

THE

RED



DIAMOND

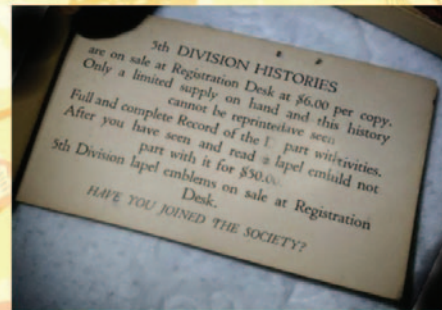
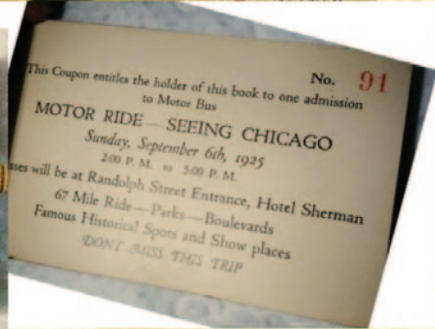
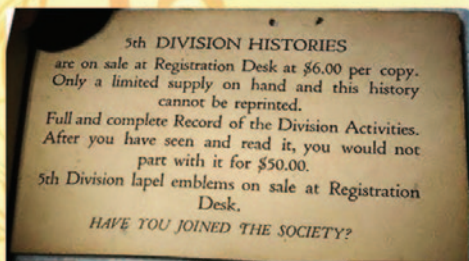
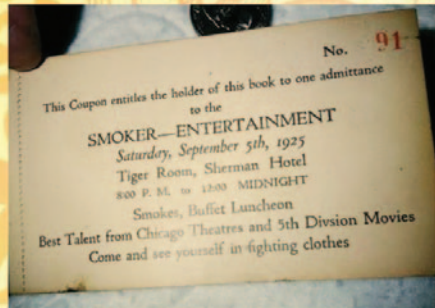
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Members Package for the 1925 Society of the Fifth Division Convention at Sherman Hotel, Chicago IL



Deadline for next issue: April 15, 2017

2015 – 2016 SOCIETY OF THE FIFTH DIVISION OFFICERS ROSTER FEBRUARY 2016

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY

A. To perpetuate and memorialize the valiant acts and patriotic deeds of the Fifth Division; to electrify and unify that invisible current of fellowship, friendship and comradeship molded in the throes of war and the exigencies of a peacetime service, and promote the interests and welfare of its members.

B. To publish and preserve the history of the accomplishments of the Fifth Division and the Society, in war and peace, and set forth the gallant and heroic deeds of its members.

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- *Maj. Gen. Hanson E. Ely (1919-22,24-25)
- *Col. Philip J. McCook(1922-23)
- *Dr. E. C. Morton (1925-28)
- *Maj. Gen. Paul B. Malone (1929-30)
- *Capt. Peter Murphy (1930)
- *Maj. Walter E. Aebischer (1930-32)
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- *Bernie "Buck" Kean (2010-12)
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FROM THE PRESIDENT

BOB DUDLEY CHARLIE BATTERY, 5/4 ARTILLERY 5TH INFANTRY DIVISION (MECH)

It's a new year and I'm excited about the events coming up for the Society. There is the commemoration of the liberation of Angers France coming up in August and of course the Society's reunion in Kansas City in September. However, before I talk about those events, I want to address the country's recent Presidential election and inauguration because you are the reason all of this happens.

No matter who you supported and voted for on November 8th, the bottom line is you were able to vote – a very important freedom we have in this country. You could vote for whomever you wanted, or not vote at all. Nobody with an AK47 was forcing you to vote for a specific person or threatening you if you didn't vote. On January 20th, we inaugurated a new President. Tanks did not roll out of motor pools trying to prevent somebody from taking office or trying to overthrow our civilian government and replace it with a military dictatorship.

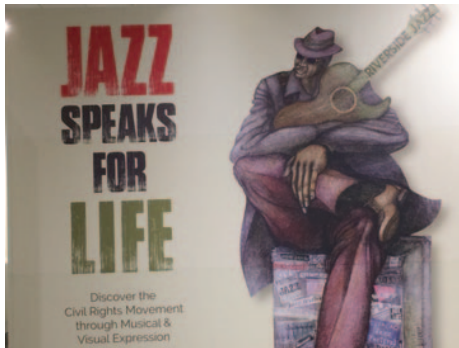


These two events happened because of the sacrifices of you and your fellow veterans over the history of our country. Many of our citizens take our freedoms for granted. They fail to realize that all these freedoms – whether voting for President; worshiping the God we believe in or not worshiping at all; supporting our President or criticizing him; occupying Wall Street or marching in the streets – all of these come with a price. The price is the scars – both physical and psychological – suffered by the military who have fought our wars, and the National Cemeteries lined with white marble headstones of our brothers and sisters who made the ultimate sacrifice for their country. So I thank all of you for your service to our country because without it we would surely not be the United States that we are today.

On a lighter side, I am looking forward to the reunion in Angers France this coming August commemorating the liberation of Angers by the 5th Division in August 1944. The Historical Military Vehicles organization in Angers is planning to hold events over a period of 3 to 4 days, ending on 10 August 2017 in Angers. The VMH President, Edouard Callerot, has invited our World War II members, or perhaps a veteran's family member, to attend the ceremonies. Plans are still somewhat murky at this point, but anyone interested should contact me – I am trying to get some financial support from the French towns sponsoring the events.

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Finally I want to talk about the Society's reunion in September. It will be held at the Kansas City Airport Hilton. Formal events will begin on Friday the 8th of September with a tour of Kansas City, including stops at the Country Club Plaza, the American Jazz Museum, and the Negro League Baseball Museum. Saturday the 9th of September will include a ceremony at the Liberty Memorial tower, tours of the National World War I Museum and Memorial, and dinner at the Hilton. Dancing will be supported by Valentine and the Ones, a variety band playing hits from various decades. Sunday the 10th will include our chapel service, memorial service, annual business meeting, election of officers, and dinner and installation of officers that night. I worked hard to keep the cost as low as possible while ensuring you have an enjoyable reunion, but as I discovered, these types of events are not cheap. However, I did an analysis of expenses from past reunions and the Executive Board and I believe the costs this year are in line with previous reunions. Please complete your registration as soon as you can. Remember to request a handicap accessible room if necessary.



Pat and I are looking forward to everyone coming to Kansas City and enjoying its Midwest hospitality.

From the National 1st Vice President

Dennis Thompson

Greetings from Georgia. In the last issue of The Red Diamond, I told you a little about myself, my family and my time in the Army. I would like to share my story of how I came to be a member of The Society of the Fifth Division.

I think I was the typical Vietnam Veteran. After being discharged, I joined the civilian society and didn't talk about my Vietnam experience. I didn't have any veteran interaction with any of my former comrades in arms. I retired from an electric cooperative after 35 ½ years of service in 2008. My wife and I were visiting our daughter in Indiana when I received a call from John Estrada.

John told me that he and I had been in the same outfit in Vietnam in 1970-71: Alpha Company, 1st Battalion, 61st Infantry Mechanized. As we talked, John reminded me of names of friends and experiences that I had not thought about in almost forty years. He told me about the Society of the Fifth Division and that he was tracking down veterans who had served in the Fifth Division and was inviting them to come to the annual reunion.

The reunion that year was to be held in Branson, Missouri, Labor Day weekend. I was not able to attend that year because of previous plans, but I told John that maybe we could go the next year. When I got back to Georgia, I began researching The Society of the Fifth Division on the internet. I found out that the reunion after Branson would be held in Old Alexandria, Virginia. I talked it over with my wife, Judy, and we decided to go.

We arrived at the hotel, checked in and decided to go to the hospitality room. We didn't know anyone but when we walked into the room, Steve and Wendi Goodrich welcomed us and introduced us to the 1968 Recon platoon: Steve, Wayne Cumer, Mike Sperling, Otto Majer, Ray Collins, J J Jackson and others I am sure I am leaving out. The men and their wives invited us to go to dinner with them. I did not serve with these guys, but a lasting bond was formed that night that will last for the rest of our lives. The lasting bond was also formed between the wives and Judy.

As reunions have come and gone, I have been reunited with brothers that I served with in 70-71. We have relived the good times and the bad times of our time in country. The stories seem to get bigger and better each year. I look forward to the reunion each year seeing old friends and making new ones. If you know of anyone who served in the Fifth Division and has not attended our reunion or joined our Society, please encourage them to do so.

