

FOR THE MEN, AND THEIR
FAMILIES, OF THE 2ND BATTALION,
173D AIRBORNE BRIGADE (SEP)

**WE TRY
HARDER!**

2/503d
VIETNAM
*****newsletter



September-October 2018, Issue 82
Contact: rto173@att.net

See all issues to date at the 503rd Heritage Battalion website:
http://corregidor.org/VN2-503/newsletter/issue_index.htm

~ Colonel George E. Dexter, Abn Inf (Ret) ~
Battalion Commander 2/503d, 173d Abn Bde (Sep), Okinawa-Vietnam '64 ~ '66
2/503d Sky Soldier of the Year 2018



Colonel Dexter salutes his men of the 2/503 Okinawa/RVN during a battalion reception at 173d Airborne reunion in Ft. Worth, TX.
Inset photo of Col. Dexter and his RTO Tom Conley, 2 January '66, Operation Marauder in the Mekong Delta.
See tribute to the Colonel on Page 13.





We Dedicate this Issue of Our Newsletter in Memory and Honor of the Young Men of the 173d Airborne Brigade & Attached Units We Lost 50 Years Ago In the Months of September & October 1968



*If I should die, and leave you here awhile, be not like others sore undone,
who keep long vigils by the silent dust and weep. For my sake, turn again to life, and smile,
nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do something to comfort weaker hearts than thine.
Complete these dear unfinished tasks of mine, and I, perchance, may therein comfort you!*

Mary Lee Hall

Dennis Eric Abraham, 22
SIG, 104 Sig Sqd, 9/29/68

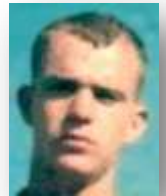
"From Semaphore SA. Was killed when the US helicopter in which he was riding was shot down on September 29, 1968 in Long Khan. Buried Centennial Park Cemetery, Adelaide."



Thomas Dean Brock, "Doc", 20
SGT, D/1/503, 9/23/68

(Virtual Wall states HHC/1/503)

5/17/15: "I was there. I was in Greg Carter's squad in D company 1/503 that day and 3 months prior. Both he and Doc Brock were instrumental with educating this FNG what I needed to know to protect our lives. I carried Greg down that hill to the medics that September 23, 1968, I then went back up the same hill as there were soldiers still engaged. I didn't know until sometime that Tomas was killed, after I helped transfer Greg and Doc Brock onto the dust-off chopper. I sat down and cried. They are my brothers."



Gil Conradis



Robert Joseph Benz, 22
SP4, E/4/503, 9/13/68

5/10/05: "Old Friend. Assumption & North High are gone, Carl's served his last beer, the snow of 66 melted. You are not forgotten. RIP old friend."



David Carlton Brown, 24
CPT, A/4/503, 9/7/68

2/22/03: "In Honored Remembrance of Captain David Carlton Brown. David Carlton Brown was born into an Army family at Fort Monroe, Virginia, on April 29, 1944. He was appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1962 and graduated in the class of 1966, being assigned to the Infantry. He then attended both Advanced Infantry and Airborne Schools and was assigned as a Platoon Leader and later Company Commander in the 503rd United States Infantry, 173rd Airborne Brigade. On September 7, 1968, he was killed-in-action in the Quang Duc Province of South Vietnam. During his short military career, Captain Brown earned the Bronze Star with two "V" devices for valor, the Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Air Medal, the Purple Heart and the Combat Infantryman's Badge. Captain Brown was buried with full military honors in Arlington National Cemetery. He was survived by his parents, Colonel Harry C. Brown, United States Army, and Sheila Brown, as well as by his brother, Jeffrey Brown."



Kevin Frederick Brewer, 22
PTE, 4RAR, 10/8/68

"Launceston TAS. Brewer died of gunshot wounds during a search and destroy mission, Operation Track Duster, on Route 15, near Thai Thien on 8th October 1968. Buried Ulverstone Cemetery TAS."

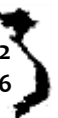


(Tributes continued....)



2/503d **VIETNAM** Newsletter / Sept.-Oct. 2018 – Issue 82

Page 2 of 86



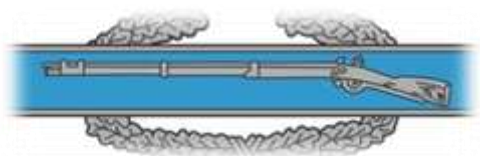
Robert Burns, 22
L/CPL, 4RAR, 10/13/68

"Stirling Scotland. Burns died of gunshot wounds in Phuoc Tuy on 13th September 1968, 12 days before his 23rd birthday. Buried Centennial Park cemetery Adelaide SA."



Basil Eric Byrne, 32
T/SGT, AFV Amenities Unit,
10/31/68

"Three Spring WA. Byrne died of a coronary occlusion in his sleep in Vung Tau, in the early hours of 31st October 1968. Buried Karrakatta Cemetery WA."



Robert Thomas Elliott, III, 23
1LT, B/2/503, 9/9/68

8/5/03: "I went to Valparaiso University with Tom. He was in my husband's fraternity and we were friends and classmates. He was a good friend and a great guy. It was with great sadness that his fraternity informed us of his death in 1968. I teach social studies now and my government class is doing a project about the Vietnam Memorial and I have been searching web sites to prepare lesson plans. I have been to the Wall and paid my respects to Tom and the other great Americans." Beth Larson



Cecil Vaughn Evans, 20
SSG, A/4/503, 9/7/68

12/21/02: "James M. Bennett H.S. We did a paper on the Green Beret in High School. Cecil and I joined the Army in 1966. I went on to go the the Air Force Academy. So did Cecil's younger brother. We all miss Cecil." J.D. McBriety



Gregory Carter, 21
SGT, D/1/503, 9/23/68

8/29/09: "I just recently found out that my father served with you. He said he would forever remember you...not just because of the kind of man you are, but because there was an incident were you actually helped him out of a situation were a few locals were looking for a fight. And for some unknown reason they chose my father. He was there the day and witnessed 1st hand when you were KIA as was the medic Thomas Brock (who tried to save your life). My father was never really given the opportunity to properly THANK-YOU or Thomas. Both of you wonderful men. I wish we could thank-you in person. A piece of you is with us all, as we 'Frank's' 6 kids & 10 grandchildren would not be here today if it were not for your heroism and bravery. Thank You comes too late & will never fully encompass what you mean to all of us! We love you! Keep watching over all of us as we believe you were an angel here on earth and are now an angel who was called back home to serve God better. Thank-You Thank-You Thank-You!!" Mary Pat Cantando



Paul Evans, 22
PTE, 1RAR, 10/8/68

*(2nd site states L/Cpl)
 "Fortitude Valley QLD. Evans was killed in a contact in Bien Hoa Province 8th October 1968. Buried Garden of Remembrance QLD."*



Alfred Andrew Filippelli, 20
CPL, A/1/503, 9/26/68

*(Virtual Wall states D/1/503)
 7/18/13: "A son of Woodside. I was a student at St. Mary's and a friend of your sister Joanne. I remember the heartbreak in our school, church, community and especially your family that terrible day in 1968. We lost a wonderful and very brave man that September. God Bless you Alfred and may you rest in peace." Anthony Incorvaia*



Barry Norton Davidson, 22
PTE, 3RAR, 10/1/68

"Sydney NSW. Davidson died at the 24 US Evacuation Hospital at Long Binh of wounds received during a contact in Long Khan Province 1st October 1968. Buried Northern Suburbs Crematorium NSW."



(Tributes continued....)



Kenneth Charles Frazer, "Doc", 22
SGT, HHC/4/503, 9/9/68

9/16/16: "Remembering Ken. Mr. Frazer, I am the son of your PE teacher at McKendree College. My dad speaks highly of you! You were one of the top students he had the honor of teaching. I was about 8 years old when you lost your life. I couldn't attend the services at Bothwell Chapel because I was too young. I did sit on the steps and listened, I have never ever forgotten you, because I tried following your foot steps. Because of your love of your country, I served 18 years in the Army. Three campaign ribbons for the Gulf War and Cold War. I finally went to the Wall after 50 years to look for your name. I didn't want anyone to forget you, so I left something for people to remember you! Dad and I sure won't!" **John Schoon, Jr.**



Robert Bruce Gilray, Jr., 23
2LT, A/4/503, 9/7/68

6/4/99: "To an old friend. I went to high school with Bob. We hung out with the same group of guys. He was always upbeat and full of fun. Like so many others it was a shame he had to leave us at such an early age. My last recollection of Bob was when he had returned on leave and we were out at the Myersville Inn shooting pool and having a few beers. He was telling us how much he was enjoying being in the service and looking forward to his next duty station, which turned out to be his last. We miss you Bob." **Roy Nunn CHS '63**



Edgar Joseph Grismer, 19
SSG, A/4/503, 9/7/68

2/5/12: "My Brother. As I write this it has been 43 years since we lost you on that very sad September day. I remember you never failed to stay in touch writing home regularly. We received one of your letters after your death and I remember hoping and praying that the news we had received was wrong that you were still with us. This letter was so bittersweet. To my sweet, handsome big brother, you may be departed from this earth but will never be forgotten. Until we meet again, I love you very much!" **Betty Jo Grismer McDonough**



James David Hacek, 20
CPL, A/1/50th, 9/26/68

(Virtual Wall states HHC/1/50th)

11/6/11: "Thank You For Your Service. I was only four years old when your life was lost, however, the memory that stands out the most is the horseback rides you gave us little ones on your back. You were such a fun uncle! I grew up feeling as if I knew you better than I actually did. Your picture was always displayed in a glass-front living room cabinet. You have always been missed by everyone. Thank you for your service! Rest in peace Uncle Jimmy." **Jean M. Smith**



Donald Curtis Hamm, 20
SGT, E/17th Cav, 10/9/68

6/2/16: "From Your Great Niece.

Hi, Uncle Don. Unfortunately, we never got to meet, but I wish we could have. My grandmother, your sister, has told me so many stories about you. She told me about how you always took care of her and Uncle Bill and how much of a great man you were. You are my hero and I like to think that you're still here. My Mamaw needs you now more than ever, so if you're reading this, please send her some strength and give her a sign that you're still here for her. Same goes for my Uncle Bill. They miss you more than I can comprehend. Anyway, I'm sorry I'm not very good at these kind of things, but just know that we all miss you. You're my hero and always will be, Uncle Don." **Paige Raper**



Karl Richard Haring, 19
SGT, B/1/503, 9/24/68

10/16/11: "You will never be forgotten. It's been a long time since you gave your life for your country and our freedom, but not a day goes by that I do not miss you and wonder what our lives would be like as adults." **Gail C. Doemland**



Kenneth Raymond Houston, 23
PTE, 3RAR, 10/25/68

"Katoomba NSW. He died of heat exhaustion, severe shock and suffocation on the night of 25th October 1968. Buried Katoomba Crematorium NSW."



(Tributes continued....)



**David Keith Huffman, 22****SGT, D/3/503, 9/11/68**

11/13/01: "I remember Dave from our high school track and wrestling teams. He was a fighter then and one who would not quit until the mission was done. I am sure that he showed the same strength and courage through this service to his country. Whether you feel pride or shame in the fact that we fought that war, you must feel pride in his service, his dedication to his ideals, and his desire to be the best that he could be. Although I did not see duty in Vietnam, I am proud to have served during that time and for 26 years on both active duty and in the Indiana National Guard. It was partly because of Dave's service and sacrifice and the service of two other high school friends that I made my decision to join and serve. From one Old Soldier and from one old Sparkplug to another, I salute you. Rest in peace and with honor, knowing that you were remembered this Veteran's Day and that eternity is better for your having passed this way."

Dennis Hammer, CPT/SSG Army National Guard**Ross Thomas Hulslander, 20****CPL, A/2/503, 9/19/68**

"Friday, September 19, 2003...I am Frances Olivia Gross. ROSS THOMAS HULSLANDER was my brother. Today I stop to remember his life, his time with us, and his courageous and honorable death in VietNam. He was a wonderful human being, a brave, daring Paratrooper, a loving son, brother, and friend. No combat challenge was too great for him. He honored God by saving other men through his own death. My parents were very proud of him and we have missed him so much. Thank you to all those who visit his memory here (Virtualwall.org). His last words to my father on leaving to fight in VietNam were "DRIVE ON", he never looked back ... Tommy, we miss you ... Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty... With all my love, Your Sister." **Fran**

**Terence Michael Hustead, 25****SGT, C/4/503, 9/13/68**

6/17/18: "Game Over. Terry and I played American Legion Baseball together in 1959 for the Bill Erwin Post in Oakland CA. We later served in the same military unit, the 173rd ABN BG, though at different times. It's been 50 years since his death. AATW, Bro!" **John Taylor**

**A Note from The Virtual Wall**

On 13 Sep 1968 infantrymen from 4th Bn, 503rd Infantry were digging out enemy troops in a bunkered area 9 kilometers northwest of Duc Lap. The effort cost the lives of seven Americans, two from a supporting helo unit and five from 4/503:

OH-6A 66-14412, A Troop, 7th Sqdn, 17th Cavalry:**WO Curtis L. Andersen, Lake Preston, SD****WO Thomas C. Jacobs, Bloomington, IL****4th Bn, 503rd Infantry:****SGT Terence M. Hustead, Moraga, CA, C Company****SP4 Robert J. Benz, Syracuse, NY, E Company****PFC Lonzo J. Moran, Lawton, OK, C Company (Bronze Star "V")****PFC Richard W. Welch, Wilmington, MA, E Company****PVT Gary L. Lewis, Fort Madison, IA, C Company**

B Company, 2/35th Infantry, also lost three men while attacking a bunker complex somewhere near Duc Lap, but the operational report does not give a specific location -

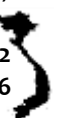
SGT Larry L. Gambotto, Dearborn, MI**SP4 Manuel G. Ortiz, Chicago, IL****CPL Everett A. Planck, Winchester, KY****Lawrence Frank Jaworowicz, 20****CPL, D/1/503, 9/5/68**

(Virtual Wall states C/1/503)

2/13/15: "End of Childhood. We looked up to you Larry in the neighborhood; I used to play all the time with your sister Gloria. Your mother was so kind, with a beautiful daughter and handsome son. We lived 2 blocks over in the neighborhood. You were older than me and more my brother's friend. I remember the day of your funeral. It truly was the end of childhood for me. Afterwards I didn't see your sister much anymore. It's pitiful to be young and not know how to put things back together, not understanding that the same goes for when you're older...then one learns the meaning of 'senseless.' When you're young, you believe in answers. Did not understand why your sacrifice had to be made. Still don't I guess. I took a rubbing years ago from the traveling wall when it visited San Francisco, and sat on the pavement and cried. Rest well, Larry."

C.S. Bernard

(Tributes continued....)



**David Ray Karr, 25****SFC, A/4/503, 9/7/68**

9/7/16: "Dave is dearly missed by his three brothers and five sisters, and his widow and his son. Dave has three grand-children and great grandchildren who never had the opportunity to know him. He was such a lovely, fun loving gentleman who liked to sing and make all who knew him happy with his sense of humor. All relatives and friends who knew Dave smile with tears in their eyes when he is thought of. He volunteered for his second tour of duty; as a sergeant he felt a great duty to protect the young men under his care, just like they were his brothers. I miss my brother and cherish all those wonderful memories of him playing and working on our family homestead in Missouri. Rest in peace, sweet Davy, my brother. Love," **Karen**

**Edward Lester Lawton, 19****CPL, 173d LRRP, 9/27/68**

(75th Inf Plt CBT Tracker)

1/31/14: "Uncle Eddie, Thank you for being such a wonderful person during your life on Earth. I hear of how much our family loved you and want you to know that they love you and miss you just as much today as they did then. Their love for you is so great that I can't help but to love you too. I wish I could have met you and am proud to say that I followed in your footsteps to fight for our country. Your loving niece, Erika."

**E.D. Lawton****Norman William Le Bherz, 22****SPR, 1 FD SQN, 9/29/68**

"Sapper. He died in 24 Evacuation Hospital, Long Tan Phuoc Tuy, after falling from a moving truck which had swerved to avoid another vehicle on 13th September 1968. Buried Brisbane General Cemetery QLD."

**Nicholas Peter Lesando, Jr., 21****CPL, A/1/503, 9/26/68**

(Virtual Wall states C/1/503)

11/11/02: "So many people. So many of us in Warwick and Greenwood Lake remember you, Nicky. I hope you know how your name has stayed alive, and what you mean to those of us from 'that generation.'"

Unsigned**Gary Lee Lewis, 22****PVT, C/4/503, 9/13/68**

3/11/04: "I was 8 years old

when Gary was killed. I never knew what type of person he was, so I am here today to find those who knew him, and to keep his memory alive. I have found a few who remembered him from the war and from in AIT Training. I guess he was a great guy to be around and others could always count on him. Hoping to find some people who may have pictures of him. To all of you out there- THANK YOU!" **Cousin Tia** owlru2@hotmail.com

[On Page 21 see tribute to Gary by one of his buddies]**Charles Joseph L. Mason, 20****PVT, C/1/503, 9/27/68**

(Virtual Wall states PFC, C/4/503)

6/27/18: "On behalf of all the paratroopers who served with you in the 173rd Airborne Brigade (Separate) and all who followed, we offer our respect and remembrance of your ultimate sacrifice. May you never be forgotten and your family and friends take comfort in your valor in serving." **Mike Switzer**

**Neil Anthony McInerney, 19****PTE, 1RAR, 10/7/68**

"McInerney died of wounds, with complications from pneumonia, in 1 Australian Field Hospital on 7th October 1968. Two days earlier McInerney had been seriously wounded when a Claymore mine detonated in front of him in Bien Hoa. Buried Gundagai Cemetery NSW."



(Tributes continued....)





Lonzo Joseph Moran, Jr., 20
PFC, C/4/503, 9/13/68

7/16/07: "Lonnie, my dearest husband, this is to honor you. You gave the ultimate sacrifice for your country. When duty called you were there. You didn't complain. You are a true American hero. You have never been forgotten nor ever will ever be. I wish you could have known your daughter Kimberly Jo. I wish I could have seen you hold her in your arms. War robbed us of a lot of things. You died in your home-town buddy's arms - Randy Maples. It brings me comfort to know he was there for you, another American hero who made it home, thank God. Thanks to all the American heroes who fought and died for our country and for those who made it home - you all are true American heroes. From his wife,"

Janie Moran McCray



Michael James Noonan, 21
PTE, 4RAR, 9/13/68

"Gilgandra NSW. He was shot dead by VC snipers, along with another Australian infantry soldier, in an enemy contact on Friday 13th September 1968 in Phuoc Tuy. Buried Gilgandra Cemetery NSW."



Charles Edward Owens, 19
CPL, A/2/503, 9/17/68

9/17/02: "You'll always be remembered. Thanks for giving the ultimate sacrifice for this country. Vietnam may not have been our war but those who were dedicated to our country fought for the freedoms we so strongly believe in. You'll never be forgotten." **Dustin C. Minton**



**"Slip off that pack. Set it down by the crooked trail.
 Drop your steel pot alongside. Shed those
 magazine-laden bandoliers away from your
 sweat-soaked shirt. Lay that silent weapon down and
 step out of the heat. Feel the soothing cool breeze
 right down to your soul ... and rest forever in the shade
 of our love, brother."**

From your Nam-Band-Of-Brothers

Herman Parker, Jr., 18
PFC, D/3/319, 9/5/68

6/27/18: "My Brother. Herman was the hero of our family of two brothers and 3 sisters, before, during, and after the war. He is still our hero and to this day is never forgotten. I know I will never forget him!"
Claude Parker



Elias Johnson "Johnny" Paulk, 20
SSG, A/2/503, 9/19/68

6/11/08: "Shake and Bake, You trained me at Ft. Gordon Georgia for my infantry occupation. You were the Platoon Leader, and already preassigned to the 173rd Airborne Brigade, so were all your squad leaders, SGT. Thomas, SGT. Sablan. We almost all followed you over there to the 173rd after we went to jump school. You didn't make it home. I'll always remember you and the way you led us. Soft-spoken, firm, human. After all, you were about 6 foot 5 inches! I will miss you." **Dan Pomeroy**



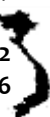
(Tributes continued....)



Photo of Lonnie with his bride, Karen, and it appears, their daughter Kimberly Jo.

Michael Muc, 21
PTE, 4RAR, 9/13/68

"Ukraine USSR. Muc died from gunshot wounds along with two members of his platoon on Friday 13th September 1968, in an enemy contact in a bunker, during Operation Hawkesbury on the western edge of VC territory in Thua Tich. Buried Rookwood Cemetery NSW."





5/29/17: "Gold Star Family members. This photo is a Gold Star Family member posing at His Brother's Flag, SSGT Johnnie Paulk. This is his Brother Wayne, a preacher and another family member." Steve Johnston



Timothy Michael Porter, 20

1LT, B/3/503, 10/24/68

5/30/16 "My name is Jeff Mazer, Lt Porter died in my arms, he was a hero, I would like to share my recollection of that day with any relatives still alive, I think about him all the time, he gave his life to save another paratrooper who had been badly wounded when the enemy mortally wounded Lt Porter. I held him knowing there was no way of saving him. God Bless Him." Jeff Mazer Bravo Co, 3rd Bn, 173d Abn Bde



SILVER STAR

Posthumous award for actions during the Vietnam War to

1LT Timothy Michael Porter

General Orders: Headquarters, I Field Force Vietnam,
General Orders No. 882 (December 2, 1968)
Action Date: October 24, 1968 Service: Army
Rank: First Lieutenant Company: Company B
Battalion: 3d Battalion (Airborne)
Regiment: 503d Infantry Regiment, 173d Inf Bde (Sep)

Citation:

The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress July 9, 1918 (amended by an act of July 25, 1963), takes pride in presenting the Silver Star (Posthumously) to First Lieutenant (Infantry) Timothy Michael Porter (ASN: 0-534xxxx), United States Army, for gallantry in action. First Lieutenant Porter distinguished himself by exceptionally gallant actions against an armed hostile force in the Republic of Vietnam on 24 October 1968, while serving as Second Platoon Leader of Company B, 3d Battalion (Airborne), 503d Infantry Regiment, 173d Airborne Brigade (Separate). On that day, the second platoon was the lead element with point and flank security, when at approximately 0830 hours, the left flank security man was seriously wounded by three North Vietnamese soldiers. Lieutenant Porter immediately deployed his platoon to the area of contact and informed the company commander and forward observer in order to initiate supporting fire. Exposing himself to the murderous hostile fire, Lieutenant Porter maneuvered his way to the wounded flank man. Disregarding a wound in the leg and under the covering fire of his platoon, he began to assist the wounded man back to his platoon's position. Protecting the wounded man with his own body, Lieutenant Porter received another wound in the back. Still protecting the wounded man, he reached his platoon's position where, upon arrival, he received another wound in the back. Although seriously wounded, he still managed to call his platoon sergeant forward, issue instructions on tactical deployment of the platoon and provide information concerning enemy strength and positions before he finally succumbed to his wounds. Lieutenant Porter's intrepid heroism at the cost of his own life, his inspiring leadership and concern for the welfare of his men were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit and the United States Army.



Philip Dallam Reeder, 19

PFC, C/1/503, 9/27/68

8/22/16: "You were one my closet friends. And I will always remember the good times we shared together. You will never be forgotten." Joseph



(Tributes continued....)



DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

Posthumously awarded to
REEDER, PHILIP DALLAM

Private First Class, U.S. Army
Company C, 1st Battalion (Airborne)
503rd Infantry Regiment, 173rd Airborne Brigade
Date of Action: 26 September 1968

Citation:

The Distinguished Service Cross is presented to Philip Dallam Reeder, Private First Class, U.S. Army, for extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations involving conflict with an armed hostile force in the Republic of Vietnam, while serving with Company C, 1st Battalion (Airmobile), 503d Infantry, 173d Airborne Brigade. Private Reeder distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous actions on 26 September 1968 while serving as an automatic rifleman with the 173d Airborne Brigade. His unit made contact and began receiving a heavy volume of automatic weapons fire from an estimated reinforced North Vietnamese Army company occupying well-fortified bunkers. As Private Reeder's squad deployed against the hostile positions, an enemy hand grenade landed among four of his comrades. With complete disregard for his safety, Private Reeder rushed through the withering hail of enemy fire toward it. As he dashed across the exposed area, he was wounded. Despite the injury he grasped the grenade and ran toward the hostile bunker in an attempt to hurl it back at the communist soldiers. As the grenade left his hand, it detonated, killing him instantly. His body shielded the men from the blast and shrapnel, saving them from injury or possible death. Private Reeder's extraordinary heroism and devotion to duty, at the cost of his life, were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army.



Ronnie Len Russell, 18
PFC, C/1/503, 10/28/68

5/13/14: "Ronnie, I remember you well when you were a vibrant teenager. I thought you were so cool! Even though I was very young when you joined the military, I remember how proud everyone was of you. I remember how handsome you looked in a photo at our grandmother's house. It was a black and white 8x10 photo, and you were wearing your uniform and paratrooper's gear. We were all so proud of you! I had no idea what the war was about or even what it meant. I remember when your Mom called my Dad to



tell him of the news of your death. I remember how devastating it was to our whole family. It was hard to imagine that you were actually gone. I was nearly 8 years old when you gave your life for our country. I love you, miss you, and thank you for your service to our country. You have not been forgotten. Your loving cousin," Cheri Dale



James Chester Schultz, 19
CPL, A/2/503, 9/19/68

"REMEMBERED. With great pride and honor I add the Paratrooper Graduation picture. Your parents were so proud of that picture, but your mom wished you would of smiled! I know your spirit still lives. You Live Through Me, I Live Because Of You! From his cousin," Judie Becker



BRONZE STAR MEDAL w/V DEVICE

"On October 23, 1968, Cpl Jimmy Schultz received a posthumous award of the Bronze Star Medal for heroism. The Citation states that on 19 September 1968 he "...was serving as a grenadier with the second platoon. The platoon was on an independent search and clear mission near the village of Hoi An. At approximately 1400 hours as the platoon moved across open rice paddies toward the village the platoon began to receive intense small arms and automatic weapons fire from three sides. Private Schultz was caught in the middle of a rice paddy. There were wounded comrades to his front. Someone passed the word back for the medic to come forward to aid the wounded. Private Schultz saw that the medics could not aid the wounded without possible danger to themselves. With complete disregard for his own personal safety, Private Schultz moved forward. From Private Schultz's exposed position and accurate fire on the enemy positions, the medic came forward to the wounded. As the fire fight continued Private Schultz was fatally wounded. Because of his devoted and unselfish act he gave his life to the cause that his wounded comrades might live. Private Schultz's personal bravery and devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the Military Service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit and the United States Army."

(Tributes continued....)



Keith Charles Shaw, 21**PTE, 4RAR, 10/8/68**

"Dartford England. Shaw was shot by a sniper during an enemy contact in Bien Hoa on 8th October 1968. Buried Karrakatta Cemetery WA."

**John Michael Slattery, 21****PTE, 1RAR, 10/8/68**

"Lockhart NSW. He was killed in an enemy contact 23kms north of Nui Dat, Bien Hoa, on 8th October 1968. Buried Wagga Wagga Cemetery NSW."

**Donald Matthew Stahl****CPL, RAE, 10/29/68**

(Other site states WO1)

"Granville NSW. Died at Dogura Papua New Guinea 29th October 1968. Buried Forest Lawn Cemetery Leppington NSW."

**Gregory William Stewart, 23****CPL, E/17th Cav, 10/9/68**

6/8/10: "We Remember. Greg is buried at Holy Hope Cemetery, Tucson, AZ. BSM PH." Robert Sage

**Michael Sukmanowsky, 21****PTE, 1 Aust RFT Unit**

"Delmenhorst Germany. He died when a claymore mine accidentally detonated on 21st September 1968, two weeks after arriving in Vietnam. Buried Centennial Park Cemetery SA."

**Ian James Thomson, 22****PTE, 3RAR, 10/19/68**

"Albury NSW. He died when fired on by an enemy RPG in a Phuoc Tuy rubber plantation on 19th October 1968. Buried Thirimere Cemetery NSW."

**John Richard Tinkham, 21****PTE, 4RAR, 10/20/68**

"Koo-Wee-Rup VIC. A signalman with Delta Coy. He was shot dead by VC troops on 20th October 1968 during Operation Capital, Buried Springvale Cemetery VIC."

**Michael James Tobey, 19****SGT, C/1/503, 9/26/68**

4/29/12: "I never knew Uncle Michael, I didn't have the privilege of knowing you, daddy spoke well of you, if not often. It made him sad to think of the brother he lost. Thank you for your sacrifice. I know Grammy is up there with you and as proud of you as ever." Cindy Tobey-Hunter

**Harry William Underwood, 19****PVT, B/4/503, 9/14/68**

12/4/04: "We Remember. Harry is buried at Jefferson Barracks Nat Cem." Robert Sage

**Paul Richard P. Van Rijsewijk, 21****L/CPL, 3RAR, 10/19/68**

"Surrey England. He was killed in action on 19th October 1968 in Phuoc Tuy. Buried Karrakatta Cemetery WA."



These heroes are dead. They died for liberty – they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless Place of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars – they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

— Robert G. Ingersoll aka "The Great Agnostic"

**George A. Vanderhoff, Jr., 19****CPL, C/1/503, 10/16/68**

03 Jul 2006: "My brother Butch was the light of my life and always a hero to me. He was a very special guy to all who knew him and a friend to all. Butch is one of the reasons my son has served in the military for 16 years. I am proud of my brother and my son. I send out a special prayer to all our boys young and old who uphold our country's freedoms. Thank you. From his sister," Susan Presciti



Silver Star

Awarded to Private First Class George A. Vanderhoff, Jr., for actions during the Vietnam War

Citation:

The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress July 9, 1918 (amended by an act of July 25, 1963), takes pride in presenting the Silver Star (Posthumously) to Private First Class George A. Vanderhoff, Jr. (ASN: RA-1176xxxx), United States Army, for gallantry in action. Private First Class Vanderhoff distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous actions against an armed hostile force in the Republic of Vietnam on 27 September 1968, while serving as an assistant machine gunner with Company C, 1st Battalion (Airborne, 503d Infantry Regiment, 173d Airborne Brigade (Separate). On this day Company C engaged a North Vietnamese Army battalion in fortified, concealed bunkers near Landing Zone UPLIFT. Upon the initial contact, the company began receiving a heavy volume of automatic weapons fire. Private Vanderhoff, seeing that an enemy machine gun bunker was placing highly effective fire on his platoon, began advancing toward it. Despite the intense fire and the fact that one man was killed and others were wounded in an attempt to destroy the position, he continued to advance toward the bunker. Reaching it, he threw two hand grenades, killing the two North Vietnamese Army soldiers inside. At this time he saw a second enemy bunker placing heavy automatic weapons fire on the company. He again advanced and destroyed it with a hand grenade, killing two more enemy soldiers, and began to retrieve the wounded. When the area became untenable, and the command was given to withdraw, Private Vanderhoff remained behind and laid down a heavy base of effective fire, contributing to the successful withdrawal to a defensive perimeter. Only when the entire company had effected withdrawal did he pull back. Private Vanderhoff's extraordinary heroism was in keeping with the highest traditions of military service and reflects great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army.



