

VIETNAM NEWS NETWORK

Recently VVA Chapter 228 held its annual installation dinner here in South Jersey. We were honored and absolutely delighted to have two special guests join us. They traveled quite a distance. John "Dutch" De Groot came all the way from Chicago and Joe "OB" O'Brien came from Flushing, NY. Dutch was in NJ on business and had been in contact with "OB" and myself. While here in South Jersey we enjoyed the sights, sounds, and gastronomical delights of Atlantic City. Also present at the dinner was a 4th ADVA member and recently elected president of VVA 228, Jeffrey Dietelbaum.

I am looking forward to the ADVA reunion in San Antonio. I did my AIT there in early '67 while TDY from Ft. Hood. In fact, I spent a year at Ft. Hood prior to shipping out overseas to the 196th LIB. Most of my AIT comrades went to the 198th LIB. Am looking forward to traveling to Ft. Hood to see if things have changed and also to travel about San Antonio and Ft. Sam Houston to bring back some sweet memories.

Look forward to seeing you again along with all my other friends and comrades. I was honored and appreciate being asked to run for the Executive Council.

Sincerely,
Ed "Dutch/Doc" den Braven 196th LIB

P.S. The enclosed photo includes from L to R, Joe O'Brien, Ed den Braven, Jeff Dietelbaum and John De Groot. All proud members of ADVA.



ATTENTION ATTENTION ATTENTION

PNC Roland Castranova is a present recovering from surgery. How about dropping him a card or giving him a call?

PNC Roland T. Castranova

[REDACTED]

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WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED YOUR NEWSLETTER

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NOTES FROM A DAY-DATE CALENDAR
174TH AHC June 70-June 71 RVN

6-1 Arrive Bien Hoa-Replacement Center-The Shitter is infested by crabs. Swell.

6-3 Chu Lai-Replacement Center-Introduction to Sappers and sand fleas. (Americal Div)

6-7 DUC Pho-174th AHC-Introduction to helicopters with teeth and the term F.N.G. I am one and seems I'll remain one for a long, long time.

6-9 Area of Operation Orientation ride (along) I do believe I've forgotten everything I've ever known. I'm grateful that Mr. Uhlich is very patient.

6-11 First actual mission. We, I mean he, picks up little, teeny people and drops them off in the middle of NOWHERE. Mountains, jungle. They have guns but I doubt that is of any consolation at all. Mr. Strumke is not quite as patient. he expected me to be able to tune in a radio. I still can't find the ash tray.

6-14 Sunday. Don't they wind things down on certain days of the week? They seem to fly all day, drink a lot most of the night and occasionally play cards. They talk a lot about missing the companionship of women but I don't think they're really sincere. Mr. James Call is really an "Old Guy" 2nd tour, he's nuts.

7-1 Mr. Ward is shot in the leg while flying with Jack Dotterer and goes home. Although he'd been here for several weeks longer, he was a nice guy and helpful to me.

7-6 A classmate of mine, Leonton Mizer was killed today along with SP/4 Harrison Bell and Vandiver. Lt Joseph Brandt survived crash south of Hill 411 SHARKS.

7-8 Classmate Dunnnavent is killed flying Musket Guns (176th AHC) at Tin Phouc. I don't think I could fly guns.

8-4 We move into Kham Duc. Major operation with what seems all the helicopter companies in the Americal Division. I fly with Maj Fred Blackburn who is the AMC. When you fly with the C/O you are the PETER-PILOT. I'm awed by his skill and knowledge. A chinook, referred to as a Shit-Hook is shot up by .51 cal at Kham Duc and we here of another being shot down with 50+ U.S. troops. No survivors.

8-8 While flying with Dolphin 16, Cpt Harold Alvord, we're shot down in flames over the Battan Peninsula. We were acting as the AMC in the C/O aircraft (#200) We're picked up immediately as we're involved on a Combat Assault. The ship burns to the ground but 10 crew members walk (run) away. They say that's a good landing but I think we may have trouble convincing Maj. Blackburn that his "Brand New" aircraft is ashes. The C/E is not terribly thrilled with the loss either. Bill Wilder will in all probability end up crewing a "Dog" as a replacement.

9-8 Shark C/E Carlson is hit by .51 cal fire at Ngia Hahn. We hear that in all likelihood he will lose his leg.