I want to thank John Estrada for taking the time to call me. I want to thank Wendi Goodrich and the late Steve Goodrich for making us welcome and I look forward to seeing all my brothers in Kansas City.



OPEN LEADERSHIP POSITION FOR NATIONAL WEB ADMINSTRATOR

National Web Administrator position: The National Web Administrator also called a web architect, web developer, site author, or website administrator, is a person responsible for maintaining the Society's website. The duties may include ensuring that the web servers, hardware and software are operating accurately, maintaining the design of the website, generating and revising web pages, replying to user comment, and examining traffic through the site.

The Web Administrator will also oversee the technical aspects of website construction and maintenance and also the management of the content. Core responsibilities of the Web Administrator may include the regulation and management of access rights of different users of a website, and the appearance and setting up website navigation. Content placement can be part of a Web Administrator's responsibilities, while content creation may not be.

If you are interested in serving the Society in this leadership position, contact Bob Dudley at colrdudley@aol.com or 913-220-3725.

Tips Regarding How to Use the ACE Card

Ask the Veteran

- To determine if a Veteran is suicidal it is helpful to
 - Interact in a manner that communicates concern
 - Know how to manage your own discomfort in order to directly address the issue
- The most difficult ACE step is asking
 - You look upset. Have you thought of hurting yourself?
 - Do you wish you were dead?
- When to ask the question
 - Ask the question anytime you think the Veteran may be a danger to themselves

Care for the Veteran

- Show the Veteran that you care about what they are saying and that you are not passing judgment on what they think or feel
 - Actively listen to their story
 - Nod your head and encourage them to tell you more
- Accept that their situation is serious and deserving of attention

Escort the Veteran

- Do everything you can to encourage and expedite the Veteran getting help
- Explain that there are trained professionals available to help
- Suggest that treatment might help
- If the Veteran tells you that they have had treatment before and it has not worked, try asking: "What if this is the time it does work?"



Ask your VA provider for an ACE card to carry with you

Recognizing Suicide Warning Signs

Warning signs are early indicators of heightened risk

These signs require immediate attention

- Thinking about hurting or killing self
- Looking for ways to kill self
- Seeking access to pills, weapons or other means
- Talking or writing about death, dying or suicide

Safety Guidelines

Call 911 or take the Veteran to the emergency room if

- You are not in face-to-face contact but are speaking over the phone or computer with a Veteran who expresses intent to harm self or others
- A Veteran is displaying threatening behavior with a weapon or object that can be used as a weapon
- A Veteran tells you that they have overdosed on pills or other drugs or there are signs of physical injury

Resources for Families and Friends

VA Suicide Prevention Hotline
1-800-273-TALK (8255) and press "1" for Veterans

VA Mental Health Home Web Page
<http://www.mentalhealth.va.gov>

Information and Support after a Suicide Attempt:
A Department of Veterans Affairs Resource Guide for Family Members of Veterans Who are Coping with Suicidality

http://www.mirecc.va.gov/visn19/docs/Resource_Guide_Family_Members.pdf

Nearest Local Emergency Room: _____

Contact Information for Local VA Provider: _____



What Veterans and Their Family Members and Friends Should Know about Suicide

- Asking a Veteran about suicide does not create suicidal thoughts any more than asking about chest pain causes a heart attack
 - The act of asking may give the Veteran permission to talk about thoughts or feelings
- Many people who die by suicide have communicated some intent, wish, or desire to kill themselves
 - Someone who talks about suicide gives you an opportunity to intervene before suicidal behaviors occur
- Many suicidal ideas are associated with the presence of underlying treatable conditions
 - Providing treatment for an underlying condition can save a life
 - Helping the person survive the immediate crisis so that they can seek such treatment is vital
- Suicidal thinking can overwhelm even the most rational person
 - Protective factors may not provide a sufficient buffer during periods of crisis
- Anyone experiencing serious suicidal thoughts should be referred to a health care provider who can evaluate their conditions and provide treatment as appropriate



Suicide Prevention for Veterans and Their Families and Friends



Goal of ACE

The purpose of ACE is to help Veterans, their family members and friends learn that they can take the necessary steps to get help.

The acronym ACE (Ask, Care, Escort) summarizes the steps needed to take an active and valuable role in suicide prevention.

Additional Warning Signs

The presence of these signs requires contact with a professional

- Inability to sleep or sleeping all the time
- Withdrawing from friends, family and/or society
- Increasing alcohol or drug use
- Acting recklessly or engaging in risky activities
- Rage, anger, seeking revenge
- Avoiding things or reliving past experiences
- Anxiety, agitation
- Dramatic changes in mood
- No reason for living – no sense of purpose in life
- Feeling trapped – like there is no way out
- Hopelessness

Protective Factors

Factors that can protect one from suicidal behavior

Protective factors include:

- Family, friends, social support, close relationships, battle buddy
- Coping/problem-solving skills
- Ongoing health and mental health care relationships
- Reasons for living
- Cultural and religious beliefs that discourage suicide and support living

Veterans Day Display at the National World War I Museum and Memorial

Bob Dudley

The Society set up a display at the National World War I Museum and Memorial on Veterans Day. Larry Burnett along with his wife Marie helped my wife Pat and me in showcasing the Society to Kansas City. We had our Division and Society colors on display as well as the Society's objectives.



We had a very memorable day. Accomplishments included:

- As a Commemorative Partner for the 50th Commemoration of the Vietnam War, we presented nearly 100 lapel pins to Vietnam veterans.
- Highlighted the objectives of the Society.
- Passed out veterans' health information related to Agent Orange. The handout showed all of the diseases that have been attributed to exposure to this chemical.

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- Highlighted the epidemic of veteran suicide in our society and passed out information on how to assist a veteran in need. We used the VA trifold ACE – Ask, Care, Escort – which summarizes the steps needed to take an active and valuable role in suicide prevention.

We received excellent media coverage from the local TV stations. Channels from Fox, ABC, and CBS from Kansas City interviewed us during the display, highlighting not only the Society but also the issues of Agent Orange and veteran suicide. In fact we had numerous veterans come in looking for the display that they had seen on TV.

As an IRC 501(c)(4) tax-exempt veterans organization, our activities center on social welfare type issues. There is no question that the time spent at the Museum on the 11th of November supported this charter. We helped nearly 100 Vietnam veterans realize that their country supports their efforts during that divisive war, educated them about the impacts of Agent Orange, and helped the Kansas City community understand the problems with veteran suicide. As we told the TV stations, if we saved just one life because of our efforts, the day was a resounding success.



U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs



Search bar with a search button

SITE MAP [A-Z]

Health	Benefits	Burials & Memorials	About VA	Resources	Media Room	Locations
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Contact Us

VA » Health Care » Public Health » Military Exposures » Agent Orange » Veterans' Diseases Associated with Agent Orange

Public Health

- Public Health
- More Health Care

QUICK LINKS

Hospital Locator

Zip Code

Health Programs

Protect Your Health

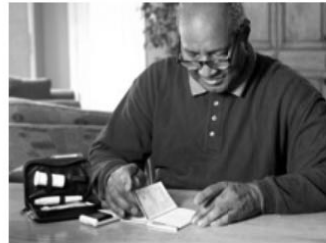
A-Z Health Topics



Veterans' Diseases Associated with Agent Orange

VA assumes that certain diseases can be related to a Veteran's qualifying military service. We call these "presumptive diseases."

VA has recognized certain cancers and other health problems as presumptive diseases associated with exposure to Agent Orange or other herbicides during military service. Veterans and their survivors may be eligible for benefits for these diseases.