Virgil Junior Webb, 26
CPL, C/1/503, 9/27/68

9/18/17: "Dear grandfather. I never got to meet you but because of you I, myself, have been in the army and now my wife is active duty. You gave the ultimate sacrifice along with thousands and thousands of others. And I salute you for that. I love you and hope to meet you someday up in heaven. Love,"
Tyler Webb / your grandson



Richard William Welch, 18

PFC, B/4/503, 9/13/68

(Virtual Wall states E/4/503)

1/10/07: "Remembering Wild Bill.

From a friend," Rick Jakus



John Robin Wiest, 28

CPT, D/1/503, 10/12/68

6/13/12: "Remembrance. My father

John Robin Wiest. Killed in Viet Nam

October 1968." Bob Wiest



Final Mission of CPT John R. Wiest

CPT John R. Wiest was the commanding officer of D Company, 1st Battalion, 503rd Infantry, 173rd Airborne Brigade. On October 12, 1968, CPT Wiest was killed by sniper fire during a combat mission in Binh Dinh Province, RVN. The following is a personal account of the incident by Loyd Cooper:

We were airlifted to an area near Dak To that I was not familiar with, but as we flew in one of my compatriots, who was an old-timer, recognized it as Hill 975, next to the infamous Hill 875. Hill 875 was the scene of a tremendous battle in November 1967, engaged in by the 173rd Airborne Brigade almost a year earlier. It was not raining the day we arrived (October 12, 1968), as I recall a clear view of the hill, but the next day the weather was rainy, not because of seasonal monsoons, but rather due to a typhoon coming in from the South China Sea (Typhoon Hester). The helicopters put us down in an open spot near the base of the mountain. We deployed there and formed a perimeter. Then we marched up the hill. It took all day because the slopes were muddy. We received some sniper fire, as did the line-platoons ahead of us (I was in Weapons Platoon, a part of the Headquarters Platoon). Once on top, we set up the 81mm mortar, dug the mortar pit, established the HQ bunker and the ammo bunker, and set out the aiming stakes. CPT Wiest was spotted by NVA snipers, who spied the array of radios and their antennae. I believe he had arrived on top of the hill, then taken a patrol out to pinpoint the snipers. They got him first. CPT Wiest's body was retrieved and brought up to our perimeter atop the hill. He was laid within the inner perimeter within the HQ Platoon, wrapped in a poncho. He lay there for 5 days because of the weather and tree cover which made extraction impossible notwithstanding several helicopter pilots' brave attempts....

(Tributes continued....)



....In addition to these dangers, enemy sniper-fire rendered such missions impossible. After 5 days under siege with no resupply, our new CO decided that we should hump (walk) down off the mountain despite the threat of snipers. Those closest to CPT Wiest insisted on carrying his body. They slipped and slid down the steep slopes, struggling under his weight. Snipers shot unsuccessfully at us as we returned fire in their direction. We arrived at the foot of Hill 975 on October 17th late in the day. I remember a hot meal was brought out in Mermite insulated food containers. Our mail was there too, plus a chaplain and cold sodas. CPT Wiest was loaded into a dust-off helicopter and taken back to LZ Uplift.

[Taken from coffeldatabase.org and information provided by Loyd Cooper (October 2017)]

**Archibald Stanley Williams, 21
PTE, 1RAR, 9/21/68**

"Subiaco WA. He was killed by an enemy sniper at Bien Hoa, on 21st September 1968, Buried Karrakatta Cemetery WA."



 **Steven Andrew Winters, "Doc" 20
CPL, A/4/503, 9/7/68**

(Virtual Wall states HHC/4/503)
2/27/25: *"We Remember. Steven is buried at Ft Gibson Nat Cem."*



Robert Sage

**Richard Glen Wolff, 20
SP4, B/1/503, 9/24/68**

(Virtual Wall states D/1/503)
10/18/04 *"Older Friend. I will remember Rich, for being a friend of my cousin. Who was fun loving individual who was afraid of Spiders. He always was around my aunt & uncles house. It was like having another cousin, who looked after me (Mark) he had accompanied me to the dentist on numerous occasions, just to meet airline hostesses. They lived in the entire building. This is an individual who did not have to go into service, but he did. Served his country well. God bless Rich. I will never forget you."* **Mark Gamba**



Sources:

173d List of KIA
The Virtual Wall
Wall of Faces
Australian & New Zealand KIA Lists



BONDED IN BATTLE

About three months after I came home from the war in Vietnam my unit, the 173d Airborne Brigade, experienced an incredible day of fighting. It was a battle about 40 miles southeast of Saigon on June 29, 1966. This particular segment of time came like a flash but will live forever in the memories of many young paratroopers of Alpha Company, 2/503d Infantry Battalion, 173d Airborne Brigade.

It was also a special time that went down in the annals of American history as Sergeant Charlie Morris was decorated with the prestigious Medal of Honor for his actions that went beyond the call of duty. Sgt. Morris bravely continued to lead his men in the fight even though he was severely wounded—some reports have him as being hit as many as thirty-three different times. Morris, also a Korean War veteran, lived through it all to serve his country until he retired from the U. S. Army years later.

Over the past few months I have had the honor to developmentally edit a new book titled, *"Bonded in Battle"* written by the company commander of Alpha Company, Captain Jack Kelley. (It will be live on [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) this summer). As I immersed myself in reading and working with all the different accounts by the survivors of this intense engagement, I became more amazed than ever of what impacting and traumatic experiences can do to meld people together.

These were young men from every walk of life that had never known one another until they arrived in Vietnam, but after this harrowing 24-hour period of life and death they became closer than most blood relatives will ever be. To this day they gather yearly to embrace one another, and share the memories of living through it all.

In his work, *King Henry 5th*, William Shakespeare sums up their calling and remembrance like this:

***"For He Who Today Sheds His Blood with Me Will Be
My Brother. We Few, We Happy Few,
We Band of Brothers"***

Many people wonder why veterans gravitate to one another...even if they're strangers. It has everything to do with having faced the teeth of a tiger and realizing how much we depended on each another in order to not get eaten. It is a special bond of trust that we veterans recognize and hold dear until the end, because we have seen first-hand how much we really do rely on one another—even now and until the show is over.

Don't forget your buddy.

Sky Soldier Chuck Dean



~ 2/503d Sky Soldier of the Year 2018 ~

(Vietnam Era)

George E. Dexter, Col., Abn Inf (Ret)

Battalion Commander, 2d Bn, 503d Inf. Regt., 173d Abn Bde (Sep) '64-'66

It is an honor to recognize Colonel George E. Dexter, Abn. Inf. (Ret), our former Battalion Commander of the 2/503d, 1964-1966, as Sky Soldier of the Year 2018.

Colonel Dexter, a graduate of West Point Military Academy, is credited with conducting the rigorous combat training of paratroopers of our battalion on Okinawa and throughout the Pacific region in preparation for the unit's deployment to Vietnam in May of 1965. The Colonel's commitment to excellence ensured his men were the best trained, best equipped and best led unit they could possibly be when they undertook their combat mission during the war.

Not only did the Colonel train his Sky Soldiers, he led them on the ground during combat operations -- something many of his peers during the war neglected to do. His men not only respected him, but trusted him and his tactical decisions. On February 26, 1966, during Operation Phoenix, Colonel Dexter was severely wounded by enemy fire in the left leg and arm, nearly costing him his life. In spite of his wounds and close to losing consciousness, while being Dusted Off to a medical facility, he radioed his Executive Officer, (then) Major Bob Carmichael, (LTC Ret) with orders to take command of the battalion during that operation and to 'carry on'. George was evacuated to the United States where he spent 2½ months at Beaumont Army Hospital in El Paso TX, where he underwent five operations and spent a year in physical therapy, but was able to return to jump status 2½ years after being wounded. The Colonel typifies what an *airborne trooper* is meant to be.

In August '66, he and his family moved to Carlisle Barracks, PA where he attended the Army War College. From there he was assigned the following summer to the Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon.

In the summer of 1967, he returned for another tour of duty in Vietnam. After four months in Can Tho in the Delta, he was assigned to MACV Headquarters in Saigon where he served out the rest of his tour working with the South Vietnamese developing a pacification program for their use after the Americans departed.

In the summer of '69 George and his family moved to the Panama Canal Zone where he commanded the 8th Special Forces Group for two years.



His last tour of duty before retirement was with the ROTC Program at the University of Texas at Austin.

The Colonel retired in 1975, and moved with his family to Albuquerque NM. There, he built his own solar adobe home in the foothills northeast of town, doing most of the adobe brick-laying, carpentry, plumbing and electrical work himself. During this time he did a lot of volunteer work, primarily as a docent with the Anthropology Museum at the University of New Mexico and with the St Vincent de Paul Society, a Catholic charitable

organization.

In 2004, he and his late wife, Katy, sold their house and moved into a local retirement home. Katy died there in May 2011 of complications from Parkinson Disease. He misses her dearly.

Over the years since the war and his service to country, Colonel Dexter has been the first to step up with assistance, financial and otherwise, to the men of his battalion and their families. The Colonel epitomizes what military leadership is meant to be, and is most deserving of this special recognition and gratitude by the men of his beloved 2/503d.



Our Commander, fourth from right in light slacks, with his men of the 2/503d at 173d reunion in Ft. Worth, TX.

All the Way, Sir!





INCOMING!



~ Further About 'Awards Not Awarded' ~

Backstory: One of our Aussie good buddies, Jason Neville, from down under has for some time been outspoken about his unit, the RAR's 105 Field Battery Artillery, having not been named in the Presidential Unit Citation in connection with Operation Silver City in March '66, when all other or most other units participating in the operation and the battle at LZ Zulu Zulu, were so named. (See **INCOMING**, Issue 81, Page 10). This editor generally agrees with Jason, including his latest call for earned recognition for his unit and men. Regarding the subject, the following email exchanges occurred. **Ed**

Personally and on behalf of the members of Chapter 23, I wish to advise that the comments made and published in your newsletter (Issue 81) by Jason Neville are not endorsed or acceptable by the members of Chapter 23 or any other members of the Association down-under. Jason's comments are totally out of line and will be addressed by the Chapter and the 105 Fd Bty Association.

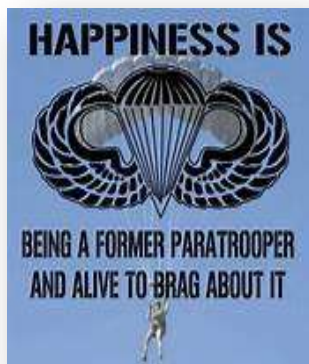
Please publish our apology in your next edition as we wish to ensure that it is understood by your readers that we are totally offended by Jason's comments. Respectfully yours

Ray Payne OAM, President – Chapter 23

Hi Ray: Wasn't my intent to start a brouhaha by including Jason's note. Personally, and as one of the survivors of Silver City and the fight at LZ Zulu Zulu, I think he has a legitimate complaint about his unit not being named in the PUC for that action as were most all other units on that Op. That said, the balance of his message sounded more tongue-in-cheek to me.

As you request, I'll include your note here in our next issue. Be well brother. ATW

Smitty



~ A Buddy of Ken Knudson KIA 3/16/66 ~

It's amazing that I'm sitting here with a picture and name rub of Ken's name from the Wall. The Moving Wall was in Ventura, Ca. last week and I took my daughter to see it. It was very emotional for both of us.

I went there to get Ken's name and also Doug Kern who was killed on Nov. 16, 1966. I was behind Doug and was also hit.

The three of us had been through Basic, AIT and jump school together and ironically ended up with the 173rd A/2/503 3rd Platoon together. Amazing when I saw this from his sister (tribute to Ken, Issue 81, Page 22,). Kind of shook my heart a little.

If you wish, give Connie my email address if she would like it. I've communicated a couple of times with some of Doug's family but lost their contact information somewhere. Take care buddy, Airborne.

**Larry Sword
A/2/503**

Note: We gave Connie Larry's email address. In 2005, Bill Vose and Gus Vendetti of A/2/503 and I returned to Vietnam and humped into the "D" Zone jungle to find LZ Zulu Zulu, site of the 16 Mar 66 battle when our battalion was surrounded and at risk of being overrun by enemy forces estimated at three times our size. It was there Ken "Max" Knudson was killed in action. Gus shared this story about Ken. **Ed**

"Second Platoon had one KIA on Silver City. A tall blond young man named Knudson, a farm boy from the heartland, as I recall. Several days earlier he had found an ancient wooden plow and asked if he could have it – he wanted to display it at the Country Fair when he got home. I told him it was fine with me, but I didn't know how he would get it to an LZ and then back to Camp Zinn. He said he would carry it until we got to our next LZ, and that he did. Through 8 clicks of jungle he carried that 80 pound wooden plow, in addition to all his other gear, and then convinced a chopper pilot to drop it off at Camp Zinn. Ken Knudson never got to send the plow home."

Gus Vendetti, A/2/503 (The Battle at Bau San)



Saco, MT, November 4, 1944

(**INCOMING!** continued....)



~ Looking for a Buddy ~

Trooper **Kelley Shoemaker** served with 173d PIO under LT Jeffery McKay. I need a letter from McKay for Shoemaker's case. Anybody know where to find McKay?

Please email me at luapyelp@centurylink.net
Thanks!

Paul Epley
173d PIO RVN

(Paul was often with the 2/503d in the boonies. Ed)

~ One Of A Kind ~

SFC Leo Kryske was my 3rd Platoon Sergeant in C/2/503 when he was killed by a sniper while holding a hot plate of chow, near a bunker at the south end of Fire Base Corregidor about 9 clicks southwest of Landing Zone English....in Binh Dinh Province. I cannot confirm that we killed the sniper.

An Army Ranger, former captain of the Golden Knights, SFC Leo Kryske was proud of his stateside patches....he had 4,856 parachute jumps and at one point held the record for the most jumps in a 24-hour period. As he told it -- one jump every 8-plus minutes using four riggers, three aircraft, three pilots, and jumping at 350 feet.

SFC Leo Kryske was one of a kind.

Gary "Cap" Prisk, Col. (Ret)
CO C/D/2/503



~ Jesse Smith, KIA Dak To, Photo Found ~



This photo was sent in by Sky Soldier buddy Andy Roy, C/4/503, of his friend Jesse Smith, C/4/503, KIA on Hill 875 at Dak To on November 21, 1967, and was forwarded to Jack Tarr 4/503 and Ken Smith 2/503, for their inclusion on *The Wall of Faces*. Andy says the trooper in the background is "Smitty". In his cover note, Andy stated,

"I saw your request for photos of troopers KIA in Vietnam that have no current photos on your website. Enclosed please find the last photo of PFC Jesse Smith, 2nd Plt., C Company, 4th Battalion, 503rd Parachute Infantry Regt., 173rd Abn. Bde. The photo isn't real good, but I lost all others when I was hit on Hill 875. He was KIA at Dak To, on Hill 875 on Nov. 21, 1967. He was my close buddy. Married with an infant daughter he never saw. God Bless him."*

Thanks Andy, ATW brother!

*Andy would be referring to *The Wall of Faces* or the *Virtual Wall* as our newsletter has no website of its own. Ed



Farewell to 2/503 Bravo Bull

John Edwin Stevens

Nov. 1, 1950 - Feb. 5, 2018



John passed away on Feb. 5, 2018 surrounded by his family. John was born on November 1, 1950 to Bobby Gene & Patricia "Pat" Ann (Davis) Stevens at Ft. Riley, KS.

John's first love was his family. He loved spending the holidays with his family and friends. He loved to dance and tell jokes. In his spare time John, KB6DAV, talked on his ham radios, locally and worldwide; he truly enjoyed writing computer programs to make complex things seem simple. During the last 7 years he was on dialysis he grew a special bond with his nurse and staff at DaVita Hanford at Home.

John attended schools in Garden Grove, CA, Lakewood, CA and Mt. Whitney High School, Visalia, CA where he excelled in track.

John was very proud to have served his Country in the U.S. Army, having gone to boot camp and jump school at Ft. Benning, GA, John served with the 173rd Airborne Brigade in B/2/503rd from 1969-1970 in Vietnam.

After his discharge from the U.S. Army, John worked as a garbage collector and Postman for the City of Exeter, CA from there he worked in electronics then began computer programming where he worked for Exxon Oil, Getty Oil and Contadina Foods on various computerized equipment. He then opened his own business' Print and T-Shirt House in Hanford, CA, then he worked for Star Stenographic printing. He retired from Kaweah Delta Hospital as a computer programmer in 1995.

John is survived by his wife Karen of 27 years, children Bobby (Josie) Stevens, Laura (daughter-in-law Tori) Vermillion and Justin (Caitlynn) Vermillion all of Visalia, CA; Brother Thomas (Kyla) Stevens of Ceres, CA and one Aunt Sherry Shaner of AZ; 9 grandchildren and many nieces, nephews and cousins John was preceded

in death by his parents Bob and Pat Stevens, his brothers; Robert Stevens 1952-2009, Tulare County, CA, James Stevens 1960-1987, Persian Gulf aboard the USS Stark FFG-31 and Daniel Stevens 1963-2015, Fresno County, CA. A Memorial was held on March 10th at Mooney Grove Park Arbor #13.

In lieu of flowers please make a donation to help your local veterans.

[Submitted by John's bride, Karen]

Rest easy with the warriors, brother.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings, nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;

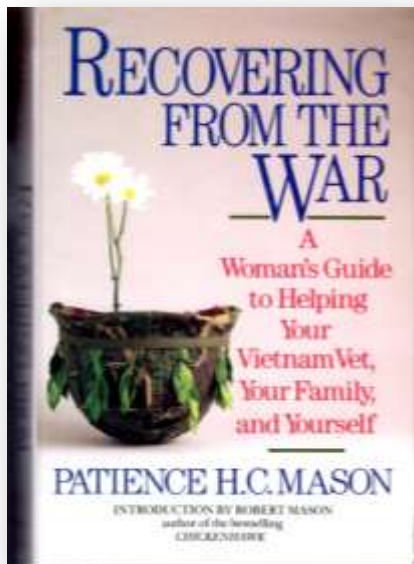
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And, which is more, you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling



For Spouses of Combat Vets, Combat Vets, Their Families & Friends...

A book about PTSD



The three main sections of this book deal with Vietnam itself (Part One. Vietnam: What It Was), the problems that naturally arise out of such experiences (Part Two. The Aftereffects), and what we can and cannot do about them (Part Three. Help Yourself).

The first part of this book is about Vietnam because that is the experience that changed our men.

Maybe you want to learn more about Vietnam. Maybe you don't. Maybe you're just desperate for help. Living with a Vietnam vet who is having problems can make you desperate. I know; I've lived with one for twenty-some years.

What I offer in Part One is a broad range of personal stories to give you an idea of what it was like over there. I've tried to give an idea of the varied experiences and different points of view vets have. My coverage is by no means complete. My original idea was to detail the dangers of *all* jobs by year and service. After I went down to the army recruiter to try to get a list of all the army's jobs, I gave that idea up. The army's book of jobs was four inches thick. Then there were the marines, navy, and air force.

What I hope you will get out of the stories I tell is that there is no "just" in Vietnam, as in "just a truck driver," or "just an artilleryman," or "just a clerk," because as was said in *Gardens of Stone*, the movie about a Vietnam era burial detail at Arlington National Cemetery, "There is no front line in Vietnam."

If you have to deal with a Vietnam veteran – son or father, husband or lover, or friend – one of the problems he may face is the incredible ignorance of the rest of the population about what went on in Vietnam. One vet whose tour made *Platoon* look like a cakewalk returned to a mother who asked him what kind of girls he got to date in Vietnam. Another veteran of a dangerous, bloody tour was still angry that his mother wouldn't send him booze in Vietnam because "it was bad for him."

The exercises you'll find in Part One are meant to help with comprehension, not comparison, a point I can't emphasize too strongly. Don't compare anyone's experiences to your vet's. Even yours. It will only make him think you don't understand, especially if you say, "I got over it. Why can't you?" Never, never, never say that.

In Part Two you will read about the problems that naturally arise out of being in combat or in a combat zone. They are normal, your vet is normal, and the difficulty you may have coping with him is normal, too. Some of the stuff vets do seems deliberately designed to hurt us, but that is often the last thing on their minds.

In Part Three you can read about where to get help and how to help yourself.

In the back of the book there is a list of Suggested Further Reading, and Some Further Sources of Help.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that because your vet had a hard time in Vietnam and now has a hard time doing things that you need him to do, you should let him off the hook. But if you can see in yourself how hard it is to change, then you can support his efforts, however imperfect. He needs your support and respect, but he probably can't ask for them.

Men.

Later on, when you read about what he went through in Vietnam and do some of the exercises to understand, you may find yourself crying in corners and vowing that his buddies may have died on him in Vietnam, the brass may have tried to waste his life, the country may have turned its collective back on him, but you will never desert him. He needs you. Whether he can say it or not, whether he can act like it or not, he needs you.

Patience H. Mason
Author

[The book is available on Amazon. I'm sure Patience would be the first to acknowledge her writings are not gender specific. Ed]



For Vets with PTSD, therapeutic group outings may pave the way back into communal life

Out and about

Posted on Wednesday, July 11, 2018

Posted in Research by Mitch Mirkin

Confronting such public situations—in a safe, gradual manner—is part of prolonged exposure therapy. It's one of the gold-standard psychotherapies VA offers Veterans with PTSD, whether from combat, sexual assaults, or other traumas.

However, the therapy is usually individual. Having Veterans go on group outings with peers who are coping with similar fears is relatively untrodden terrain. Clinician-researchers at the Baltimore VA Medical Center believe the group approach may pose unique advantages for some patients. The team just published an evaluation of the model.

Their report, in the *Journal of Traumatic Stress*, is based on results from 43 Veterans, mostly male and African American. It concludes that “*in vivo exposure*

group therapy” shows promise for those resistant to more conventional forms of PTSD treatment.

The Baltimore VA psychologists who designed the program modeled it on traditional prolonged exposure therapy. They call it Get Back in Life (GBL).

Dr. Melissa Barone says a typical sentiment expressed by Veterans in GBL is: “*I would never have done this on my own, but going with the group helped me to get over the hardest part.*”



Drs. Erin Romero (left) and Melissa Barone are seen near a bus stop that was one of several starting points for Veterans going on group outings, with a therapist, as part of exposure therapy for PTSD. (Photo by Mitch Mirkin)

Crowded buses and trains. Elevators packed tight like sardine cans. Noisy, hectic eateries and malls.

For many people, even without a clinical disorder, these can be sweat-inducing, stomach-churning experiences. Throw PTSD into the mix and the anxiety can become overwhelming. Panic can ensue. The ordeal can be intimidating enough to keep some people at home.



Author

Mitch Mirkin is the senior writer and editor for VA's Office of Research and Development. He joined VA in 2000 and previously worked as publications manager for a large geriatric center and as managing editor of a community newspaper. Mitch holds a master's in mass media arts and journalism from Clarion

University of Pennsylvania.

Read more about *Get Back in Life* at:

www.research.va.gov/currents/0718-therapeutic-group-outings-may-pave-the-way-back-into-communal-life.cfm



"Project 100,000"

AKA McNamara's 100,000

AKA Moron Corps



Project 100,000 was a 1960s program by the United States Department of Defense (DoD) to recruit soldiers who would previously have been below military mental or medical standards. Project 100,000 was initiated by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara in October 1966 to meet the escalating manpower requirements during American involvement in the Vietnam War and ended in December 1971.

Secretary of Defense
Robert S. McNamara,
former CEO Ford Motor Co.



Background

At various times in its history, the United States military has recruited people who measured below specific mental and medical standards. Those who scored in certain lower percentiles of mental aptitude tests were admitted into service during World War II, though this experience eventually led to a legal floor of IQ 80 to enlist. Another instance occurred in the 1980s due to a misnormed Armed Services Vocational Aptitude Battery.

"Intelligence Quotient: An intelligence quotient (IQ) is a total score derived from one of several standardized tests designed to assess human intelligence. The abbreviation "IQ" was coined by the psychologist William Stern for the German term Intelligenzquotient, his term for a scoring method for intelligence tests he advocated in a 1912 book.

Project

Promoted as a response to President Lyndon B. Johnson's War on Poverty by giving training and opportunity to the uneducated and poor, the recruited men were classified as "New Standards Men" (or, informally and pejoratively, as the "Moron Corps"). They had scored in Category IV of the Armed Forces Qualification Test, which placed them in the 10-30 percentile range. The number of soldiers reportedly recruited through the program varies, from more than 320,000 to 354,000, which included both voluntary enlistees and draftees (54% and 46%, respectively).

Entrance requirements were loosened, but all the Project 100,000 men were sent through normal training programs with other recruits, and performance standards thus were the same for everyone.

Project 100,000 soldiers included those unable to speak English, of low mental aptitude, with minor physical impairments, as well as those who were slightly overweight or underweight, among other categories. They also included a special category—a control group of normal soldiers. Each of the different categories was identified in their official personnel records with a large red letter stamped on the first page of their enlistment contract. Human resources offices had to prepare reports on them, to be submitted monthly to the Department of the Army. The monthly reports did not include the identity of the soldiers.

Aftermath

While the project was promoted as a response to President Lyndon Johnson's War on Poverty, it has been an object of criticism. Regarding the consequences of the program, a 1989 study sponsored by the DoD concluded:

Comparisons between Project 100,000 participants and their nonveteran peers showed that, in terms of employment status, educational achievement, and income, nonveterans appeared better off. Veterans were more likely to be unemployed and to have a significantly lower level of education. Income differences ranged from \$5,000 [to] \$7,000, in favor of nonveterans. Veterans were more likely to have been divorced.

(continued....)



A 1995 review of McNamara's book *In Retrospect: The Tragedy and Lessons of Vietnam* in the *Washington Monthly* severely criticized the project, writing that "the program offered a one-way ticket to Vietnam, where these men fought and died in disproportionate numbers...the men of the 'Moron Corps' provided the necessary cannon fodder to help evade the political horror of dropping student deferments or calling up the reserves, which were sanctuaries for the lily-white."

Project 100,000 was highlighted in a 2006 op-ed in *The New York Times* in which former Wesleyan assistant professor and then Tufts assistant professor Kelly M. Greenhill, writing in the context of a contemporary recruitment shortfall, concluded that, "Project 100,000 was a failed experiment. It proved to be a distraction for the military and of little benefit to the men it was created to help." For the reason that veterans from the project fared worse in civilian life than their nonveteran peers, Greenhill hypothesized it might be related to the psychological consequences of combat or unpreparedness for the post-military transition.

[Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Project_100,000]
(Photos added)



Peter Sellers in *Dr. Strangelove Or How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love the Bomb* (1964).

A Trooper's Wish to Live Forever

I met a magical fairy yesterday who granted me one wish.

"I wish to live forever," I said.

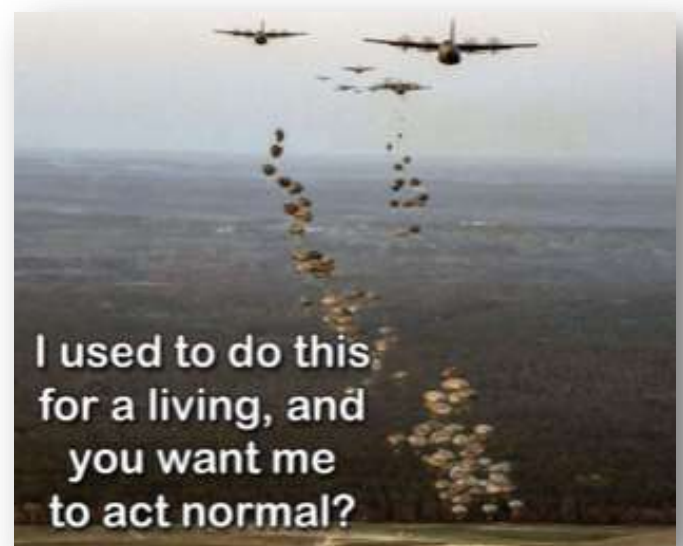
"Sorry," said the fairy, *"I'm not allowed to grant that particular wish."*

"Fine," I said, *"then I want to die the day after Congress is filled with honest, hard-working, bipartisan men and women who act only in the people's best interests!"*

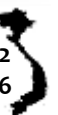
"You crafty bastard," replied the fairy.



[Thanks to the keen eye of a Sky Soldier of the 2/503 kind]



Sent in by a Chargin' Charlie.



A Buddy's Tribute to His Buddy

**Pete Fontaine, as told to Teri Allen, our cousin
5/29/17 - by Janet Lewis**

I was looking in my *Sky Soldier* magazine for news of the Herd in Iraq and saw your mention of Gary Lee Lewis. I served with Gary in C Co 4th Battalion in the same platoon (about 30 guys). Gary was a squad leader's RTO (radio operator) and I was the platoon leader's RTO. Gary's job was to carry the radio for his squad and to keep communications between his squad and the rest of the company's units. An RTO performs all of the duties of the other grunts and carries a 25 lb PRC 25 radio. The RTO job was a tough job given to someone who could handle that load in the heat and could think and talk under fire.

Because our jobs required that we were generally in two different spots, (sometimes though not more than a few feet away) and because I had not been in Charlie Co very long I did not have a close personal relationship with Gary, but I worked and talked with him every day.

Gary was the best of the best. He took the worst that the jungles of Vietnam could offer and never backed off an inch. He never complained about anything and was always willing to pull more than his share of the load. He was quick to help out his buddies and he was fearless. Now you might think I'm saying this just to be nice but I'm not. As much as I'd like to be able to say everyone exhibited these qualities, they did not always, but you could count on "Lewis" to do his job and part of someone else's.