9-28 176th Warrant Officer's Ted Sizemore and Petty, to include entire crew are shot down at the mouth of "Happy Valley" (N/W of DFC Meadows). All are killed as upon exploding, the aircraft fell through the jungle canopy inverted. I was on that C.A. I've never witnessed anything like it.

10-11 Pete goodnight who recently returned from home (Pacoima) after burying his youngest brother was killed today while pulling a Dust-Off on a Grunt who jumped from an auto-rotating slick. A tragic accident while moving a wounded

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174 AHC June 70-June 71 RVN (Continues)

troop, caused recovered M-60, leaning against the back of seat, to fire.

10-21 Slick Gunner Woodard is shot in leg west of San Juan.

11-3 Lost fuel pressure flying with Doug Doers near LZ Snoopy. Got back O.K.

11-7 SHARK'S Jim Kinne & classmate Mark Stefan get shot up at Ngia Hahn (foot and leg respectively). Stefan goes home.

11-7 SHARK Jeff Zavales inquires if I would like to come over to the SHARKS.

11-9 Fly first mission/day in GUNS with W.O. Jeff Zavalez, C/E John Sparks and SHARK PLT SGT Alan D. Parker. DUECE & 1/2 hits landmine on 411 access road. Blows truck in half, killing 10 G.I.'s. We land and use A/C fire extinguishers to put out the burning clothing. I'll never forget that smell. W.O. "Hap" Holden pulls Dust-Off.

11-22 While "snoopin and poopin" along the Horseshoe, we get shit shot out of us. Jim Kinne's left leg is obviously shattered below the knee. My right tailrotor control pedal is shot off with the bullet lodging in my left instep. Most instruments are gone to include my helmet cord. Sgt. Parker advises Sugar Bear of my destination via his radio control panel. A nice thing to have under the circumstances.

11-28 Chuck Creamer, Lt. Dave Juarequi and crew are missing on a night flare ship mission Shark Scramble near the foothills. Weather/fog hides a aircraft for days.

12-2 Aircraft found. All perish in flames (Powell & Field)

12-29 The Reverend Bob Black, Primo 2 goes down on the Horse-Shoe (river). Art Magee locates the aircraft heading down stream but Black is not in it.

12-31 Black's body is found. Happy New Year.

1-5 Flew 2 hours "ash & trash" with Bob Gentry.

1-28 The entire company packs up and leave Duc Pho for unknown destination (up north). Lots of rumors.

1-28 Buddy Howard "DOLPHIN 29" has engine failure in #516 on departure from Duc Pho with Cpt. Garner. All O.K. A/C is D.X.

1-29 Leave Da Nang (after night of drinking in O Club, Gun-Fighter Village). Re-fuel HUE-Phu Bai arrive New Home Quang Tri. SWELL.

1-31 Fly C A cover all day out of the Khe Sahn. What a desolate place. Days to follow, more of the same to include areas with names I recall from the news. Dust Off covers and convoy escort.

2-8 C A's into Laos begin as we "cross over the fence". The weather foggy, the air filled with helicopters, the radio's are unbelievable and the terrain is downright shitty. We are weathered in on a hill top, low on fuel, in Laos and we hear "bird calls" that don't sound like birds. Upon our return to Khe Sahn we learn of Bob Gentry being killed on one of the first insertions while flying with Doug Erb. Our slicks take lots of fire.

2-9 Take hits along Q L 9. Fly 4 1/2 hours of CA's. Our "C" models are dogs at this altitude.

2-10 Learn of earthquake in Sylmar/San Fernando Valley. Attempt to call Mom but lines are down. 3 more aircraft go down. Fly 6 hours in and out of Laos. See a lot of fire.

2-11 Rock Pile and LZ SCOTCH 3 slicks shot up, Greg Manuel gets shot in right leg and rocket warhead explodes outside his door to include a bunch of hits. Greg goes home, had only 3 days left in-country. A/C 170 lost to damage

Blue Ghosts lose 2 LOH's (58's) & 1 slick. F-4 shot down by radar 37mm. I shot over 200 rockets this day "Bouque Fire"

2-12 Fly Dust Off cover out of the Khe Sahn, over the fence to return and "escort" cover Gen Abrams in and out of the Khe Sahn. "R.F."

2-18 Quang Tri amno dump gets blown by sappers or rockets. Explosions from 0430 to 7:00.

2-19 CPT Mike "STRACT" Ackerman and Dennis McCabe go home.

