God!

While here the young man Sgt. Neumeyer had rescued, recognized me and called me over. He was slowly recovering. I saw three bullet holes on his chest right to left, just missing his heart. We talked for a bit and he dictated a letter for me for his mom, sadly I don't remember his name. I also met my Basic Training Sgt. Buckmaster; I don't think he recognized me. Someone in his outfit had accidentally shot him in the leg. He was extremely worried about his boys going to Cebu. Also, another basic training guy named Duchow was there, wounded in the arm. Our paths never crossed again. Also I met a guy that I went to high school with; he was on his way back to his outfit. We met again here at home 35 years later. Sadly, he is now gone.

While here a guy across from me was wounded in the posterior and had to lie on his belly with a wire cage on his butt to protect the skin graft. A tough ex-police nurse from Chicago raised the sheet to check his condition. This guy, not being a saint, said "what the heck" and she retorted "Man, I've seen better stuff than that!" We all had a good laugh. Our mail clerk, Bob Lackey, brought me my mail and I wished him luck. That was not to be; he was killed in action.

I was sent to some recovery area; somehow I found George Vallinch and another guy in another hospital next door who had just come back from Cebu and told me that Bob Lackey, Sgt. Dwyer and Volk had been killed in action; also, one guy had gone AWOL and got caught.

While waiting to go back I got to wander around a bit; went to try and locate a hometown acquaintance. I found his Signal Corps outfit but he was out in the field. Also, I went by an airfield and there was a whole mess of P-37's or 43's and all unguarded. I felt like getting one and taking off, but hell, I knew I couldn't fly. I think I was near Tacloban. There wasn't much to do so I just hitchhiked around and I came upon a main APO station. There were mail packages busted all up and scattered all over. Still, all in all, they did one hell of a job in getting the mail through.

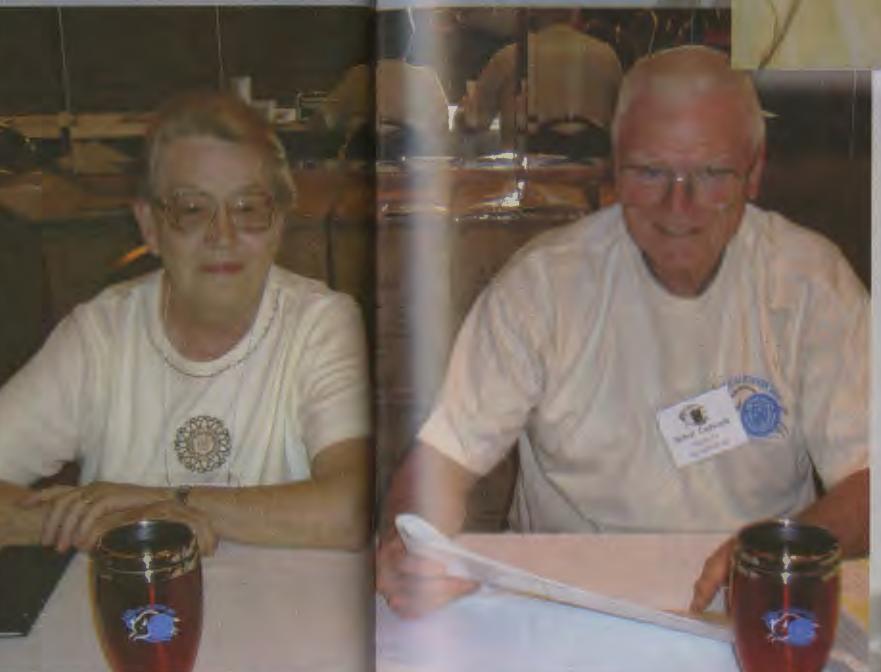
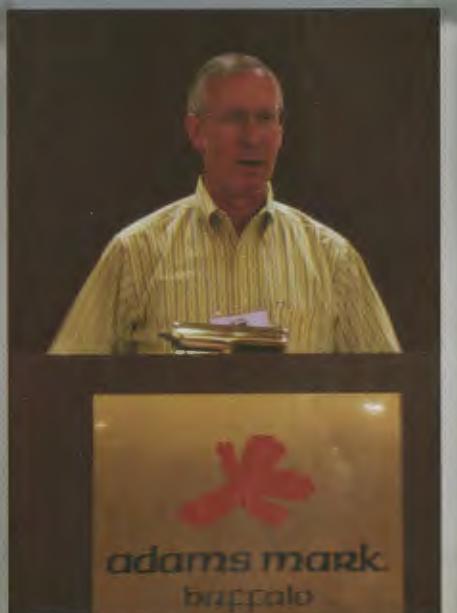
To be continued



The ADVA 2007 Annual Reunion saw a total of 417 vets and guests in attendance at the Adams Mark Hotel, June 21-24. Taking advantage of the Buffalo location, 59 area Americal Vets showed up at the hotel and registered on-site. Thirteen WWII vets made the reunion!

Two Americal Vietnam vets were awarded the ADVA Lifetime Achievement Award by National Commander Larry Watson for extraordinary accomplishments in the ADVA over the past twenty years: Past National Commanders Dutch DeGroot and Gary L. Noller.



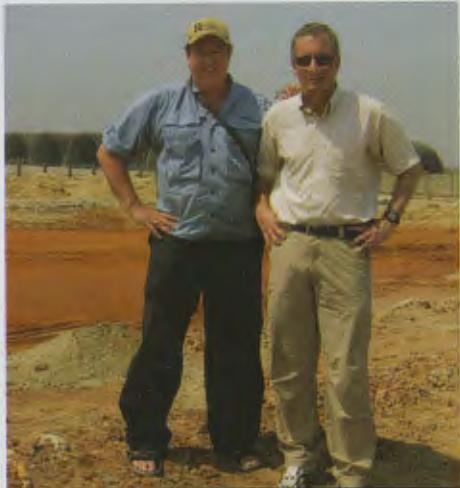


Robert L. Delzell, II - Finding Peace in Vietnam

By Carol Bliss

Robert Delzell's classroom has no textbooks, no PowerPoint graphics, and no formal syllabus. The learning ground where he teaches is more likely to include snakes, steamy jungles, and precarious mountain paths. His classroom is littered with abandoned landing zones, overgrown military bases, and memories frozen in time.