In September of '68 we had been sent to the Ban Me Thout area because the NVA had over-run the place and it was crawling with the best troops the north had to offer. We were conducting search and destroy operations and had been having regular contact with the enemy. The night before Gary was killed he volunteered for a very dangerous night patrol, something we never did, like I say the guy was fearless.

On September 13 our platoon was at the head of the company column and Gary's squad was in front (we rotated day to day). Sgt Hustead's three man team was pulling point as usual. We were in very dense triple canopy jungle moving parallel to a major trail, and our



Gary

forward visibility was probably 15 feet average. For some reason we had been given a LOH (light Army helicopter) with a pilot and a mini-gun gunner to move ahead of us at a little above tree top level. The LOH was shot down by a large caliber machine gun (51 caliber Russian I believe).

As we moved quickly to secure the helicopter we walked into an L shaped ambush with the 51 cal machinegun as the main gun. Our whole platoon was caught in the kill zone. The firefight was incredibly intense, there was nowhere to go. Gary was killed instantly.

Our platoon suffered about 10 wounded and 2 other KIAs that day. Sgt. Terrance Hustead another incredibly brave man who always volunteered for point and was the best at it died after being evacuated. He had less than two weeks left to go in country. I had ridden out to the field in a chopper with Lonzo Moran the other KIA just before Sept 13. I was coming back from R&R and he had just returned from a trip to the states to get married. He was going to be a new father. They are on the wall together Hustead, Lewis, and Moran. (diagonally)

Thirty five years after surviving Sept 13th I am still in the process of realizing the sacrifice these men and their families made. On that day the air was full of bullets. Six inches one way or the other and I'm on the wall. Yet I've gone on to meet the girl of my dreams, have two lovely daughters and really live a wonderful life. The better life is to me the more I understand how much these men gave.

You should be extremely proud of Gary as I said he was the best of the best.

Sincerely,
Pete Fontaine

Source: The Wall of Faces



(web image)



VA Partnership with National Cancer Institute Will Boost Veteran Access to Clinical Trials

WASHINGTON, July 10, 2018 -- Today the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) announced that it has formed a partnership with the National Cancer Institute (NCI) which will provide more access to the latest treatment options for VA patients with cancer.

"Strategic partnerships, such as this one with the National Cancer Institute, allow VA to leverage the strengths of both organizations to the benefit of all stakeholders, especially our Veterans," said VA's Acting Secretary Peter O'Rourke. *"By increasing enrollment in these trials, VA and Veterans will contribute to important cancer research — this will not only help our Veterans, but also advance cancer care for all Americans and people around the world."*

The NCI and VA Interagency Group to Accelerate Trials Enrollment, also known as NAVIGATE, is launching at 12 VA sites: Atlanta, Georgia; Bronx, New York; Charleston, South Carolina; Denver, Colorado; Durham, North Carolina; Hines, Illinois; Long Beach, California; Minneapolis, Minnesota; Palo Alto, California; Portland, Oregon; San Antonio, Texas; and West Haven, Connecticut. Boston, Massachusetts, will also serve as a coordinating center for the effort.

NAVIGATE will build infrastructure at VA sites to enable more Veterans to take part in cutting-edge clinical trials sponsored by NCI. Such trials typically test innovative experimental treatments, such as precision-medicine therapies based on patients' genetic profiles, or immunotherapies that harness patients' own immune systems to bring about cures.

The NAVIGATE network will also establish best practices and share insights to help other VA Medical Centers nationwide enroll more Veterans in cancer clinical trials. Special attention is being given to minority patients, who often have less access to new treatments and are not as well represented in clinical trials in the U.S.

While VA has a robust research program — including clinical trials on cancer and other diseases — at more than 100 sites nationwide, VA facilities often face challenges initiating and completing trials, including ones conducted through the NCI National Clinical Trials Network. Local VA research staff, for example, may lack adequate support to handle certain regulatory and administrative tasks involved in these studies.

NAVIGATE will help remove those barriers. NAVIGATE will also seek to enroll Veterans in trials

sponsored by NCI's Community Oncology Research Program, which focuses on cancer prevention and symptom management.

VA's involvement in NAVIGATE is being managed through the Cooperative Studies Program (CSP) part of VA's Office of Research and Development. CSP has a long history of running impactful clinical trials focused on Veterans' health needs.

To learn more about CSP and VA Research, visit
www.research.va.gov

~ Airborne! Air Force Style ~



Airmen jump from an HC-130J Combat King II during static-line jump proficiency training at Moody Air Force Base, Ga., March 30, 2018. The airmen are assigned to the 820th Base Defense Group.

(Air Force photo by Staff Sgt. Ryan Callaghan)

Damn! You mean we coulda joined the AF and lived on pretty, manicured bases near the ocean with fully-stocked Exchanges, movie theaters showing the latest flicks, bowling alleys, state-of-the-art gyms, restaurants with hot meals, bars serving real liquor, neat golf courses, very little saluting, no spit shining, no starch, no Brasso, no expensive boots, no shaved heads, no dropping for 20's, no KP, and seldom being shot at? But then again, we wanted to be real paratroopers!!! hee hee



First Lieutenant Francisco Mantua: Silver Star, Second Award For extraordinary heroism in Tuy Hoa, Vietnam, March 4, 1968

D/16th Armor Vets:

On May 25, 2018 in Las Cruces, NM, former 1LT Frank Mantua was awarded the Silver Star by Congressman Steve Pearce at the Las Cruces Vietnam Veterans Memorial.

On this Memorial Day, I will highlight what Frank himself said at the ceremony as captured in the article. In typical Frank fashion, he chose to remember our dead from the 4 March battle rather than dwell on himself.

From the Article: Mantua, of Company D, 16th Armor, 173rd Airborne Brigade, served as a platoon leader during the battle of Tuy Hoa, and received his honors at the Vietnam War Memorial.

On March 4, 1968, he helped the company defeat two enemy battalions in an all-day affair that saved several key American and South Vietnamese installations from being overrun. He was wounded, but led his platoon in three separate assaults and provided cover fire. Mantua also led a few volunteers in a daring attack with small arms and hand grenades. He continued to lead his platoon until the company commander ordered him to evacuate because of his wounds.



**1LT Frank Mantua
Phu Hiep Vietnam**

On Friday, Mantua, accompanied by family, accepted his medals and thanked members of his platoon who lost their lives in combat.

"I wouldn't be standing here if it wasn't for them," he said. "They sleep forever young, but they do not dream. So it is up to us, in our lifetimes, to memorialize them by living out their dreams, to be the best sons and brothers we can be, to be the best husbands and fathers you can be, and best citizens you can possibly be. This is what we owe them."

Congressman Pearce read Frank's Silver Star citation.

Respectfully,
Dave Curtin

The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress, 9 July 1918 (amended by act of 25 July 1963), has awarded the **SILVER STAR** to

FIRST LIEUTENANT FRANCISCO M. MANTUA
COMPANY D, 16TH ARMOR, 173D AIRBORNE BRIGADE

For Gallantry in Action: while serving as a Platoon Leader during the battle of Tuy Hoa, Republic of Vietnam on 4 March 1968. On that day First Lieutenant Mantua's heroism and leadership were critical as Company D smashed two enemy battalions in an all-day battle that saved several key American and South Vietnamese installations from being overrun. Although wounded, he led his platoon in three separate assaults, pressing the attacks despite friendly losses, killing numerous enemy soldiers, rescuing the wounded, coordinating artillery and air support, and orchestrating the resupply of needed munitions. Numerous times he provided supporting fire while company elements made important tactical adjustments under withering enemy fire. During the assault on the strongest enemy bunker line, First Lieutenant Mantua led a few volunteers in a daring attack with small arms and hand grenades. He continued to lead his platoon until the Company Commander ordered him to accept evacuation for his wounds after the company was no longer engaged. First Lieutenant Mantua's extraordinary bravery is in keeping with the finest traditions of military heroism and reflects great credit upon him, the 173d Airborne Brigade, and the United States Army.



Source: www.d16armor173rd.org/1st-lt-frank-mantua-second-silver-star.html

From the men of the 2/503d, congratulations to our brother Frank of D16th! *All The Way, Sir!*



Operation Donate with Honor: Federal Trade Commission, states cracking down on fraudulent Veteran charities



Posted in Honoring Vets by Gary Hicks

Operation Donate with Honor, a federal-state education and enforcement initiative to combat fraudulent and deceptive charitable solicitations claiming to help Veterans and military was launched today by the Federal Trade Commission.

In addition to taking legal action in all 50 states, the District of Columbia, American Samoa, Guam and Puerto Rico, the initiative includes an education campaign to help consumers recognize charitable solicitation fraud and identify legitimate charities.

"Not only do fraudulent charities steal money from patriotic Americans, they also discourage contributors from donating to real Veterans' charities," said Peter O'Rourke, VA's acting secretary. *"The FTC's Operation Donate With Honor campaign will help educate citizens on how to identify organizations that misrepresent themselves as legitimate Veterans' charities, and those who, by contrast, truly help our nation's heroes. I commend the FTC and its state partners for taking strong action on this important issue."*

Today's announcement by the FTC includes more than 90 actions against charities and fundraisers that lied about helping Veterans or military service members or otherwise broke the law.

To learn more about how to donate wisely and make your contributions count, visit the FTC's charity webpage www.consumer.ftc.gov/features/how-donate-wisely-and-avoid-charity-scams

Source:

www.blogs.va.gov/VAntage/50586/operation-donate-honor-federal-trade-commission-states-cracking-fraudulent-veteran-charities/

Gary Hicks is a public affairs specialist and serves as the senior writer in the Office of Public and Intergovernmental Affairs. He is a former managing editor of a daily newspaper and served in both the Army and Air Force prior to joining VA in 2006. Gary's wife is an Air Force Senior NCO stationed at Joint Base Andrews in MD.



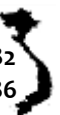
Sent in by a 3/503 Sky Soldier LTC, VN era, with a keen eye for the truth. **ATW Sir!**



Green Bay Packers legend Brett Favre has lots of numbers from his football career – 6,000 completed passes for 70,000 yards and 500 touchdowns. But one lesser known number may have prevented him from playing at all. He broke a vertebra and lost 3 feet of intestines after a car accident before his senior year of college.

But Favre, a pro football Hall of Fame quarterback, told a crowd at the **38th National Veterans Wheelchair Games** that nothing he's experienced can compare to the adversity faced by the 657 people on hand for this year's event.

Favre was a special guest speaker at the opening ceremonies before an exhibition basketball game between paralyzed Veterans and celebrity players. He also checked out a wheelchair rugby clinic during his visit.



'MYSTERIOUS WAYS'

Verne White



Seeing that I couldn't make it to the reunion, let me tell you a few interesting stories. Pretend you have a beer in your hand when you read this.

A whole bunch of us troopers arrived in or near Lae, New Guinea probably late Oct. or early Nov. of '44. We were replacements, yet to be assigned to units in the South Pacific theater. We spent most of our time drilling, exercising, and helping out at the various supply depots around there.

The Army works in mysterious ways. One was that they made the mistake of putting a bunch of us in a warehouse that had canned foods in it. We would move cases of these from one location to another. At the end of the day they (the supply guys) would put us back on the 6 X 6 trucks to return to the replacement depot. Some smart NCO decided he'd better shake us down and had us off-loaded before the trucks took off. They found a whole lot of canned food stashed on the truck so they gave us a cursory body check and got us back on the trucks. *"Wait a minute,"* someone said, *"you didn't check very closely. Get them off again!"*

Well sure enough they found some more cans of food on the trucks. Another shake down and then off we went back to our area -- where we all enjoyed canned fruit for another day or so.

Just before Thanksgiving a few of the guys were called out to help distribute Turkeys to the company kitchens. Mistake. Our platoon got a turkey, of course, which we roasted over a fire in back of the tent area. Hardest part was to get the butter to melt for basting. But it was a good turkey spit and roasted just right.



Verne during Basic training

We were issued on a somewhat regular basis, stateside beer. Top Hat I think was the brand. Naturally, it was warm; what else could you expect in the summer tropic heat. So we would get a few bottles together and use the fire extinguisher foam and cold to "freeze" them up a little. Had some difficulty in finding full extinguishers after a while.



Finally, we were issued arms and ammunition. A difficulty came up when someone realized it was also beer night. Unfortunately someone took a tommy gun to the camp commanders tent. He shot it up in a Z shape. Good thing the commander wasn't in there at the time.

About 11:00 P.M. we all had to fall out into the street (?) in whatever. There was some rain so a couple of guys had on rain ponchos but most of us were in our skivvies. Some had boots on but a lot were barefooted. The C.O. made a stern speech asking for the guilty guy to step up or for someone to say who did it. Naturally, that went over about like he expected.

The company was divided into two groups. One group was told to march around a planned course in one direction and the other in the opposite one. When they came together they could turn around and march back. We started out like nice soldiers but we had trooper officers so after a hundred or so yards we all began to run, in the rain, dressed in whatever. It turned out to be about a 5 miler, but we didn't care, the straight legged commandant wasn't a trooper and we sure knew that the punishment was no big deal to us.

Anyway, that's pretty much the story of the replacement depot in late '44.

Freshen that beer?

Verne White

[Reprinted courtesy of Paul Whitman, 503rd PRCT Heritage Battalion website]



Photo Correction ~ Mea Culpa

Soon after the release of Issue 81 the correction below was emailed to all recipients of our newsletter along with a copy of the photo shown here. Thanks to many of our buddies and other readers for their positive and understanding feedback. Ed

To Sky Soldiers & Friends of Sky Soldiers:

In Issue 81 of our *2/503d Vietnam Newsletter* the photo below appears on the cover, and on Page 75 in connection with a short story I wrote of a 173d trooper carrying a child while escorting a mother from a village during evacuation of that village. I was 100% certain the Sp4 in the photo was me, but he is not. The story, aside from claims of that being me in the photo, remains true and accurate.



Sky Soldier Sp4 Craig carries child and escorts mother during village evacuation, 1966. (web photo)

The circumstances behind the photo, the stature of the trooper carrying the child, his rank, the year, the mother holding onto the trooper on his left side while weeping as the soldier appears to comfort her, even the size of letters on the name tag seemed correct altho unreadable....all are identical to my own experience during our evacuation of a village. My daughter-in-law was able to have the name tag enlarged and it reads "Craig" and not "Smith".

While I am saddened the picture is not what I believed it to be, I am even more disappointed in myself for claiming the photo to be of me and then wrongly publishing it as such. I extend my deepest apologies to trooper Craig, wherever he may be, and to everyone who relies on our newsletter to always attempt to present the truth and facts.

This correction and apology along with the photo will appear in our next newsletter, with sincere and deep regret for my terrible mistake.

Lew "Smitty" Smith, HHC/2/503, '65/'66
Editor, 2/503d Vietnam Newsletter

Following are a few of the notes we received from fellow troopers after sending out the correction:

Village Evacuation Photo Brought Back Memories



2/503d 4-Deuce troopers, L-R Bob Schultz and Don Rice with village kids, circa '65/'66. (Photo from Don's collection)

[See more about Don and his buddy Bob Schultz on Page 54]

No problem regarding the photo.....stuff happens. It was just great to see a photographic image of Sky Soldiers performing honorably, regardless of who they were. Thank you for the time and effort that you have put into the newsletter for all of these years.

That photo brought back memories of a similar experience that I had way back on January 11, 1966, in the Iron Triangle (Operations Marauder & Crimp), some 35 miles northwest of Saigon (as I recall). You may have been involved in that operation as Major Carmichael's RTO.

I volunteered to go into the village that we had surrounded (the name of the village I do not recall) along with Lt Dan Buttolph my platoon leader (or he may have been Capt. Buttolph our company commander by then). During our "hooch to hooch" clearance of that large village with an extensive tunnel system beneath it I found a Vietnamese woman with two small children hiding in what I would describe as a "root cellar" next to a large "hooch". The root cellar was covered by two thatched roof doors covering the cellar which were attached at a slanted 45 degree angle over the "root cellar".

When I opened and threw back one of the two doors covering the cellar I saw this frightened woman with two small children hiding there. The children were a boy and a girl — as I recall their ages were about 4 and 5 years....

(continued....)



....The mother and her two children were all very frightened and vocal and crying uncontrollably. Our mission in clearing the village was to take anyone we found down to a certain clearing or assembly area in the village so they could be extracted by helicopter.

The mother and her two children were so frightened and crying that I was unable to communicate with them and get them to leave their place of refuge. I finally removed my Alice pack and located two chocolate bars that I had stashed there for my enjoyment while in the field. I removed the wrappings from the chocolate bars and repeatedly offered up pieces to the two children and their mother. I motioned for them to eat the chocolate by doing so myself with a small piece of one of the bars. After 5 minutes or so of nibbling on the pieces of the chocolate bars all of them stopped crying and just looked at me with wide eyes.

I motioned for them to leave the root cellar and they did, whereupon I gently and kindly escorted them down to the assembly area. Later during that era we were labeled as "baby killers". Unfortunately, no photographer was onsite during my experience to document how honorable we all were as Sky Soldiers. ATW,

Don Rice
HHC/2/503, '65/'66

[See more about Operation Crimp on Page 32]

Truth in Fiction

I imagine you found it jarring to discover that this wasn't you in the photo. The eerie feeling that you and Craig shared a nearly identical moment will do for now.

Sometime around 1995 I found the journal I kept while I was in Vietnam. To show for the 17 months I spent in country, I had only 67 pages of writing, most of it at the level you would expect of a nineteen y/o kid who was, essentially, just out of high school. Anyhow, I'd not read the journal since I put it in a B-4 bag when I left Vietnam.

Rather than grisly images of war (that I knew I'd not put in there), I was unwilling to look at the stupid kid that wrote them, who served with tab-Rangers and others, all men of valor, not to mention possessed of skills civilians can't even imagine. The usual proficiency with weapons, and basic unit tactics aside, these skills



Mark Carter
LRRP Extraordinaire

had more to do with learning how to hump, what to hump with, and what to hump without. And how to just keep on.

I could do my job. After my first team was reorganized I no longer carried the PRC-25 and all its goodies, because Larry Jones decided he wanted me to be his point man, and that's what I did the rest of my time. If you think about it, I spent most of my days in the jungles never seeing most of my team, just whoever was my slackman, and of course, dark shadows in the early evening as we deployed our little circle jerk when we set up for the night, when it gets darker than anywhere else in the world and you use your ears to find the boogiemens you imagine are slipping up on you in the dark.

So when I got done with all this I went to be a super REMF in Japan, where soldiers were just people like me, whereas In Vietnam, I was a kid in a soldier suit. And thirty years later I didn't really want to look in my journal to remind myself what a fuckup I'd been. When I finally read it, I was surprised by several things. One thing was that quite a few of the things I remembered happening to me were revealed by my journal to have happened to somebody else. The other thing was that I wasn't quite the fuckup I remembered. I was trusted. I cannot express in words what that means.

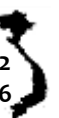
If you filter out the stuff you never tell war stories about at the reunions, you find nuggets and gems, those things you usually don't try to compose a readable essay about. Mostly you don't bring them into focus until something turns your thoughts that way, and an image, a string of words, a line in a song, snaps you back there, in stereo, with all the smells, bells and whistles.

Hang in there my friend. When we all are gone nothing will remain except our legends and a few mementos scattered about the nation. When the last of us has died, he will have taken with him the remaining souls of his dead brothers and all those whom we touched—friend and foe. We'll finally be gone, and vignettes such as the one you and Trooper Craig have shared, will be relegated to generally unread captions on photos of a war that will make even less sense in the future than it did when we made it live.

Mark Carter
173d LRRP & E17th Cav

Thanks to Mark for allowing us to share his always thoughtful and candid remarks. Ed

(continued....)



From A Chargin' Charlie

(Known to fight ladders)

Not sure about your time, but for my last 10 months uniforms were changed about once a month. They were hauled out to us in a sling under a slick and dropped in the CP. We would just grab a shirt and pair of pants we thought would fit and used them. Not once did I wear one with my own name on it. Could this be the situation with your photo?



Good buddy Roger

Please do not beat yourself up over this, and I specifically request that you publish my email along with any explanation you intend to submit in the future.

Roger Dick
C/2/503, '67/'68
###

Stand in the Door!!!!!!

Company A 2/503 Mini Reunion

September 19-22, 2019

Tucson, AZ

HOTEL ... DoubleTree Reid Park

PRICE ... \$96.00 +tax daily

RESERVATIONS ... Call Toll free number at 1-800- 222-8733, or call Rebecca Crane directly Mon - Fri at (520) 323-5219. If she is not in, just leave a message for her and she will call you back.

USE authentication... 173rd AIRBORNE BRIGADE

Go! .. Go! .. Go!

Reunion contact:
Terry "Woody" Davis
A 2/503, '66-'67
(270) 792-8306

Clem Green was "A" Company 2/503d Company Commander Capt. Jack Kelley's term used to describe the average, everyday, mythical, hardworking and downtrodden paratrooper infantryman who bore the brunt of every battle and the mistakes of leadership, and served as an example of what to do and what not to do by all. A sign posted near the entrance to "A" Company at the 2/503d's Camp Zinn, proudly announced to all visitors: "Welcome to Alpha Company – Home of Clem Green".



Did you know injuries or medical conditions from service can make it difficult or even impossible for you to obtain private life insurance?

VA offers life insurance programs that do not look at service-connected disabilities, or in some cases any disabilities, depending on the program and when you apply. But there are limited eligibility windows. Don't miss your chance to enroll!

Learn about these critical application deadlines during the Facebook Live event on August 16 at 1 p.m. EDT. Join representatives from VA and Blue Star Families as they discuss eligibility requirements as well as how and when to apply.

Discover resources and have your questions answered in the comments section following the video. This event is part of the **"#ExploreVA: From Service to Success"** online series highlighting how Veterans and their families use VA benefits and services. These benefits help Veterans earn degrees, start careers, buy homes, stay healthy and more.

Visit [Explore.VA.gov](https://www.explore.va.gov) for information on events, resources and how to apply for VA benefits.

Explore VA today.



Aptitude Test for Retired Paratroopers

This test is to ascertain your mental state now. If you get one right you are doing ok, if you get none right you better go for counselling.

There are 4 questions. Don't miss one.

Giraffe Test

1. How do you put a giraffe into a refrigerator?

Stop and think about it and decide on your answer before you read further.

The correct answer is: Open the refrigerator, put in the giraffe, and close the door. This question tests whether you tend to do simple things in an overly complicated way.



Elephant Test

2. How do you put an elephant into a refrigerator?

Did you say, Open the refrigerator, put in the elephant, and close the refrigerator door?

Wrong Answer.

Correct Answer: Open the refrigerator, take out the giraffe, put in the elephant and close the door. This tests your ability to think through the repercussions of your previous actions.



Lion Test

3. The Lion King is hosting an Animal Conference. All the animals attend Except one. Which animal does not attend?

Correct Answer : The Elephant. The elephant is in the refrigerator. You just put him in there. This tests your memory.

Okay, even if you did not answer the first three questions correctly, you still have one more chance to show your true abilities.



Crocodile Test

4. There is a river you must cross but it is used by crocodiles, and you do not have a boat, how do you manage it?

Correct Answer: You jump into the river and swim across. Haven't you been listening? All the crocodiles are attending the Animal Conference. This tests whether you learn quickly from your mistakes.



According to the administers of the test, around 90% of the Retirees they tested got all questions wrong (most were Marines), but many pre-schoolers got several correct answers. The administers say this conclusively proves the theory that most Retired Paratroopers do not have the brains of a four-year-old, I mean, they jump out of planes and shit!

Thanks to Ed Perkins, HHC/A/2/503, for sharing this mind-bender with us (some editing plus images added). Oh, the editor of your newsletter got exactly **zero** correct – which may further explain why he never got his third stripe. Ed
###

A Poem

Received this poem from an 85 year old Korean War Veteran. Thought this might be true for some. Enjoy.
I'm Fine.

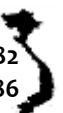
John "Top" Searcy, HHC/2/503

"I'm Fine"

There's Nothing Whatever The Matter With Me
I'm Just As Healthy As I Can Be
I Have Arthritis In Both My Knees
And When I Talk, I Speak With A Wheeze
My Pulse Is Weak And My Blood Is Thin
But, I'm Awfully Well For The Shape That I'm In
I Think My Liver Is Out Of Whack
And I Have A Terrible Pain In My Back
My Hearing Is Poor And My Eyes Are Dim
Most Everything Seems Out Of Trim
The Way I Stagger Is A Crime
I'm Likely To Fall Most Any Time
But, All Things Considered, I'm Feeling Fine
Arch Supports For Both My Feet
Or I Wouldn't Be Able To Walk Down The Street
My Fingers Are Ugly, Stiff In The Joints
My Fingernails Are Impossible To Keep In Points
Complexion Is Bad Due To Dry Skin
But I'm Awfully Glad For The Shape I'm In
My Teeth Are Out, I'm Restless At Night
And In The Morning, I'm An Awful Sight
Memory's Failing, Heads In A Spin
I'm Practically Living on Aspirin
But I'm Awfully Glad For The Shape I'm In
Now The Moral Is, As The Tale Unfolds
Because As Veterans We Never Grow Old
It's Better To Say "I'm Fine" With A Grin
Than To Tell Everyone The Shape That We're In.

Author Unknown

Chairborne....All The Way!



LEG LT COMPLETES 173D JUMP SCHOOL ON OKI THEN OFF WITH SF TO VN AS AN AIRBORNE TROOPER

In 1964, I volunteered for Special Forces, a branch immaterial assignment. No other MSC (Medical Service Corps) had ever volunteered for SF, but being an outdoors guy from Texas that loved to shoot, I thought it would be a fit. They sent me to several schools as prep and, due to the build-up in Vietnam for SF, sent me directly to the 1st Special Forces Group on Okinawa.

Since I was assigned to the Group, I wore the SF patch with, of course, the Airborne rocker over the "Arrowhead". The first jump school that came up after my arrival was one run by the 173d and I was assigned as a student. You can well imagine the fun that the instructors had with a leg lieutenant, MSC, with a tab on his shoulder that said "Airborne"! I bet I did twice as many pushups, knee bends and reps of the various training devices as anyone else!

During the training, COL Kelly (1st Gp CO) and CSM Dunaway, came down to check on my progress and to make sure that I was still alive, I guess. In the Mock Door photo, you can see them in the background, COL Kelly with the sun glasses and CSM Dunaway with the swagger stick. I stuck it out, though, and on my final and qualifying jump,



LTC Dawson, Deputy CDR of the 1st SFGA, came out on the drop zone and pinned on my wings! All the 173rd instructors came

over as well and congratulated me and said they *"had done their damndest to try to make me quit and that they were really proud that I had made it."*

I've always felt close the 173d, because those guys had a big hand in preparing me for a 30 year career in Special Forces and the Army. I later went to HALO and SCUBA school on Okinawa and finished up my "on the job training" in Vietnam. Proud to have served with the 173d, even for a short time.

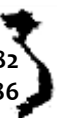
John Erskine, Col, Abn, (Ret)
1st/5th SF



LTC Dawson pins wings on the new airborne trooper.



"1st Lt John F. Erskine is the first commissioned airborne qualified Sanitary Engineer in the history of the US Army. He received this unique distinction upon completion of jump school in January 1965."



Florida Bridge Named in Honor of Former CO 3/503 & 173d Airborne Brigade Deputy Commander RVN MG John R.D. Cleland, Abn Inf (Ret)

On July 20, 2018, *Florida Today* newspaper reported, "On an average day, 33,120 vehicles drive the Pineda Causeway Extension between U.S. 1 and Wickham Road (in Melbourne, Florida), Space Coast Transportation Planning Organization records show. The bridge will be named for retired Maj. General John Cleland, a decorated Army veteran who served in World War II, Korea and Vietnam. A member of the U.S. Army Infantry Hall of Fame and Florida Veterans Hall of Fame, the Viera resident died last October at age 92."



Major General John R. D. Cleland retired from the United States Army in 1980, after thirty-seven years of active service. He enlisted at the age of seventeen and, after service as an enlisted man, was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant of Infantry from the Infantry Officer Candidate School.

He has commanded all levels of Infantry units from the Rifle Squad to the Mechanized Infantry Division. He fought as a Parachute Infantry unit commander in WWII, Korea and Vietnam. He has been a commander, staff officer, service school instructor, State Department Officer, overseas Military Advisory Group Chief and Director of US Army Security Assistance during his military service. General Cleland served on the Army General staff and the Joint Staff during peace and war. He spent thirteen years overseas, six years of which were in a combat theater.

General Cleland was a Master Parachutist and was awarded the Combat Infantry Badge in three wars. His decorations include the Distinguished Service Medal with oak leaf cluster, the Silver Star Medal, the Defense Superior Service Medal, the Legion of Merit with three oak leaf clusters and the Purple Heart Medal with oak leaf cluster.

General Cleland was a member of the US Army Infantry Hall of Fame and served as the Honorary Colonel of his Korean War Regiment.

General Cleland achieved a Bachelor of General Education degree from Omaha University and a Master of Science degree in Foreign Relations from George Washington University. He also graduated from the US Army War College. He completed the Harvard University Program for Senior Managers in Government and was a member of Phi Alpha Theta, the National Honor Society in History.

Upon retiring from the US Army, General Cleland worked as a Defense Analyst and a consultant to private industry for twenty years. He was a resident of Melbourne, Florida. General Cleland was active in the civilian community, serving on the boards of a number of national and local institutions. He also served as Commodore of the Eau Gallie Yacht Club and Senior Warden of Holy Apostles Episcopal Church.

General Cleland was married to the former Clara Webster Kehoe of Bealeton, Virginia. They first met during the Korean War when the then Captain Cleland was wounded and evacuated to the 1st Mobile Army Surgical Hospital (M.A.S.H.) in Chechon, Korea, where 1st Lieutenant Clara Kehoe was the Receiving Ward Nurse. They met again eight months later when Lieutenant Kehoe was assigned to Ward 1 at Walter Reed Army Hospital where Captain Cleland was a patient.



Formerly the Pineda Causeway Extension now the MG John R.D. Cleland Memorial Bridge in Florida, leading across the Indian River from Melbourne to Patrick AFB.
(web photo)



About Operation Crimp.....



2/503 troopers load choppers near Bao Trai for Operations Marauder and Crimp on 2 January '66.

(From Bn CO Col. George Dexter's photo collection)

SAIGON NERVE CENTER?