- AL Amyloidosis**
 A rare disease caused when an abnormal protein, amyloid, enters tissues or organs
- Chronic B-cell Leukemias**
 A type of cancer which affects white blood cells
- Chloracne (or similar acneform disease)**
 A skin condition that occurs soon after exposure to chemicals and looks like common forms of acne seen in teenagers. Under VA's rating regulations, it must be at least 10 percent disabling within one year of exposure to herbicides.
- Diabetes Mellitus Type 2**
 A disease characterized by high blood sugar levels resulting from the body's inability to respond properly to the hormone insulin
- Hodgkin's Disease**
 A malignant lymphoma (cancer) characterized by progressive enlargement of the lymph nodes, liver, and spleen, and by progressive anemia

RELATED BENEFITS

- Registry Exam
- Health Care
- Disability Compensation
- More »

CONTACT

- Health Care
877-222-8387
- Benefits
800-827-1000
- TDD (Hearing Impaired)
800-829-4833



- **Ischemic Heart Disease**

A disease characterized by a reduced supply of blood to the heart, that leads to chest pain

- **Multiple Myeloma**

A cancer of plasma cells, a type of white blood cell in bone marrow

- **Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma**

A group of cancers that affect the lymph glands and other lymphatic tissue

- **Parkinson's Disease**

A progressive disorder of the nervous system that affects muscle movement

- **Peripheral Neuropathy, Early-Onset**

A nervous system condition that causes numbness, tingling, and motor weakness. Under VA's rating regulations, it must be at least 10 percent disabling within one year of herbicide exposure.

- **Porphyria Cutanea Tarda**

A disorder characterized by liver dysfunction and by thinning and blistering of the skin in sun-exposed areas. Under VA's rating regulations, it must be at least 10 percent disabling within one year of exposure to herbicides.

- **Prostate Cancer**

Cancer of the prostate; one of the most common cancers among men

- **Respiratory Cancers (includes lung cancer)**

Cancers of the lung, larynx, trachea, and bronchus

- **Soft Tissue Sarcomas (other than osteosarcoma, chondrosarcoma, Kaposi's sarcoma, or mesothelioma)**

A group of different types of cancers in body tissues such as muscle, fat, blood and lymph vessels, and connective tissues

LIVE HEALTHY

There are steps Veterans can take to help prevent heart disease, cancer, and other common diseases of aging. Get the recommended health screenings, eat a healthy diet, exercise regularly, and don't smoke. Learn more about healthy living.

Children with birth defects

VA presumes certain birth defects in children of Vietnam and Korea Veterans are associated with Veterans' qualifying military service.

Veterans with Lou Gehrig's Disease

VA presumes Lou Gehrig's Disease (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis or ALS) diagnosed in **all** Veterans who had 90 days or more continuous active military service is related to their service, although ALS is not related to Agent Orange exposure.



***Society of the Fifth Division
United States Army
Objectives***



A. To perpetuate and memorialize the valiant acts and patriotic deeds of the Fifth Division; to electrify and unify that invisible current of fellowship, friendship and comradeship molded in the throes of war and the exigencies of a peacetime service; and promote the interests and welfare of its members.

B. To publish and preserve the history of the accomplishments of the Fifth Division and the Society, in war and peace, and set forth the gallant and heroic deeds of its members.

Commemoration of the Liberation of Anger, France 10 August 2017

The Society was contacted by an organization in France, VMH – Historical Military Vehicles – concerning a commemoration of the liberation of Angers by the 5th Infantry Division on 10 August 1944. Their plan is to hold events over a period of 3 to 4 days, ending on 10 August 2017 in Angers. Evidently they held similar events in 1987 and 1989, hosting 27 of our World War II society members.



The VMH President, Edouard Callerot, has invited our World War II members, or perhaps a veteran's family member, to attend the ceremonies. Although the Society could not provide financial support for the trip, Edouard said they may be able to help defray the costs of the trip.

Anyone interested in the trip please contact Bob Dudley at (913) 422-3543 or e-mail: colrdudley@aol.com. There are still many details to work out, but we hope some of our World War II veterans will be able to reunite with our French allies.

Michael Beringer is a Fifth Division member in hospice who was recently visited by Phil Maniscalco. Dennis Coulter sent him a couple of pins and a challenge coin from The Society. He sent Dennis and everyone a very well written thank you letter. Included was an article he authored which was printed in a February, 1986 issue of ARMY Magazine. I found the article to be well worthy to include in this issue of The Red Diamond. For all who were at FB Sharon it paints a good picture. It answered a question I always had. "Where did the name Sharon come from"? Read on and you will find out.

QUANG TRI LADY

By Michael P. Beringer]

Her name was Landing Zone Sharon. Some 1st Air Cavalry Division colonel named her after his wife or girlfriend. Sharon never was reminiscent of any girl I had known.

The landing zone squatted on a chopped-off hill near Highway One, a few "clicks" south of Quang Tri City, in the Republic of Vietnam's I Corps Tactical Zone. In other words, Sharon lay about as far north as you could get in the South without risking being south in the North. She was one hot gal during both the midday sun and the midnight salvos.

Sharon looked like hobo heaven. Her perimeter sported layers of tangled barbed wire, trip-flare warning devices and booby-trapped antipersonnel mines.

Next came razor-tipped concertina wire the height of two men, plus 20-foot-tall watchtowers and ten-foot-deep combat bunkers. Positions for tanks and "Dusters" (self-propelled twin 40-mm anti-aircraft guns), preset ammunition stores and fire-fighting supplies rounded out Sharon's exterior.

Sharon's surface was dotted with a haphazard collection of jungle "hootches." These elevated plywood platforms supported two-by-four frames surrounded by sandbags halfway up, with screening above that to the rippled tin roofs. Those structures served any and every purpose we could invent.

The brick-colored landscape between the buildings contained a mixture of cases and cartons, tanks and trucks, jeeps and junk, and just about anything and everything that could be bought, borrowed, stolen or scrounged.

All the material that a twentieth-century American fighting man needed, or thought he needed, lay in a maze on the red-clay soil.

Sharon looked as though some giant had taken a big bite out of an industrialized ant hill,

realized his mistake and then spat out his chewings because they tasted so bad.

Sharon tasted like a mouthful of mud. During the summer months, the slightest breeze sent fine, filtered red dust swirling into typewriters, telephones, rifles, radios and the spaces between your backmost molars.

In the fall, the rains came—and came. That summertime earth, which had served nicely as a medium-grit abrasive, now outlicked Teflon when man and machine moved across Sharon's surface.

Her red day stuck to whatever it touched. You could scrape and scrub until your fingers ached and your mind grew numb,

but boots and tires kept endlessly doubling in size and weight. The mud-cover seemed to grow faster than Vietnamese mildew.

The first odor each morning was burning diesel fuel and human waste. Sharon smelled worse than a trip through the local village on those days when *mama-sans* were making *nuoc-mam*, that vile Vietnamese protein source distilled from rotting fish heads. On really heavy, humid days, the landing zone smells made it impossible to swallow anything but a malaria pill.

Sharon's perfume included the ghastly garbage dump, just beyond our wire, where peasants combed through our potable leftovers for a couple of calories.

Her scents included human remains, too: the enemy dead awaiting burial, the napalmed villagers and our own recently living soldiers in their body bags.

Sharon sounded like a rehearsal for the end of the world. The artillery batteries constantly fired harassment and interdiction rounds, combat missions and cover for air assaults. Sharon enjoyed equally the MI6's bark and the AK-47's bite, as well as the 155-mm artillery outgoing and the RPG-7 rockets incoming.

There were good noises like the "thumpa, thumpa" of a Sky Crane cargo helicopter with its load of supplies and the "thwacka, thwacka" of a Cobra helicopter gunship with its load of destruction.

There were bad noises like the "pop (silence) carrump" of a mortar attack and the multisecond shriek of a 122-mm rocket racing to plant its deadly kiss on Sharon and her American lovers. Everyday sounds like tapping typewriters, squawking speakers and the KPs' punishment of pots and pans just got lost in the overall clash and clatter.

There was only one sound out of place —quiet. Sharon hated the quiet just before the first enemy sapper pierced the perimeter wire, mixing the sounds of the Fourth of July with a day at Gettysburg.

She also hated the quiet just after a chopper dropped a slingload of patrol casualties, men who that morning at breakfast had made their deep, dark death jokes. Sharon felt uneasy with quiet.

Sharon's corners and angles, never designed by natural forces, cut you physically and assaulted

you emotionally. Her sights, smells, sounds, sensations and tastes reflected her bizarre moods, changing from second to second.

One minute she would carry away the drenching monsoon rains; the next, she funneled those same deluges into your sleeping bunker. One hour, she would slumber serenely in Oriental splendor; the next, she would explode into Asian agony.

One day, she would shield you from the man-searching shrapnel; the next, she would leave you naked on her smooth hillside. One week, she would reflect the sun's rays until your brain baked; the next, she would suck up solar signals until you shivered with cold.