A Claremont Graduate University alumnus (M.A., Education, 1987;



Delzell with Jim Marshall, U.S. Congressman, Georgia. Marshall served with the 198th LIB.

Ph.D., Education, 1988), Delzell uses the training he received in the School of Educational Studies to help bring peace and closure to veterans of the Vietnam War, most of whom were impressionable young men whose lives intersected with some of the most turbulent times in our country's history.

At the age of 18, Delzell enlisted in the Army, graduating from both Ranger and Airborne Schools. He began serving in 1969, the year the American death toll reached 34,000. Hundreds of students staged sit-ins at Harvard, Cornell, and Berkeley. While a quarter of a million antiwar protesters marched on Washington and Lt. William Calley was under investigation for the My Lai Massacre, Delzell was serving in Vietnam.

He recalls those years vividly. "We

almost never slept. At night we watched for the enemy, listened for the enemy, and even at times visualized him being there. Fear was constant. One of the things I remember most was the bond between the 19-year-olds I served with. Something strange happens when your life is based on how well another person responds under extreme stress. I was fortunate to serve with men who would have died for me. It makes you think about life in a different way."

Seventy percent of the men he served with during his term of duty were either wounded or killed in action. As a paratrooper and combat platoon commander, he was twice awarded the Silver Star.

He returned from Vietnam in 1971, a man whose perceptions of war and country were forever altered.

Time never erased the memories of Vietnam. "Robert Lifton calls it psychic numbing," says Delzell. "The only thing your mind focuses on is functioning and survival. The scenes come back in flashbacks and nightmares. If you feel emotion, it could kill you. You might not notice a line of ants disturbed where someone had just walked, you might not see the branch bent sideways, because the enemy was there, watching. In Vietnam it was pass/fail, live or die."

Delzell graduated from Occidental College with a major in political science. Eager to learn about alternatives to conventional models of education, he enrolled in the School of Educational Studies. Provost Philip Dreyer remembers Delzell's first day of class in Adult Development. "We had about 16 people. Everyone went around and introduced themselves. When Robert's turn came, he opened with a riveting story of his experience in Vietnam. Our jaws dropped and we just sat there in silence. It was evident that 10 years later, the war was still the defining event of his life."

Dreyer thought it would be a good idea for Delzell to study the effects of war on veterans and encouraged him in the work he was doing, counseling other vets. "Many of my papers dealt with the clinical side of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder in veteran populations.



Delzell and Colonel Carvell, near FSB Mary Ann.

dating back to the Civil War. It gave me a better understanding of myself and other vets," recalls Delzell.

"At Phil Dreyer's request, I researched Freud. He confirmed that the combat unit is many times closer than family. Both Phil Dreyer and John Regan's classes in cultural education were instrumental in fostering my understanding and application of my experiences in education," says Delzell.

"I'm very proud of what happened to him here," says Dreyer. "We were able to provide him with the type of environment that allowed him to come away with a much better understanding of himself and what he had been through."

Adept in the wild, Delzell led hikes and wilderness adventures in the eastern Sierras for Upward Bound during summer vacations. A river trip with several teenage students heightened his interest in experiential education. He began to see the effects of hands-on and tactile learning when he took 10 high school students on an educational survival course, paddling 740 miles down Alaska's Yukon River. There among the rapids, forests, and mountains, Delzell taught geology, ecology, and cultural history as part of an adventure that made a lasting impression on the teens, developing their sense of strength and capability.

This nature-loving outdoorsman eventually traded in his hiking boots for a suit and tie. After graduating from CGU, he spent 11 years at Dean Witter, rising to the rank of vice president of investments. "When I



Million Dollar Hill, Vietnam. Note people on the trail in lower right hand corner of photo.

worked at Witter, I used to take an M-16 bullet and put it on my desk to remind myself that no one's trying to kill me anymore," Delzell recalls.

He thought about returning to Vietnam many times, imagining what it might feel like after all these years. Delzell eventually left the brokerage business and launched his dream of planning trips for former vets. He began to make return visits, pouring over southeast Asian maps and planning complex logistics. As



Carvell, Delzell, Clark, and Spilberg on the banks of the Song Trahn near FSB Mary Ann.

he traveled back to jungles and cities with the familiar names-Ho Chi Minh City, the Mekong Delta-he met several teachers working in Vietnam and decided to teach English to Vietnamese students. To learn Vietnamese, he volunteered to teach ESL classes at Cypress Community College and St. Ansel's Church in Garden Grove.

After working with teenagers and young adults in the American education system, Delzell was ready to return to Vietnam and teach in the country that had been such a defining force in his life. He moved to Vietnam, taking a job as director of studies at Super Youth English School in Ho Chi Minh City, teaching grades K-12 as well as training teachers and staff.



Clark, Delzell, and Carvell at dinner with former enemy soldiers.

In his spare time, he began to realize the dream of leading healing trips back to the battlefields. He realized that the best way to do this was through an experiential process. He understood the importance of sensory images and emotional aspects of memory.

Delzell recalls, "On one of my trips with the vets I met a very sober 54-year-old man. He had tears in his eyes all during dinner, something a Vietnamese man just doesn't do. He told me that he had wanted to offer his apologies to an American for 32 years and was so glad I had met him. He asked for my forgiveness, and I gave it. When we parted he put his hands together in Buddhist fashion and bowed. I did the same and we touched foreheads."

Word of Delzell's work traveled. He began to get letters and phone calls from the now middle-aged men who had served in Vietnam. His goal was to help create peace where once there had been so much sorrow. To accomplish this he needed to overlay the memories of explosions and the sounds of war with more peaceful images. Technology helped create a strong network among the former combat veterans. "I'm still in touch with a lot of the guys on a monthly basis. We were 19. Now we're 50," he says.

Each trip takes about a month to plan. Together he and the former soldiers revisit the battle sites where they once fought, helping to heal some of the psychic wounds. "When we go

to the sites where people were killed, we experience a lot of closure. These men were in a chaotic environment. Now they see peaceful villages where kids run up and welcome them so they can practice their English," he says. "A lot of our vets groups have met with the guys who tried to kill us. We've sat down and had beers. There's a brotherhood among service guys that transcends blood. When someone has taken a grenade for you, you never forget," says Delzell.