Seized Viet Cong Files Promise Revelations

By Richard Critchfield
Asia Correspondent of *The Star*

THE EVENING STAR

Washington D.C., Wednesday, January 12, 1966

HO BO FOREST, South Viet Nam – In one of the year's biggest intelligence hauls, a joint American-Australian operation has captured what may be the files of the secret Viet Cong political and military headquarters for metropolitan Saigon and its suburbs.

Royal Australian Infantry battalion working with the U.S. 173rd Airborne Brigade found a huge cache of documents while searching the vast network of underground caves and tunnels in the Ho Bo Forest, 20 miles northwest of Saigon.

American officers said here at a forward command post today it was now believed, on the basis of the several thousand documents, that a nearby village seized by the Australians after fierce resistance had been the headquarters of the Viet Cong's Saigon-Cholon special zone.

The headquarters has long been known to be somewhere in the wild forest and abandoned rubber plantations of western Binh Dong Province.

For years it has functioned as a clandestine rival regime to the government in six or seven provinces around Saigon.

Seizure of its records could strike a Crippling blow to the Communists' political nerve center near Saigon.

The center controls terrorism and Subversion in Saigon and administers the countryside.

Source:

173d SCRAPBOOK, through 15 January 66

Note: Those of us who were on that operation referred to the region as the "Ho Bo Woods". **Ed**



"Landing Op Crimp, Ho Bo Woods". (George Dexter photo)



"Captured weapons at Cu Chi, Op Crimp."
(George Dexter photo)



Adrian Joseph Cronauer Passes Way at 79

(September 8, 1938 – July 18, 2018)



Adrian Cronauer was a United States Air Force sergeant and radio personality whose experiences as an innovative disc jockey on American Forces Network during the Vietnam War inspired the 1987 film *Good Morning, Vietnam*.

Background in radio

Cronauer was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He began his broadcasting career at the age of 12 as a guest for a Pittsburgh-area children's amateur hour. He attended the University of Pittsburgh, where he helped found the forerunner of the university's college radio station WPTS.

Military service

Cronauer chose to enlist instead of waiting on the draft in the early 1960s. After deliberating about entering flight training (which entailed a longer service commitment), Cronauer chose broadcasting and media operations, ultimately becoming an Air Force Radio and Television Broadcasting Specialist. His service spanned the years from 1963 to 1967. He eventually rose to the rank of sergeant. While Cronauer is most known for his service in Vietnam, he was previously stationed at Iraklion Air Station, Crete, Greece.

In the late 1970s, Cronauer had an idea for a television sitcom that would be a blend of *M*A*S*H* and *WKRP in Cincinnati*, two popular TV series of that era. It was not until some years later that he was able to elicit interest in the proposal which became the film *Good Morning, Vietnam*. The movie was based on his experiences as a Saigon-based DJ during the Vietnam War, where he served from 1965 to 1966. His program was known as the *Dawn Buster*. According to Cronauer, other than the film's portrayal of him being a radio host, very little of the film reflects his experiences, except the bombing of a restaurant which Cronauer witnessed from nearby.

A subsequent special program on National Public Radio about the role of the American Forces Vietnam Network (AFVN-military radio and television) earned Cronauer a 1992 Ohio State Award and two 1991 Gold Medals from the New York Radio Festival.

Personal life and death

Cronauer attended the University of Pittsburgh where he led a group that founded the school's first student radio station, now WPTS-FM. His subsequent media work included being the classical morning host at WVWR in Roanoke, Virginia (now Virginia Tech's WVTF), during which time he created the proposal that would culminate in *Good Morning, Vietnam*.

He earned a master's degree in Media Studies from the New School for Social Research in New York City and a Juris Doctor degree from the University of Pennsylvania. Cronauer's law practice concentrated in information and communications law. Cronauer consented to disbarment in the District of Columbia in October 2014 for reportedly misleading consumers through misrepresentations and deceptive and fraudulent loan modification and foreclosure prevention practices. Later he worked as a special assistant to the director of the Defense Prisoner of War/Missing Personnel Office.

Cronauer was a member of Mensa and a "lifelong card-carrying Republican", having taken an "active role" in both Bob Dole's 1996 unsuccessful presidential campaign and George W. Bush's 2004 successful presidential reelection campaign.

Cronauer died on July 18, 2018, at his home in Western Virginia at the age of 79.

Source:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Adrian_Cronauer

"Gooooood morning Vietnam!"



2/503d **VIETNAM** Newsletter / Sept.-Oct. 2018 – Issue 82

Page 33 of 86



Excerpt...lest we forget.

Then The Whole World Went To War

"...Alongside the viciousness of much of German politics in the Weimar years was an incongruous innocence: few people could imagine the worst possibilities."



Casual strolls along der Strasse in Berlin were common...



....while nightlife in the capital city was simply fantastische.

A civilized nation could not possibly vote for Hitler, some had thought. When he became chancellor nonetheless, millions expected his time in office to be short and ineffectual. Germany was a notoriously law-abiding as well as cultured land. How could a German government systematically brutalize its own people? German Jews were highly assimilated and patriotic. Many refused to leave their homeland, even as things got worse and worse.



Herr Hitler becomes Chancellor of Germany, 1933.

'I am German and am waiting for the Germans to come back; they have gone to ground somewhere,' Victor Klemperer wrote in his diary – he was the son of a rabbi and a veteran of the First World War who chose to stay, and miraculously survived.



"One People, One Reich, One Führer."

Few Germans in 1933 could imagine Treblinka or Auschwitz, the mass shootings of Babi Yar or the death marches of the last months of the Second World War.



Shoes

It is hard to blame them for not foreseeing the unthinkable. Yet their innocence failed them, and they were catastrophically wrong about their future. We who come later have one advantage over them: we have their example before us."

(Excerpt from *The Death of Democracy: Hitler's Rise to Power and the Downfall of the Weimar Republic* by Benjamin Carter Hett, sent in by the sister of a 335th Cowboy chopper jockey. Web photos & captions added).





MISSOURI 2018 KANSAS CITY

★ 119TH VFW NATIONAL CONVENTION ★

Commander In Chief Donald Trump's Remarks at the VFW's National Convention in Kansas City, MO

July 24, 2018

Thank you, Lee. Thank you, Lee. Thank you. And thank you also to Commander Harman. We're grateful for your service, for your leadership, and this incredible organization. That's what it is — it's incredible.

I'm honored to be here today in Kansas City, Missouri, to pay tribute to the men and women who make freedom possible. Kansas City. And what a special place. What a special group of people. The Veterans of Foreign Wars, you people should be very proud of yourselves.

I want to personally thank each and every one of you who has served our country in uniform, defended our nation in battle, and protected our great American flag. Thank you.

I also want to recognize a great Kansas City legend, who I met today at the plane — somebody that I've been a fan of for a long time; a member of the Baseball Hall of Fame — George Brett of the Kansas City Royals. Where's George? He's around here someplace. I said, "George, how many years?" "Twenty." "What was your batting average?" ".305." I said, that's pretty good — .305 for 20 years. Special guy.

I want to thank a true patriot, your executive director, Bob Wallace, along with your outstanding National Auxiliary President, Dee Guillory. Thank you.

And congratulations to VFW's incoming leadership, BJ Lawrence and Sandy Kreebull. Where are they? Great. Great. Congratulations.

We're also joined by our brand new VA Secretary, Robert Wilkie — he's going to be fantastic — who was just confirmed by the Senate last night with an overwhelming vote. The only ones, actually, that voted against him were all of the people, super-lefts, that are running against me in two and a half years.

Every one of them. If you want to know who's running, just take a look at Wilkie's score, because every single one of them — there will be probably quite a few more — but in the Senate, that was it. But what a great vote. And he's going to do a fantastic job. There's been nothing more important to me. Thank you. Thank you.

I also want to thank our Acting VA Secretary, Peter O'Rourke, for doing such a fantastic job in the meantime, holding down the fort until Wilkie got approved. And Peter is going to be joining the whole team, and they are doing numbers, and they are doing a job, with Choice and with all of the other things that we've gotten approved. They're doing some job for our vets. It was a very important commitment that I made to you during the campaign, and we're fulfilling that commitment.

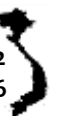
Several terrific members of Congress are here today as well. Great friends of mine; they've helped me so much. We're joined by Kevin Yoder from Kansas. Incredible guy. Kevin? Kevin Yoder. What an incredible guy. And members of Missouri's congressional delegation: Vicky Hartzler, Billy Long, Jason Smith, along with your state's Attorney General. Hopefully — we need him so badly — hopefully, your new senator-to-be, Josh Hawley. We need Josh badly. Josh, thank you. In fact, Josh, do me a favor. Come up here just for a second. Just shake my hand. This guy is a special man. Come here, Josh. Come here.

HAWLEY: Well, it's an incredible honor to be here today. Thanks to all of you for your service and what you mean to this country. But how about the leadership of President Donald Trump? What do you think?

You know, when I think about President Trump, there's one word that comes to mind. That word is "courage." Do you agree? How many people over the years have said that they'll do this, or they'll do that?

But there's one guy who had the guts to actually fulfill his promises, the guts to move our embassy to Jerusalem, the guts to actually stand up against our

(continued....)



enemies overseas, the guts to put conservatives on the Supreme Court of the United States — and that's Donald Trump.

You know, the President always says — the President always says we're at a turning-point moment as a country; it's a critical time for our country. And he's providing the leadership that this country needs as we lead the world into this new century. And now I tell you what: I think he needs reinforcements in Washington, D.C. Do you agree with that?

So let's do this — let's show our appreciation again for President Trump and the leadership that he is giving to this country. And let's redouble our efforts and recommit ourselves to standing together, working hard, and making America great again.

THE PRESIDENT: Wow. Goodbye, folks. That was great. What a great young man.

Before going any further, I want to take this moment to send our prayers to the victims of the tragic boat accident that took place in your great state last week. And I have to tell you, the whole world was watching that. We lost 17 beautiful souls, including 9 members of one family, and babies for whom life was just beginning. Their lives were cut short, but they and their loved ones will never, ever be forgotten. A tragedy. We will hold their memory close to our hearts.

I want to thank your Governor, Mike Parson — a friend of mine, a great person — for his leadership during this terrible tragedy, along with the Coast Guard and all of the first responders who were incredible. Thank you very much. Thank you.

Next year will mark the 120th anniversary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the oldest major veterans organization in our country. That's pretty good, right? For more than a century, the VFW has represented American heroes who promoted American values. And they did so with honor. You are the universal symbol of the patriotic pride that beats loudly in every single American heart.

We don't apologize for America anymore. We stand up for America. We stand up for the patriots who defend America. And we stand up for our National Anthem.

We're putting America first again, and we are seeing the incredible results. We're destroying the blood-thirsty killers known as ISIS — almost gone. We're calling the threat by its real name, a name that wasn't mentioned for a long time. It's called radical Islamic terrorism. That's what it is. You have to know your enemy before you can defeat your enemy.

Earlier this year, I recognized the true capital of Israel — as Josh said — Jerusalem, where we just opened the American Embassy. They thought it would never be

named. And after it was named, they thought it would never get built. And I built it within four months. How about that one? You know that story. Four months. They came to my office; they had a document to be signed. One billion dollars for the embassy. I said, "\$1 billion?" They didn't have a site; they didn't know anything.

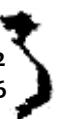
And our great Ambassador to Israel called — David Friedman, who's a very successful lawyer in New York City; one of the most — and he said, "You know, we can do it a lot faster. We have a great site. We have a building already on the site. We could renovate the building quickly, and we could open the embassy, if you'd like to do that, sir." And I said, "How much would it cost?" He said, "\$150,000." I said, "What? What?" He said, "I think we can do it in four months."

So we're talking about \$1 billion, maybe in 20 years, maybe never. Probably never happens, right? We know what goes on. He starts out, "I'd rather build ships or I'd rather build something else," if we can save the money. We can save that money; let's use it wisely. So I said, "David, let's not do 150, let's do, like, how about \$400,000? And make it nicer." And it's beautiful. It just opened, and it is beautiful. So, we're many years ahead of schedule. And I understand, frankly, every President, for the last many Presidents, have said, "We're going to open our embassy in Jerusalem." And then they never did it. They all failed. They never did it. And I understand why.

Because when it came time, and when people were hearing rumors about it, I was inundated from calls of every leader from all over the world, imploring me, even demanding that we not do it, to a point where I never took their calls. I called them back after I did it. You know, it's one of those jobs — "let me call them back." I was getting calls from kings and presidents and dictators. I was getting a call from everyone. And when I knew what it was about, I'd say, "Tell them I'll call them next week." Then I called them and I said, "Oh, I didn't know you felt that way. Well, it's too late."

But I understand why they didn't do it, because there was tremendous pressure. We did it. We're proud of it. It's there. Enjoy it. And, by the way, the biggest fan may very well be the evangelicals. They wanted that built. They wanted that there. So we're very — we're very proud of it.

(continued....)



We've removed unnecessary restraints on our warfighters in Afghanistan. Those who risk their life and limb for our country, they deserve rules of engagement that give them the best opportunity to finally defeat the enemy. And we're making — for the first time in years, we're making a lot of progress in Afghanistan.

I withdrew the United States from the horrible one-sided Iran nuclear deal. And Iran is not the same country anymore. That I can say. And we'll see what happens. But we're ready to make a real deal, not the deal that was done by the previous administration, which was a disaster.

We're also pursuing the denuclearization of North Korea and a new future of prosperity, security, and peace on the Korean Peninsula and all of Asia. New images, just today, show that North Korea has begun the process of dismantling a key missile site. And we appreciate that. We had a fantastic meeting with Chairman Kim, and it seems to be going very well.

I know we are joined today by many incredible veterans of the Korean War. Thank you for your courageous service.

As you may know, we're also working to bring back the remains of your brothers-in-arms who gave their lives in Korea. And I hope that, very soon, these fallen warriors will begin coming home to lay at rest in American soil. That's starting the process.

At the very end of our meeting, I said to Chairman Kim — good relationship, good feeling — I said, "I would really appreciate if you could do that." He said, "It will be done." So I was very happy, and I think that process is starting fairly soon, we hope. Because we believe in no American left behind. We believe in that, right? No American left behind.

I want to thank the VFW for your devotion to our fallen heroes, unknown soldiers, prisoners of war, and those missing in action, and their families. No one better understands the horrors of war than the people in this room. It is the warrior who bears the scars of battle and who prays most fervently for peace. That is why we remember George Washington's advice, that the best way to preserve the peace is to be prepared for war.

And that is exactly what we do all the time. My thinking is always on military and military strength. That is why I'm proud to report that we are now undertaking the greatest rebuilding of our United States military in its history. We have secured \$700 billion for defense this year, and \$716 billion next year approved. We're ordering 147 new F-35 Lightning fighters. This is an incredible plane. It's stealth; you can't see it. So when I talk to even people from the other side, they're trying to order our plane. They like the fact that you

can't see it. I said, "How would it do in battle with your plane?" They say, "Well, we have one problem: We can't see your plane." That's a big problem. Stealth. Super Stealth. The best in the world. We make the best military equipment in the world. Also, remember this: jobs.

We're ordering 239 Apache and Black Hawk helicopters. You know what they are. They're incredible. Nineteen major naval vessels, and nearly 8,000 Humvees. And these will be Humvees that are used by our great soldiers, not handed out to everybody like you've been reading about in the past. All made right here in the USA. And we're adding nearly 30,000 new soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines. And I've directed the Pentagon to begin the process of creating the sixth branch of our military. It's called the Space Force.

We are living in a different world and we have to be able to adapt. And that's what it is. A lot of very important things are going to be taking place in space. And I just don't mean going up to the moon and going up to Mars, where we'll be going very soon. We'll be going to Mars very soon. But from a military standpoint, space is becoming every day more and more important.

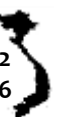
I'm also thrilled to say that we have secured for our military servicemembers and their families the largest — you don't really want it, you're too patriotic for this — the largest pay raise in almost a decade. Largest pay raise. You don't want it. Nah. Anybody willing to give it up for the sake of your country? Okay, keep it. You deserve it. You really do. It's been a long time since you've gotten a raise. You deserve it.

My administration is committed to ensuring that our warfighters have the tools, the resources, the firepower that they need to defeat our enemies with overwhelming force. Hopefully we will never have to use the kind of power that I'm building and helping to build for you. Hopefully people will look at us and they'll say, "Let's pass. Let's pass."

America is a peace-loving nation. We do not seek conflict. But if conflict is forced upon us, we will defend ourselves. And if we must, we will fight and we will do nothing but win.

As the great General MacArthur once said, "In war there is no substitute for victory." Victory.

(continued....)



We're also committed to ensuring that when our warriors return home as veterans, they receive the best care anywhere on Earth. Since taking office, and working alongside of the VFW — and, by the way, your representatives have done an incredible job on helping us with the VA. A complicated subject. So many different things. They help us so much. Because we put in legislation — I said, let's make sure it's legislation that's good and that works, not legislation that's obsolete before we even get it. If we're going to fight like hell to get everybody to approve it, let's get approved what's good. And we're enacted some of the largest VA reforms in the history of the VA. Probably the largest.

Last year, I signed into the law landmark VA Accountability Act, which nobody thought we could get approved. Nobody. We're good at getting things approved. Nobody thought.

Now, when a bad person — maybe a federal employee, in this case — but somebody bad mistreats or neglects or abuses our great veterans in their time of need, we can turn to them, look at them in the eye, and say, "You're fired. Get out! Get out!" Before, there was nothing you could do. You had to live with these people. We've gotten rid of a lot of people over the last year. Only the bad ones. The good ones we cherish. We cherish the good ones. But we had some bad apples, and they're gone.

As promised, we established the White House VA Hotline, and every VA medical center now offers same-day emergency mental healthcare. Something very important.

We're greatly expanding tele-health and walk-in clinics so our veterans can get anywhere at any time — they can get what they need. They can learn about the problem. And they don't have to necessarily drive long distances and wait.

We are also — it's been a very big success. We're also processing veteran disability claims more quickly than ever before, by far. The VA has implemented the Decision Ready Claims process where claims can be completed in under two weeks. We're striving for one day — but under two weeks. It used to be many, many months.

Last year, I signed legislation — it's amazing, I just said, "last year." It's been a long time already, hasn't it? That was some campaign, wasn't it? I signed legislation so that veterans can use their GI Bill education benefits at any point in their lifetime. It's a big difference. They never expire, so vets can get the education they need when it is right for them.

And with the VFW's tremendous help, we passed Veterans Choice — the biggest thing ever. The biggest

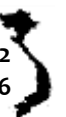
thing. That's got to be the biggest improvement you can have. So now, if you can't get treatment that you need in a timely manner — people used to wait two weeks, three weeks, eight weeks — they couldn't get to a doctor — you will have the right to see a private doctor immediately and we will pay for it. And you know what? It's very, very cost effective. And thousands and thousands of lives are going to be saved. And your quality of life is going to be so much better. So you don't have to wait online for two and a half weeks to see a doctor, like in the past. Veterans Choice has been passed.

And my administration also understands that we cannot be a safe country if we are not a prosperous country. We have to think of ourselves. You have to see these trade deals I'm working on; they're a disaster. We're losing hundreds of billions of dollars with individual countries a year. And they're sticking — you got to stick it out. You got to just — we got to fight it. Nobody else fought it.

I went to some of the countries, I said, "How did it get so imbalanced?" They said, "Nobody ever called." They said, "Nobody ever called." They'd do whatever they wanted and we'd just put up with it. Not any longer folks. Not any longer. We're making tremendous progress. They're all coming. They don't want to have those tariffs put on them. They're all coming to see us. And the farmers will be the biggest beneficiary. Watch. We're opening up markets. You watch what's going to happen. Just be a little patient. They're all aiming at anybody that likes me. And they have lobbyists like nobody has ever seen. They have the best lobbyists ever put together. I was hearing and reading that they have some of the greatest lobbying teams ever put together. "You've got to stop the President from putting tariffs on these countries and these companies that are ripping off the United States. You've got to stop him." Just remember, we're going to do something that, honestly, nobody else could do. Nobody else could do. We have a lot of —
AUDIENCE MEMBER: (Inaudible.)

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you, darling. I like you too. I like her. Thank you very much. That was good timing. We're now in the midst of a great economic revival. And it's for that reason that I chose — this is the time. Last year, our country lost 817 billion — with a "B" — dollars on trade. We lost \$817 billion. And people say, "Oh, could you do it this week? Could you get it done immediately?"....

(continued....)



....These countries have been ripping us off for decades. It doesn't take a week. It takes a little longer. But we're going to get it done. But just remember, we can't lose \$817 billion.

We rebuilt China. What the European Union is doing to us is incredible. How bad. They made a \$151 billion last year — our trade deficit with the European Union. They sound nice but they're rough. They're all coming in to see me tomorrow. They're all coming to the White House.

I said, "You have to change." They didn't want to change. I said, "Okay. Good. We're going to tariff your cars." They send millions of cars — Mercedes, all of them, BMW. So many cars. I said, "We're going to have to tariff your cars." They said, "When can we show up? When can we be there? Would tomorrow be okay?" Oh, folks, stick with us. Stick with us. Amazing.

But remember, they have the biggest, best, strongest lobbyists, and they're doing a number. Just stick with us. Don't believe the crap you see from these people — the fake news.

I mean, I saw a piece on NBC today. NBC — not just CNN. CNN is the worst. But I saw a piece on NBC; it was heart-throbbing. They were interviewing people — they probably go through 20, and then they pick the one that sounds like the worst. But they went through a group of people. In fact, I wanted to say, "I got to do something about this Trump." Terrible.

And that piece was done by the lobbyists and by the people that they hire. It was a total setup. This country is doing better than it's ever done before, economically. This is the time to take off the rip-off of tariff. We have to do it.

You know, other countries have tariffs on us. So when I say, "Well, I'm going to put tariffs on them, they all start screaming, 'He's using tariffs.'" China charges us, when we make a car, a 25 percent tariff. We charge them 2.5 percent. Other than that, it's a fair deal. Okay?

Similar things with other countries, like the European Union. They're a big abuser. But it's all working out. And just remember: What you're seeing and what you're reading is not what's happening. And I'll tell you, I have so many people that are so in favor — because we have to make our country truly great again. Remember? "Make America Great Again." And then, in two and a half years, it's called, "Keep America Great." So the way we keep America great is to make at least reasonable — I'm not saying — at least reasonable, at least fair trade deals. Not stupid trade deals, like we've put up with for 25 years. So we're changing it, and we're changing it rapidly.

Over the last little more than a year and a half, we've created 3.7 million jobs since election. African American, Hispanic, and Asian American unemployment has reached the lowest levels ever recorded in our country's history — the lowest levels. Unemployment — lowest level.

Remember, I used to say — I said it here: "What do you have to lose?" I was right. Women's unemployment recently achieved a 65-year low. Lowest in 65 years.

You'll like this one. Veterans' unemployment has fallen to the lowest level in almost 18 years. We're working to make it better. I'm sorry. You know, "18 years" isn't so good when you hear "history" and "65 years." Eighteen years. And I'll guarantee, within a month or two months, that 18 will be even a much higher number. We take great care of our vets. Consumer, business, and manufacturing confidence has reached its all-time highs. Confidence is all-time high.

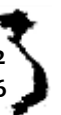
We've cut a record number of job-killing regulations. No President, no matter how long they've been in office — even though we're only here for a short time — has cut anywhere near the regulations. And these are unnecessary. These are waste regulations. It would take 20 years to get approval to build a highway. We're trying to bring it down to one year. We have it down to about two. We're trying to get it down to one. And if it doesn't work, or if it's environmentally unsound, or there's something wrong, we're not going to approve it. But we're not going to take a process 20, 21 years, and then raise your hand that it's not approved. We'll let you know in a period of a year or maybe two. Right now, it's at two; we're trying to bring it down to one.

We passed the biggest tax cuts and reforms in American history. Biggest in history. And unfortunately, we had tremendous opposition for lowering your taxes from Claire McCaskill. She voted against. Unbelievable.

Unbelievable. And she wants to now end it so that you pay more. You figure this one out. I don't know — is that good? You figure that one out.

In the first quarter of this year alone, American companies repatriated a record of nearly \$300 billion — this is in the first quarter. And it's coming back into our country, with our companies, and our employment, and building plants, and factories, and headquarters in our country, where it belongs.

(continued....)



We think the number — and this is all because of our tax reform and tax cuts — we think the number will be close to \$4 trillion, coming back into our country — money that would never have been seen by you, or us, or me.

And just like I promised, we are confronting the unfair trade deals, and we are doing it like nobody has ever done, because our workers have been cheated, our companies have been cheated. They've stolen our wealth. They've brought it to other countries. As you know, I campaigned on that issue; it's very close to my heart. I understand that issue better than anybody. I don't like it when they close a factory in your state, or a plant in your great state, and they move it to another country, and they make the product. They fire all of you, and they make the product, and they send it back into our country to be sold tax-free. I don't like that. I don't like that. We're stopping it. We're stopping it.

Because companies are moving back into our country like never before. You saw Chrysler announce, many are announcing. Japan has just announced two big companies are opening up...in Michigan. We have a lot of companies coming back into our country. You haven't seen that for 25 years. You haven't seen it.

And we need workers. Because our unemployment rate at 3.8 percent is so low — now we're taking people off the rolls, and we're training people, but we need workers. And that's why I want people coming in. You know, people don't say this, and they certainly don't report it, but I want people coming into our country, but I want them coming in based on merit. I want the merit system, so they can help us. Merit.

The forgotten men and women of our country are forgotten no more. The Democrats are trying to find out, "Who are these people that came out to vote? Where did they come from?" Remember that? "Where did they come from?" Now they know, but they're not going to the Democrats who are going so far left that nobody can believe it. They want open borders, and crime is okay. We want strong borders and we want no crime. Other than that, we're very similar. Other than that, we're very similar.

We also know that to be a strong nation, we have to have these strong borders. We cannot send our military to confront threats abroad, only to allow those same threats to cross our borders and to threaten us right here at home. We help other countries protect their borders, and we don't protect our own borders. How about that?

We're fighting every day to secure our borders, and we're doing a great job. But we're not given the tools. We have the worst laws in any country, ever, in history. We have catch-and-release. You catch them, and now

we say, "Give me your name. Oh, good — come back in a couple of years. We'll take you to court. You're released." This is — these are — this is the policy of fools. Catch-and-release. You catch even a criminal, you catch a bad person, you release the person as soon as you catch them. We have to end it. Despite that, we're doing a great job.

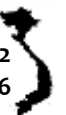
And ICE — ICE. Oh, ICE. Thank goodness for ICE. Because we have some of the worst drug dealers, terrorists, criminals, and MS-13 gang members — and we're either throwing them the hell in jail, or throwing them out of our country. And ICE goes up there, and they walk in like it's another day in the office. Thank goodness for ICE.

The Democrats want to abandon ICE. They want to end ICE. They're too strong. I saw one of the people get — they're too strong. They're too strong. I think MS-13 is strong, too. The only thing they understand is strength. They don't understand anything but strength. And ICE is tough and smart, and they track them down, and they stop tremendous amounts of crime. And these are great people, and they're not being treated properly.

And the fact is, instead of supporting our ICE officers, many of these Democrat politicians who are, really, disciples of a very low IQ person, Maxine Waters —and perhaps even worse, Nancy Pelosi — they've launched vicious smears on the brave men and women who defend our communities. ICE officers work in dangerous conditions to protect our communities. And more than a third of ICE officers happen to be veterans themselves. About a third. But Democratic politicians want to abolish ICE. They want to see open borders. Can you imagine?

You know, every once in a while you'll hear something, and usually you understand. Like in deal-making, you always have to understand the other side. When you hear "open borders," when you hear "get rid of ICE," when you hear some of the things that they're proposing, it's like you can't even understand it. Can you imagine, open borders, you'd have millions of people pouring into our country. Millions and millions of people. Many people that you don't want in our country. But you would have millions of people pouring into our country. The crime would be unbelievable.

(continued....)



And they want to get rid of the crime fighter, on top of everything else. "Open the border and get rid of your crime fighters." You don't understand it. Nobody understands it. But I hope they keep it up, because we're going to have a lot of fun in four months, and we're going to have a lot of fun in 2020 running against that.

My administration will always stand proudly with the heroes of ICE and Border Patrol. They're all heroes. And I want them to know that we thank them.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars understand better than anyone the importance of honoring those who put service to their fellow citizens before they put service to themselves. That's both at home and abroad.

Here with us today is an extraordinary man who embodies the highest ideals of loyalty, patriotism, and service. He is a World War II veteran from the great state of Pennsylvania. That's another one we won. We won you guys by 20 points. Of course, I'm not going to bring that up. I'm not going to tell that to George Brett. Twenty points. Many of you know him well; he's a lifelong member of the VFW — Sergeant Allen Jones. Where's Allen? Where's Allen? Sergeant. Should we bring him up?

Come on, Allen. Come on. He's only 94, and the Secret Service made him walk about 100 yards out of his way, but that's okay. That's okay.

JONES: I just — thank you. This is one of the highlights of this 94-year-old man. I just want to tell you a few things. May I? THE PRESIDENT: Yes. JONES: Mr. President — THE PRESIDENT: I've got time. JONES: I had four brothers serve in World War II. My oldest brother was lost off the coast of Italy. Many times, I just wish that he could come back to the Land of the Free and the Home of Brave again.

I've given to the Veterans of Foreign Wars 70 years of my life. Thank you. My wife is with me today, but she's not here. She's not feeling well. And my children are watching me today, hopefully, to know that their dad got to stand beside the President of the United States — with the President.

Mr. President, I want to ask you something. I've been told that I could never enter the Oval Office in Washington, D.C. I'm going to be 95 years of age April 11th of next year. Hopefully, that you will allow me to bring my family into the Oval Office —

THE PRESIDENT: Yes.

JONES: — to meet you.

THE PRESIDENT: Anytime you want. Anytime.

JONES: One last thing, Mr. President. I want to tell you, Mr. President, this group knows not to give the mic to Allen Q. Jones when he's at a state convention or the national convention.

I asked you to autograph this picture personally, because this was taken to you — with you when you were running for election —

THE PRESIDENT: That's right.

JONES: — as a President of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT: Oh, it's beautiful. Thank you.

Beautiful. Wow. Let me have — I have a good one here, Allen. That's so beautiful. Going to stay up here. Okay, I got to do this. You got it. Thank you, Allen. Thank you.