One month, she would deposit dust into every working part of a soon-to-be nonworking machine; the next, she would require blades of steel just to penetrate her surface.

One year, Sharon would do with you exactly as she pleased . . . because that was all she got.

MICHAEL P. BERINGER was a rifleman/ supply specialist with Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 11th Infantry, 1st Brigade, 5th Infantry Division (Mechanized), in Vietnam from July 1968 to June 1969.

Society Leadership Position

As everyone knows the Society selects a new National 2nd Vice President every year. If you are interested in serving the Society in a leadership position contact Bob Dudley at colrdudley@aol.com or 913-220-3725. This National 2nd Vice President elected in September 2017 will host the Society's 100th reunion in 2020

**Col Jack Swaren passed away
Nov 16,2016 HHC 1st Bn 61st Inf
VN (69-70**

From: John Swaren III

Subject: Dad has passed on

Sorry everyone. This world has lost a good soul. We can all hope he's with his sister Dixie & brother-in-law John now, and all his fallen 1/61 brothers too. He had been asleep, under pain meds, for the last few days. He was with us at 4am, when a nurse came in here. But gone by 6am, when another came by. Though he couldn't really talk back this last week, we kept giving him all of our combined kind words. So thank you all for those, in his last few weeks here. They say that hearing is the last thing to go in the brain. So he heard us in our solidarity for him. Funny how instinct takes over, knowing to keep talking all nite long, to a tough guy who, in earlier days, didn't like too much jabbering. His transition was a calm, peaceful one. Supported by all your love. He affected us all. He made us part of his life, and made our lives that much better. No more words from him now. Just a good spirit looking down, keeping us going and growing.
Peace.



**Col Jacks Life
By Tom Swaren**

John W. Swaren Jr was born in Maryland and along with his older sister Dixie, spent his hardy upbringing on a working farm which, in the absence of his father John Sr. who travelled extensively for the US government, was run by a sharecropper's son. On the farm, young "Jack" developed a strong work ethic and sense of fair-play, resilience and adaptiveness--all traits that led to the shaping of a soldier years later. After local schooling, Jack attended the Bullis School followed by West Point where he was mentored by older classmates who

had served in infantry assignments in the Korean War. Jack majored in engineering at the Academy but he chose to join the infantry after graduation. Like all freshly minted infantry officers, his initial assignment was at Fort Benning for his officer qualification training as well as specialized training including Airborne and Ranger schools. After Fort Benning, on his first assignment with the 1st Infantry (Old Guard) at Ft Myers, Jack met and married Noreen McGann who remained his companion, confidant, soulmate and supporter for 60+ years. They had two sons, John III and Thomas, while stationed in Germany. Jack's career then took them throughout the US, to Ft. Benning again, San Francisco, Ft. Leavenworth, the Pentagon, Germany again, the War College at Carlisle, Korea, Tidewater Virginia, and of course, Vietnam twice. His first "advisor" tour there was in 1963/4. His second tour was 1968-70, commanding the 1/61 Infantry (Mech), 1st Brigade, 5th Infantry Division under the operational control of 3rd Marine Division. The 1/61 Infantry was deployed along the DMZ where it had the difficult task of being the most northern battalion in the defense of South Vietnam. In Jack's view, his time in 1/61 Infantry and his subsequent command of the 1/48 Infantry (Mechanized) in Gelnhausen Germany were the highlights of his military career. In retirement, amongst his many pursuits and endeavors, Jack developed

and maintained a website for his 1/61 Infantry brothers. Perhaps more importantly, he embraced the honor and obligation of keeping in touch with fellow veterans and their families, helping them keep it together and as he loved to say, "not sweat the little things". Jack's lifetime achievement, but particularly his service with the 1/61 Infantry during and after the war, continues to make us proud.

Peace.

My Brothers Have My Back

By Louis Pepi

For my wife Pat who undoubtedly
by loving me did save my life.
For my children Mike and Gretchen with sor-
row
for being preoccupied with all this
and not being a better parent.
And for my grandson Sam—so that he will
have a record of what his Papa did in the war.

Dedication

And now all the words have been written and the flood of tears has mostly ended. My friends and family are frightened for my wellbeing; for they think that I have gone back to the horrible dream of times past. They see the writing of this book as a re-manifestation of the disease in me—my PTSD if you will. They are wrong though—they have mistaken the disease for the cure. Yes the cure. Anyway that's how I perceive it. But they don't know one way or the other—they can't know—they have never been in that place of sheer terror, the type they most likely will never see in their lives. Yes, we have all seen that moment of a tragic accident, loss from an illness, but I'm taking about the terror that seeps into your soul—day after day—week upon week—month after month till you think you cannot bear it another moment. You even ponder suicide to end it. But you do bear it—you even laugh about it when you are in the middle of it because it is all you can do. This terror probably can't be described—but I am trying here. Some guys have simplified it; “you have seen the elephant”. After that you are marked as your brothers are—and we can see it in each other.

When I came back to the world I was deathly sick inside. There was no goodness for me—I saw the bad in everything—for thirty years. Then I started to turn the corner. One day in 2006, while surfing the net, I discovered that all 58,749 of the men that died in Vietnam, had their own memorial page or guestbook if you will, for mourners—and strangers as well—to write testimonials. From the search engine of the Vietnam Virtual Wall, I typed in: ROBERT GALLAGHER. Suddenly, my heart missed several beats, and there was a flash in my brain and my face flushed with heat like standing in front of an opening the door of a blast furnace. Everything went from fiery burning red to a blinding white light. Suddenly I was there—back in Vietnam—and of all places on Hill 100. I had the feeling of wanting to run—but to where—let's face it, I was in my home sitting with my laptop. Classic PTSD.



As my vision returned, I saw on the heading: “Capt. Robert Patrick Gallagher” and below it were some vital statistics: Age—32, Race—Caucasian, Sex— male, DOB—Jun 7, 1937, From—Wyoming, RI, Religion—Episcopal/Anglican, Status—married. The next page had more information, and, still half stunned, I read it. There was information about things like “Quang Tri Province”, “multiple fragmentation wounds”, and the “body was recovered”.

Then I flipped to the next page and there were testimonials written by friends, relatives, strangers and other soldiers. A niece, Dawn, wrote that she only knew him when she was three and would someone email her and tell her about him. I eventually tried to contact her eight years later but without success. She must have changed her email. His step-daughter wrote that she also wanted to know what people had to say about him. Strangers left “thank you’s” and “God Bless’s”. Then there was one that said simply: “He came to help us”. The writer was Tim Hurley. I found out later that he was one of the mortar-men that was trapped and surrounded on Hill 100. I read what he wrote:

“One night, in November 1969, about 30 of us were on a hill just south of the DMZ. Things were happening all around us and our outlook was bleak. The word that we got was Captain Gallagher was back at a base camp safe and sound and he volunteered to come and help us because he knew that if we got attacked we probably wouldn't have made it. For the 30 of us, we all owe our lives to the Captain and his men. We were attacked by 500 hardcore NVA and the 30 of us wouldn't have lasted long. Because of him, I'm able to be typing this today. Sir, thank you. I'm sorry that you never got to return to your family. I've talked to your radio operator and he said that you were a soldier's soldier and I read what Col Swaren wrote about you and I have the utmost respect for him and he felt the same way about the Captain. Captain Robert Gallagher will always be in my thoughts. Sir, I salute you. Thank you.

Tim Hurley, Nov 28, 2006”

As I read Tim's moving tribute to our fallen leader, I thought, “I was on that hill!” The memories came back in a landslide and I swam frantically through my thoughts in an emotional sea of frenzy. The memories tumbled by me in vivid freeze-frames. The helicopter air-assault—foxholes frantically dug—waking up to a thousand mortar blasts—actually seeing the mortar rounds lobbing in and out. I saw the advancing enemy pith helmets—just appearing over the curve of the hill and into the eerie illumination of the “Willie

Pete”. I saw—again—the unfriendly green tracers snapping in every possible direction—even from behind. And I saw the red friendly tracers shattering into all those pith helmets. But worst of all, was that cruel chaotic growl of the sound of battle. They call it: “The Dogs of War”. That’s how I define it anyway.

I stood up and walked away from my laptop—thinking that I had had too much too fast. But I was drawn back like a magnet—I had to read more.