On one particularly memorable trip, he escorted a retired American Special Forces colonel and a former lieutenant who had served under him, arranging a trip back to Landing Zone (LZ) Mary Ann, which had been overrun by the Viet Cong in 1972. The Americans traveled by boat and on foot, back into the jungle to locate the old LZ. Authorization to enter the area was difficult, because the Vietnamese government controls movement in areas that are now overgrown by jungle. There were heavy American casualties there.

After making elaborate arrangements with the Vietnamese government, the colonel, a lieutenant, the surviving daughter of one of the battle officers, and Delzell were allowed to hike back into the jungle. In one of those fortuitous moments of timing, preparation, and luck, the Americans ran into the former commander of the Viet Cong battalion on a small, winding, jungle mountain trail. The commander had been a Sapper, a fighter trained to break into fortified bases and blow them up. This

man had also orchestrated and planned the battles at LZ Mary Ann and was responsible for defending the LZ against the Americans and South Vietnamese.



Delzell, veterans, and guide visit Vietnam War locations.

With Delzell interpreting, the former enemies sat and talked for several hours in the heat of the mid-day sun. At the end of the encounter, the colonel gave the battalion commander the shirt he was wearing, literally peeling it off his back and presenting it to his former enemy. The blue tee shirt was printed in memory of the 23 Americans who died defending Landing Zone Mary Ann. The colonel had worn this shirt back into the jungle in tribute to men who would never return, for those who had lost their lives defending this piece of ground.

Touched by this gesture of forgiveness, the former Viet Cong battalion chief sat down and wrote a poem, and with tears in his eyes gave it to the colonel. Its simple translation is:

**We are all of the same earth,
yet due to different
circumstances, different
we are all brothers.**

Delzell's special brand of experiential education has helped people transform their memories of the Vietnam War. Together they are creating new images and impressions of peace, appreciation of different cultures, and goodwill. Step by step, the present is replacing the past. This important work has benefited scores of former soldiers and their families.

Delzell is currently based in Ho Chi Minh City, where he teaches college English.

In addition to the healing work, he consults with educational leaders in Vietnam on English curriculum. He has served as chairman for the Los Angeles County Veterans Advisory Board and is Commander of Lakewood Disabled American Veterans. Delzell's work with Vietnam veterans continues. Each trip contains a different story of lives shattered and sometimes rebuilt. He feels fortunate to be there, doing this work, returning to the familiar places and memories that have haunted former GIs for more than 30 years.



This article originally appeared on the Claremont Graduate University website. The American Journal received permission from CGU to reprint the story.

The individuals who went to FSB Mary Ann with Mr. Delzell were COL (Ret.) Richard Carvell, John Clark, and Katy Spilberg, daughter of Paul Spilberg. FSB Mary Ann was attacked by NVA sappers on March 28, 1971. Thirty American soldiers were killed in the battle. —Editor

198th Infantry Brigade Reactivated

By Gary L. Noller

On May 18, 2007 the Infantry Training Brigade at Ft. Benning was reflagged and redesignated as the 198th Infantry Brigade. Redesignating the brigade is part of the Army's transformation to brigade combat teams. The 198th is commanded by Colonel Casey Haskins.

Other training brigades at Ft. Benning include the 192nd Inf. Bde., 197th Inf. Bde., 199th Inf. Bde., and the Ranger Training Bde. Ft. Benning, the Home of Infantry, is located near Columbus, GA. Ft. Benning conducts a variety of infantry training to include basic and advanced infantry training, officer and NCO training, airborne training, and Ranger training.

The brigade redesignation enhances the training and retention of junior leaders and soldiers by providing bona fide histories, traditions, and veteran alumni as tools to help foster unit cohesion and spirit de corps. Training brigades throughout the U.S. Army are currently undergoing similar redesignations.

The 198th conducts infantry training for new recruits. The training is part of the One Station Unit Training (OSUT) and lasts fourteen weeks. OSUT combines Basic Combat Training (BCT) and Advanced Infantry Training (AIT) into one seamless training course. The brigade will graduate over 15,000 infantry soldiers in 2007.

The 198th Infantry Brigade is composed of the following infantry battalions: 1/19th, 2/19th, 1/50th, 2/54th, 2/58th, and 3/330th. Each battalion has six training companies- A through F. A total of 71 companies are scheduled to complete training cycles this year.

Mission Statement

The mission statement of the brigade is "To transform civilians into disciplined infantrymen that possess the Army Values, fundamental soldier skills, physical fitness, character, confidence, commitment, and the Warrior Ethos to become adaptive and flexible

infantrymen ready to accomplish the mission of the Infantry."

Colonel Haskins' tells incoming trainees "Welcome to Fort Benning and the 198th Infantry Brigade! There is no higher calling in the Army than to train the next generation of our nation's warriors. Here in the 198th Infantry



Brigade, we train nothing but Infantry soldiers to fight our nation's wars. It is a mission which requires dedication and professionalism; you must be at your best because the young men entering the Infantry deserve it. Out of several million people who live in the United States, there are now less than 49,000 enlisted Infantrymen....Spartans.

"An Infantry soldier is special: he must be able to shoot better, perform better under extreme physical duress, and fit into an Infantry squad upon graduation. He must have discipline and high morale and understand the core values that make our Army great and the Infantry the 'Queen of Battle.' He must have heart and he must not quit. He is not inherently superior, he is not born with these things, he must be taught. The education of a man is more than a piece of paper; we teach lessons in life as well as lessons in combat.

"We demand that Infantrymen be led to a higher standard. We do not let men join our ranks who are weak or faint of heart. Are you prepared to give what it takes to get that from young men? Join us."

History of the 198th Infantry Brigade

The 198th Infantry Brigade was formed in the Organized Reserves in Erie County, Pennsylvania, on June 24, 1921. The unit became an organic element of the 99th Infantry Division.

The unit was reorganized and redesignated as the 3rd Platoon of the 99th Cavalry Recon Troop and on November 15, 1942 was ordered to active military service at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi. During World War II, the troop fought with the 99th Infantry Division and received campaign credit for operations in the Rhineland, Ardennes-Alsace and Central Europe. The troop was also cited by the Belgian Army for action at Elsenborn and in the Ardennes, and was awarded the Belgian Fourragere. The 99th Cavalry Recon Troop was inactivated on September 29, 1945 at Camp Myles Standish, Massachusetts, and assigned as a reserve component of the 99th Infantry Division.