2-20 Mike Phillips takes mortar in LZ west of Scotch. Over 100 holes in A/C. No one hit or hurt. Flew 6 hours of Dust Off cover over the fence. It seems they're gettin their collective Ass kicked with the number of bodies and wounded comin out. Received word from Howard Mojeski that classmate Rauen killed in crash at the Khe Sahn.

2-21 On Dust Off cover, wing ship to Bruce Marshall, they get shit shot out of them and we take major hits (565-285). Bruce (SHARK 15) is hit twice with .51 cal in left leg. Co-pilot Jim Souders gets chunk of chair runner through his right thigh/ass and they go down. We expend/secure as "MO" Dust Off 13 homes in on us and pulls them out.

2-21 (con'd) Wilder & I unable to reach them through the brush. Good thing, they'd probably shot us. We took six .51 cal hits to include one on leading edge of blade.

2-22 Spent a night in the bunker as Quang Tri (our end anyway) took incoming most of the night. I don't think they dig us being here. Visited/sa Bruce (SHARK 15) He's ----ed up.

2-23 More of the same. Dust Off cover and re-supply cover now. Every time they land for Pick-up or drop off, they have to dodge mortars.

2-24 Dust Off cover "over the fence". Saw 2 ARVN's fall from helicopter skids, trying to escape on over crowded ships. Got head shot same coordinates as Bruce Hackett (SHARK 9) did a great job, got me to a cave that shaved the side of my head, patched and medivac to Quang Tri. I get a bed next to Bruce. The Doc gets me a Mars. Call home.

2-25 Doug Erb & Birch crash in L.Z. near Scotch. Both burned real bad. Erb's 1st A/C mission.

2-26 Hospital took a lot of in-coming last night. The ugliest woman I've ever seen (complete with steel pot/flack jacket) ordered me to a sub-ground level bunker due to being ambulatory (I could walk) I stood in ankle deep water and let large mosquitos eat on me for about 10 seconds in the dark before returning to my bed. Good thing as someone had thrown a mattress over Bruce and left him with one of his incredibly swollen toes bent back. He was happy to see me but the Full Colonel Nurse was not. I explained with all due respect. She understood, thankfully.

2-27 Bruce trans to hospital ship off coast for prep for flight home (off Hue)

2-28 Released from hospital. Grounded for 5 more days due to head wound.

3-1 Receive word that classmate Catzoella missing in Laos. POL & RE ARM at Vandergrif blown up.

3-2 Sugar Bear (SHARK 1) goes on R&R. John Bishop with Lt. Farmer C/E Rhodes shot down in NVA smoked LZ. Crew missing to captured.

3-3 71st AHC gets 11 of 11 ships shot up 50 cliques into Laos. Our ships on it too no (evening) Shark gunner "Jansen" shot in back but O.K. Dolphin C/E Davidson shot in forehead. Shark 170 & 092 down in Laos. Lt Edgecomb shot on left shoulder.

3-4 Lt Farmer E & E's with some ARVN's and escapes

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to a firebase. He last obs Bishop going back to the aircraft for his pistol. Gunner Padilla possibly killed. Shark C/E John Moore (140) shot on heel of foot with .51 cal O.K. but sent home.

3-5 169 & 094 (Shark aircraft) shot down in Laos (CPT Smith) along with one Firebird (71st AHC) one slick and Witchdoctor 5 ("Butch Newby") Elliott & crew)

3-6 Cpt John Bishop & C/E Rhodes walk into ARVN firebase after 3 days/nights of E&E in Laos. They last obs gunner Padilla slumped over his M-60, apparently KIA Lt Waugh is grazed by .51 cal that lodges in Maj Dale Spratt's chicken plate while attempting to recover "Butch Newby" and crew (Witchdoctor)

3-7 Ralph E. Elliott III & crew get out Laos. We have a company beer-bust in the main tent on/off Quang Tri active Butch could hear the NVA tearing down the aircraft the night they went down as they lay concealed they estimate about 100 yards from the downed aircraft. They say the Air Force picked them up in a Jolly Green but every slick pilot on the operation is taking credit for the extraction. Drank a lot, took pics.

3-9 More of the same, etc. etc.

3-13 Get word that classmate Mark Mercer got shot in the neck down out of Chu Lai. His "P.P." John Sharp got hit in the legs.

3-14 "Cowboy" Martin gets shot down in Laos. Wally Stoneburg gets shrapnel in his left arm, goes to sanctuary ship.

3-17 Cpt Don "Buttermilk" Peterson & FNG shot down in Laos, he gets cut on right cheek.