Next I read what one of his OCS classmates wrote and about the plaque with his name on it at Fort Benning, Georgia:

Fellow OCS Graduate

On Wednesday, March 7, 2007, it will be 40 years to the day that we graduated from Infantry OCS at Ft. Benning, GA. - and your classmates will again gather at that very spot to re-dedicate the memorial we placed in 2002 honoring you and the others from Class 14-67 including two of our TAC Officers who gave all in support of your comrades. We will bring you flowers, share stories of those 6 months we spent together earning those gold bars and afterwards we will raise a glass to all who can't be with us.

Mar 3, 2007

As I read all this, my brain was swirling. Again, I remembered the mortar emplacements. I remembered my foxhole. And I remembered Capt. Gallagher making the rounds to each position—checking field of fire and foxhole depths. He had a word of encouragement for each of us and told us as he moved on to stay alert. I know that the main reason so many of us survived that night was because of his keen eye for detail and just the aura of a professional soldier that he projected. Let’s face it—we were all 18-20 year-old kids—and for the most part draftees. He was the professional soldier.

Feeling a need, I wrote a paragraph and posted it on the Captain Gallagher’s page. It was about what I remembered of the night and how I couldn’t understand why I survived and others didn’t. I called him one of our country’s finest and that he was a soldier “that rode to the sound of the guns”—a quote which I now see as a little bit corny, but there it is. The funny thing was that the act of writing that paragraph, made me feel better about Vietnam than I had for decades.

The seed of this manuscript was planted in the manure of my scribblings of the last 40 years and it has finally sprouted into this book. Whether it blossoms into a flower or just shrivels into another scrawny weed that will soon wither and die, is for the reader to decide. But this book—if not a genuine cure—has actually saved me. I firmly believe

that. I no longer see myself as a casualty of Hill 100, for I now see myself as a messenger of the courage and good that was in these men that lived and died with me.

I wrote Tim Hurley in 2006 and there was a string of a half dozen emails. I still have them. Eventually we met eight years later on Vietnam Veterans Appreciation Day on March 29, 2014, just around the corner from Alice’s Restaurant in Stockbridge Massachusetts. Bob Zeissler, another 1-61 Vet was at this reunion as well. We were all a little nervous about what to expect of our meeting, but within ten seconds we knew that we would be lifelong friends. There are others I found by internet search or email. The list grows every day:

Al Groller	Dave Johnson
Alex Candelaria	Dave Sobley
Alonzo Kelly	Dave Tousignant
Alton Hager	Dawin Dominey
Bernie Dave	Dennis Clemson
Bernie Weis	Dennis Colter
Bill Dodge	Dennis Thompson
Bill Hambleton	Dennis Woytek
Bill Howard	Dick Arnold (Coffelt)
Bill Starr	Doc Saveli
Bill Taylor	Don Saarsfield
Bob Arrington	Douglas Haney
Bob Dudley	Ed Oltman
Bob Edie	Erica Wilson(DOA)
Bob Morton	Fred Jelinek
Bob Ouillette	Frenchie Gervais
Bob Schilling	Garlon Jackson
Bob Urso	Gary Bonzon
Bob Wright	Gary Brown
Bob Wright	Gary Fox
Bobby Moody	Gary Higgins
Bruce Horn	Gary Huber
Bruce Nesmeth	Gary Lentz
Bruce Nesmith	Gene Franck
Bruce Swander	Gene Kelly
Bud Collins	Gene Rees
Bud Wagner	Gerry Dubois
Burnell Tatum	Greg Bushong
Cary Daquel	Jack Bowie
Chelsea Korte	Jay Balderson
Chuck Cusick	Jay Mahn
Cynthia Blanch(NARA)	Jerry Oliver
Dan Cowan	Jim Hooper(author)
Dan Powell	Jim Jackson
Danny Mathers	Jim Monk
Darrell Alexander	Jim Roffers
Dave Billingsly	Joe Murphy
Dave Disharoon	Joe Prince
Dave Gattis	Joe Rudkowski

John Estrada	Ray Naughton
John Ginty	Ray Sherron
John Kieffer	Ricard LeClerc
John Swaren	Richard Carter
Jon Deboer	Rob Robinson
Keith Neel	Robert Dean
Keith Short	Robert Schilling
Ken Davis(Virtual Wall)	Roger Allen
Ken Eckert	Roger Arnold
Ken Howell	Roger Jones
Ken Kowalski	Roger McDonald
Ken Leach	Ron Gibson
Ken Lipowski	Ron Maki
Ken Love	Ron Markiewicz
Ken Mag'nett	Ron Markiewicz
L Frank White	Ron Van Beek
Leigh Blood	Russ Widener
Les Stevens	Sam Cornwell
Lyle Kohmetsher	Sherrell Byrd
Lyman Reid(NARA)	Sherron
Martin Gedra(NARA)	Stan Samulac
Michael Stalcup	Stanley Blunt
Mike Cowart	Steve Grooms
Mike Lovern	Steve Monaghan
Mike Maiorca	Steve Wheat
Mike McGraw	Tom Jones
Mike Mullenix	Tom Loehr
Mike Sperling	Tom Ray Combs
Nguyen Vu	Tony Robinson
Pedro Marzan	Tony Steerman
Phan Thanh Tran	Vern Sondgeroth
Phil Bienvenue	Walter Evans
Phil Maniscalpo	Walter Rogers
Phil Marshal(author)	Wayne Cumer
Phil Miller	Wild Bill McKinle
Phil Phillips	

Like I said, the list grows and I am quite sure there are now many more. To me, these men are all the salt of the earth. These were some of the men who lived while others died. The gift from the dead to us was a life to live and those who died now live through us.

So thank you Tim Hurley for being the catalyst. You were the first contact I made and that has grown into more than a hundred individual reunions and eventually this book. It began with that first email and I will forever be indebted to you for your response.

Over the last ten years, one of the great difficulties I encountered was coming up with a title. Over that time I came up with at least a dozen and in every instance I immediately disliked them. I will spare the reader here of that list. They were all not altogether bad, but none of them rang true.

Friends would ask if I had come up with a title yet and I would proclaim the latest. They were met with a forced smile or silence. Then, I was on the phone one night with John Ginty—a fellow Alpha Company trooper—also from the third platoon. John and I were both in the third platoon, but at different times. He helped me immensely come to terms with my PTSD. We talk often. I had called him following the 2015 Fifth Infantry Reunion in Pittsburgh to tell him that several of his Alpha Company brothers had asked about him and wished him well. He told me that he had attended a mini-reunion with two fellow veterans and their wives. They were having dinner at a restaurant one night and an odd thing happen—at least John's wife Fran thought so. John and Fran were sitting facing Jerry Reising and Bruce Walmsley at the table. The oddity was that John had his back to the entrance of the restaurant—something that Fran had not seen him do—ever. He had always insisted on facing the exit, the residual effect of hyper-vigilance. Fran questioned him on the occurrence and John immediately responded by saying, "I'm fine. My brothers have my back". There it was—the title I had been searching for! So, in the spirit of brotherhood, I dedicate this book to all the men of the 5th Infantry Division and specifically:

- the 1st Battalion of the 61st Infantry Regiment,
- Delta Company of the 1st Battalion, 11th Light Infantry,
- the 1st Battalion of the 77th Armor,
- 5th of the 4th Arty,
- Rotary Aviation—Ghost Riders, Lancers, Batman, & Dustoff
- Fixed Wing Aviation—220th RAC, 20th TASS,
- Jet Fighter/Interceptor—Gunfighters

But I especially dedicate this book to Captain Robert Patrick Gallagher (posthumously) who saved my life twice—once in the flesh on November 13 1969 through his keen professional eye for setting up defenses and fighting positions and a second time in the abstract, on December 23 2006.

Hurrah Red Devils—We Will!

Song of the Time

When the wind blows you home

To the shores of home

Will you be one of those

Who killed another man

When the wind blows you home

To the shores of home

Will you be one

Who killed another man

Killed another man

Killed another man

Killed another man
 If I can make it through this life
 If I can make it through this life
 If I can make it
 If I can make it
 I'll never kill another man
 As my time rolls out
 As my time rolls out
 If I can make it
 If I can make it
 I'll never kill another man with these hands
 Never kill another man
 By the Steve Miller Band

Letter to the 10th Grade Class at Tantasqua Regional H.S.