On August 1, 1962, the 99th Cavalry Recon Troop was relieved from its assignment to the 99th Infantry Division and withdrawn from the Army Reserve. At the same time, the 3rd Platoon of the Troop was converted and redesignated as Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 198th Brigade, and allotted to the Regular Army. This was the unit which began training at Fort Hood in May 1967. During this training, jungle fighting techniques and air mobility were emphasized.

In October 1967, the brigade shipped from Oakland, California, to Da Nang, Vietnam. After arriving in Da Nang, the "Brave and Bold" soldiers boarded troop ships for transportation to Chu Lai, where they arrived on October 22, 1967. Four days later they became a part of the reactivated American Division.

Vietnam Order of Battle

On November 1, 1968 the 198th Light Infantry Brigade was composed of the following units: HHC, 198th Inf. Bde., 1/6th Inf., 1/46th Inf., 5/46th Inf., 1/52d Inf., 1/14th Arty., 9th Spt. Bn., H/17th Cav., 57th Inf. Plt. (Scout Dog), 635th MI Det., 87th Chem. Det., 49th Sig. Det. Other units were part of the 198th LIB before and after November 1, 1968.

A Young Soldier is Forever "21"

By Gary M. Jenkins
Co. C, 3/21st Inf., 196th LIB, 1969-70

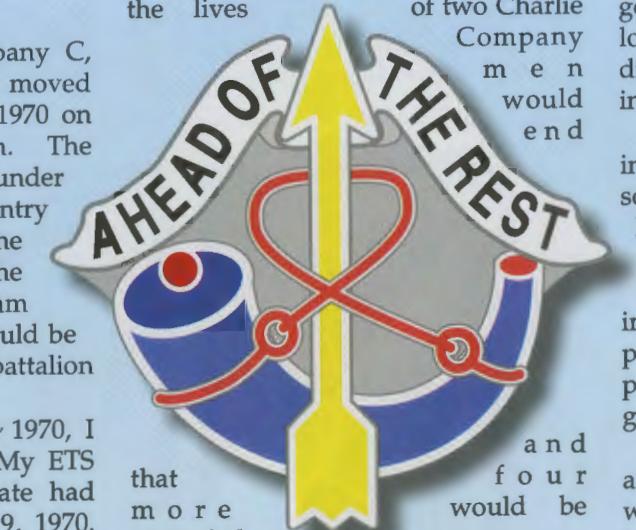
The "Gimlets" of Company C, 3/21st Inf., 196th Lt. Inf. Bde. moved off LZ Center on March 20, 1970 on a search and clear operation. The 3/21st Infantry Battalion was under the command of the 23rd Infantry Division, commonly called the Americal Division. When the U.S. Army pulled out of Vietnam in 1972 the 3/21st Infantry would be the last Army ground combat battalion to leave.

On Saturday, March 21, 1970, I received some good news. My ETS (End of Time in Service) date had been changed to September 9, 1970. The Army was allowing me to leave the service a few days early. I was accepted at Georgia Southern College in Statesboro, GA.

While I was in Ranger School I had made up my mind to be an Industrial Arts teacher. I already had two years of college behind me and I was determined that if I made it home alive I would pursue that course of study.

On Sunday a new sergeant, Pete Ecker, was assigned to our platoon. I was Platoon Sergeant of third platoon and I was glad to get a new man. We always seemed to be in need of good men. The rest of the day was uneventful except for rain and re-supply. Our bivouac for the night was Nui Loc Son, a small village in our area of operation.

On Monday my platoon was conducting a search and destroy mission. We found a wounded Viet Cong (VC), took him prisoner, and returned to our laager site. While at the laager site I received some letters from my mother and from my girlfriend. It was always a morale boost to receive letters from home.



and
that
m o r e
would
be
wounded.

As we lay down for the night, Dennis Leo Hayes, affectionately called "Purple Haze" after the song that Jimi Hendrix made famous, was



L to R: Terry Watson, Leonico Solis, Gary Jenkins, Dennis Hayes, James Molo.

on an air mattress a few feet from me. Purple was from Lakewood, CA and had been in-country for about seven months. He was one of those soldiers who did not adapt well to life in "The Nam" in his early months.

Hayes' physical appearance was not that of a soldier. He was about five feet ten inches tall and of average build. His glasses and reddish hair made

him look as if he should be in a college class at UCLA - not in the middle of the jungle in South Vietnam.

He was always having problems-taking the wrong fork in the trail, getting dysentery, and generally looking lost. He tried hard, but being a draftee, he was not cut out for army life in a combat zone.

But he slowly began to develop into a good soldier. He improved so much that our platoon leader, LT Medford Jones, and I thought Hayes would make a good radio operator (RTO). The radio operator has a very important job in a combat infantry platoon and I am sure that Dennis was proud that he was chosen. He did a good job. He had finally arrived.

As Purple Haze and I lay there, an arm's reach apart, looking at the stars, wishing we were back in The World, we began to talk about things that soldiers talk about when they are 10,000 miles away from home. We talked about good food, bad girls, and what we were going to do when we returned

home. We drifted off to sleep. Neither of us realized that within twenty-four hours the war would be over for one of us and that the horror of war would begin for the other.

The day of March 25 dawned hot and clear. It seemed like each day was hot and clear, hot and humid, hot and raining. It was always hot. We were five days out of LZ Center conducting a search and clear mission in Quang Tin Province.

It was second platoon's turn to walk point. Radio checks were made. Second platoon moved out as the lead platoon and after a short march they came to a fork in the trail. They took the wrong fork.

When the error was discovered, our platoon, second in order of march, was at the turn-off point. The commanding officer told us to take the point in order to keep the second platoon from having to turn around and cause yet more confusion.

The lead squad of our platoon left the safety of a wood line and went

seventy-five yards across a rice paddy towards another wood line. The squad leader started up a slight incline in the trees on the other side.

As they entered the wood line Hayes was walking with the point squad and was about the fifth man from the front. The last squad was still on the near side of the rice paddy. I was walking with the last squad, my usual position in the order of march. This position allowed me to provide control in the rear of platoon in case of enemy attack.

Just as the point squad entered the wood line an ambush opened up on them. The second squad was in the rice paddy. The third squad was still had not come out of the first wood line. I was there with John Papp, a new medic.