3-22 Reg Cleave, Travis (WO) & crew (Minuteman 21) go down in flames in Laos after being hit with 37mm. Listed as MIA. History.

3-26 Shut down at Logger Pad/Khe Sahn and dodge 40 plus rounds NVA ARTY (Whose counting). 1 1/2 hours under an APC (they leak hydraulic shit too) Night scramble to the Rock Pile. 4 kills take shits. Get scrambled again, they'd like us engage NVA tanks in Laos. Right. We don't have armor pearcing warheads so we respectfully pass. Advise arch-light or air strike.

4-2 C.A.'s Kills west of Scotch while flying with FNG's Shark 6

4-4 Me, P.J. & Bennie pick up stand down orders at 223 AVN BN Dong Ha (101st) We're to leave the 6th for Duc Pho. "PARTY"

4-7 They lied. We arrive Chu Lai and advised it's our new home. Swell. Our Co. area sucks. We hitch-hike to the flight line. The only salvation from this big sand pile are 24 hour standby missions out of Duc Pho which I volunteer for when ever they're available. Same A.O. but a shack in Chu Lai can't compare to what we had in Duc Pho (away from the flag)

Fred Thompson "Shark 7"
174th Assault Helicopter Co.

I WAS THERE
NORTHERN 1 CORPS, CENTRAL HIGHLANDS
HIGHWAY 1 BETWEEN LZ ROSS & TRIPLE CULVERTS
February '69

The first time I saw Clyde (Clyde William Clinger) was at the EM Club at Chu Lai. He was with Chuckie Myers, both from Pennsylvania. Clyde was an 18 yr. replacement on his way to join A Co. 26th Engr. Bn. 196th Inf, Brigade Americal Div, which was then called LZ Baldy. He was called

Clyde at his own insistence.

Once when we were on mine sweep between LZ Baldy and LZ Ross, Clyde found a small dog, I in fun named it Barney, Barney and Clyde, we both laughed. We lagged behind the rest of the sweep team so we could get a cold beer from the soda girls, the girls who peddled pop and beer off their bikes. We weren't the only GI's who wanted a beer that day, because there were some grunts there who had been out security guards that were poppin tops. It was hotter than hell, the beer was cold so we drank it fast, we didn't get this too often.

It was late afternoon when we figured we'd better start back to our platoon. Barney was too young to walk, so I put him in my fatigue pocket. We rounded a small curve on the dirt road, I turned to say something to Clyde, when just a few inches from my feet, dirt and rocks exploded and an instant later we heard the characteristic Klak-klak-klak of an AK 47.

Immediately I hit the dirt, Clyde's dog in my pocket let out a large whelp, I thought I'd squashed him but that was farthest from my thoughts. Clyde and I had hit the road but the other guys had jumped behind a tree and started firing over our heads. It's a good thing we didn't panic and stand up, our backs would have been stitched by M-16 auto fire. There was a lull in the fighting, and we all started talking loud to one another. I remember we said "they'll surround us, we've got no radio, let's get the hell out of here." We ran all the way back to LZ Ross, I noticed my left elbow was bleeding, the scar was there for years but gone now. We were glad to be alive.

A few weeks later we got our beer ration from Baldy and one night drank our fill. Clyde, as everyone had seen by then became loud-mouthed and abusive and decided to play a trick on the platoon medic. The medic had washed his clothes at the water point and made a clothes line from a time fuse, used to detonate demo. Clyde impishly touched his Camel cigarette to the time fuse on the clothes line burning the line thru the medic's clothes.

Of course the medic was pissed, he screamed and yelled, "Clyde, I hope you die tomorrow." Everyone was silent as we looked at them. The silence was foreboding.

Clyde had taken on the duty of driving the pressure truck, a dangerous job, not too many volunteered for. One driver was killed on the previous run, one was seriously wounded, I had hit two mines myself while on this mission and didn't drive anymore.

Next day on mine sweep about 2:30 in the afternoon, I was at half-way point after Clyde's pressure truck had passed, when we were stunned by the news. No one said anything for we were thinking about what had happened the night before. Clyde had hit a mine coming back to LZ Ross from Triple Culverts. Chuckie Myers was with him. Clyde was killed, blown into a sandy plain. The medic (from the night before) was the first one that got to him----- Chuckie Myers was seriously wounded and flown to Japan.

by Warren D. Lucas Spec/4
A Company 26th Engr Br-Americal Div.
196th Inf Bgde.

ARE YOUR DUES PAID?