JONES: God bless you, Mr. President. And I wish you well in the future. Thank you.

THE PRESIDENT: I started to get a little bit concerned when he was finishing. Well, this is a President that will have you in the Oval Office. So all of my people back there, they're working it out already. Okay? With honor.

And we pay tribute not only to Allen, but to all of the heroes of the Greatest Generation. And I'd like to take this moment to recognize every World War II veteran in the audience today. Each of you is a national treasure. It's true.

We will never forget what you did for us — ever. From Bunker Hill to Belleau Wood, from Iwo Jima to the Inchon Landing, Americans have stormed into danger, stared down evil, and stood strong and tall for God, country, and freedom.

Anytime we see an American in uniform from the Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force, or Coast Guard, our hearts swell with pride. And anywhere those uniforms appear, our enemies tremble with fear because they know there is no greater force for peace and justice than the United States military.

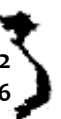
To every single member of the VFW, because of your service, your courage, and your example, we are restoring the dreams and the glory, and the greatness of America. We will never give in. We will never give up. And we will never stop fighting for our country, our flag, and our freedom.

Together we will keep on fighting and we will keep on winning as one people, one family, and one nation under God. Thank you. God bless you. God bless our veterans. And God bless the United States of America.

Thank you very much.

Source:

www.shalldownation.com/2018/07/24/video-president-donald-trump-speech-vfw-national-convention-kansas-city-missouri-tuesday-july-24-2018/



J. Carroll Naish

Actor

January 21, 1896 – January 24, 1973



(web photo)

"He was twice nominated for an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor, the first for his role as Giuseppe in the movie *Sahara* (1943), in which he delivers one of the most moving speeches in any wartime film:"

"Mussolini is not so clever like Hitler, he can dress up his Italians only to look like thieves, cheats, murderers, he cannot, like Hitler, make them feel like that. He cannot, like Hitler, scrape from their conscience the knowledge right is right and wrong is wrong, or dig holes in their heads to plant his own Ten Commandments - Steal from thy neighbor, Cheat thy neighbor, Kill thy neighbor! But are my eyes blind that I must fall to my knees to worship a maniac who has made of my country a concentration camp, who has made of my people slaves? Must I kiss the hand that beats me, lick the boot that kicks me? NO!"

A Sky Soldier's Cap at the VFW Post in Cocoa Beach, FL

The ITMFA button you ask? Well, "It's **The Military's Finest Airborne**", of course.



Truth

Truth is most often used to mean being in accord with fact or reality, or fidelity to an original or standard. Truth may also often be used in modern contexts to refer to an idea of "truth to self," or authenticity. Truth is usually held to be opposite to falsehood, which, correspondingly, can also take on a logical, factual, or ethical meaning.

The concept of truth is discussed and debated in several contexts, including philosophy, art, religion, and science. Many human activities depend upon the concept, where its nature as a concept is assumed rather than being a subject of discussion; these include most of the sciences, law, journalism, and everyday life. Some philosophers view the concept of truth as basic, and unable to be explained in any terms that are more easily understood than the concept of truth itself.

Commonly, truth is viewed as the correspondence of language or thought to an independent reality, in what is sometimes called the *correspondence theory of truth*. Various theories and views of truth continue to be debated among scholars, philosophers, and theologians.

Language and words are a means by which humans convey information to one another and the method used to determine what is a "truth" is termed a *criterion of truth*.

There are differing claims on such questions as what constitutes truth: what things are truthbearers capable of being true or false; how to define, identify, and distinguish truth; the roles that faith-based and empirically based knowledge play; and whether truth is subjective or objective, relative or absolute.



Truth, holding a mirror and serpent (1896). Olin Levi Warner, Library of Congress Thomas Jefferson Building Washington, D.C.



Belated Farewell to Sky Soldier N75th Ranger, Sven Henriksen, 71

April 30, 2017

We want to tell you a story, like no other, because it's about a man, like no other. A story that was written not with a pen or spoken word, but through a life lived as full as its main character wanted. This is a tale of a man always on a mission.



Sven Henriksen did not have a middle name. He didn't need one. He started his life born to two young teenagers in Copenhagen, Denmark. He always said his father had to ask the King's permission to marry his mother.

He was a man of action even at a young age. As a child, he delivered bottled milk by bicycle. After immigrating to the U.S., he was elected to the student council on his very first day of school without knowing a word of English. Upon meeting his future wife Karen, he said it was love at first sight and told himself he would marry her. He made it his mission. They married after 10 months of courtship and remained married for 47 years — mission accomplished.

Sven was a man of integrity and intense courage. When the war in Vietnam began, even before becoming an official citizen, he enlisted and made it his next mission to serve his new country and protect a life he was beginning. He served with the N Company Rangers, 173rd Airborne Brigade in Vietnam. And when his tour of duty was complete, his sights were then set on a family.

His first son, Erik Sven, was born in 1972 and with that, it was time for a new mission: a home for his growing family. Sven always put everything into his family's home. Their home on Kristopher Lane, where his daughter Jennifer and son Michael were later born, was a gathering place for friends and extended family, where good food and good stories were shared while sitting on the patio, one of Sven's favorite pastimes even until the end. He spent a lot of time coaching Erik's soccer team, with Karen and the young kids sitting on his poncho liner.

When his mission turned to living a country life, he moved his family to 24-acres of undeveloped land in the northern part of California. Not surprisingly, Sven built

his home from scratch with the help of family and friends using do-it-yourself books he read late into the night. And of course, the house turned out perfectly.

He never shied away from hard work. He taught his children if something is worth doing...it is worth doing right the first time. Never give up. On his last hunting trip at the age of 66, he single-handedly shot, quartered and carried his moose out of the mountains. This epic haul nearly killed him, but Dad said *"no moose is gonna take me down."* The courage he displayed facing any challenge was so unwavering that others found the courage to follow him.

One of his greatest and final missions was to create a sanctuary in the country, something he began when they moved to Idaho. He and Karen created a mountaintop haven, a horse ranch where they finished raising their children. His mission after that was to relax and enjoy life to the fullest. They hosted many guests, friends and family, chatting into the twilight hours on the back deck overlooking "God's country." He enjoyed visits from friends and family very much. Storytelling was a favored hobby and he was a fervent storyteller, even if it was the same five stories.

Sven shared his love of soccer with Erik, his love of horses with Jennifer and his love of cars with Michael. He also loved the mountains, whether hunting or just being there. He loved being a Dane, but he was a proud United States Army veteran. He loved his smokes and his coffee. He always said he wanted to be laid to rest in a Folgers coffee can in the Bitterroot Mountains. He would be happy to know that his family will do exactly that, tossing in the pack of Winstons he had to give up.

Sven, the Viking, was called to Halls of Valhalla on April 25, 2017, where he will share his battle stories with his ancestors, including how he gave cancer the ass-whooping it deserved. His enormous legacy will be proudly carried by his wife and children, the four grandchildren he adored, and his brother, Torben. Of all the things he loved, he loved his family the most.



Source:

www.cdapress.com/article/20170430/ARTICLE/170439995

Rest Easy Ranger, You Led The Way!



Enemy document captured by 173d Airborne:

**HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES MILITARY ASSISTANCE COMMAND, VIETNAM**
Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff, Intelligence
APO US Forces 96222
(Declassified)

MACJ214

12 February 1967

**SUBJECT: TRANSLATION REPORT
LOG NO 10-1194-66**

1. Attached is a full English translation of a capture enemy document.
2. Capture data:
 - a. Date: 29 Sept 66
 - b. Location: YT060370
 - c. Unit: 173d Abn Bde
3. Date document received at Combined Document Exploitation Center (CDEC): 3 Oct 66.
4. In the event the attached translation report is declassified, the "KIN" marking and this cover letter will be removed.

HENRY AJIMA (sp?)
LTC, AI(?)
Dir, US Elm, CDEC

"KIN"

"KIN" IS Vietnamese CLASSIFICATION EQUIVALENT TO CONFIDENTIAL AND WILL BE ADDED ACCORDINGLY.

#1)-1194-66

Medical Section, Group 81

[Page 1 of original text]

Prevention and Treatment of Malaria

Malaria is now the primary cause which impairs our health, decreases our strength and greatly hinders our activities. In many villages of the group the rate of malaria cases increased from 40 to 50 percent. Particularly in some units the rate has been recorded as 70 and 80 percent which stopped activities during the month.

A half of the yearly budget for Medical Section goes for medicine to prevent or cure malaria.

The number of patients who die of malaria every years is up to 40 or 50 percent of the serious cases. In our group, 7 cadre died last year including 4 malarial patients. In the first months of 1966, 2 patients died of malaria.

For this reason, malaria is now to be considered a dangerous foe, which must be prevented and controlled.

People think that since we are now in a forest full of mosquitoes, how can we succeed in preventing malaria. In addition, some cadre only speak about preventive medicine and neglect other preventive measures. All these ideas are wrong!

Are we succeeding in preventing malaria? We surely realize that we are. We are not absolutely assured of success, because it is now far from reality. But, we are sure that if we absolutely prevent malaria, comply with malarial preventive regulations, the number of cases of malaria as well as the number of deaths from malaria will be greatly decreased.



(web photo)

(continued....)



Therefore, how can we prevent malaria. As the above mentioned, malaria prevent is not simply – take preventive medicine. To take medicine is not main measure, but the main measure is how to prevent infection by mosquito bites. This is to sleep under mosquito net. To sleep in mosquito net brings about an effective measure against malaria. If we let mosquitoes bite us day after day, we will catch malaria, although we take preventive medicine every day.

Contrarily, if we use a good mosquito net, keep houses and working tables, clean cover dirty ponds with earth, throw away cans of dirty water, and destroy all hollow trees full of water around houses. It is necessary to put on trousers, dresses during the night and to chase mosquitoes by shaking towels or small branches of trees when we go on distant assignments. In so doing, the number of malaria patients will surely decrease, even though the taking of preventive medicine was not properly carried out. As a consequence, if we sleep under mosquito nets, apply all the above mention preventative measure, and simultaneously take preventive medicine as prescribed, the prevention of malaria will be ensured.

Medical Section has calooted (sp) 6 units in the same areas to experiment in malaria prevention. Unit A: The members take only preventive medicine, but don't sleep under mosquito nets. Unit B: The members sleep under mosquito nets and take all preventive measures, but do not take medicine. Unit C: The members take medicine, sleep under mosquito nets and apply all above preventive measures.

After a time, the results were as follows:

The number of malaria cases in Group C is the least, followed by Unit B and the Unit A. The Unit whose member only took medicine had the highest rate.

Can we take all the above preventive measures? This is the most simple measure, the least expensive, and only required full knowledge of it and determination to carry it out.

Some cadre think that it is very difficult to sleep under the mosquito nets now because we sleep in hammocks and are frequently on the move. All agree that words are louder than action. Although we can sleep under mosquito nets when we lie down in hammocks and are on the move sometimes, but it is not easy to sleep under the mosquito nets day after day. We are too lazy, and accustomed to all neglectful ways of living. We sleep wherever we are, and we do not like to sleep under mosquito nets. Now, we must wear trousers all day long, sleep under mosquito nets. This means we must change the ways of living, our habits and regards of prevention and hygiene. Everybody is told to be responsible for this health. We have full knowledge of it, the above difficulties will overcome easily.

When we billet in province sites, we must sleep under mosquito nets. When we frequently move and sleep in hammocks, we must sleep under mosquito nets.

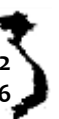
We are fighting against the US. The success required that everybody be in good health to overcome all difficulties and accomplish our missions. At this though, we are determined to decrease the malaria rate to the lowest, in glorious missions entrusted by higher echelons.

15 Mar 1966
Medical Section
Group 81
/S/ Nguyen Van Tanh

ANOPHELES MOSQUITO



Her abdomen full of blood that will nourish her eggs, a female *Anopheles* mosquito takes to the air. Her next landing may be a dangerous one—for the human who receives her bite. The female *Anopheles* mosquito is the only insect capable of carrying the human malaria parasite.



CAMP ZINN

(CIRCA '65-'66)



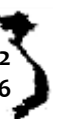
This aerial photo of Camp Zinn by then LTC George Dexter (Col. Ret), 2/503 Battalion Commander, was likely taken not long after the battalion moved from the rubber trees to this fixed-perimeter installation named in honor of LT Ron Zinn, KIA.



Chowing down at Zinn in the early days.
(Photo by Freddie Parks, A/2/503)



L-R: Cpt. Boykin, Sgt. Dockery, RTO Hassler, Lt. Shelby between Ops at Camp Zinn. (Jerry Hassler photo)



Alert D/2/503 Sets Double Death Trap

By SP4 Paul Sheehan

BONG SON – A five man night patrol, operating deep in VC territory more than a mile from their parent company, killed seven enemy soldiers in a pair of daring back to back “hasty ambushes”.

Led by 1st Lt. William Miller of Delta Company, 2nd Battalion, the night patrol made their successful sojourn into the VC stronghold of My Binh, five miles north of Bong Son.

SP4 Ronald Yeager, of Goldsboro, N.C., who walked point for the patrol, said, *“Leaving an hour after dark we moved about 2,000 meters and had just crossed a bridge when our rear security, SP4 Gary Seiler, of Westminster, Md., spotted a light behind us.”*

“We set up a hasty ambush and killed two VC,” recalled Yeager, the son of an Air Force General. *“The VC were using a flashlight and ambling down the trail,”* the paratrooper added.

After searching the bodies, the Sky Soldiers used a starlight scope to observe the trail on the moonless night. Through the scope they spotted what proved to be the point team of a platoon size NVA element coming from the opposite direction.

The night patrol set up a second hasty ambush. SP4 Ronald Price, RTO from Bradshaw, W. Va., said, *“The approaching NVA were very cautious. The NVA pointman stopped for a second and then squatted down on the rice dike path. Once again he came toward us. That’s when we opened fire. I could see the muzzle-flash of the pointman’s AK-47 as he fell to the ground.”*

The Sky Soldiers threw grenades at the panicked NVA who were less than 20 meters away and moved forward to check the area.

SP-4 Richard Pearsall, of Pontiac, Mich., remembered, *“We got the pointman’s AK and were checking the other bodies which were blown off the dike into the rice paddies when we received M-79 fire from about 40 meters.”*

The Sky Soldiers fired up the NVA grenadier and began to withdraw as they heard more enemy who were apparently dogs in their search for the American squad.

Lt. Miller’s night patrol then slipped into a river, went downstream for a hundred yards and worked their way back to their company perimeter.

Lt. Miller, of Bloomington, Ind., said, *“I imagine the VC intended to rendezvous with the NVA but they never quite made it.”*

On the previous night, the same patrol killed two VC, wounded one and captured another, bringing the total for the two nights to nine enemy killed.

All five members of the patrol were awarded the Bronze Star (with V device) on the morning following their second successful night patrol.



Brigadier General John W. Barnes, commander of the 173d Airborne Brigade (Sep), awards Bronze Star medal w/V to Don Yeager, and also to troopers Mark Pearsall (on right), Ronald Price (on left), Gary Seiler and William Miller.

Source:

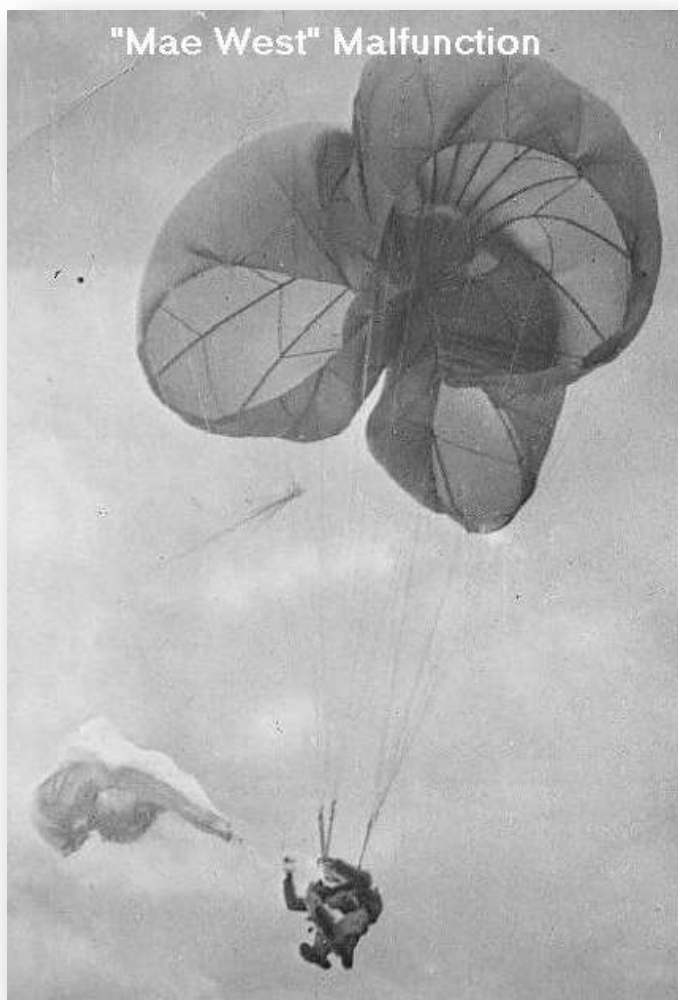
Fire Base 173, 17 March 1969

Note: Sadly, Richard Mark Pearsall, Sergeant, D/2/503, would later be killed in action on March 16, 1969.



So Ya Wanna Be A Paratrooper Do Ya?

Some amusing (?) jump stories by troopers of the 2/503d.



(web images)



Mae West.
*Come up and jump
with me sometime.*

Jungle Boots Smelled Like Water Buffalo



Combat-hardened RTO Larry Paladino, B/2/503,
ready to take to the sky with his buddies.

Well, I could tell my Mae West story. It was my first jump in the 187th regiment of the 101st Airborne at Fort Campbell, Ky., in July, 1966, after getting back from my year in Vietnam. I was the 17th man out of the plane and the first one to hit the ground. Had my first ever Mae West (on my 13th jump). When I looked up and saw it I tried to shake it loose to no avail, then pulled the reserve and fed it out -- unfortunately directly into the wind and the reserve never opened. Then I kept kicking and trying to get the Mae West chute untangled. That was a mistake because I didn't realize how fast the ground was coming up and therefore didn't make a proper landing.

An ambulance was right next to where I landed because they could see me coming down. I hit hard with my heels and then my tailbone. They wanted to put me in the ambulance but I said I was fine, packed up my chute and walked off the DZ to a Jeep where my friend Sgt. Beardan was waiting. He drove us back to Co. C barracks. I walked into the orderly room and said I was going to lay down for a while. Three hours later when I woke up I could barely move. I was like a zombie.

(Jump stories continued....)



I stiffly walked into the orderly room and said I was going to the hospital. I drove my brand new 1964 1/2 Mustang (paid for with money I sent home from Vietnam) to the hospital and waited in emergency about three hours. After an exam and x-rays, they said I fractured my back, three collapsed lower vertebrae. I was hospitalized for three months, consequently missing out on a trip to West Point to work with cadets, a trip to Chicago to be at the Medal of Honor ceremony for Milton Olive (Dave Glick from our Co. B, 2nd Bn in Vietnam went), and missed a 10-day operation in Norway that included a pass to Copenhagen.

I got a letter once from a fellow soldier named Peoples from Texas (I can't find the letter now) who said he was next to me floating down when I had my Mae West.

I had visits to the hospital from my parents and a couple friends from Detroit. It was late fall by the time I left and was put on light duty. Subsequently, I applied for the winter semester at Wayne State University in Detroit and was separated from the service a couple months early, due to accumulated leave time and the college acceptance.

Despite a permanently bad back, I only was able to get a 10 percent disability award, so I just put up with it when it's bad.

Of course, just about every jump has its highlights to remember. I jumped three times in Vietnam, once from a Huey, once from a Chinook, and once from a C-130. We were told there were snipers, and don't hit the barbed wire fence on one side of the Ap Don drop zone, or land in the village, or the mine field. I vaguely remember one guy hitting the barbed wire, one guy landing on the roof of a hut, one guy landing in the minefield and getting out OK, and one guy breaking a leg when he landed on an ancient tombstone. I landed once in the middle of the DZ in a water buffalo watering hole, got dragged through it, then a Vietnamese boy, looking for tips, helped me collapse my chute. My jungle boots, which I still have, smelled like water buffalo for years.

On Okinawa, I always missed the concrete WWII runway down the middle of the Yomitan DZ. Some of my friends weren't so lucky, including Jesse Harris who broke an ankle. On Sky Soldier VI in Taiwan, lots of my friends were hurt jumping on the first day (including Steve Scarpulla), but after the first stick jumped the red light went on and the planes turned back and the rest of us didn't drop until the next day.

This newsletter idea sure stirred up lots of memories.

Larry Paladino
B/2/503, '65/'66

Airborne School, Fort Benning

March 1965

My First three jumps were from a C-119, so reserve pilots could get their flight time. The first time the pilot pretended he couldn't get enough ground speed to become airborne, so we slowly taxied back for another start. Loud rattling, jarring and groaning the dinosaur finally got off the ground. I say the pilot did it deliberately to make us more nervous than we already were.



Jim, proud Vietnam Vet

Unfortunately, I broke my foot on the third jump. I looked at the ground instead of the horizon and tensed up, favoring my right foot. Squish. The Army determined it was just sprained.

After a short recovery, I found myself standing in the door of a C-130. I was the last man in my stick, but when I got to the door the jump master stopped me from exiting the aircraft. Knowing that I had injured myself on my last jump, the jump master motioned to the navigator to tell the pilot to circle the DZ again. He then motioned me to stand in the door. I stood in the door the entire time the C-130 circled the DZ. He wanted me to face my fear.

This time I looked at the horizon and did a proper PLF. I did one more jump the next day and received my basic parachutist badge.

I made a sixth pay jump during June 1965, in Vietnam from an Army Caribou. After this jump our mission changed from defensive to search and destroy and we no longer had to jump to stay on jump status. We were paid \$55 a month for my remaining deployment.

Later in Vietnam our platoon medic noticed me limping. Because my foot was broken, not sprained it had never mended properly. I didn't complain and would live with it. Our courageous medic (Wolcott) decided otherwise.

I was medivac'd to Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines. I was shown the x-rays of two hairline fractures. Here they put my foot in a cast. I was then flown to our rear detachment in Okinawa.

After a time my foot was determined serviceable and ready for duty. I returned to Vietnam to finish my 12 month tour. I was promoted to E-3 PFC in July.

James Allen Jackson
B Co 2/503, 3rd squad, 3rd platoon

(Jump stories continued....)



Jumping Can Be A Drag

In 1965 I made my first jump after jump school. In Okinawa we had the landing strip for the drop zone. The wind was blowing and when I landed it caught me and dragged me and I could not do the quick releases so it dragged me forever!!!

Ron Woodley
A/2/503, '65/'66

A Peculiar Scent Was In The Air

Here's my contribution. Hopefully, I recalled it correctly and didn't "invent" anything that didn't actually happen. But, this is how I remember that day.

After the field maneuver concluded, Roy Lombardo, CO B/2/503, ushered us inside a concertina-wired enclosure, where we drank as many beers and ate as many BBQ'd steaks as we wanted. I recall being so fatigued that I had a couple of beers and then curled up and went to sleep until the next morning.

It was October, 1963, and we were on our way to Taiwan for a major jump and field maneuver involving the entire brigade. I was a medic attached to B/2/503rd, and we were going to jump from C-124's.



Bravo Bull John "Doc" Taylor ready to blast.
Them's shiny jump boots Doc!

While en-route from Okinawa, the C-124 I was in joined several others trying to maintain flying formation until we reached the drop zone. Staying in formation caused the pilot to constantly adjust his altitude, making the plane go up and down like a roller-coaster on steroids. Guys' faces soon took on a distinctive "green" color.

Within an hour, first one guy and then another and still more became airsick, and burp bags were utilized to keep the barfing from spreading. Up and down, up and down, the plane bounced like a ping-pong ball and the puke bags started adding up. What to do with them?

Some bright Rhodes Scholar decided to toss the bags out of the plane over the ocean. So, all of us started passing the bags forward for the jump-master to dispose of cleanly and efficiently until . . .

One of the bags didn't make it out the door. Instead, a blast of wind stripped it from the jump-master's hand, the bag tore open, and vomit went everywhere. And I mean everywhere. The putrid stench made an outhouse smell better by comparison.

The effect was instantaneous. Those fortunate enough not to be sick before, now began heaving up their guts as we barfed our way toward Taiwan. All we wanted to do was get out of that damn plane while we still had some of our stomachs left.

But the disaster wasn't over. When we finally arrived over the drop zone, the winds were too high for us to jump, and we had to turn around and fly all the way back to Okinawa.

Needless to say, we were not happy campers by the time we at last landed back on The Rock. Eventually, we flew back to Taiwan and made the jump, but thankfully the pilots took mercy on us and didn't practice formation flying on the return trip.

John "Doc" Taylor
B/2/503

Trees + DZs = A Very Bad Mix

I was pushing a stick of cherry jumpers one night at Ft Campbell, 2/503rd. I did such a good job that all of the cherries hit the DZ, and I made my first tree landing. I was fortunate not to get hurt, but it was a learning experience.

Jim Matchin
A/2/503

(Jump stories continued....)



This Chargin' Charlie Still Jumpin'



Jimmy, can't get enough free fallin'

At Tucson, Arizona reunion this was my 2nd reunion, and the first reunion was in Anaheim, Ca. Both times made a jump. The *Life Magazine*, below, of 2nd Bn making the Combat Jump in Vietnam, I added a photo of me.

Jaime Castillo
C/2/503



Welcome To The Airborne Department

I had two jumps that really stick out in my jump career.

On my 5th qualifying jump while in jump school in 1959, I made Honor Student, and when I was standing in the door of the C-123, SFC Norberry leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "You're on your own, when that green light comes on, you had better be gone".

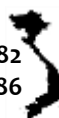


Honor student Jim "Top" Dresser

After assembling on the drop zone to receive our wings, SFC Norberry walked up to me and shook my hand and congratulated me for becoming the Honor Student and said, "WOW! You did bust out of that plane like one should – Good job and welcome to the Airborne Department". Then Colonel Hart pinned my wings on me and presented me with my Honor Student Certificate.

I have a photo of my pinning on the drop zone in 1959. I'll have to look it up and I'll have Barb send it for me!

(Jump stories continued....)



When I was a Pathfinder Instructor I broke my left ankle and walked with a RC-292 antenna on my back (as a student) with SFC Johnson saying "Can't you keep up SFC Dresser?" I told him, "*I'll be there, when you get there Sgt Johnson,*" and I was!

Hope to see everyone at the 2019 reunion.
Thank you Smitty!

Jim "Top" Dresser
A/HHC/2/503

They're Not Gonna Be O.K. When We Get 'Em Untangled



Sgt. Jim, ready to blast.

I guess you could call the following tale somewhat humorous, even though it happened over 50 years ago and the old memory is not as sharp as it once was.

It involved a three-way entanglement on a night jump at Bragg from a C141, and I think it must have been when I was reassigned to A/3/325 after my tour in Vietnam.

The two participants with myself were named Whitt and Whitten, both E5s as I recall. I had several jumps from a 141 at the time but I think it was maybe the first for those guys, at least one of them for sure. I remember this jump was not a tactical jump because I jumped sans any equipment.

Now I don't remember which guy was which as far as the jump positions and which one followed me out the door too close, I just remember the names because of their similarity. I'll just refer to them as W1 and W2.

In any case, I exited the port side of the aircraft with W1 right on my ass. At the same time W2 exited the starboard side of the aircraft and because of his unfamiliarity with the 141 he didn't "walk out" the door but rather formed a tight body position and jumped full

blown into the jet blast. This of course blew him under the fuselage and into my and W1's opening chutes. Since W1 had already started to become entangled in my suspension lines this created the 3-way entanglement. Me on the bottom, W2 in the middle and W1 on top.

W2 was so entangled in my suspension lines that they had wrapped around his neck and, I guess understandably, he panicked. In his panic he then pulled out his K bar and started cutting suspension lines. My canopy was fully deployed but the other two were about 75% deployed as mine was stealing their air. Even in the moonlight I could see him cutting away like some enraged ninja and he was oblivious to me yelling at him to stop and let W1 work his way down to him as per SOP.

I know our newsletter is for hard-core airborne soldiers, and mostly male, but you could not print the language I was using and the names I addressed him as. I even made up a few words.

After we got below the horizon and could not really see the ground it seemed the sounds of his chopping and cutting intensified. I was thinking hurry up ground. I landed hard but managed an acceptable PLF. W2 hit flat on his back, which only knocked the breath out of him for about 5 min., and W1 hit a little awkward and slightly twisted his ankle. Lucky all around. Really glad no one pulled their reserve.

I do remember an officer, I think a major, who exited before us came running up and asked if I was ok. I replied yes, and then he asked if "*those 2 guys were ok*". I replied if they are, "*they are not gonna be when we get 'em untangled*".

After the pucker factors subsided, and we realized no one was seriously hurt, we all went to get a beer (except the major) and all was well with the world.

If W1 and W2 happen to have served in the Herd, and are still around, and if they happen to read about this I hope they get in touch. After all, I was W3. :)

PS. You should have seen the look on the rigger when I pulled my chute out of my kit bag. I had 10 to 12 cut suspension lines. I turned it in in person because I didn't want to just throw it on the pile.....you never know about those riggers.

Sgt. James D. Wilson
C/2/505, 82nd ABN – '66-'67
C/2/503, 173rd ABN BDE – '67
F Co. 51st LRP (ABN) – '67-'68
A/3/325, 82nd ABN – '68

(Jump stories continued....)



Amusing In Retrospect, But Very Upsetting At The Time



Master Blaster BDQ Ranger Roy at Camp Zinn.

Parachute allocations on Okinawa came in company bunches (32 chutes for Co A and 32 chutes for Company B). The total of 64 chutes was the jump capacity of a C-130.

On this particular jump, we assembled at Naha AFB. There was a new 2/LT from Co A who was making his first jump on Okinawa and his first jump after jump school. Co A was responsible for providing the Jumpmaster (young E-5).

As was the custom I offered to control the right door as his assistant jumpmaster, to which he agreed. I recognized that the 2/LT was really uptight and spoke with him to calm him down before we took off. His Sergeant (jumpmaster), as we boarded the a/c, told him, *"I want you to lead the stick on the left door."* Jump #6, at night, would be enough to challenge any paratrooper and I observed the Lieutenant was really on edge.