At that moment I heard my RTO's PRC-25 radio come to life. "Mace Five, Mace Five" came the call. My radio call sign was Mace Five.

When my RTO answered the call it was Hayes on the other end. He radioed that they had received fire and that someone was hit. My RTO asked, "Who is hit?" Hayes responded, "I am."

I told Papp to follow me. With my full rucksack on my back I began to run across the rice paddy to the far wood line where Hayes lay wounded. I had not been in-country long enough to realize how crazy that was in the middle of an ambush.

Somehow we made it across the rice paddy. I sent the medic ahead the remaining few feet into the wood line to Hayes' position. I do not remember what happened next. The citation for my Bronze Star reads as follows: "With complete disregard for his personal safety, he then maneuvered to the rear where he secured a stretcher and returned with it to evacuate the man from the enemy infested area."

What I do remember is Purple Hayes lying on the field stretcher with his life-blood flowing out at a rapid pace. I



L to R: Jim Place (RTO), Gary Jenkins (Plt. Sgt.), Pat McEnnis (RTO), Dennis Hayes (RTO), Medford Jones (Plt. Ldr.)

facility had a mortality rate of two percent.

Hayes was in that two percent. We were told later that the MedEvac helicopter did not have his blood type and that he lost too much blood. His life slipped away.

Official records state his place of death as LZ Hawk Hill at 0830 hours on March 25, 1970. The cause of death was small arms fire. Dennis Hayes was twenty-one years old. He earned his Purple Heart the hard way and third platoon had lost a good man.

His name is inscribed on Panel 12W, Line 42, of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, DC. He served his country one year before he made the supreme sacrifice.

The only good thing that happened that day was that when the mail came I had a nice Easter card from a girl back in the world. Three years later she would become my wife. There was one other thing. I was still alive.

It was a mistake that we were on point that day in March 1970. It was a mistake that I did not know where to apply pressure to stop the blood flow from Hayes' wound. It was a mistake that the MedEvac helicopter did not have the correct blood type to save Hayes' life. It was a mistake that Dennis "Purple" Hayes, at age 21, had to die in a country 10,000 miles from his home. War is a mistake!

Hayes died on the morning of March 25, 1970. The afternoon was another story. Before the day was over two men were killed and four more were wounded. Two Silver Stars and three Bronze Stars with "V" for valor were earned.

On March 27 another three Charlie Company men were killed-in-action and seventeen were "dusted-off" as wounded-in-action. The last week of March 1970 was not a good week for the men of Charlie Company.



A Chance Encounter

By Jan (Duster) Heath

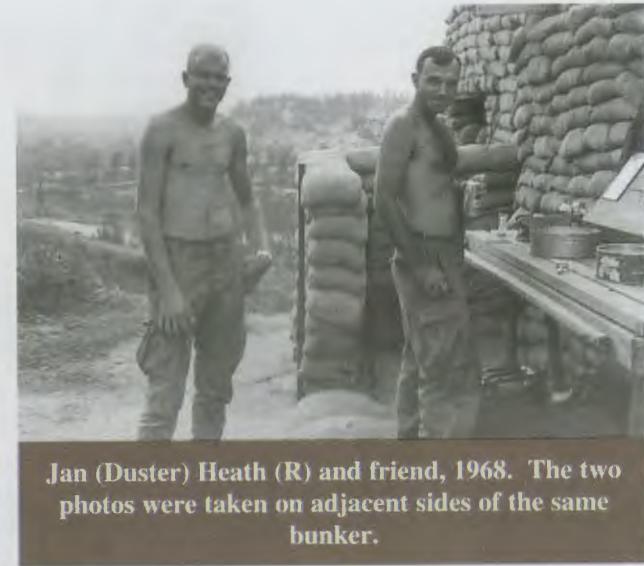
On Saturday, April 14, 2007 my fiancé, as women often will, advised (aka: "insisted") that we clean my china cabinet. The cabinet contained so many documents that I collected over the years that even she became exhausted after cleaning for a couple of hours. During that time she discovered the only photo I actually remember asking someone to take of me while I was in Vietnam in 1967-1968. It is the single photo I brought back with me and I have been looking for it for years. Needless to say, I was elated to find the picture. It was taken at what I recall as LZ Paradise, our company's base camp.

On Monday morning, April 16, 2007 I made copies of that special photo at work. I then sought a safe place to keep the copies from being wrinkled in my backpack. I chose the Americal Journal, our veteran association's newsletter of January, February, March, 2007. I carefully placed the photocopies between pages. Then, as is often the case, I became interested in the Journal and started leafing through the pages.

I scanned the pages, reading interesting articles along the way. There is always loneliness, a longing to find some tidbit or hint of guys I had served with in Vietnam. But that seems a long shot after so many years of finding only hints here and there.

As I skimmed towards the front of the magazine I came across a picture on page eleven and commented to myself, "That looks a lot like our LZ overlooking the South China Sea. But it probably isn't, since I don't recognize those guys in the photo."

Just for curiosity I read the information accompanying the



Jan (Duster) Heath (R) and friend, 1968. The two photos were taken on adjacent sides of the same bunker.

photograph. My jaw dropped. I suddenly recognized both men in the photo on page eleven. I must admit at my age, remembering anything is challenging. But what I do remember about Harold Lee Smith was his sense of humor and how devastating it was to the morale of our unit when he was killed.



Harold Lee Smith (R) and buddy

Smith always kept us entertained with his quick wit and sense of humor. One of his favorite things was to take on the persona of an imaginary stodgy British lieutenant. With a thick British accent, he would say things like: "This is Luftenant Percy Smythe, reporting for duty Sir." He would sometimes follow that comment with a snappy salute (if we were in a base camp where

enemy snipers could not see the saluting and identify our officers as preferred targets.) We were often in God-awful situations, such as exposed to enemy fire or somewhere in the middle of nowhere with Mother Nature kicking our butts, but Harold Lee Smith could make us laugh.

I appreciate Barbara Smith's determination to send Harold's photograph to Americal Journal and her compassion

as the wife of a Vietnam Veteran. I thank the Americal Journal editors for publishing the story. Revisiting these memories is a bitter-sweet experience, but means a lot to me. It helps support a continuing healing process for those who served, their families, friends and loved ones. Harold Lee Smith's courage, intellect, and humor were gifts he shared generously. I cherish the memories I have of him.