Not Much of a Scar

When people ask me about Vietnam and my time in the service, the questions are always the same, and generally I skirt with my answers. Whatever they ask, the reply is always short, and usually the same answer.

Was it tough over there?	<i>Sure.</i>
Did you see a lot of action?	<i>Some.</i>
Did you lose any friends?	<i>Some.</i>
Did you get in any big battles?	<i>One.</i>
Did you kill anybody?	<i>Yup.</i>
How many?	<i>Some.</i>
Were you scared?	<i>Sure.</i>
Were you wounded?	<i>Yes.</i>
Where?	<i>Here—and here.</i>
Not much of a scar?	<i>Well...</i>

Not much information either—*sure*. When you've been in combat, it's hard to really talk about it and maybe not always a healthy thing for you; because it brings back memories you'd like to be able to forget. But at the same time, you don't want anyone else to forget that you were there. With these conflicting feelings, you never can forget nor do you want anyone else to forget. That's quite a dilemma. So today I'm going to try to tell you my real feelings. Some of you might have questions and some of you might even have ideas about joining the military; and that in itself, is an honorable thing. What is nobler than fighting for and protecting your country? And if you are thinking about a career in the military, you are entitled to know the truth about what might be in store for you rather than the propaganda you see on the TV commercials about the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines. So I've written this short piece to try to really answer the list of questions I just rattled off and maybe some of yours.

Sometimes when I get to pondering my life, I think: *Why has life treated me so badly?* Often, I seem to be

melancholy. To start, growing up and coming of age was very painful for me. But maybe it is—to some extent—for everyone. Then, I made a bad decision and left college in 1966. I was drafted and eventually was sent to Vietnam, where I endured a unique horror. I was put in a position where I was forced to kill to survive—and I did it—and very well. Very well—because I did survive. I watched people die—friend and foe—and both affected me with distress and regret. My friends died beside me and the enemy died at my hand. They gave me a medal for it—the ribbon had a little silver “V” on it—for valor they said. It was for the enemy I killed and not for the friends that died beside me. I never was as frightened as I was that night, but I took the medal that was awarded to me anyway. At home, I showed it off and bragged about it. I got other medals—one for wounds sustained in action. The medal has a heart on it—a violet heart. Purple has always seemed a very cold and dead color to me, because dead friends have purple lips. But I gladly took it even though the wound was very superficial. The scars on my hand are small and I have trouble discerning them today. The big scar cannot be seen with eyes but is never out of my mind's eye. They owe me a medal for that one, but because they couldn't see it, I get nothing for it. That pisses me off, but after all, it didn't kill me—yet.

I remember the first man I killed. I woke up and saw him as—my foxhole buddy—dragged me by the foot into the foxhole. The man looked confused—frozen with fright—and looking back over his shoulder, like he was getting ready to run. For a moment I thought that I might not fire, but then I squeezed the trigger and the gun jammed. Frantically, I jacked another round but nothing happened again. The third attempt resulted in a burst of 4-5 rounds and the Sapper went down. ????? and I flopped into the foxhole and began firing the M-60—he gunned and I fed the 100-round belt—but something happened half way through the belt. A Crucifix and Rosary that I wore around my neck tangled in the feeding ammo belt and broke off in the receiver, jamming the gun. Unconsciously, we both ducked down—to retrieve the rest of the belt as a satchel charge exploded in front of us and rendered the machinegun useless. I never was very religious, not even to this day, but the Christians say that Jesus died on the cross for mankind. I don't know about that, but that naked statuette, clad only in a rag certainly acted like he died for me on hill 100 at 2 AM in the morning on November 13th, 1969. But if I was born again at that moment, I didn't show it. Unthinkingly, I jumped out of the foxhole and ran back to the APC for another M-60, but we burnt that one up too and eventually I had to get the big 50 Caliber Browning Machine Gun. I was very frightened, mostly of being without a machine gun. That's why I left the relative safety of the foxhole—for fear of being unarmed. We fired the gun for hours—so long and

continuously that we filled the foxhole completely. “Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition”. At some point after that, the lieutenant crawled to the foxhole and said, “Great job guys”. I thought, “That’s all he’s good for—cheerleading”.

We fired through the rest of the night, and at about first light, a tap on my shoulder from behind by the platoon sergeant signaled me that the battle was over. We wouldn’t have stopped otherwise. I got up out of the foxhole and walked the forty short feet to the first man that I killed in the night. There were a half dozen other bodies scattered behind him, all lying mangled in grotesque postures. There were as many again vacant bloodstained depressions in the grass, connected to bloody drag marks extending down the hill. Two M48 tanks were systematically running over the bodies to detonate any booby traps set under them. A little excessive, I thought—but safe. They were working their way through all the dead and—twice—a muffled thud of a rigged grenade exploding could be heard. I squatted in front of my first victim. Unlike the other bodies, his eyes were closed. He looked clean and unharmed because his wounds were on the other side. He smelled of an alien muskiness, and I touched him to believe what I had done to him. He was still warm and his lips were not purple yet like my medals. Unexpectedly, his eyes opened at that moment—still displaying the same frightened look he had displayed the night before. I jumped back, falling into a sitting position. His eyes seemed to be begging something and I never heard the tank coming as his gaze seemed to plead to me. I did try to yell something when I saw what was about to happen, but could only squeak out the word “no” as the tank’s closest track rolled over his head. At that moment I felt that desperate feeling like you have in one of those “hopelessness” nightmares when you are screaming but not a sound comes out. The boy’s skull shattered with a loud sharp crack, like a light bulb breaking. The tanker nodded to me through the driving hatch as he passed. It was during that night that I learned about chaos.

When I came home, I was reeling—so I turned to drugs. During those five drug-fogged years I died a million deaths—perishing again and again deep in the nadirs of my consciousness. While the insanity of the 1970’s went on around me, it was pure rationality compared to the madness going on inside me. But a spark of life deep down would not expire. Instead, it began to surface from that depth, though I tried enormously to snuff it out. I tried to drink myself into oblivion. I couldn’t—though it was a valiant try. So I doubled down with drugs—you name it. My eyes would not close. In fact, they just opened wider.

The madness of the times was perfect camouflage for my neurosis. The insanity around me created the illusion that I was sane. In the end, I managed to cope. I for-

gave myself and I began to heal the wound inside me—the one that no one could see but me.

Oddly enough, the healing process came through hunting whitetail deer in the Maine North Woods. It’s a little hard to explain this—but all I can say is that being alone in the woods hunting a whitetail buck is clean. By clean, I’m talking about the pureness of the hunt—no mangled bodies and the simple appropriateness of it—the requirement of it by we humans to sustain ourselves. I’m not talking about culinary sustenance. The deer with his wide clear eye flees but he is unafraid and stable. The hunter, when he sees his quarry, trembles with the emotion of the moment—but when steadiness is needed, stability then comes to him also—with a clear-eyed bearing as well. But for that prior moment he is out of balance—then he stabilizes himself aided only by the example of his quarry in the next. And simultaneously—some phenomena or mystical force—seems to loom overhead, concerned and impartial—but holding its breath to watch the outcome—understanding that it is a ballet between two diametric yet kindred partners. Whatever the outcome is, it is right and good. I would like to think that that same impartial presence loomed over us on Hill 100—but if it did, I missed it. I was too busy living.

I love my country and I decided to fight for it. There are times when we should stand up for our country. But don’t for a moment think that there is glory and magnificence in war as the powers that be would lead you to believe. It’s a lie. Leaders and politicians may bestow laurels and garlands on you as they did to me, but it won’t ever help you heal that wound that only you can see. Wilfred Owen said it best: “The old Lie; Dulce et Decorum est pro patria mori”. *Translation* [It is sweet and fitting to die for the homeland]

OK—any questions?

Usually there is none.

Anecdote

This story was told to me by Captain Bob Arrington—a Birddog pilot—concerning a reconnaissance mission while flying across the DMZ while serving with the 220th TASS out of Phu Bai. Whatever dark humor there is in this story, the rules of engagement were such in Vietnam that we were sometimes completely hamstrung as a fighting unit when cease fires and bombing halts were instituted, forcing American fighting men to abide while the NVA and VC would openly and totally ignore these truces. Multiply the political correctness of the way we fight wars today and it’s a wonder that American forces in Iraq and Afghanistan can keep themselves alive while they balance the probability of spending the rest of their lives in Leavenworth or Portsmouth, for firing their weapon in perceived self-defense. This story was told to be by Captain Arrington and I will relate it in my own words here.