There was a large bay to fly over before the a/c was back over land to drop on Yomitan DZ. The sergeant stood his stick in the door while we were still over the bay, while I held my stick back until we would cross back onto land. The jumpmaster grabbed the LT's shoulder and shouted, *"Sir, when I hit your shoulder, you go. OK??"* The LT nodded and went out the door mistakenly thinking that he was told to do that.

I crossed over and stopped the left stick by physically stopping jumper #5, but Jumpers 2, 3 and 4 followed the LT before they could be stopped. I checked out the door, their chutes were open, but it appeared they would land in the bay.

The green light came on and we emptied the a/c onto Yomitan DZ. Once on the DZ, I ran to the DZ Safety Officer to alert the Special Forces patrol boat that there may be Jumpers in the water. The boat was alerted and the troops on the DZ were assembled and trucked back to Camp Kue. I contacted the Battalion Duty Officer and told him to alert the battalion for a mass search to see if the 4 jumpers could be found.

As the Charge-of-Quarters went around in Company A, he found a pile of parachutes outside the Orderly Room. After he inquired he learned that the missing jumpers had landed on the highway which ran around the edge of the bay, flagged down an Okinawan taxi, and returned to their billets. The LT went on to his off-post quarters.

The good news were that none of the jumpers drowned. The bad news was all the wasted effort to find the missing jumpers when they were already safe. But the story of the corrective actions is another issue.

Rangers Lead The Way, BDQ Roy.

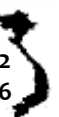
**Roy Lombardo, LTC (Ret)
CO B/2/503**

Hands Over The Eyes



**Joe Logan when he was an All American.
And about 20 years after this photo, the following
picture was taken of Joe's son Larry.**

(Jump stories continued....)





Larry Logan, following in his dad's boot steps.

In 1962, at Fort Bragg I was the platoon RTO and on my seventh jump. Standing in the door with the PAE bag I was ready. The jump master was telling me it would be an easy jump and then he touched me on the shoulder....and out I went.

Off in the distance I could see Longstreet Road and Sicily DZ. Luckily I landed clear and did not get hung up in the pines. I worked my way to Longstreet Road and waited. A very pissed-off jump master picked me up a few hours later.

Later when I was a jump master I would never talk to jumpers in the door without putting my hand over their eyes.

**Joe Logan
B/2/503, '65/'66**

Jumping in Taiwan

I don't know how much you may have heard about that military operation.....but here goes a little bit about it.

We loaded up one lovely morning at Kadena Airbase on Okinawa into C-130s and C-124s, parachutes and all, for a long uncomfortable and bumpy ride to Taiwan. Upon loading and during the flight we were not assigned to specific sticks so as we finally arrived at Taiwan and were approaching the DZ, when the door opened and the light came on the jumpmaster on our plane simply called for the first stick to stand up and hook up. By that time Bob Schultz and I had spent about all of the time onboard that aircraft that we wanted to, so we jumped up and hooked up and upon the green light we and all of the other troopers in the first stick dove out into the prop blast and took in the panoramic view of beautiful Taiwan down below.



Don Rice of 4.2 off on another Op in VN.

Upon the opening of our T-10s we observed the DZ below and in addition to the significant drift of our open chutes we witnessed many inflated chutes down below us dragging troopers across the DZ. Due to the high winds many of us popped a capewell immediately upon landing to collapse our chutes and then engaged in chasing other inflated chutes on the DZ until we could grab their skirts and collapse them.

The first pass over the DZ was the only one made that day - word obviously reached command that high winds were making things a bit dicey on the DZ. The planes all turned around and headed back to Okinawa and had to return the following day. Knowing how long and uncomfortable that airplane ride had been, Schultz and I thanked the powers that be that we had gotten out on the first stick and did not have to endure two more tortuous cargo plane rides between Okinawa and Taiwan. The only downside was that we were left for the night with no food, no water, and no equipment. It was fairly cold that night and Schultz and I fortunately found a crop field near the DZ that had had a crop of some kind of grain on it and was recently harvested. We built a shelter out of grain sheaves and slept under them for warmth.

The next day we were on the DZ witnessing the entire brigade jump and equipment drop. It was an interesting experience and I have many fond memories of our involvement with the people and those old pictures serve as well to refresh my memory. ATW,

**Don Rice
HHC/2/503, '65/'66**

[Courtesy of Don in Issue 83 we'll include a series of photos from his collection taken during the Taiwan operation]

(Jump stories continued....)



“Capewell” Parachute Release



(web image)

The Capewell parachute release is the world standard for mechanical canopy releases. The “Capewell” is a hand-activated device for detaching the parachute harness from the canopy to prevent the parachutist from being dragged upon landing. It’s simple, intuitive operation offers paratroopers quick, safe disengagement from the canopy.

Courtesy of Don Rice

I Still Limp Around A Little



This is a picture of me (Leslie Fuller on left), Gene Counselman and the jump master at Pope Airbase, Ft Bragg, NC in 1968. We were getting ready to make a practice combat jump from C-141's. I had not jumped one before then. Gene kept telling me that they were different than C-130's. I found out that you were supposed to just step out instead of jumping out like a C-130.

In the stick was Joe Gray, then me, then Gene. When we took off Gene reminded me again to just step off the platform. Well, when the green light came on, out went Joe. I stepped on the platform and jumped like I had done a few dozen times out of C-130's. Then it occurred to me that I had made a big mistake. I found out why you don't do that. I caught the jet blast and became twisted in my lines. When I left the door, it must have been pretty funny to Gene because I could hear him laughing as I was being all twisted up.

I counted 1 thousand, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, no jerk. That was an Oh S--t moment if there ever was one. Finally, I got untwisted enough to look up and see my lines twisted into one straight line and my chute looked like a tootsie roll pop. I stared kicking to unwind my lines. It never occurred to me that I had a reserve. I finally got unwound but was going so fast that I wound up the other way. It was that way all the way to the ground. I tried to release my kit bag but couldn't. I must have been a sight because I could hear Gene still laughing.

Needless to say, I hit the ground like a bag of S--t. Gene came running over to me to see if I was all right. I said I was but what the hell was so funny. He said "*I told you to step off, not to jump!*" I still limp around a little. That was a very scary jump, but being a good paratrooper, it did not deter me from jumping again.

Whenever we get together we laugh about it and then talk about the time Joe and I landed in the trees jumping Huey's.

It needs to be said that Joe Gray, Gene Counselman and I went together to AIT, Jump School, Viet Nam and after Viet Nam Ft. Bragg, C/2/325 INF. 82nd ABN.

**Les Fuller
A/2/503**

“You’ll be riding in the back sir.”

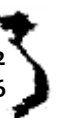
I can’t think of too many “amusing” jump stories. Except possibly, for the folks in the bleachers at Sicily Drop Zone at Ft. Bragg when I landed in a small pine tree in broad daylight.

I made approximately 60 jumps, threw away my jump log. So not sure of exact amount. Never really got the hang of it.



**A young LT Robinson
seemingly after bathing.**

(Jump stories continued....)



First jump, made a standing landing (not intentionally). I promptly fell down, making a perfect PLF. The only one of my carrier. After that it was always balls of feet, butt and back of head.

Only exception was in Vietnam where we were tailgating a caribou. I was the pusher. The guy in front leaped out, spun around and took a FLASH photo of me. I'm now blind! In my peripheral vision, I see the green light go out and the red light come on. So I naturally exited. Too soon, and the photographer's static line came up and ripped the hide off my left forearm. After I determined there was something over my head I looked down and noticed I was on the wrong side of the river with a large power line under me. I started several diagonal slips until I just reached the bottom of the rice paddy being used for the DZ.

The Vietnamese use waste from all sources to fertilize their crops. I landed straight in, up to my thighs in what mostly amounted to shit, both literally and figuratively. I gathered up my chute and half crawled/swam out of the muck and headed for the assembly point. Upon arrival the First Sargent said, "You'll be riding in the back sir."

A little later, the monsoon arrived right on schedule and I was able to scrub off most of the offending matter.

Jim Robinson
B/2/503

Only Seasoned Troopers Make Night Jumps

In August 1963 our class had just graduated jump school at Ft. Benning, we were no longer "legs" and the "Blue Caps" were now friendly. The beer was flowing and the celebration was on, we had those silver wings.

I recall a trooper asking a Blue Cap about night jumps, to which the Blue Cap replied, "*Only seasoned troopers make night jumps.*"

That registered in my memory bank.

Orders came and they read off the names of those going to the 101st and those going to the 82nd. There was a large group of us whose names were not called. Days later we all learned we were going to the 173d in Okinawa, we had never heard of the 173d.



Sky Soldier Rick

We arrived in Okinawa after a 22-day boat ride provided by the US Navy. I was assigned to the 2nd Bat 503rd Hq company recon platoon. Within a week or so we went on a maneuver exercise. We went to Kadena AFB and boarded a C-124, a far cry from a C-119. It was about 2100hrs and dark when we took off. I was sitting beside my squad leader. I asked him, "*Sgt., are we going to fly until morning?*" He said no we will be dropping in about 20 minutes. Holy Crap, I thought, and said, "*I thought only seasoned troopers made night jumps.*" He smiled and told me "*You are seasoned trooper*".

When I did my PLF on Yomitan DZ, I realized I indeed was a seasoned trooper. I will never forget my time in the 173d on Okinawa and the jumps we made on Taiwan.

Rick Jerman
HHC/2/503 Recon, '63-'65

Laundry in the Sky **Or;** **"When in doubt, whip it out"**



Our good buddy, the young Mr. Bethea on radio watch at Zinn. Photo taken by our other good buddy, Wayne Hoitt, both troopers HHC/2/503, '65/'66 RVN.

I can only remember two pay jumps in Vietnam and one on Yontan DZ, Okinawa. Yontan was the prelude to a field problem where I was introduced to the infamous mud of Okinawa. I remember watching the equipment dropped from the C-130s using those huge parachute combos. What a fascinating sight.

(Jump stories continued....)



Of course it rained during the problem (*"If it ain't rainin', you ain't trainin Troop!"*). Mud covered everything and after the op was over I was detailed to help clean equipment in C Company's area. That was the first time I met "The Hammer". He don't remember me but I remember him!



The Hammer, Desmond Jackson, next to Jeff Mazer's Herman the Paratrooper with some old newsletter editor in the background at 2/503 reunion in Cocoa Beach, FL.

I don't know if it was sequentially my first jump in Vietnam but it was a chopper jump and very cool. It lacked the regimented discipline of a normal jump. We just chuted up, sat in the door of the chopper, hooked our statistic line to a "D ring" in the floor and we were ready to go. The chopper gained the required altitude, someone gave a wave of their hand and I stepped on to the runner and jumped. A long drop followed. I watched between the toes of my boots as the shroud lines, canopy and static line trailed up to the chopper. I counted to 13 before it opened.

The other jump was from a De Havilland Caribou which I've always thought is a beautifully ugly airplane. They lowered the ramp in the tail and we just walked off into thin air. Then it got interesting.



The Caribou in Vietnam. She may be ugly, but she sure can cook! (web photo)

First, when my main canopy opened I looked up and noticed a panel in one of the gores of the canopy had burned away as the chute opened. I just freaked when I saw that and then of course the training kicked in, *"When in doubt, whip it out."*

I pulled the ripcord on the reserve chute and things got worse. Though there was indeed an unwanted hole in the main canopy it wasn't slowing my decent appreciably. As advertised, the reserve canopy popped out of its pack but then it just hung there in front of me like a big pile of laundry. I grabbed a wad of it in my arms and started shaking it to get more air into it. The laundry started to rise! Then it stopped! WTF!!

I held the wad away from the harness to see if something was caught and realized that the strength of the updraft wasn't enough the pull the shroud lines out of the rubber retainers. I let go of the laundry and pulled the shroud lines out hand over hand as quickly as I could. Finally, the canopy began to float away from me but not up. I thought that maybe that was a good thing because if it began to fully deploy inside the main it might somehow rob air from it.

I guess a breeze must have felt sorry for me because the reserve deployed up and away from the main and I landed kind of leaning backward but softy under two fully deployed canopies.

As I was getting out of my equipment a Rigger NCO came over to me, bitched me out for pulling the reserve. That wasn't nearly as bad as the lesson I learned doing laundry in the sky. Lucky Jim.

Jim Bethea

HHC/2/503, '65/'66

Yontan Airfield

"Yontan Airfield (also known as Yomitan Auxiliary Airfield) is a former military airfield on Okinawa, located at Yomitan, Okinawa Village on the Okinawa western coast. It was closed in July 1996 and turned over to the Japanese government in December 2006. Today it is home to the Yomitan Village Office and community complex, including baseball fields, running tracks, and community facilities." It is widely understood only very old paratroopers refer to it as Yontan and not Yomitan. (Ed)



(Jump stories continued....)



It Was Amusing....To Her

This little ditty was shared in an earlier newsletter years ago, so I'll make it brief.

While with the 509th in Germany in 1968, I needed a pay jump before taking a European discharge. Leaving our flat in Mainz for the jump, I told my bride Reggie, *"I hope I don't break my leg!"* ha ha

The jump in Fulda would be my last in the army, so while coming down to the soft, plowed farmer's field I decided to attempt a standing landing. Focused on the horizon, I didn't see the hard, dirt road beneath me. Hitting that road, *I stood!!*....for about a second before crashing into the earth. Guys were running toward me, which is never a good sign.

My broken ankle in a cast and I assisted by crutches returned home that evening. When Reggie saw me she broke out laughing thinking it was a joke.

Sort of amusing...to her.

Lew "Smitty" Smith
HHC/2/503, '65/'66



No Sympathy For The Leg

It was a windy day and we were jumping a C119. As we called our numbers I was number 13 and just said "OK". The guy behind me asked if I forgot my number.



This photo is me as a 19 year old private in Co C 187 Abn Battle Group, 82 Abn. The story involves my second jump in jump school at Bragg.



Here's another beauty, the C119. Caption states it's dropping troopers during the Korean War. (web image)

Anyway, the jump was uneventful until I approached the ground at high speed because of the wind. Being a rookie jumper, I looked at the ground and reached for it with my left leg. Like you, I had a severe ankle injury that took two months to heal and I had to hobble around the company as a leg with no sympathy from my fellow soldiers.

Had to go through the last two weeks of jump school again when I healed but that is another story.

Best, Nick

Nick Hun, Col. (Ret)
B/2/503

(Jump stories continued....)



Former Sky Soldier and new civilian encased in his army souvenir making woo with his new German bride, Reggie, on a summer's day in Bavaria. She's gonna be pissed when she sees this one that'll teach her for laughing at an injured paratrooper in 1968! Put some clothes on women!



Last Jump in Airborne School



Bob "Ragman" Getz during Jump School at Benning.

I went to Ft Benning right out of ROTC at Loyola University in Chicago. Went through the Infantry Officer's Basic Course and signed up for Airborne School. During that time, I had an opportunity to hit Victory Drive and the Officer's Clubs. Met a lot of young ladies and had a great time.

Now this ain't no bullshit. On the evening before my last jump in Airborne School, one of those young ladies invited me to dinner with her parents at a Catfish and Hushpuppy Restaurant along the Chattahoochee River. While I planned to head out from Benning the day after my qualifying jump for a leave at home and then the drive to Ft Ord, CA, for my first active duty assignment, I thought it would be nice to have dinner. While fish is my last selection for dinner, it was better than having dinner at the O-Club.

Now that was the day when "Brown Bagging" was the only way you could get a drink in Georgia, so I stopped along the way and picked up two bottles of white wine. Then, I headed for the restaurant. The young lady was there with her Mother and Brother.

During the introductions, I learned that the Father was a COL and Brother was a CPT. At the time, I was a fresh 2nd LT. The Father had a commitment on the base so the Brother was substituting for him. Both of them were Chaplains representing the Baptist Faith and I had two bottles of white wine in my Brown Bag.

So, what was I to do? I opened the Brown Bag, opened the two bottles of wine and offered each a drink. Not even the young lady, who had had a number of drinks with me at various locations in and around Ft Benning, accepted a drink. Now, being a frugal person, I then drank both bottles of wine during dinner at which I only ate the French Fries as I couldn't eat the Catfish or Hushpuppies.

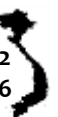
Needless to say the dinner went quickly. We said our goodbyes. And I headed out as quickly as possible. Upon hitting the BOQ, I passed out in bed.

In the morning, we did the normal exercises and went to the equipment area for our gear. As it was a full gear jump, we were issued the parachutes, packs and weapons. The gear almost doubled my weight. It was also one of those very hot mid-May days in Georgia and I just sweat everything out. Upon receiving our gear, we were taken to an old airplane hangar made of metal and sat on long benches. I got permission to get a drink of water occasionally. However, that really didn't help as I just sweat more and began to develop a balloon head.

Finally, we were taken out of the hangar to the C-119s. However, it was too windy to jump. So, they had us sit/lay under the wings of those Flying Boxcars. We were blessed with them as there was some incident in process and the normal Air Force planes were not available for our jumps that week. There was no wind on the ground that I could feel and my head was just throbbing. I don't think I ever had a worse hangover in my life.

Finally, it was time to board the aircraft. I just stumbled along behind the guy in front of me. I was determined to make this jump. The inside of that C-119 was like the inside of an oven. It was so hot. Today, I wonder if these Alabama National Guard planes had President Bush the son at the controls. For when we took off, we bounced about three times on the runway before the last bounce in the grass as we barely made it over the evergreen trees at the end of the runway.

(Jump stories continued....)



With the doors open and the breeze coming through the boxcar portion of the plane, it was a bit comfortable and my hangover had a bit of relief. Coming over the drop zone with a Get Ready, Check Your Equipment, etc, life was beginning to come back when I heard the Jumpmaster order, "JUMP!". I was about in the middle of the string and slowly shuffled forward until I got to the door and just walked out. Worst jump you ever saw. I went out a little and then came back and bounced into the rear of the boxcar. The jar on my shoulder was painful but the chute opened perfectly and I glided down to the landing zone. I hit the ground with a THUMP and one of the NCOs began hollering at me to get my parachute and get off the field. I did my best and got off the field.

We went to the Parade Field, were awarded our Airborne Wings and I went to bed. Got up first thing in the morning and headed to my home in Chicago where I had a wonderful leave, got over my painful shoulder and headed out to Ft Ord, CA, where the Beach Boys introduced me to California Girls!



In case you forgot....California girls of the 60s.
Just like the kind Bob and all of us used to date. ☺ (Ed)

Ragman's stories continue....

Bar Qualification

Being Airborne in the military is a special qualification. Those who are not Airborne are called "Straight Legs". Those who are Airborne wear Airborne Boots in which they blouse their trousers. Non-Airborne wear oxfords and have to leave their trousers fall – or appear to be straight-legged. Thus, we have the descriptions of Airborne and Straight-Leg.

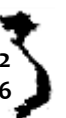
Now this ain't no bullshit. One of the things an Airborne Officer may do is Bar Qualify a Straight-Leg. That means the Airborne Officer, in the proper Officer's Club, may work with a Straight-Leg Officer and show them how to make Parachute Landing Falls (PLFs). I've Bar Qualified a 300# Grade School Dependent Principal and Medical Doctors in Germany, but my most interesting Bar Qualifications were two Straight-Leg Lawyers in Vietnam.

Now, the normal tendency when you make a parachute jump is to land on your feet, ass and head. That's not good because you're supposed to be ready to go into combat as soon as you land – not hold your head because you've got a headache. So, in bar qualification, you've had a couple of drinks and you tell your trainee to get up on the bar and jump to the floor with a landing on your toes, sliding yourself to the side so that you roll on your side to a non-injuring position on the floor.

After sufficient booze and the proper training, my two lawyer friends had finally got the feeling and were doing Bar PLFs without a problem. Thus, I bestowed upon them the recognition of being Bar Qualified Airborne Troopers. But, they were in an Airborne Unit and wanted to take one step beyond. They decided to jump off the roof of the Officer's Club at LZ English, Vietnam. Gradually, they made their way up to the roof and each jumped off. Unfortunately, a bar is about the right height to feel the real hit of the earth in a parachute jump. The roof of a building is not. Both of my lawyer friends suffered damage to their ankles and could hardly walk for about a month. I was reprimanded by their superior for encouraging them to be Bar Qualified. However, most others whom I met said "Airborne, All The Way!!"

Bob "Ragman" Getz
Task Force CO, 2/503

(Jump stories continued....)



They Gonna Recycle Your Ass

I went through jump school in April of '68, when Martin Luther King was assassinated. Tensions were very high between the African Americans and the Caucasians, and so Fort Benning had a curfew that lights would turn off at 10 PM (maybe it was 9 PM) and we were ordered to stay in our barracks for the night. We had about four or five Navy Seals in our group, and they decided to sneak out and go to Columbus for some drinking. On the way back they were jumped by about six African Americans...bad decision! Needless to say the next morning the Seals were ready for more PT, and the other group had some bumps and bruises to show off.

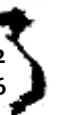


My third jump out of the C119 on "jump week" was a little scary. As we were told, I was looking down to make sure I would stay away from the chutes below because of the loss of air (vacuum), when suddenly I saw some boots on my chute. I think I swore at the guy and he was able to "walk" off my chute and we both landed well.

My fourth jump, when we were loaded up with extra gear for the first time, there was very little wind, and I was trying to figure out what kind of a PLF I would need. Unfortunately, I came down very awkwardly and hurt my left knee. I was limping and attempting to roll up my chute to run off the DZ, and Anthony Whitehead, from New Jersey kept yelling at me *"Come on #1163, (Whitehead was #1164) they watching you, they gonna recycle your ass, so get that chute wrapped up and hustle your ass off this DZ. Come on! You forget about the pain cause you don't want to have them recycle your ass!"* It was certainly words of inspiration and that's what I needed.

Rich Whipple (Sgt)
HHC/2/503
1968-69

***I wanna be an Airborne Ranger,
I wanna live a life of danger!***



BLOOD ON THE RISERS

He was just a rookie trooper and he surely shook with
fright
as he checked all his equipment and made sure his
pack was tight
He had to sit and listen to the awful engines roar,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

Gory, Gory, What a hell of a way to die
Gory, Gory, What a hell of a way to die
Gory, Gory, What a hell of a way to die
He ain't gonna jump no more.

"Is everybody happy?" cried the Sergeant, looking up.
Our hero feebly answered "yes," and then they stood
him up.

He leaped right out into the blast, his static line
unhooked.

He ain't gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

Gory, Gory, What a hell of a way to die
Gory, Gory, What a hell of a way to die
Gory, Gory, What a hell of a way to die
He ain't gonna jump no more.

He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the
shock;

He felt the wind, he felt the clouds, he felt the awful
drop;

He jerked his cord, the silk spilled out and wrapped
around his legs.

He ain't gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

The risers wrapped around his neck, connectors
cracked his dome;
The lines were snarled and tied in knots, around his
skinny bones;
The canopy became his shroud, he hurtled to the
ground.
He ain't gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

The days he'd lived and loved and laughed kept
running through his mind;
He thought about the girl back home, the one he'd left
behind;
He thought about the medics and wondered what
they'd find.
He ain't gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were
running wild;
The medics jumped and screamed with glee, they
rolled their sleeves and smiled;
For it had been a week or more since last a chute had
failed.
He ain't gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

He hit the ground, the sound was splat, his blood went
spurting high;
His comrades were then heard to say, "A heck of way
to die";
He lay there rolling 'round in the welter of his gore.
He ain't gonna jump no more.

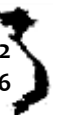
CHORUS:

Gory, Gory, What a hell of way to die
Gory, Gory, What a hell of way to die
Gory, Gory, What a hell of way to die
He ain't gonna jump no more.

There was blood upon the risers, there were brains
upon the 'chute.

Intestines were a-dangling from his paratrooper suit.
He was a mess, they picked him up and poured him
from his boots.

AND HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE!



It's sometimes hard to believe it was 53 years ago this October when this young man knowingly gave his life to save the lives of his buddies. *Lest we forget...*

Hero's blood spilled in Vietnam still heals today

Medal of Honor recipient's cousin writes about war and racial understanding

November 28, 2012

Dawn Turner Trice



"Chinta Strausberg with a photo commemorating her cousin Milton."

Chinta Strausberg, with a poster commemorating her cousin Milton Lee Olive III at Olive-Harvey College, is writing a book about her heroic cousin.

Chinta Strausberg was visiting a relative's South Side business in January 1993 when — out of the blue — an elderly uncle telephoned her at the automotive parts shop. *"First I was surprised that he knew I was there, but he kept saying, 'Promise me you will never let the world forget what my son did,'"* said Strausberg, a longtime Chicago journalist. *"He was so determined."*

She didn't understand the urgency of the call until her uncle died of cancer two months later. Since then, Strausberg has been telling the story of her uncle's son Milton Lee Olive III, a Vietnam War hero who saved the lives of four men — two black and two white — in his platoon.

No one ever pleaded with Jim Stanford, one of the white men saved, to tell Olive's story. But he's been telling it, too, explaining how a young, selfless black man changed his views on race.

Chicago's Olive-Harvey College is named after Olive. So is Milton Olive Park at 500 North Lake Shore Drive, near Navy Pier.

First Strausberg's side: She said she never met "Skipper," as the family called Olive, but she started hearing about him when she was just out of high school.

As the story goes, in 1962, he was 16 years old and bored with school so he decided to leave his home in the Englewood neighborhood and run away to live with his paternal grandparents in Mississippi.

"He joined the freedom movement and was registering blacks to vote," Strausberg said. *"Uncle Milton's mom said, 'Your son is down here, but you'd better come get him.' It was 10 years after Emmett Till was killed, and my uncle felt the Ku Klux Klan would make him another Emmett Till."*

(Emmett was the 14-year-old Chicago boy killed in 1955 after being accused of whistling at a white woman in Mississippi. His death helped spark the civil rights movement).

Strausberg said Olive's father gave his son three choices: Go to school. Get a job. Or, join the military. Olive returned to Chicago in 1964 and joined the Army. He was a paratrooper and got injured jumping out of a plane during combat. He earned a Purple Heart. *"He came home for a while, but felt he had to go back to finish the job,"* Strausberg said.

"The soldiers who knew him said he didn't curse. He didn't drink. He used to stay in the foxhole, and he had his Bible, and he was a very religious person who was madly in love with his country."

He had a girlfriend, though, or someone he hoped to have as a girlfriend. One of the soldiers whom Olive saved later told Strausberg that he would help Olive compose love letters.

But this is where Stanford picks up the story: On Oct. 22, 1965, Olive, Stanford and three other men embarked on a search-and-destroy mission in Vietnam. Stanford was the platoon leader and had recently joined the unit from the Green Berets.

"We had been caught in an ambush three times that day," said Stanford, 77, who now lives in Texas and in Mexico. *"We were lying on the ground receiving and returning fire. The fire was coming in low, and every time somebody would move, it was a magnet attracting fire."*

Olive and Stanford were lying side by side when a grenade dropped in the 18-inch space between them. Stanford said he can still see the manufacturer's yellow markings on the grenade.

(Tribute continued....)



"Milton Olive pulled the grenade right into himself, like he was hugging it," said Stanford. "Why he chose to absorb the blast, I don't know. He could have easily tossed it on the other side of me and let me absorb it. A lot of times I still wake up at night thinking about the why of it. People say, 'When were you last in Vietnam?' I sometimes say, 'A couple of nights ago.'"

Olive died that day, just 16 days before his 19th birthday.

Stanford said he started re-evaluating his feelings about race.

"I was raised in the Deep South in the late 1930s and '40s, and there was a lot of racial tension," he said. "That's what I grew up with. That's what I knew. I learned that at home, and it was like learning how to put on your clothes. But when a man sacrifices his life for you, you rethink your learning."

Stanford and Strausberg, who's writing a book about Olive, have become good friends. They connect often via Facebook.

"I tell people all the time that the blood that Skipper spilled in Vietnam is still healing today," Strausberg said.

Stanford and another soldier are the only two of the four men Olive saved who still are alive.

Strausberg said that after Olive died, his father went to the White House and President Lyndon Johnson awarded Olive the Medal of Honor and a second Purple Heart posthumously. She said Olive was the first African-American who had served in Vietnam to receive the award. He is buried in Mississippi.

"My uncle used to spend hours talking about Skipper at our family reunions and during the holidays," Strausberg said. *"I think he remembered the three choices he gave his son — to either go to school, go to work or into the military. I think he grieved himself to death. The only peace he could find would be in making sure his son's story remains alive."*

Source:

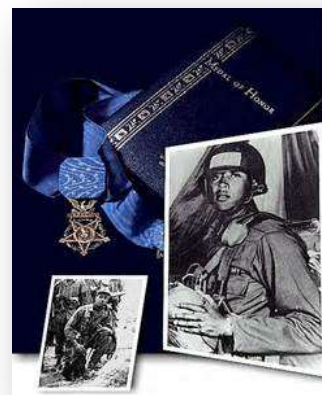
dtrice@tribune.com



Remembering Skipper

Sorry to have used all the time allotted for the deadline. I'm still having problems from the poor PLF I did in Mexico last month. Under Doctor's care but still fell this a.m. But here goes.

Having only joined Company B a few short days prior to 22 October 1965, I didn't know Private First Class Olive. I had never spoken to him or him to me. The first and only four words he ever spoke to me were,



"Look out Lieutenant, grenade!"

He paid the ultimate price but saved the lives of me and the other members of the 3d platoon. I was lying next to Milton Olive and the other three were close to our rear but close enough to pick up shrapnel from the blast. His action that day caused a big change in my life.

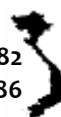
Having been born and raised in Texas, the culture being what it was at the time, I was somewhat of a racist. This started a change in my way of thinking. No, not overnight, but it did change me, and for the better. Private First Class Milton Olive's actions that day gave me the opportunity to marry, to watch my children grow up, and have children of their own, and their children have children also.

Many people have asked why did he do this? What type of person does that sort of thing? He could have easily tossed it on the other side of me. Still today, forty-eight years later I have sleepless nights. I think about it almost every day.

I met Milton's father at the White House during the presentation ceremony, and stayed in contact with him until his death in 1992. Just a few short months before we had met in Mississippi to lay a wreath at Milton's gravesite. *Rest in Peace Skipper* (as his family called him).