Two More 'Brothers' By Jan "Duster" Heath

Somewhat by serendipity,
Two more 'Brothers' appeared
to me,
One figuratively, one virtually,
Bonded and connected by an
in-law,
And next of kin, my thoughts
here can only begin,
To describe, the emotions we
harbor, deep within,
Adequate words have not been
coined, to my belief,
Yet in spirit we are joined, by
sharing our grief,
Camaraderie offers, some
welcome relief,
With memories, to have known
men,
So fine as these,...

SFC Francis G. Graziosi, MIA, Laid to Rest

Family Presented with Americal Flag

By Gary Befus

SFC Graziosi (then Sp/4) was the door gunner on Firebird 91, a Huey helicopter that went missing while returning to Chu Lai after completing a mission in January 1970. Other crew members on the chopper included two pilots and the crewchief. The four were assigned to the 71st Assault Helicopter Company of the Americal Division. They were declared MIA by the U.S. Army.

Graziosi's family received notification from the Department of Defense in December 2006 that Graziosi's remains had been positively identified. Surviving cousins and other family members who willingly and lovingly lit and carried the torch led all to Graziosi's final resting place in a beautiful cemetery in Rochester, NY.

prior to my needing it. I compliment the ADVA members who arranged for the flag to be forwarded to me on such short notice.



The showing in the funeral home was Friday afternoon and evening. Upon arriving at the funeral I sought out the family and introduced myself. Then I mentioned the Americal flag and the intent of the ADVA to present the flag to them. I explained that if the family so wished I would bring the flag to the funeral home and secure it in a fitting position beside the casket. The family was very receptive to that suggestion.

Later in the evening I asked the family if they would like the Americal flag to join the Honor Guard for the funeral and burial ceremonies the next day. Again they were receptive to the thought. The main honor guard in attendance was from the Rochester VVA Chapter 20. I have known many of them for almost twenty years. They willingly allowed the Americal flag to join their front line.

I asked a close friend and neighbor to join me for the Saturday services. He is Charles (Ski) Pulaski, veteran of E-1st/52nd (radar) in 1970-71. He agreed to be the flag bearer on Saturday. He deserves the thanks of the ADVA.

The U.S. Army major in charge of the honor guard presented the Americal flag to the oldest living Graziosi family

member, a 92 year old aunt. After the burial services concluded Ski and I refolded the Americal flag and presented it to Alan Frisa. Alan was grateful for our interruption as he was being hounded by numerous media persons.

The three of us stepped away from everyone else and I gave Alan the Flag on behalf of the ADVA. This was done without fanfare and without photos. Alan gave us one last thank you and said, "I guess I'd better go deal with the media."



Photography Gary Befus

Three former Americal Huey pilots attended the weekend services. All had flown with and had personally known Francis and the others in his crew. One of the Huey pilots supplied a piece of a helicopter rotor and had it mounted on a piece of wood for presentation to the family. Two locally stationed Blackhawk helicopters did a symbolic flyover immediately after the playing of Taps.

I wish to express my honor and pride at being chosen to represent the ADVA on this special occasion.



23rd MILITARY POLICE CHAPTER

WWII Korean War/Panama CZ Vietnam Global War on Terrorism

COMMANDER
Dutch DeGroot**VICE COMMANDER**
Dale Meisel

Military Police veterans of the Americal Division are forming a unit chapter. This is an organizational approach different from the usual geographic chapter and one of the first unit chapters in the ADVA.

At the ADVA annual reunion in Buffalo this past June more than 20 former MPs gathered together to launch what will be named the 23rd MP Chapter, ADVA. They were supported in spirit by other charter members who could not be present in Buffalo with them. Among the business conducted at the meeting were the election of officers and the adoption of bylaws. The organization of the chapter is subject to final approval by the National Executive Council.

Dutch DeGroot was elected Chapter Commander, Dale Meisel as Vice-Commander, Tom Packard as Secretary/Treasurer, and Ralph Stiles as Sergeant-at-Arms. Dave Chrystal was appointed as the chapter's Chaplain.

The first order of business is to invite other MPs to join the ADVA and the chapter as charter members. The charter membership recruitment drive will close out on November 11, Veterans Day. Anyone interested in joining can contact Tom Packard, whose information is listed in the Directory on Page 2 of this issue.

The chapter will forward its application to Roger Gilmore, National Adjutant for action by the ADVA leadership. The MP chapter activation will, in a sense, mirror the reactivation of the 23rd Military Police Company, which was reborn on October 21, 2005 at Ft. Bragg, NC. The Company, now part of the 16th MP Brigade (ABN), is currently deployed in the Global War on Terrorism.

The goal of the chapter is to be fully approved well before the 2008 reunion in Jacksonville--and then at Jacksonville to beat its own number of 85 men who attended the 2001 Cleveland reunion.

Your local or unit chapter needs and appreciates your support. Most chapters have newsletters, reunions, and other activities that promote camaraderie. Volunteer to help keep your chapter active and valuable as a resource for Americal Division veterans.

EASTERN REGIONAL CHAPTER

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

COMMANDER
Conrad Steers

Hicksville, NY 11801

SECRETARY
Elmer Wright

Glen Ridge, NJ 07028-1441

VICE-COMMANDER
Joseph M. Adelsberger

Plain City, OH 43064

TREASURER
Mark Deam

Sidney, OH 45365



I hope everyone who attended the National Reunion had a fantastic time. Dave Eichhorn and his committee should be applauded for their efforts. It was great to see so many Americal brothers in Buffalo NY. I hope to see everyone in Jacksonville, Florida for the 2008 reunion.

Just a personal note, I served with Ann Herd's son Ron in Vietnam. We were in Co. B 4/21st Inf., 11th LIB.

I would like to thank the Eastern Chapter members for electing me as Commander. Don't be fooled, Cherie will get used to the idea. She always has put up with other titles I have had.

I hope Bob Cudworth survived the registration table at the Buffalo reunion. Bob, Edna their granddaughter, and the other volunteers did a wonderful job.

I thank Jay Flanagan for doing a great job as chapter commander. I know he hated to give the commander job up.

Our next Chapter reunion will be October 23rd to the 26th, 2008 in Northern Kentucky/Cincinnati, Ohio. Look at our web site at <http://home.woh.rr.com/sidneyalam/advaerc/> or through americal.org for more information.