Bob's routine for missions in Quang Tri Province and across the DMZ was to fly into Dong Ha to pick up his Backseat—who was a Marine officer prior to November of 1969. That changed when the 3rd Marines pulled out on November 6, 1969 and left Northern I Corps to the charge of the 5th Infantry. After that 5/4th Artillery or S-2 Air from the 517 M I Detachment fulfilled those duties. The duty of the back seat was to communicate with ground artillery if needed, and to relay coordinates if that weaponry was needed and otherwise help the AO.

Bob recalled meeting this particular marine for the first time. He was an NCO that was given a commission in trade for committing to a second tour. On that day Arrington touched down at the Dong Ha strip and immediately saw an individual on the edge to the tarmac—putting baseball-sized rocks into an empty sandbag. As Bob taxied up, the Marine jumped into the backseat—with his M-16, a bandolier of .556 clips and the bag of rocks. After topping off his fuel and exchanging quick introductions, Bob got clearance from the tower and they took off. Between them, they were patched into three or so radio nets as well as the intercom. This way they could call a range of assets through Dong Ha DASC—or even ABCCC out of Laos. If needed, they could call on the GUNSLINGER's (F-4 Phantoms), carrier based marine A-4 Skyhawks, various ground based artillery batteries, or even ONRUSH (USS New Jersey)—if she was available with her 16-inch guns. This was not one of those days.

At this time, President Johnson's bombing halt of North Vietnam was still in force and there was a standing order not to fire unless fired upon when going Tally Ho—the code name for crossing into North Vietnam. The suspense was killing Bob, so he finally spoke into the intercom, "By the way—what're the rocks for?" The Marine replied, "You'll see... Maybe..."

As they crossed the middle of the Demilitarized Zone and entered the No-Fire Zone, Bob swung northwest—paralleling the border. In a short time, they spotted a uniformed NVA soldier standing out in the open—looking up at them. The Marine tapped Bob's shoulder, saying, "Drop a wing and circle that guy for me sir".

Bob—flying at much less than 1000 feet complied and put the Type 4 Cessna 01 into a slow tight 360 degree turn. The marine officer, after inserting a clip into his weapon, began chucking rocks at the NVA soldier who had to jump aside several times, but never raised his AK-47. The marine—disappointed—ceased his rock throwing and the rest of the day was uneventful, but they flew many missions together after that.

Chapter 1—Family History

The history of my family in the United States started at the beginning of the twentieth century, during the final

wave of the Great European Migration. Both my maternal and paternal grandparents were of hardy peasant stock. To my knowledge, neither they nor their parents ever had any formal education. Bettering one's self and family, specifically through education, even if based on some vague promise of America, must have been one of the main reasons they decided to sever all ties from family, friends, and country, and embark on a dangerous and frightening, albeit, exciting adventure. Five generations of my family live, or have lived, in America. The progeny number nearly 100 to date. No matter how different or alike we have been, a number of facts have unmistakably influenced us. An individual cannot choose the times he lives in, and furthermore, those times can be a catalyst for the choices that individuals make! American history has had a profound influence on the tough choices some of my family members have made in relation to education, and have left scars on many of us, which in turn, have influenced subsequent generations.

The main character is my grandfather Giovanni. His courage and quiet persistence was the real vehicle that got him across the Atlantic—that, and his dream of bettering himself. It all started with my grandfather's dream. He and his wife Ascenzina lived with us in my parents' house, from the time I was two years old. On the surface, Giovanni appeared to be quiet, weak-minded, shy, and non-intellectual. He was quiet, mainly because he spoke almost no English, yet was articulate in his native Italian. Because he had immigrated to the United States, I think he felt it impolite to speak Italian outside the family circle. Therefore, when spoken to or asked a question, he would generally smile bashfully and nod his head in an attempt to avoid answering. He actually understood perfectly, but preferred not to reply out of shame or fear of speaking incorrectly. Weak-minded—he was certainly not! Introspection was mistaken for that. Granted, he was shy. As for non-intellectual, he had no formal education; nevertheless, he had a wealth of knowledge of the natural world he lived in. Nothing went to waste. There were little vegetable plots everywhere. He ate dandelion greens and fiddle-head ferns in the spring. He planted fruit trees of every sort and grafted different species of fruit to the same tree. All of his vegetable seeds were from "The Old Country" and the yield and quality of his gardens were second to none. He routinely grew 200-pound Hubbard squash. He made his own wine—fifty gallons a year. He had a keen sense of nature and his place in it. Giovanni preferred the solitude of toil to conversation, and he had the ability to complete colossal tasks of manual labor that most would not even attempt. Giovanni was born in the mountain village of Alto Piegiao, Italy on September 16, 1891, a simple peasant man. He farmed the steep terraced hillsides and walked the narrow cart paths that switch-backed to the height of land that was the town. The village remains in the same state today. He was a dreamer

who had a grand scheme: to come to America and raise a family that had greater opportunity than he had. So, on May 22, 1914, the twenty-three-year-old, betrothed to Ascenzina Bartolome, made his way across France to La Havre, and boarded a ship, bound for Ellis Island. His dream took nearly ten years to accomplish; but in that time, he got a job, bought a house, joined the army in World War I, became a citizen, contracted The Great Influenza—and then survived it. Finally, he applied for a six-month visa, returned to Italy, and married Ascenzina on Dec 19, 1923—who had been waiting patiently for 9 ½ years for his return. Then on March 22, 1924, the thirty-three year old newlyweds, aboard the “Dulio”, finally landed in America. The patient peasant man had realized his dream. He had no educational aspirations of his own, wishing only to be a bridge, enabling his children to be better educated. My grandfather’s straightforward sense of knowledge and instinctive intelligence, together with his tremendous work ethic, made such a profound impression on me, that I actually squandered some important educational opportunities later in my life. His traits were something to be admired; conversely, they may have clouded my vision of the big picture and helped set a false notion that higher education was not that important.

Giovanni’s aspirations for higher education were impressed upon my father, Louis, who received his primary education in the Massachusetts public school system, graduating with honors from North High School in Worcester. He applied for admission to several colleges, but his first choice was Syracuse University, to which he was accepted. He arrived at the Syracuse Campus in September of 1941 and distinguished himself with excellent grades for three months, until the attack on Pearl Harbor. He remained in college but prepared for war. In late December, he joined ROTC on campus, but eventually dropped out of the Officer Candidate Corps and joined the Army Air Corps. In 1944, he found himself in the Northern Marianas, the Pacific island chain that was the staging area for the bombing of Tokyo. Half a world away from New York, on the Island of Saipan, Syracuse University was the last thing on his mind.

Louis Sr distinguished himself in the Air Force—flying 39 missions in B-29 Super-Fortresses with the 883 Bomb Squadron of the 500th Bomb Group as a left door gunner—35 of which were over Japan. Lou Sr, shot down 2 Japanese fighters and damaged 3 others. He participated in the fire-bombing of Kobe and Tokyo, several missions to the Mitsubishi & Hitachi Engine Factories and the Musashino Ball-Bearing Factory. The other missions were in support of the invasions of Okinawa and to the island of Truk. He was awarded two Distinguished Flying Crosses and the Air Medal with five bronze Stars. Dad never talked about his war experience and refused to talk to me about mine when I returned from Vietnam.

Returning from Asia in 1945, he met a girl, and they began dating. He thought about going back to Syracuse, but decided to get a temporary job with “Ma Bell”, as he affectionately called AT&T; however, he married my mother Theresa a year later, and soon there was a family.

I was born to Louis Pepi and Teresa Pepi (Palladino) on March 8, 1948 at St Vincent’s Hospital in Worcester, Massachusetts. I was the oldest of 5 siblings—three sisters; Linda, Lisa and Nancy—and a brother, John. We lived in the middle floor of my maternal grandmother Josephine’s 3-decker on 3 Fay St in Worcester till I was 5 when the family moved 10 miles—now with my 2-year-old sister Linda—to a brand new 3-bedroom ranch house on 21 Linden Street in the suburb of West Boylston.