Jimmy B. (Jim) Stanford
Captain (Ret), U. S. Army
173d Airborne Brigade, '65/'66 RVN

[These tributes to Milton appeared in an earlier newsletter]



PARACHUTE CLUB

Yesterday my daughter e-mailed me asking why I didn't do something useful with my time. *"Like sitting around the pool and drinking wine is not a good thing?"* I asked.

Talking about my "doing-something-useful" seems to be her favourite topic of conversation. She was *"only thinking of me,"* she said, and suggested that I go down to the Senior Centre and hang out with the fellows.

I did this and when I got home last night, I decided to play a prank on her. I emailed her and told her that I had joined a Parachute Club.



She replied, *"Are you nuts?! You are 84-years-old and now you're going to start jumping out of airplanes?"*

I told her that I even got a Membership Card and emailed a copy to her.

She immediately telephoned me and yelled, *"Good grief, Dad, where are your glasses?! This is a Membership to a Prostitute Club, not a Parachute Club!!"*

"Oh man, I'm in trouble again," I said. *"I really don't know what to do. I signed-up for five jumps a day!!"*

The line went dead.

Life as a Senior Citizen is not getting any easier, but sometimes it can be fun.

Now, this photo of Mike Sturges, A/2/503, taken by Smitty in '01 at the Taiwan Airport coming home from their visit to Vietnam, has nothing whatsoever to do with the joke above. Absolutely nothing, nada. He can't make 5 jumps a day anyway.



Caspers... We love them Chopper Dudes

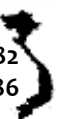


Casper Platoon Members: Terry Lee Parker, Ned Costa, Doug Walton, Jim Jeffryes & Ed Liptrap, in Fort Worth, TX.
(Photo from Ned)

Virginia is for Lovers & Sky Soldiers



2/503 Bravo Bull, Jim Williams' wheels in Virginia.
It's an airborne hummer of a ride.



Soldier in secret unit dies in training accident

Yahoo News reports, "WASHINGTON — A highly decorated soldier from the Army's elite Delta Force died last month after a free-fall parachute training accident the military did not make public.

Sgt. Maj. Christopher Nelms, 46, died July 1 from injuries sustained when his parachute failed to fully open during a June 27 jump at Laurinburg-Maxton Airport, N.C., about 40 miles southwest of Delta's home post of Fort Bragg, N.C. *'He was fighting it the whole way down,'* said a former Delta Force officer familiar with the accident."



Sgt. Maj. Christopher Nelms
(Photo: U.S. Army)

"U.S. Army Special Operations Command, which exercises administrative control of Delta Force, did not announce Nelms's death, but confirmed it when contacted by Yahoo News. *'One service member died as a result of a free-fall training incident on June 27, 2018, in Laurinburg, N.C.,'* said Lt. Col. Robert Bockholt, the command spokesman, in an email response to questions from Yahoo News. Nelms *'received initial medical treatment for his injuries but unfortunately died at the hospital.'*"

"Nelms was buried in Arlington Cemetery on July 31, Bockholt said *'Any free-fall jump has a great deal of risk,'* said a former Delta operator. *'I don't think people realize how risky jumps like that are, whether training or for real.'*"

[Read entire report at: www.yahoo.com/news/soldier-secret-unit-dies-training-accident-202109847.html]

Forever GI Bill expands VA educational benefits for veterans



WASHINGTON — Effective Aug. 1, the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) implemented 15 more provisions of the Harry W. Colmery Educational Assistance Act of 2017, also referred to as the Forever GI Bill. These provisions, in addition to the 13 implemented since the law was signed less than a year ago, will have an immediate and positive impact on Veterans and their families using VA benefits to pursue their educational goals.

"We are excited to get the word out about implementation of the provisions," said VA Secretary Robert Wilkie. *"From the day the Forever GI Bill was signed into law, VA, in collaboration with Veterans service organizations, state approving agencies and school certifying officials, has taken an expansive approach to ensure earned benefits are provided to Veterans in a timely, high-quality and efficient way."*

Some of the provisions that began Aug. 1 include: Recipients of a Purple Heart awarded on or after Sept. 11, 2001, are now eligible for full Post-9/11 GI Bill benefits for up to 36 months, if not already entitled. Military and Veteran families who have lost a family member can now reallocate transferred Post-9/11 GI Bill benefits. Additional Guard and Reserve service now counts toward Post-9/11 GI Bill eligibility.

Post-9/11 GI Bill students may now receive monthly housing allowance for any days they are not on active duty, rather than having to wait until the next month; and Expansion of the Yellow Ribbon Program, which makes additional funds available for GI Bill students, now covers more students.

More provisions are scheduled related to science, technology, engineering and math benefit extensions; increased benefit levels; a pilot program for high-technology training geared toward "upskilling" Veterans to enter the workforce quickly; and another expansion of the Yellow Ribbon Program, which will be implemented by Aug. 1, 2022.

For more information, visit the Forever GI Bill – Harry W. Colmery Veterans Educational Assistance Act page. Visit the Education and Training webpage for more information. For questions about GI Bill benefits, call the Education Call Center at 888-442-4551 from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. (CST) Monday through Friday.





Reunions of the Airborne Kind 2018 ~ 2019



101st Abn Div 2nd/501st E Co, Recon, Mortars & HQ (Vietnam), Wilmington, NC, September 20-23, 2018. **Contact:** James Hill
Phn: 704-310-1800, Eml:
tomnbonnie@bellsouth.net



1st Annual Florida Airborne Jamboree 2018, Sebring, FL, September 21-22, 2018. **Contact:** Jose Perez, skysoldier1305@aol.com
305-205-1948



173d Airborne Brigade Annual Reunion, Charleston, SC, June 5-9, 2019. **Contact:** Wayne Bowers, Phn: 803-237-3169,
Eml: bowway@aol.com



Company A 2/503 Mini Reunion, DoubleTree Reid Park, Tucson, AZ, September 19-22, 2019. **Contact:** Terry "Woody" Davis, A 2/503, '66-'67,
Phn: (270) 792-8306



Casper Platoon Reunion, Tropicana Hotel & Casino, Las Vegas, NV, April 23-25, 2019. **Contact:** Ned Costa, Phn: 562-682-3160,
Eml: NCHuey721@aol.com, Web:
<http://www.casperplatoon.com/2019.htm>



Sky Soldiers, their spouses and friends at banquet during the 2018 173d Airborne Brigade Reunion in Alexandria, VA.

NOTE:

If you are aware of any upcoming "Airborne" or attached unit reunions, please email complete details to rto173@att.net for inclusion in our newsletter.

2019 173d Reunion Registration Form

SKY SOLDIERS DESCEND ON
Charleston, SC
JUNE 5-9, 2019 | HOSTED BY SC CHAPTER 30

Name _____ Phone () _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Email _____

Unit served within the Brigade _____ Dates served _____

Guest 1 Name _____ Male/Female _____
Guest 2 Name _____ Male/Female _____
Guest 3 Name _____ Male/Female _____

Registration Fees
 _____ \$173/Association member* (includes hospitality room, drink tickets, banquet, welcome meal, gift)
 _____ \$173 per guest* (includes hospitality room, drink tickets, banquet, welcome meal, gift)
 _____ \$55 per Gold Star Family member
 _____ \$100 per Active Duty Soldier (NOT on orders)
 _____ FREE - Active Duty Soldiers on orders (i.e. Command, Color Guard)

Optional Activity Fees
 _____ \$30/person - Patriots Point trip (includes transportation and admission)
 _____ \$20/person - Harbor boat tour add on (must also be registered for Patriots Point trip)
 _____ \$20/person - Downtown Charleston Historic Market trip (includes transportation)
 _____ \$40/person - Golf Outing (includes transportation, cart rental, and lunch)
 _____ \$25/person - Welcome meal only (CAUTION: included with full registration)
 _____ \$55/person - Banquet only (CAUTION: included with full registration)
 _____ FREE - Ladies Event (must register to attend)
 _____ FREE - Gold Star Luncheon - 173d Gold Star Families only (must register to attend)
 _____ \$10 - Raffle ticket (winner will receive \$1,000)
 _____ Donation to offset reunion costs (choose any amount)

Vendor Fees
 _____ \$125 - Association member vendor registration fee (includes 1 table, 2 chairs)
 _____ \$150 - Non-association member vendor registration fee (includes 1 table, 2 chairs)
 _____ \$75 per additional table
 _____ \$50 - electricity at vendor table

TOTAL COST _____

To register and pay online, visit www.173dreunion2019.com
 Make checks payable to: 173d Airborne Brigade Association
 Mail to: Wendell Satterfield, PO Box 525, Gray Court, SC 29645
 For hotel reservations: Embassy Suites by Hilton Charleston Airport - 843-747-1882
 For additional information: Wayne Bowers, 803-237-3169, bowway@aol.com

* Registration available online and by mail until 19 May 2019. Walk-ins welcome at \$199.
 * You must be registered to participate in the 173d Airborne Brigade activities listed above.
 Registration fee does not include any mini reunions (such as 4th Battalion).

**The Old Sky Soldier Who
Shuffles Around Town With The
Vietnam Veteran Hat On...**

**Was At One Time More
Badass Than You Will Ever Be**



2/503d **VIETNAM** Newsletter / Sept.-Oct. 2018 - Issue 82

Page 67 of 86





Company D 16th Armor
173d Airborne Brigade Separate

And We Had Pets

The Saga of Tuy Hoa's Pets.....



Great, great story, soldiers and their pets; in every war there always were pets adopted. There were three, or more, in my time in D16 (there were none in C1-1CAV as they were strictly verboten). It seems there was always a platoon dog. **Snoopy** was in the second platoon and was wounded on 4 March. Someone made a Purple Heart for him and he was promoted to Corporal.

One time later, when the CO and I split the company, my half was ambushed just before we linked up in a pass in the Highlands. Snoopy got off the track to bark and assault the enemy, and when the firefight ended, we moved out without him till someone noticed he wasn't onboard. I had to stop the column and there he was about a mile back running for all he was worth to catch up. Went into a herringbone and dropped the ramp for him. Tactically, pretty stupid!, but there was no way I could leave him; I would've been shot.

Cool was DOC 13's dog. When DOC went on R&R just before DEROS, Cool was so heartbroken, the 1SG had her flown in from the field and took her to the vet at Tuy Hoa AFB to give her a shot to bring her around. When DOC came back she was fine and happy. But he soon after left for home and this time 1SG couldn't save her; she just crawled off and died of a broken heart.

Mac Dowell was the lowest ranking man in one of the platoons and consequently was driver. The company went through a hamlet somewhere and the destruction inadvertently orphaned a baby monkey. Mac nursed it with a homemade baby bottle, and I don't really know what he used for milk till he weaned to C-Rats. It was the damnest sight with that monkey sitting immediately behind Mac with one hand on top of his helmet. The monkey came to a sad end when she accidentally hung herself because Mac left her, and his buddy didn't watch her like he was supposed to. The CO performed full on grave site services the next day and kept Mac from shooting his buddy.

CPT Hickman, the CO, even had a dog named **Sabot**, after a tank main gun round. It was still a pup when the CO was hit with a command detonated mine; destroyed the track but no serious injuries. The company was coming in for a three-day stand down anyway so it worked getting the old man a new track. When they were pulling out that puppy did not want any part of that track, and the Batt 1SG had to throw him into the back hatch.



Technically, C Troop did not have any pets, but there was a mutt that hung out at our forward base in the Pineapple Forest. On this occasion, Miss Alabama 1st Runner-up Miss America 1968, was on a goodwill tour visiting dirty, smelly, horny GI's far forward. This dog didn't know what a sweet smelling round eye woman was, and the last thing I saw of Miss Alabama 1st Runner-up 1968 was her trying to scramble back on the chopper with this mongrel chasing close behind her. I laughed my ass off. My men were mad at me for not shooting the dog. I told them I wish it was me chasing Miss 1st Runner-up.

I do really love dogs.

Un-named 1st Lieutenant

(continued....)



2/503d **VIETNAM** Newsletter / Sept.-Oct. 2018 – Issue 82

Page 68 of 86

The Story of Boom Boom, the dog.....



Finding a good place to sleep.

Our dog, **Boom Boom**, looked like a German Shepherd only in miniature. He was only about 18 inches tall and loved to ride on the APC's. When we had beer, we would always pour Boom Boom a few warm ounces. The problem was that Boom Boom was smart...he would make the rounds from track to track to get more beer. Boom Boom got drunk a lot when there was beer around.

He was good to have out in the field because he could smell the enemy. Because he was raised by Americans, did not like the Vietnamese. If he growled at night, you took note. The only problem was when we were around South Vietnamese. Boom Boom couldn't tell NVA from Viet Cong from ARVN or civilian. If they were not American, he didn't like them and would try to bite them. We had to watch him closely if we were around ARVN troops or Vietnamese civilians.

One night when we were back at our base camp in Tuy Hoa, again into the beer, we got to talking about the First Sergeant's dog. Someone decided his dog needed bred and that Boom Boom was just the man for the job. I have it on good authority that the dog in question was lured outside of the 1st Sergeant's hooch at about 01:00. The mission almost immediately ran into problems as Boom Boom, as game as he was to get the job done, was not tall enough to earn his master Boom Boom badge. But as you know, Paratroopers are able to adapt so several sand bags were quickly taken from the wall around the hooch. A platform of the proper height was quickly constructed, after which Boom Boom went QUICKLY to work.

Although the Troopers thought they were being listening post quiet, someone must have laughed out loud or offered Boom Boom some encouragement. Just as Boom Boom was putting the finishing touch on his task, the First Sergeant came around the corner. His eyes become as big as any I have ever seen. I'm sure the first thing on his mind was that his dog was being raped. He yelled...no, he screamed at us but we were already running into the night. We never let Boom Boom go back to the area again.

We didn't go back to base camp often then, but when we did Boom Boom had to stay with the tracks so the 1st Sergeant would not see him.

Boom Boom was truly Airborne!

The Saga of Josephine and Charlie.....

Charlie and Josephine were lovers, even though she was much larger than he. Many claimed to own **Charlie** or **Josephine**, but they only belonged to each other. They spent their days climbing on any trooper that would give them food or allow them to groom their hair. They loved to hang around the entrance to a tent so they could pounce on anyone entering or leaving.

We are sure that when we left garrison, they took care of each other, and waited patiently for the Sky Soldiers to return. They were D/16th through and through and we are certain that generations of the Josephine and Charlie relationship have survived to produce many Airborne simian troopers.



Josephine on the left. Smaller Charlie nuzzling in.

Pet stories courtesy of the D16th Armor website:

www.d16armor173rd.org



2/503 Jump RVN 1966



(Jump photo by and inset of Pat Bowe, Recon/2/503)

Sergeant Alvin C. York at Chatel-Chenery, France

"And those machine guns were spitting fire and cutting down the undergrowth all around me something awful. And the Germans were yelling orders. You never heard such a racket in all of your life. I didn't have time to dodge behind a tree or dive into the brush... As soon as the machine guns opened fire on me, I began to exchange shots with them. There were over thirty of them in continuous action, and all I could do was touch the Germans off just as fast as I could. I was sharp shooting... All the time I kept yelling at them to come down. I didn't want to kill any more than I had to. But it was they or I. And I was giving them the best I had."



Sgt. Alvin C. York, Medal of Honor Recipient

Our own Alvin York was Charlie Morris, A/2/503, MOH

Remembering Joe Barbarick

One of the photos among those that I sent pictured Sgt. Joe Barbarick and has some sad memories from my point of view.

He was in my platoon for some time while on Okinawa but transferred to recon platoon awhile after we deployed to VN. He was the person who got me interested in skydiving and I participated in that activity for about a decade after returning to the world.



Joe

At some point after he also returned to the world he became a member of the Golden Knights and in March of 1973 he and 10 other members of the Golden Knights along with the pilot and co-pilot of a C-47 aircraft crashed and lost their lives in an accident near Overland Park, Kansas while on an Army recruiting mission in that area.

I also have a couple of tales to tell with respect to a couple of the other photos if you are interested.

ATW,

**Don Rice
HHC 4.2/2/503**

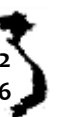


Sgt. Joe Barbarick and Frankie Guerro on Taiwan

"The C-47 crashed into a corn field one hour after departure. The accident killed all on board, including 11 members of the United States Army Parachute Team Golden Knights, a flight crew of two, and a crew chief. Cause of the crash was determined to be overloaded - due to the fact a heavy metal plating floor had been added in Vietnam but not entered in the log book. The aircraft was also flying in poor weather conditions."

Source:

<http://aviationsafety.net/database/record.php?id=19730308-1>



From down under....

Valley Veterans: What Vietnam Veterans Day means to those who served

Mick Birtles DSC



Soldiers returning from the Vietnam War look on as a protester covered in red paint interrupts the welcome home parade in Sydney in 1966. (Photo by Noel Stubbs, Fairfax Media)

Australia's involvement in the Vietnam War continued longer than any other conflict of the twentieth century, beginning as a small commitment in 1962 and concluding in 1975. Approximately 60,000 Australian's served in Vietnam with the loss of 500 lives and over 3000 wounded.

There was little opposition to our participation in the early years, however this changed as perception grew that the war was being lost and conscripts were increasingly being deployed, killed and wounded.

For many of those returning from Vietnam the public anger regarding this country's involvement in the conflict was personal. Many were shunned and disrespected by elements within the community. Through the efforts of Vietnam Veterans and their families, the public conscience eventually came to understand that these men and women had been in Vietnam on the direction of their government and were doing their duty.

As an act of national recognition, in 1987 Prime Minister Bob Hawke declared the 18th of August each year would be known as *Vietnam Veterans Day*.

Accepted and respected

There are many Vietnam Veterans who call the Mid North Coast home and I have spoken to a few to get their thoughts on Vietnam Veterans Day.

Mr. Wayne Mason of Stuarts Point, a former National Serviceman served in Vietnam as an Infantry soldier. He considers this day is a time to remember all of those who served and did their duty, irrespective of their views on the conflict.

Mr. Bill Shepherd of Nambucca Heads, says he does not think back fondly on his time there but remembers those who were killed in action.

Mr. Brian Duncan OAM of Nambucca Heads, served in Vietnam with the 1st Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment (1 RAR), on the first large deployment of combat troops to Vietnam. He says this day provides comfort to many veterans as it demonstrates they are now accepted and respected by the Australian public.

Each of the three Veterans had a different experience on their return to Australia. Mr Mason recalls arriving back in Australia very late at night and generally being shielded from public view, possibly to avoid protesters.

Mr. Shepherd remembers being shunned by one RSL Sub Branch on one occasion as the 'old and bold' did not consider Vietnam a war, then being overwhelmingly welcomed by another RSL Sub Branch.



Mr. Bill Shepherd in Vietnam during the war and today at home in Nambucca Heads.

(continued....)



During a welcome home parade for 1 RAR in 1966, Mr. Duncan was witness to the much-documented actions of a young lady covering herself with red paint and smearing it on the battalion's commanding officer.



Mr. Brian Duncan (second from the front) looks on as a protester covered in red paint interrupts the welcome home parade in Sydney in 1966 (Photo by Noel Stubbs, Fairfax Media), **and Mr Duncan OAM at home in Hyland Park, Nambucca Heads.**

In response to a question I posed to these gentleman regarding their advice to veterans returning to Australia from recent conflicts, their response was similar. They recommend accepting any help available, that is intended to assist with integration back into the community, to understand there is help for you and to trust your judgement.

Mr. Duncan added it is important not to lose contact with your mates who had been through the experience with you, as it is often they who can best understand issues you may be having and be able to lend a helping hand.

Nambucca Valley commemorations

For the Nambucca Valley the 2018 Vietnam Veterans Day Commemorations will be held at Stuarts Point. The service will begin at 11am (gathering at 10:45 am), August 18, 2018 at the Memorial on the corner of Ocean Avenue and Marine Parade, followed by lunch at the Stuarts Point Bowling Club.

About the author:

Mick Birtles is a recently retired army officer now living in Nambucca Heads. During his 36-year career, Birtles served in Bougainville, East Timor, Iraq and Afghanistan and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for command and leadership. Here he shares his interest in the issues effecting veterans on the Mid North Coast.

[Sent in by Ray Chapman, OAM. JP Qual, RAA/RVN]

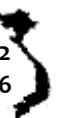
[Reprinted here courtesy of Mr. Mick Birtles]

Diggers...Cobbers...Brothers



(web images)

**They Were Young, and Brave,
and Soldiers...Our Brothers**



Photos of Our Fallen

Folks,

Many of the Service Members Killed in Action (KIA) in Vietnam do not have photos of themselves on the Vietnam Wall's Website. I've been contacted by a group trying to locate photos of all the Service Members from Illinois who do not have photos of themselves on their Vietnam Wall Website page. Following is a draft synopsis of the background of **Emory Theron Coates** from the 173d Engineer Company who died on September 5, 1970. In addition, I've included an attachment that provides additional information on him.

Sergeant Emory Theron Coates, born on Oct 8, 1949, was Black, Baptist and Single. He perished in Vietnam on Sep 5, 1970. No Next of Kin Notification data exists about him and no burial information exists about him except this remembrance "*...(he) started his tour of Vietnam on Nov 30, 1969, the son of Mr and Mrs Coates of Chicago, Illinois, and a 1967 graduate of the Chicago School System ...*" He was a member of the 173d Engineer Company, 173d Airborne Brigade. There is a person in Alabama who bears the exact same name but it is not known if there is a relationship, but it is likely as there is an additional remembrance left to him at the 503rd Battalion website. "*Emory, we were friends when we were kids and even now I remember the times we shared when you were in Alabama during the summers. Lula C. Bell Woodard, Lulabell, Still a friend*". Additional possible relatives include Alyssa Lashawn Coates, Avada L. Jenkins and Zola Coates, all of Montgomery, AL.

The folks seeking these photos for the Vietnam War Website advised the Veterans haven't been very helpful in finding these photos when requested. I told them, they hadn't met the Sky Soldiers. Please let me know if any of you have any information on Emory Theron Coates and how we might obtain a photo of him to be placed on the Vietnam War's Website,

AIRBORNE, ALL THE WAY!!

RAGMAN

Robert A. Getz

President

Elite Forces, Chapter VI

173d Airborne Brigade Association

Service Officer

Elgin VFW Post 1307

Serving Our Veterans

Thanks for sharing this, Ragman. Ed

Emory Theron Coates

Sergeant

173RD ENG CO, 173D ABN BDE, USARV

Army of the United States

Chicago, Illinois

October 08, 1949 to September 05, 1970



Black – Baptist - Single

COFFELT (No next of kin notification documents on Coffelt)

No BURIAL INFORMATION

Sgt. U.S. Army, Vietnam War - Sgt. Coates died in the line of duty {illness} on 9-5-1970 while serving as a Light-Wheel Vehicle Mechanic with the 173d Engineer Co. of the 173d Airborne Brigade. Sgt. Coates started his tour of Vietnam on 11-30-1969.

He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Coates of Chicago, Illinois, and a 1967 graduate of the Chicago School System.

Awards: Vietnam Service Medal with Service Star, Vietnam, Campaign Medal, National Defense Service Medal.

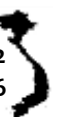


After this page was prepared for our newsletter, Sky Soldier Brett Beyer of D16th circulated photos of trooper Emory Coates including the picture above. Sky Soldiers of our battalion are invited to review Issue 74, Pages 56-57 of our newsletter for the list of 2/503 Sky Soldiers lost to the war for whom photos are being sought. Ed



2/503d VIETNAM Newsletter / Sept.-Oct. 2018 – Issue 82

Page 73 of 86



Remembering a Buddy

I need your help concerning funeral details for a buddy of mine who passed away on 2-17-17 and is buried in Culpepper, Va National Cemetery. His name is Bryant Lee Hicks, Jr. Served with HQs, 2nd/503 Inf 67-68 and another tour as MACV advisor. He received Silver Star, Bronze Star, Purple Heart. I hope you will include him in a future edition of our newsletter. Thanks.

Dick Holt
C/2/503

Bryant Lee Hicks, Jr.

HHC/2/503

Bryant Lee Hicks, Jr., 70, of Boston died Friday, February 17, 2017 at Hunter Holmes Maguire VA Medical Center. He was born December 11, 1946 in Charlottesville to the late Bryant Hicks, Sr. and Betty Hicks.

Mr. Hicks was a veteran of the US Army and had a very distinguished military career earning him the Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Good Conduct Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Parachutist Badge, National Defense Service Medal as well as taking part in Jungle Operation Training. He was an avid racecar fan and had many friends in the drag racing industry. He loved visiting Tony Tharp and the guys at Tony's Body Shop of Culpeper and Boyd Carpenter and others at B.C. Automotive.

He is survived by three daughters, Cassondra Hicks Goble and her husband, Scottie Lee of Claremont, NC, Sandra Lee Hicks of Conover, NC, and Rhonda Hicks of Newton, NC; and four grandchildren, Julius Goble, Payton Goble, Rickole Lineberger and Alyssa James; and sixteen great grandchildren.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made in his name to the American Cancer Society, P.O. Box 22478, Oklahoma City, OK 73123 and/or Salem Volunteer Fire & Rescue Department, PO Box 1254, Culpeper, VA 22701.

Rest Easy With The Troopers, Bryant



75th Ranger Dies in Combat



Sergeant First Class Christopher "Chris" Andrew Celiz, 32, 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment, United States Army, from Summerville, South Carolina, husband of Katherine "Katie" Marie Ball Celiz, died Thursday, July 12, 2018, due to wounds sustained while serving his country in Afghanistan during combat operations in support of Operation Freedom's Sentinel.

The Department of Defense said that Celiz took enemy small arms fire while conducting operations in support of a medical evacuation landing zone in the Zurmat district in Pakiya province.

An Army statement said Celiz *"was treated immediately and medically evacuated to the nearest medical treatment facility where he died of his wounds."*

Celiz was assigned to 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment, Hunter Army Airfield in Georgia and was serving as the battalion's mortar platoon sergeant. He enlisted in the Army in September 2007 and was selected to serve as an Army Ranger in 2013. Celiz was on his seventh combat deployment, five of them as an Army Ranger.

There are about 14,000 U.S. military personnel in Afghanistan, most of them serving as trainers and advisers with the Afghan military in their fight against the Taliban and ISIS.

Celiz's commanders praised his leadership. *"He had an incredibly positive attitude that inspired Rangers throughout the formation,"* said Lt. Col. Sean McGee, Commander of the 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment. *"Sgt. 1st Class Celiz led from the front and always put himself at the decisive point on the battlefield. He was a loving husband and father, and he and his family have been an important part of the fabric that represents 1st Ranger Bn. and the Savannah community."*



Former NFL star shows his love and respect for Veterans



August 6, 2018

Adaptive Sports by Michael Richman



Upon receiving the call a few months ago, former National Football League star running back Earnest Byner felt honored to be tapped for the role. He had been selected as a guest speaker during the annual "Parade of Athletes" at the National Veterans Golden Age Games in Albuquerque.

Byner is the founder of The Healing Dawgs, a non-profit group that is aimed at teaching, helping, and healing through humanitarian efforts in communities, with a special focus on Veterans, the homeless, and youth. He has led visits to VA medical centers in Cleveland, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C., in hopes of assuring wounded Veterans that their service and the sacrifices they have made for their country are not going unnoticed.

The "Parade of Athletes" took place Sunday evening at the Kiva Auditorium at the Albuquerque Convention Center. The nearly 1,000 Veterans who are participating in the Golden Age Games—which run from Aug. 3-8 in Albuquerque and offer many sports and recreational events for Veterans age 55 and older—were on hand to hear Byner speak.

Speaking with passion and emotion, Byner urged the Veterans to keep on competing in sports *"because healing comes from within when you are competing,"* he said. *"If you are trying to get better on a daily basis, you provide healing for the mind, body, and spirit."*

He also told the Vets: *"I appreciate and honor and love you because of the freedoms you have fought for. You have given your life and limbs."*

Byner said the Veteran community and retired NFL players like himself share several potential similarities. Members of both groups could be experiencing debilitating symptoms from concussions. In addition, the Veteran population is battling alarming rates of suicide and drug and alcohol addiction, issues that are also of concern in the community of retired NFL players.

A number of former NFL players have committed suicide in recent years, including some who showed signs of chronic traumatic encephalopathy, the degenerative brain disease that is a product of repeated blows to the head.

"The level of respect and admiration that I have for Veterans, I just can't really explain it," Byner, whose great uncle was in the Army, said in a recent interview. *"The things that they have sacrificed, and what they have represented, and the way that they have bought into what they call team is something that I really respect more than anything. Sometimes, you buy into something that's not your image and it's not your way of doing things, but you buy in because it's best for the team, and the team is the country. I really respect what the military does and what the Veterans have done for us."*

(continued....)



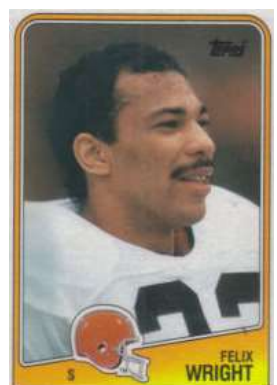
During his 14 seasons in the NFL, the 5-11, 215-pound Byner befuddled opposing defenses with a slashing and hard-nosed style that made him an elite running back. He ended up rushing for more than 8,000 yards, gained nearly 13,000 overall, and made the Pro Bowl twice. He's been nominated for the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

Byner won the Super Bowl with the Washington Redskins in the 1991 season and was a player personnel executive on a Baltimore Ravens team that won the Super Bowl in the 2000 season.

Before playing for the Redskins, Byner was a running back for the Cleveland Browns. In one of his visits to a VA medical center, he and some of his Browns teammates—Kevin Mack, Reggie Langhorne, and Felix Wright—met with Veterans at the Louis Stokes Cleveland VA Medical Center. The foursome played a game of Jeopardy with the Vets that featured trivia questions about the Browns. Byner gave a speech there, and everyone had ice cream that was donated by a local company.

At the Washington DC VA Medical Center, Byner led an event called "Super Bowl Sundae" where he provided sundaes to Veterans and signed autographs. He was accompanied by one of his Redskins teammates, fellow running back Ricky Ervins. At the Baltimore VA Medical Center, Byner visited and tried to cheer up wounded Veterans who were unable to leave their rooms.

Also in Baltimore, Byner visited the Maryland Center for Veterans Education and Training (MCVET). The organization provides homeless and other Veterans the direction and services that will help them rejoin their communities as self-sufficient citizens. He signed autographs and took pictures with the Veterans.