Do not forget to pay your dues. Get them into Mark Deam as soon as possible. As a reminder- if anyone wants to hold a reunion in their state, let one of the chapter officers know. We are ready to assist you in anyway. Welcome Home! Connie Steers, Commander

SOUTH MIDWEST CHAPTER

AR LA OK TX

COMMANDER
Cameron F. Baird

Stonewall, TX 78671

The National Museum of the Pacific War in Fredericksburg, TX frequently sponsors symposia on certain aspects of the war in the Pacific. These symposia present the recollections of the various participants of a particular battle or event to include those of the enemy.

On September 15-16, 2007 an event titled "The Turning Point" will focus on the battles of Guadalcanal and Midway. Since the Americal Division was heavily involved on Guadalcanal I wanted to be sure that the Army's role was presented. Otherwise, the Navy and the Marines would get all the credit.

I immediately nominated Charles Walker, a veteran of the 164th Infantry, to participate in this symposium. Walker wrote an excellent book describing his exploits from Guadalcanal through the occupation of Japan. The book is titled *Combat Officer, a Memoir of War in the South Pacific*. I became familiar with Walker through Bill Kiker. Kiker served under Walker and sent me a copy of Walker's book.

I am pleased to report the Charles Walker has been accepted as a panelist for this important commemoration of a pivotal battle. All Americal veterans are invited to attend this event. Feel free to contact me about details.

GREAT LAKES REGIONAL CHAPTER

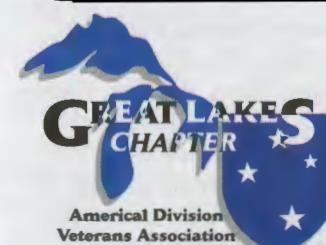
IL IN MI MN WI

COMMANDER
Dale J. Belke

Brodhead, WI 53520

Senior Vice Com.
Gary Gardner
Jr Vice Com.
Harold Waterman**Adjutant**
Terry Babler

New Glarus, WI 53574



LZ/DC 25th Anniversary of the Wall Reunion - November 9-12, 2007: The Great Lakes Regional Chapter has organized a reunion in conjunction with the 25th Anniversary of the Wall National Reunion. The LZ/DC 25th Anniversary of the Wall Reunion will be held November 9-12, 2007. A registration form listing the calendar of events is available at www.americal.org/reunion.shtml.

We would like to thank the following organizations for helping sponsoring the D.C. Reunion for the 25th Anniversary of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial: Great Lakes Americal Chapter, 1st Squadron, 1st Cavalry Assn., VietNow National, Wisconsin Vietnam Veterans Chapter 3, and American Legion of Middleton, WI. This is a special event commemorating the 25th Anniversary of the Wall. Everyone is encouraged to attend this event.

All Veterans Winterfest Reunion in New Glarus, Wisconsin - January 17-20, 2008: Our next 2008 All Veterans Winterfest Reunion in New Glarus, Wisconsin is on January 17-20, 2008 in New Glarus, Wisconsin. All have a great time, don't miss out on attending this one.

For those of you that may not be a member of the Great Lakes Chapter yet the dues are \$10/year or save and pay \$45 for five years. This covers the cost of three newsletters a year. For all current members please check your mailing label on the cover the chapter newsletter to find the expiration date

of your dues. If you have no date, we welcome you to join us. Please fill out page 2 of Great Lakes Chapter newsletter and send back to: Great Lakes Regional Chapter, c/o Terry Babler, Adjutant, W5889 Durst Road, New Glarus, WI

FAR WEST CHAPTER

AZ CA CO HI NV NM UT

COMMANDER

Rick Ropel

Corona, CA 92879

SEC/TREAS

Tom Packard

Galloway, OH 43119



Registrations are coming in for the FWC Reunion planned for Riverside, CA. The reunion will be held at the Riverside Marriott, 3400 Market St., from Sept. 30 to Oct. 3, 2007. Room reservations can be made by calling the Marriott at [REDACTED]. Identify yourself as being with the Americal Division Veterans Association for a room rate of \$109 per night.

The reunion headquarters and hospitality room, located in room #412, will open at 4 pm on Sunday, September 30th. A bus trip is planned for Monday, Oct 1st with boarding at 9:00 AM. The bus will take us to the March Field Air Museum, site of 70 aircraft, over 29,000 historical artifacts, and the War Dog Memorial.

After lunch at the museum, which is included in the cost, we'll board our bus for a tour of the nearby Riverside National Cemetery. This cemetery is one of the most active national cemeteries and is home to the Medal of Honor Memorial and the Fallen Soldier/Veterans Memorial. After a wreath laying ceremony, we will return to the hotel by 5:00 PM.

Tuesday, Oct 2nd will begin with a group picture at 9:00 AM followed by our annual membership meeting. Following our meeting, tours of the nearby historical Mission Inn will begin. This tour will be in groups of 15 starting at 11:00 AM, 11:20 AM, and 11:40 AM. Our annual dinner will take place Tuesday night in the Regency Ballroom at the Marriott beginning at 6:00 PM.

You can contact Tom Packard for a registration form and more information at [REDACTED], Galloway, OH, 43119, [REDACTED]

Our chapter has 16 new members as a result of a recent membership drive. Now is a good time to join us in the Far West Chapter. Dues are just \$10 a year. Send your name, address, phone number, e-mail address, the dates and unit you served with and your check to Tom at the above address.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Joe Willey; 11th Armd. Cav. Regt.

Dear editor,

A friend of mine, SGT Roy Lee Arnold from Phoenix, AZ, was a member of Co. A, 5/46th Inf., 198th Light Infantry Brigade. His tour began March 12, 1969 and ended with his death on May 3, 1969.

Roy and I attended High School together in Phoenix and we both were in ROTC. Roy and I were in country at the same time. I was at Tuy Hoa AFB and served as a Security Policeman (SP).

I would appreciate any information about him. I know his parents have passed and I know his sister is also deceased. Perhaps someone may know where he is buried.

Don Hamilton; SSGt., USAF SP

Dear editor,

hours locating former company members. Kitty was contacted by telephone after the memorial service and got a big "Thank You" from all who were in attendance.

Roger Gilmore; Co. C, 4/21st Inf.