He also gave them tennis shoes that were provided by the local sports apparel company Under Armour.

"I've let these Veterans know that we have something that is akin to each other," Byner said, "but also more than anything that we respect and love what you have done, the service you have rendered to our country."

He added: *"It's an honor to be able to go to the Golden Age Games. We just try to pass on as much love and understanding as we can to Veterans. All of them are very deserving."*

Source:

www.blogs.va.gov/VAntage/51106/former-nfl-star-shows-love-respect-veterans/

VA updates the disability rating schedule related to skin conditions

August 13, 2018

WASHINGTON — Effective Aug. 13, the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) updated portions of the VA Schedule for Rating Disabilities (VASRD, or Rating Schedule) that evaluate conditions related to the skin.

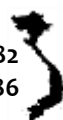
The VASRD is the collection of federal regulations used by Veterans Benefits Administration claims processors to evaluate the severity of disabilities and assign disability ratings.

VA is in the process of updating all 15 body systems of the VASRD to reflect modern medicine more accurately and provide clearer rating decisions.

"VA remains committed to providing Veterans the benefits they have earned at the highest quality," said VA Secretary Robert Wilkie. *"With modern medicine advancing at a rapid rate, it's important to ensure VA's disability rating schedule and rating decisions reflect these advancements."*

No conditions were removed from the new skin rating schedule. However, several diagnostic codes were restructured or revised. The complete list of updates to the rating schedule for skin conditions is now available online. Claims pending prior to August 13 will be considered under both the old and new rating criteria, and whichever criteria are more favorable to the Veteran will be applied. Claims filed on or after August 13 will be rated under the new rating schedule.

By updating the rating schedule for skin conditions, VA claims processors can make more consistent decisions with greater ease and ensure Veterans understand these decisions.



A tribute to our Kiwi brothers...

NEW ZEALANDERS IN VIETNAM



New Zealand soldiers of W3 Company about to head out on Operation Townsville during the Vietnam War, 1970.

(Image credit Chris Stock at VietnamWar.govt.nz)

New Zealand's involvement in the Vietnam War was highly controversial, sparking widespread protest at home from anti-Vietnam War movements modelled on their American counterparts. This conflict was also the first in which New Zealand did not fight alongside the United Kingdom, instead following the loyalties of the ANZUS Pact.

New Zealand decided to send troops to Vietnam in 1964 because of Cold War concerns and alliance considerations. The potential adverse effect on the ANZUS alliance of not supporting the United States (and Australia) in Vietnam was key. It also upheld New Zealand's national interests of countering communism in South-East Asia.

The government wanted to maintain solidarity with the United States, but was unsure about the likely outcome of external military intervention in Vietnam. Prime Minister Keith Holyoake decided to keep New Zealand involvement in Vietnam at the minimum level deemed necessary to meet allied expectations. New Zealand could not do much more—its meagre military resources were already stretched in Malaya and conscription was out of the question.

Initial contributions

New Zealand's initial response was carefully considered and characterised by Prime Minister Keith Holyoake's cautiousness towards the entire Vietnam question. While it was considered that New Zealand should support South Vietnam, as Holyoake alleged; whose will is to prevail in South Vietnam? The imposed will of the North Vietnamese communists and their agents, or the freely expressed will of the people of South Vietnam?

The government preferred minimal involvement, with other South East Asian deployments already placing a strain on New Zealand's armed forces. From 1961, New Zealand came under pressure from the United States of America to contribute military and economic assistance to South Vietnam, but refused. However, at that time, aircraft were tasked to deliver supplies to Tourane on the way from RAF Changi to Hong Kong from time to time.

In 1962, Australia sent advisors, as the United States had, but again New Zealand refused to make a similar contribution. Instead in April 1963 New Zealand confined its assistance to sending a civilian surgical team.



"On Anzac Day 1963, a six-strong New Zealand civilian surgical team arrived in Qui Nhon, South Vietnam as part of the Colombo Plan assistance programme. Their deployment – two years before New Zealand combat troops – marked the beginning of this country's involvement in the Vietnam War." (VietnamWar.govt.nz)

(continued....)



The surgical team was made up of seven men and would eventually grow to sixteen, and remained in the country until 1975. The team worked for civilians at the Binh Dinh Province Hospital, in Qui Nhon, an overcrowded, and dirty facility almost completely lacking equipment and bedding. It would be the last New Zealand Government agency to withdraw from Vietnam.

Under continuing American pressure, the government agreed during 1963 to provide a small non-combatant military force, but the deteriorating political situation in Saigon led to delays. Not until June 1964 did twenty-five Army engineers arrive in South Vietnam. Based at Thủ Dầu Một, the capital of Bình Dương Province, the New Zealand Army Detachment Vietnam (NEWZAD) engineers were engaged in reconstruction projects, such as road and bridge building, until July 1965.

New Zealand non-military economic assistance would continue from 1966 onwards and averaged at US\$347,500 annually. This funding went to several mobile health teams to support refugee camps, the training of village vocational experts, to medical and teaching equipment for Hue University, equipment for a technical high school and a contribution toward the construction of a science building at the University of Saigon. Private civilian funding was also donated for 80 Vietnamese students to take scholarships in New Zealand.

Military assistance

American pressure continued for New Zealand to contribute military assistance, as the United States would be deploying combat units (as opposed to merely advisors) itself soon, as would Australia. Holyoake justified New Zealand's lack of assistance by pointing to its military contribution to the Indonesia-Malaysian Confrontation, but eventually the government decided to contribute. It was seen as in the nation's best interests to do so—failure to contribute even a token force to the effort in Vietnam would have undermined New Zealand's position in ANZUS and could have had an adverse effect on the alliance itself. New Zealand had also established its post-Second World War security agenda around countering communism in South-East Asia and of sustaining a strategy of forward defence, and so needed to be seen to be acting upon these principles.



Royal New Zealand Artillery (RNZA)



"New Zealand gunners loading L5 Howitzer into APC."

(web photo)

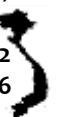
On 27 May 1965 Holyoake announced the government's decision to send 161 Battery, Royal New Zealand Artillery to South Vietnam in a combat role. The New Zealand Army Detachment (NEWZAD) engineers were replaced by the Battery in July 1965, which consisted of nine officers and 101 other ranks and four 105mm L5 pack howitzers (later increased to six, and in 1967 replaced with 105mm M2A2 Howitzers). 161 Battery was initially under command of the United States Army's 173rd Airborne Brigade for the first 12 months based at Bien Hoa near Saigon, but would later serve with Royal Australian Artillery field regiments when it was reassigned to the newly formed 1st Australian Task Force at Nui Dat, in Phuoc Tuy Province east of Saigon in June 1966.



"NZ 161 Battery firing – Vietnam War."

(nzhistory.govt.nz)

(continued....)



The gunners were noted for their key role in assisting the 6th Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, during the Battle of Long Tan, in which 18 Australians were killed holding off a regimental sized enemy force on 18 August 1966. The battery also played important roles during the Tet Offensive and the Battle of Coral–Balmoral in 1968. The Battery left Vietnam in May 1971 after providing virtually continuous fire support usually in support of Australian and New Zealand infantry units for six years, with over 750 men having served with the Battery during the period of its deployment.

Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment (RNZIR)

In 1966, when Confrontation came to an end and Australia decided to expand the 1st Australian Task Force, New Zealand came under pressure to increase its commitment and did so. In May 1967, a 182-man rifle company, (Victor One Company) was deployed to Vietnam from the 1st Battalion of the Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment in Malaysia. In December Victor One was joined by Whisky One Company, also from the 1st Battalion, and they were then placed under the 1st Australian Task Force's command. Following agreement between the Australian and New Zealand Governments in late February 1968, V Company and W Company and 2nd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment (2RAR) were amalgamated into 2RAR/NZ (ANZAC) Battalion (2RAR/NZ) in March 1968. The new "ANZAC Battalion" 2IC was filled by RNZIR Officer, Major RIG Thorpe. 4th Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment (4RAR), relieved 2RAR in May 1968 thus forming 4RAR/NZ (ANZAC) Battalion (4RAR/NZ), again with a New Zealander as 2IC, Major ATA Mataira.

In due course the RNZIR component of the ANZAC Battalion would also include Mortar and Assault Pioneer Sections as well as Administrative personnel. Subsequent rotations of the ANZAC Battalion retained the command structure of having an Australian battalion commander and a New Zealand 2IC.

The New Zealand rifle companies were deployed on infantry operations in Phuoc Tuy Province and were replaced several times, as were the Australian regiments (although not at the same time), usually after a 12-month tour of duty. Whiskey Three Company was withdrawn without replacement in November 1970 and Victor Six Company was withdrawn without replacement in December 1971.

Over the five-year period, more than 1600 New Zealand soldiers of the nine NZ rifle companies engaged in a constant round of jungle patrols, ambushes, and cordon-and-search operations, in both Australian-led and independently conducted operations.

Additionally, 11 RNZIR personnel served as detachments to the Australian Army Training Team Vietnam which operated in Vietnam from 1962–1972.

New Zealand Services Medical Team (NZSMT)



New Zealand Services Medical Team advance party pose for a photograph prior to departure from RNZAF Whenuapai.

(govt.nz website, image credit Ken Treanor)

New Zealand's military presence in South Vietnam was also increased in April 1967 with the arrival of the 1st New Zealand Services Medical Team, a 19-strong detachment consisting of medical personnel from the Royal New Zealand Air Force, Royal New Zealand Navy and Royal New Zealand Army Medical Corps. The team's role was to provide medical and surgical assistance to South Vietnamese civilians and developing local knowledge in this field. The New Zealanders relieved a United States Army medical team at Bong Son in Binh Định Province. They also treated military casualties who were brought to the Bong Son Dispensary, including Army of the Republic of Vietnam personnel and Viet Cong prisoners.



"Surgery at Bon Son dispensary." (govt.nz)

(continued....)



In June 1969 the team moved to the new 100-bed Bong Son Impact Hospital. The average bed-state was 92 and approximately 46,000 outpatients (mostly civilians) were treated annually before the team's withdrawal in December 1971.

Royal New Zealand Navy (RNZN)

The Royal New Zealand Navy contribution to New Zealand's military involvement in the Vietnam War began in April 1967 with RNZN medical members being part of the tri-service New Zealand Services Medical Team (NZSMT). Subsequently, a few served with the second of the two New Zealand training teams deployed to Vietnam after combat troops withdrew in 1971. Additionally three RNZN personnel served with the US Navy on a Junior Officer Exchange program in 1971, each posted on the aircraft carrier USS Kitty Hawk (CV-63) and destroyer USS William H. Standley (DLG-32) off the coast of North Vietnam.

Royal New Zealand Air Force (RNZAF)



"Bristol Freighter at Nui Dat." (govt.nz)

From 1965 the Royal New Zealand Air Force contribution was in the form of transportation with No. 40 Squadron RNZAF providing troop transport for New Zealand, Australian and some American troops, and No. 41 Squadron RNZAF providing resupply missions from Singapore. In 1967 two RNZAF pilots were seconded to the Royal Australian Air Force's No. 9 Squadron, which was flying UH-1 Iroquois helicopters as troop transports. Two more RNZAF pilots joined No. 9 Squadron in 1968. By 1971 16 New Zealand pilots had served in 9 Squadron. Between 1965 and 1971 approximately 20 RNZAF personnel served as attachments to various units of the United States Air Force, as Forward air controllers. 5 RNZAF pilots flew Sioux helicopters with the Australian 161st (Independent) Reconnaissance Flight (161 Recce Flt) which was formed in 1965, supporting the New Zealand artillery, infantry and NZSAS units. RNZAF personnel were numerous in the New Zealand Services Medical Team (NZSMT) and one went on to be part of the subsequent New Zealand

Army Training Team (NZATTV.) Two small RNZAF detachments were attached to U.S Marine Corps A-4 Skyhawk squadron VMA-311 at Chu Lai Air Base in January 1970 and October 1970. RNZAF personnel were also posted to HQ V Force and worked primarily in Saigon in a range of liaison duties. The last RNZAF flight out from Vietnam was the evacuation of the New Zealand Ambassador in April 1975, just before the Fall of Saigon.

New Zealand Special Air Service (NZSAS)

In November 1968, New Zealand's contribution to the 1st Australian Task Force was increased by the deployment of 4 Troop, New Zealand Special Air Service, comprising an officer and 25 other ranks. The arrival of this Troop raised New Zealand's deployment to Vietnam to its peak – 543 men. The Troop was attached to the Australian SAS Squadron at Nui Dat and carried out long-range reconnaissance and the ambushing of enemy supply routes, mounting 155 patrols over three tours until being withdrawn in February 1971. Although under operational command of the Australian SAS Squadron Commander when deployed into the field on operations, 4 Tp NZSAS was an independent command and self-sufficient.

Royal New Zealand Engineer Detachment (RNZE Det)



"Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth Fenton, commander of New Zealand's V Force (1968-1970) at Binh Loi orphanage, 1969. At the time staff from V Force HQ in Saigon were helping build a new playground and classroom at the orphanage."
(Web image: Noel Bell)

(continued....)



Each time New Zealand military contribution to South Vietnam increased, a work party of the Corps of Royal New Zealand Engineers was sent to assist in preparing the site for the new arrivals. RNZE Det helped set up the NZ artillery battery when it moved to Nui Dat in September 1966 and again for Victor One Company RNZIR from early November to December 1967. The final detachment was sent to assist 1 NZATTV establish themselves in Chi Lang in November 1970. This detachment stayed in South Vietnam until February 1971. Additionally, Lieutenant Colonel Kenneth Charles Fenton RNZE, was administratively in charge of all New Zealand forces in Vietnam, at the New Zealand Headquarters in Saigon (V Force HQ) from July 25, 1968 to July 30, 1970.

New Zealand Army Training Team Vietnam (1 NZATTV & 2 NZATTV)

As American focus shifted to President Richard Nixon's 'Vietnamization' – a policy of slow disengagement from the war, by gradually building up the Army of the Republic of Vietnam so that it could fight the war on its own, New Zealand dispatched the 1st New Zealand Army Training Team Vietnam (1 NZATTV) in January 1971. Numbering 25 men from different branches of service, it assisted the United States Army Training Team in Chi Lang. The team helped train South Vietnamese platoon commanders in tactics and small-arms techniques. In February 1972 a second training team (2 NZATTV), 18 strong (including two RNZN personnel), was deployed to Vietnam and was based at Dong Ba Thin Base Camp, near Cam Ranh Bay. It assisted with the training of Cambodian infantry battalions in weapons use, tactics and first aid, and provided technical assistance. This team also provided first aid instruction and specialist medical instruction at Dong Ba Thin's 50-bed hospital.

Royal New Zealand Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (RNZEME)

When 161st Battery, RNZA arrived in Vietnam in 1965 a detachment of engineers from the Royal New Zealand Electrical and Mechanical Engineers formed the Logistic Support Element (LSE), to service the battery. When the 1st Australian Task Force was moved to Phuoc Tuy Province in 1966, the LSE was detached from the battery and established within the 1st Australian Logistic Support Group (1 ALSG) at Vung Tau. RNZEME personnel who had been in the LSE were taken for the most part into the Light Aid Detachment (LAD) of the Australian Artillery Field Regiment (of which 161 Bty became a part of following its first year of service with the U.S 173rd Airborne Brigade). RNZEME tradesmen also served with the New Zealand Services Medical Team in the town of Bong Son, in the Binh Dinh

Province, and re-established New Zealand's association with the 173rd Airborne Brigade. However some RNZEME personnel served in the RNZIR rifle companies, the ANZAC Battalions (Command & Support), as well as at the New Zealand V Force HQ in Saigon. The initial NEWZAD deployment included a few RNZEME personnel, as did the latter NZATTV.

Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps (RNZAOC)



Some 50 RNZAOC personnel served in the Headquarters of the 1st Australian Logistic Support Group [1 ALSG] following the formation of the 1 ATF in June 1966. Along with other New Zealand branches of service RNZAOC personnel went about their business with their Australian counterparts in all aspects of the Groups support functions for Australian and New Zealand forces in Vietnam.

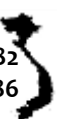
Royal New Zealand Armoured Corps (RNZAC)

Members of the Royal New Zealand Armoured Corps served with the 3rd Cavalry Regiment of the Royal Australian Armoured Corps, 161 Bty RNZA, V Force HQ, the ANZAC Battalions (Command and Support), V and W Companies RNZIR, 1st Squadron, 4th Cavalry Regiment (U.S Army), 1st Australian Logistic Support Group, and NZAATV. Additional short-term postings included detachments to several U.S Cavalry units.

Royal New Zealand Army Medical Corps (RNZAMC)

Most personnel from the Royal New Zealand Army Medical Corps served with the New Zealand Services Medical Team (NZSMT) or otherwise stationed at the New Zealand V Force Headquarters in Saigon and at 1 ALSG. After combat troop withdrawals in 1971 several RNZAMC personnel were part of the NZAATV teams.

(continued....)



Royal New Zealand Army Service Corps (RNZASC)

Although the Royal New Zealand Army Service Corps was not represented as a unit in the New Zealand contingent to Vietnam over 140 RNZASC personnel served throughout the war as medics in 161 Bty RNZA, Victor and Whisky Companies RNZIR, and 4 Troop NZSAS, as well as in administration and advisory roles in New Zealand V Force HQ in Saigon, 1 ALSG, and as members of 1 NZATTV.

Royal New Zealand Corps of Signals (RNZSigs)

Members of the Royal New Zealand Corps of Signals served in all New Zealand units in Vietnam, including RNZA, RNZIR, NZSAS, and V Force HQ. Some served as intelligence officers with 1ATF. The last commander of 1NZATTV (5 Dec 1972 – 13 Dec 1972), Major TD Macfarlane, was from RNZSigs.

New Zealand Attachments to United States Army, Air Force and Navy

More than a dozen New Zealand servicemen, mostly Commissioned Officers from the Royal New Zealand Armoured Corps, spent periods of time attached to a wide range of American (and Thai and Korean) units throughout the war. These were not always formal postings as such. Some of these attachments were planned as part of officers' career planning by Defence Headquarters; others were opportunity attachments through contact with Allied commanders at many levels. Exact figures are not known. These were attachments in addition to the 161 Bty RNZA's initial attachment to the 173rd Airborne Brigade 1965–1966, the 20 or so RNZAF personnel who throughout the war served with the USAF as forward observers, and the two RNZAF detachments to the USMC Marine Attack Squadron 311 (VMA-311) in 1970.

Distinctions and awards

161 Battery RNZA was awarded the United States Meritorious Unit Commendation for their service in South Vietnam while serving under the U.S 173rd Airborne Brigade. Many New Zealand individuals received military awards for activities in Vietnam, including American military service awards and citations.

Withdrawal

In line with reductions in American and Australian strength in Vietnam, New Zealand began the gradual withdrawal of its combat forces as the training teams were arriving. Prime Minister Holyoake said in 1971 that New Zealand's combat forces would be withdrawn by "*about the end of this year,*" and they were – Whiskey Three Company went in November 1970, the SAS Troop and 161 Battery followed in February and May 1971 respectively, and Victor Six Company and the tri-service medical team left with the 1st Australian Task

Force in December 1971, ending New Zealand's combat involvement in the Vietnam War. This may have been due to protests in New Zealand.



Men of 3rd Platoon, Victor 6 Company.
(govt.nz)

One of the first acts of Prime Minister Norman Kirk's Labour Party government (elected in December 1972) was to withdraw both training teams and the New Zealand headquarters in Saigon. By then, a total of 3,890 New Zealand military personnel (volunteers) had served in Vietnam, between June 1964 and December 1972.

New Zealand casualties during the Vietnam War were: RNZE: 2, RNZA: 5, RNZIR: 27, RNZAF: 1, NZSAS: 1, RNZAMC: 1 (for a total of 37) and 187 wounded. Two New Zealanders serving with the United States Marine Corps, one serving in the US Army and one serving with the Australian Army were also killed in action.

The last NZ Troops left Vietnam on 22 December 1972.

Protest

Although New Zealand's involvement in the war was very limited compared to the contributions of some of its allies, it still triggered a large anti-Vietnam War movement at home.

New Zealand protests were similar to those in the United States – criticising the policies of the United States government and challenging seriously for the first time New Zealand's alliance-based security, calling for a more 'independent' foreign policy which was not submissive to that of the United States and denying that communism posed any real threat to New Zealand.

Campaigns were also waged on moral grounds ranging from pacifist convictions to objections to the weapons being used to fight the war.

(continued....)



In the early 1970s, anti-Vietnam war groups organised 'mobilisations', when thousands marched in protest against the war in all the country's major centres. While Prime Minister Holyoake and his government had their own misgivings about the viability of the war, they were consistent in their public belief that they were maintaining both New Zealand's foreign policy principles and treaty-bound obligations. Despite popular sentiment apparently against the conflict, especially in its final years, Holyoake's National Party was re-elected into government twice during the course of the war.

Protest chronology:

1967: Two members of the left-wing Progressive Youth Movement lay a protest wreath on Anzac Day in Christchurch and are subsequently convicted of disorderly behaviour. Further incidents follow at later Anzac Days as protestors seek to bring attention to their anti-war cause.

1967: 21 arrests during an Auckland protest against the visit of South Vietnam's Premier, Air Vice-Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky.

1967: On 29 October, a big fight between police and protesters occurs outside the home of the American consul at Paritai Drive in Auckland.

1969: Flour bombs, paint and eggs thrown in protest over a visit of a high-ranking United States politician.

1969: Fire crackers thrown at an election meeting addressed by the Prime Minister with 30 arrests.

1970 January 15: US Vice President Spiro Agnew arrives in Auckland as part of a goodwill visit to US-allied South East Asian nations and is greeted by several hundred anti-war protesters. The protests turn violent after police attempt to disperse protesters. Both sides blame each other for the violence which results in many arrests.



(teara.govt.nz)

1971: Protests in Dunedin reach the National Party's convention in the centre of the city, resulting in scuffles with police and two arrests. On 30 April, a nationwide anti-war demonstration attracts 30,000 people to the streets demanding New Zealand's immediate withdrawal from Vietnam.

There are also numerous protests at Anzac Day, especially in Christchurch, where anti-war activists attempt to lay wreaths commemorating the dead of both sides, or 'victims of fascism in Vietnam'.

The protest movement is backed by Norman Kirk's Labour government which supports a prompt withdrawal of New Zealand troops. New Zealand troops are quickly withdrawn without much controversy after the Labour Party's return to office in 1972. The protests mark a split in foreign policies between the two major political parties of Labour and National. While National continues to support a stronger alliance with the United States, the anti-war protests convince the Labour government that a new and more independent New Zealand foreign policy is needed. The new foreign policy which follows as a result of these protests is the reason behind New Zealand rejecting visits from ships from the United States over anti-nuclear protests during the period of time after 1985. The anti-Vietnam War protests are often regarded as the beginning of the ANZUS alliance breakdown between New Zealand and the United States. The Vietnam War protests are still remembered on ANZAC Days in New Zealand for significance in the change of direction in New Zealand's foreign policy.

Like veterans from many of the other allied nations, as well as Vietnamese civilians, New Zealand veterans of the Vietnam War claimed that they (as well as their children and grandchildren) had suffered serious harm as a result of exposure to Agent Orange. In 1984, Agent Orange manufacturers paid New Zealand, Australian and Canadian veterans in an out-of-court settlement, and in 2004 Prime Minister Helen Clark's government apologised to Vietnam War veterans who were exposed to Agent Orange or other toxic defoliants, following a health select committee's inquiry into the use of Agent Orange on New Zealand servicemen and its effects. In 2005, the New Zealand government confirmed that it supplied Agent Orange chemicals to the United States military during the conflict.

(continued....)



In December 2006, the New Zealand Government, the Ex-Vietnam Services Association (EVSA) and the Royal New Zealand Returned and Services Association (RNZRSA) agreed to, and signed, a Memorandum of Understanding (MoU) following the recommendations of the Joint Working Group, designated with advocacy for Veteran's concerns. The MoU provides formal acknowledgement of the toxic environment New Zealand Vietnam Veterans faced during their service abroad in Vietnam, and the after-effects of that toxin since the service men and women returned to New Zealand. The MoU also makes available various forms of support, to both New Zealand Vietnam Veterans and their families.

New Zealand writer and historian, Deborah Challinor, includes a new chapter in her second edition release of *Grey Ghosts: New Zealand Vietnam Veterans Talk About Their War* that discusses the handling of the New Zealand Vietnam Veterans' claims, including the Reeves, McLeod and Health Committee reports, and the reconciliation/welcome parade on Queen's Birthday Weekend, 2008, also known as 'Tribute 08'.



"New Zealand Vietnam veterans and their families march along Lambton Quay in Wellington during the Tribute 08 'welcome home' parade."

(Image credit Claire Hall at VietnamWar.govt.nz)



The Ivon Watkins Dow factory in New Plymouth.

From 1962 until 1987, the 2,4,5T herbicide was manufactured at an Ivon Watkins-Dow plant in Paritutu, New Plymouth which was then shipped to U.S. military bases in South East Asia. There have been continuing claims that the suburb of Paritutu has also been polluted.

Source:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_Zealand_in_the_Vietnam_War
(Web photos added with credits where available)

Kiwis



***They were young, and brave,
and soldiers. Our brothers.***



LIVING IN A MILITARY TOWN

Submitted by Perry Lundin

Eglin Joint Base Command located near Ft. Walton, Florida, is presently the largest Military Complex in the world and encompasses a large contingent of Air Force units, Naval Warfare units, and the 7th Army Special Forces and 6th Army Rangers.

My home is exactly 5 miles outside the main gate of Eglin AFB. Most folks in the USA don't live in a Military Town, with lots of guys in uniform walking the streets and jets overhead daily. They go on with their lives unaware of what a Military Town is all about. And that's OK but I want to share with you what it's like to live in a Military Town.

We see guys in uniform all the time, we have state of the art, high performance aircraft in the air nearby all day long. We hear the SOUND OF FREEDOM when an F-22, or F-35 streaks over the house and we read in the local paper, sometimes daily, but at least weekly, of the loss of one of our own in combat in the Middle East. And that is what brings me to the reason for this email.



Natasha De Alencar, Mark's bride, next to a photo of her late husband.

Staff Sergeant Mark DeAlencar was 37 years old, had a family and was a Green Beret with the 7th Army Special Forces stationed here in the Fort Walton area. He was killed on April 8, 2017 while fighting Islamic State in eastern Afghanistan. In January of this year, he was deployed for the second time to Afghanistan. He promised his adopted daughter, Octavia, that he would be home for her High School Graduation. He didn't make it. But she went to graduation anyway.

And in the audience were eighty (80) US 7th Army Special Forces soldiers from her dad's unit in full Parade Dress Uniform. Additionally, they brought THEIR FAMILIES to be with them, as well.

As Octavia ascended the steps to the stage to receive her diploma THEY ALL SILENTLY STOOD UP. And when she was presented her diploma they ALL CHEERED, CLAPPED, WHISTLED and YES CRIED. Everyone in attendance then stood up and cried and cheered. Octavia had graduated and yes she had lost her Dad but she had 80 other DADS to stand there with her and take his place.

I just wanted to share this moment with you and remind you that THIS IS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE IN A MILITARY TOWN. THIS is the real America we all love and I'm proud to be part of it. May God bless our men and women in uniform and their families who give so much.

(Take a second to pass this along to someone you know. It's the least we can do for Octavia and SSgt Mark DeAlencar, 7th Special Forces, United States Army).

Source:

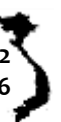
<https://search.yahoo.com/search?p=living+in+a+military+town&fr=yfp-t-s&fp=1&toggle=1&cop=mss&ei=UTF-8>

(Photos added)

[Sent in by Roger Dick, C/2/503]



Staff Sgt. Mark R. De Alencar, 37, of Edgewood, MD, died April 8, 2017, in Nangarhar Province, Afghanistan during Operatoin Freedom's Sentinel, of injuries sustained when his unit came in contact with enemy forces using small arms fire during combat operations. He was assigned to 1st Battalion, 7th Special Forces Group (Airborne), Eglin Air Force Base, Florida.





Farewell to Troopers of the 173d Abn Bde & 503rd PRCT And Attached Units Who Made Their Final Jump

**Alejos Mercado Badillo, 68**

Port Lavaca, TX
July 3, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

**Perry Joseph Bobtail Bear,
"Wambi Sungmaza", 69**

Flandreau, SD
June 26, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Dwight Paul Clements, 70

Bayou L'Ourse, LA
June 6, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN, &
75th Rangers

Michael E. Donnelly, 70

Glassboro, NJ
July 4, 2018
173d LRRP & N75 Ranger, RVN

Jerry A. Downard, 70

Williamstown, KY
May 17, 2018
C/4/503, 173d Abn Bde, RVN

Craig Joseph Forster, Sr., 71

Myrtle Beach, SC
August 1, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Thomas Dean Hardy, 70

Billings, MT
June 19, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Charles Ernest Hill, 70

New Braunfels, TX
June 13, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Dennis E. Huff, 68

Lower Pottsgrove, PA
July 19, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Vincent R. Jendrzeczak, 69

Williamsburg, VA
August 1, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Thomas Lyman Kent, 71

Gainesville, FL
July 2, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Michael Leo Kewley, 31

Burlington, KS
August 11, 2018
War on terrorism, 173d/75th Rgr
173d Abn Bde

Steven L. Krueger, 70

Bloomington, MI
August 11, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Ronald Lavelly, 69

Greencastle, IN
August 14, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Kenneth D. Long, 76

Walnut Grove, MO
June 29, 2018
173d Abn Bde

James Edward Mackie, 70

Seaboard, NC
June 3, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

John Vianney McGinnis, 72

Greensboro, NC
August 8, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Charles Robert McKenry

Carmichael, CA
August 2, 2018
817th Trp Car Sqd
173d jump wings

Deacon Aquila Miller, Sr., 69

Denmark, SC
July 6, 2018
C/4/503, 173d Abn Bde, RVN

Roger P. Ortiz, 70

Wadsworth, OH
June 3, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Ross Redding, 71

Decatur, TX
July 4, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Joseph Ruibal, 70

Greeley, CO
August 10, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

James "Jim" Talbot, 69

Mineral Wells, WV
June 7, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

James William Voss, 69

West Farmington, OH
July 10, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN

Eddie C. Walker, 70

Colonie, NY
March 16, 2018
173d Abn Bde, RVN



*Rest Easy With Your
Fellow Warriors*