Dear editor,

I am attempting to resolve a conflict regarding the unit that Howard Johnson was assigned to when he was killed-in-action on August 30, 1967. Our research reflects he had 11D MOS and was assigned to HHT, 2/11th Cav. We also have a copy of a SITREP reporting an unnamed HHT, 2/11th ACR trooper was killed-in-action August 30, 1967 in an early morning rocket/mortar attack at Quang Tin.

However, the DF reporting his death reflects he was assigned to HHC, 11th Inf., 196th LIB. A search of the 196th's and 17th Cav websites reflect he was assigned to F Troop 17th Cav. At the time of his death, 2/11th ACR was OPCON to the 196th LIB in support of Task Force Oregon.

We are asking members of our organization who were assigned to 2/11th during this time if they knew Howard. So far we have hit dead ends. Do any of you remember either him or the incident resulting in his death?

Dear editor,

St. Louis, Missouri was the location for the first ever reunion for the men who served with Charlie Company, 4th Battalion, 21st Infantry Regiment. The 4/21st Infantry was part of the Americal Division's 11th Light Infantry Brigade.

The reunion was held at the Crown Plaza Hotel from May 4 – 6, 2007. Most veterans who made the trip to St. Louis served in Charlie Company during the 1970-1971 period of the Vietnam conflict.

The highlight of the reunion was Friday's memorial service to fellow soldiers who lost their lives while serving with Charlie Company in Vietnam. Pastor Ron Sorenson, brother of KIA Dale Sorenson, led the service. Also in attendance were Cindy Hight and Wendy Camara, daughters of SSG Dennis Watterson, who was KIA in January 1971.

The reunion was made possible through the efforts of former Gimlets John Traxler, Daniel Santistevan and Doug Smith. John coordinated the reunion set up in St. Louis. Daniel and Doug have worked with locators for many years to bring former Charlie Company members in contact with each other, and kept the vision of the first ever reunion alive for years.

A special thanks from all those attending went out to Ms. Kitty Millard of Houston, Texas, who spent countless

COL (Ret.) Don Alsbro
23rd Administration Co.

Dear editor,

A previous edition of the Journal had inaccurate information about 11th Artillery formed at Schofield Barracks in April 1967. It should read 6/11th Artillery.

The 2/11th Artillery was formed in May 1966 at Ft. Campbell, Kentucky. C Btry, 2/11th Artillery and 7/11th Artillery were in Vietnam long before the 6/11th was there.

It is very frustrating to be taken for granted just because 2/11th Artillery was in Task Force Oregon. We need some kind of information to accurately show the formation and deployment of these units. I am a fed up vet.

Doug Uehling

Dear editor,

Co. D, 1/52nd Inf., 198th LIB will have a reunion in Washington, DC on September 28-30, 2007. For more information on the agenda and logic please call me at [REDACTED] or e-mail [REDACTED]

John Southern
Corbin, KY

Dear editor,

As is usually the case, the day my new ADVA magazine arrived in my mailbox I sat down and read most of it. As I sat reading the last edition I turned to my wife and said, "Hey, the typhoon I went thru before I came home was named Hester."

One never knows what is going to be found on the pages of the Americal Journal! After spending six months with Bravo, 4/21st Inf., I moved to Delta, 4/3rd Inf. at Chu Lai in June 1971. In October 1971, 4/3rd was preparing to go home. We had shut down the battalion's rear area and had moved to another location in Chu Lai (I'm not sure what this area was called). That's when the storm hit.

The only memory I have of the storm was walking out to the beach when the eye was passing over. That was really something. Then, of course, was the post storm clean up. I took some pictures during and after this

storm which are posted on the 4th platoon, 4/21st Inf. website (www.kensvietnambuds.com). Now I know the name of the storm and some of its characteristics thanks to the Americal Journal.

Slater Davis

Co. B, 4/21 Inf. & Co. D, 4/3 Inf; 1971

Dear editor,

I am a volunteer who works with Guadalcanal historian John Innes to return items from WWII that he and others find. He emails me the information and I use the internet to find the rightful owners of the items (or their relatives). The picture I have forwarded to you is of an athletic medal for pole vaulting awarded to a man with the last name of Garn.

As you can see from the photo, the first name is abbreviated to ML, (lowercase L), which could be Mitchell, Michael, etc. John believes that because of the location where the medal was found, that the man was in the 132nd Infantry.

They spent the most time on Mt. Austen during WWII.

So far I am having a difficult time finding out the identity of this man so that the medal can be returned to either him or his family. If you can help in any way, both John and I would be very grateful. We mainly return lost dog tags, but recently we returned a ring and a canteen that John found on Guadalcanal.

Francesca Cumero; Garberville, CA

Dear editor,

I am looking for information on two Americal Division members who were killed in Vietnam. Their names do not appear on some of the commonly known casualty lists. I would like information on their unit and any

confirmation of information on the events surrounding their casualties.

The soldiers' names are John Charles Weborg, 198th LIB, and Gary Wayne Cooper, possible with 1/1st Cavalry. Manuel Pino
1st Cav. Div., 1968-69

Dear editor,

Mr. Kenneth Behrens passed away on April 20, 2007. He was the father of Tom Behrens, killed-in-action on October 31, 1968, while serving with Co. D, 4/3rd Infantry. Kenneth and his surviving son Dan have been a driving force in organizing annual reunions for veterans of D/4/3 Inf. The Behrens family resided in What Cheer, IA.

Les Hines, ADVA Vietnam Historian



Dear editor,

I served with the 196th LIB from December 1966 to November 1967. I made the move from Tay Ninh to Chu Lai. While in Chu Lai I took snapshots of three signs. They are Task Force Oregon, 196th LIB, and me at 408th radio research detachment sign.

I will be happy to provide copies of the photos to anyone interested in this history.

You can contact me at 8002 Danette Court, Spring, TX, 77379-6128, [REDACTED]

Glenn Crews

408th Radio Research Det.

Dear editor,

I am looking for any information on an incident or incidents that occurred in 1968-69 at LZ Liz. It is believed that the VC and NVA used a catapult or slingshot device to fire fused 105mm and 155mm projectiles into the firebase.

I was with Btry. A, 1/82nd Arty and am currently the webmaster for the home page of the 82nd FA Regiment. The website can be found at www.lzhurricane.com.

Ron Griffin; Btry. A, 1/82nd Arty.



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