In 1953, West Boylston was a sleepy one stoplight town of 1800 and my earliest memories are of the wonderful life there. My father Louis Sr, was by then an installer at New England Telephone & Telegraph—a subsidiary of the parent company, A T&T—again as my father put it, “Ma Bell”. He was a hard working family man and he gave his family a comfortable life. In 1954 and 1955 two more siblings came along—John and Lisa. My grandfather Giovanni—now a widower—was still living with us. The small ranch on Linden St was now bursting at the seams with the growing family so my father moved us to a new 4-bedroom ranch on the other side of town at 11 Valley Forge Circle.

As I grew up, I always planned to attend college; I breezed through public school. I managed to attain very good results with a minimum of study. When it came time to entertain college, I had second thoughts. My father thought that Syracuse would be a good choice. I did not. Then he began pushing Worcester Polytechnic Institute, which was also his dream rather than mine. Only ten miles away, he said it was “a very good engineering school.” I was eventually accepted to WPI and, in September of 1966, I started matriculation as an Electrical Engineering student and was also enrolled in the mandatory ROTC program. My heart was not into it though. I thought I could make my way without college like Giovanni had. To emulate him, was nothing to be ashamed of. Hence, I left WPI after three semesters, telling my father I needed a year off and promising him that I would go back. From his personal experience, he knew that I probably would not. It was the Fall of 1967. In January of 1968, I received a letter from the Selective Service Board. To this day, I remember the first word of the letter: *Greetings*. Two months later, I found myself on my way to the abutting town of Clinton, Massachusetts to the train Station. At the front entrance of the train depot, I said my goodbyes to my father. I have no memory of the words exchanged. My life was about to take a drastic turn.

New Study Could Pressure VA to Expand Agent Orange Benefits

More than four decades after the end of the Vietnam War, research is still showing the effects of the herbicide Agent Orange. The latest findings: An association between exposure and high blood pressure.

by *Charles Ornstein, ProPublica, and Mike Hixenbaugh, The Virginian-Pilot Nov. 15, 2016, 11 a.m.*
This story was co-published with [The Virginian-Pilot](#).

A new study has found a close relationship between Agent Orange exposure during the Vietnam War and high blood pressure, a conclusion that could lead the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs to dramatically expand the number of veterans eligible for compensation.

The [study](#), published last week by VA researchers in the Journal of Occupational and Environmental Medicine, found a higher rate of hypertension among members of the Army Chemical Corps who handled Agent Orange during the war compared to those who didn't. Corps members who served in Vietnam but did not spray the chemicals also had a higher rate of hypertension than their peers who served outside Vietnam.

Both results were statistically significant and add to a body of evidence linking Agent Orange exposure and hypertension.

The findings come 41 years after the close of the Vietnam War and decades since the last supplies of Agent Orange were incinerated. Since then, veterans have become increasingly distrustful of the VA. They maintain that their exposure to Agent Orange, which contained the toxic chemical dioxin, has harmed their own health and has been passed on to their children.

A VA working group has been studying the latest scientific literature since March to determine if any illnesses should be added to the [agency's list of diseases](#) for which vets are automatically entitled to compensation if they served in Vietnam. Specifically, the group has been looking at [new evidence linking](#) bladder cancer, under-active thyroid, Parkinson's-like symptoms and hypertension to Agent Orange exposure.

The VA had been expected to announce its decision this year, but officials now say that will be left to the administration of President-elect Donald Trump.

Help Us Investigate the Impact of Agent Orange

We're interested in hearing from veterans and family members for our ongoing investigation into the effects of Agent Orange on veterans and their children. **Share your story.**

"For this administration, the deadline for proposing new rules for potential new presumptions [of service connection to herbicide] has passed, and this will become work for the new administration to take to completion," VA officials said in a written statement first reported last week in the newspaper [Stars and Stripes](#). Hypertension is the most common ailment among veterans seeking health care at the VA—indeed it is one of the most common ailments among older adults generally.

The study released last week found the prevalence of hypertension among members of the Army Chemical Corps to be higher than among other aging veterans. Although most of the Agent Orange used in Vietnam was sprayed from Air Force planes, the Army Chemical Corps also sprayed the herbicide from hand sprayers and helicopters.

Researchers analyzed responses from about 3,000 members of the Army Chemical Corps who participated in a 2013 survey. The research team then verified their self-reported exposure to Agent Orange by using dioxin levels in their blood and checked their self-reported blood pressure against medical records and in-home testing.

Among Chemical Corps members who sprayed herbicides in Vietnam, 81.6 percent said they had high blood pressure. That compares to 64.6 percent among Corps members who did not serve in Vietnam and did not spray herbicides. Researchers said that difference could not be explained away by other characteristics they analyzed, including age, race, weight, alcohol use and tobacco use.

It's unclear if the results from the Army Chemical Corps apply to other Vietnam veterans, the researchers said.

For years, the VA has been weighing whether to provide Agent Orange benefits to vets with high blood pressure, which could potentially cost billions of dollars.

In 2009, a federal advisory panel said there was evidence suggesting a connection between Agent Orange exposure and several conditions, including Parkinson's disease, ischemic heart disease and hyper-

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tension.

A VA internal working group of scientific experts wanted to recommend the department grant benefits to veterans with all of those conditions, according to Dr. Victoria Cassano, a member of the group who at the time was acting chief consultant for the VA's Environmental Health Strategic Healthcare Group. But the group's superiors at the VA told the panel to change its position and instead recommend against providing benefits for heart disease and hypertension, Cassano said. It recommended in favor of Parkinson's disease.

In late 2009, then-VA Secretary Eric Shinseki said he would add ischemic heart disease and Parkinson's disease to the VA's list, but not hypertension. According to Shinseki's testimony to Congress in 2010, "the evidence regarding hypertension was less compelling" than for the other conditions.

Instead, Shinseki called for the VA study completed last week.

"I wasn't really surprised by these findings," said Yasmin S. Cypel, the study's principal investigator and a health science specialist at VA. "I just felt that based upon the research that there was evidence to indicate that there might be an association."

Rick Weidman, legislative director of Vietnam Veterans of America, said the new report should add pressure to the VA to compensate vets for hypertension. His group has been pressing the VA to add the condition to its list of Agent Orange-connected diseases ever since the advisory panel first noted evidence of a link.

He can think of only one reason to explain the agency's reluctance:

"Money."

"Simple as that," said Weidman, himself a Vietnam vet. "There are so many people who utilize the VA who have hypertension, they know it's going to cost."

An estimate of the cost of offering compensation for Vietnam vets with hypertension was not available.

Cassano, the former VA official who thought VA should have agreed to provide hypertension benefits in 2009, said the new research by Cypel and colleagues was "really well designed."

"It's a very definitive study," Cassano said. "It's showing that just being in Vietnam gives you a higher relative risk of developing hypertension."

While hypertension affects many veterans, it is not as debilitating as other conditions and generally can be treated inexpensively with medications. Therefore, she said, the costs may not be as high as some have predict-

ed. Waiting for vets to develop ischemic heart disease or suffer a stroke is "a pennywise pound foolish decision."

Since last year, ProPublica and The Virginian-Pilot have compiled more than 6,000 stories from veterans and their families about how Agent Orange has affected them. We also have reported how the military and VA have turned to an herbicide expert who defends Agent Orange for guidance on handling vets' claims.

Dr. Orange: The Secret Nemesis of Sick Vets

For decades, the military and the VA have repeatedly turned to one man to guide decisions on whether Agent Orange harmed vets in Vietnam and elsewhere. His reliable answer: No. **Read the story.**

Several veterans said that if the VA begins offering Agent Orange benefits for high blood pressure, they would apply for them.

"It has never been anything I considered," said Ron Bass, 67, who served as an Air Force crew chief in Vietnam from 1969 to 1971 and takes medication for his condition.

"I would definitely file a claim for it," said Ron Zatawski, 66, who served in the Army in Vietnam from 1970 to 1971. "We went through areas that they had sprayed Agent Orange. ... We didn't know how toxic this stuff was."

Victoria Davey, another researcher on the hypertension study, said there's still much to learn about the effects of Agent Orange on vets. She is leading a new study comparing the health of Vietnam vets with similarly aged U.S. residents who never served in the military.

"This doesn't close the book on long-term health consequences of service in Vietnam," Davey said of the hypertension study.

ProPublica and The Virginian-Pilot are interested in hearing from veterans and family members for our ongoing investigation into the effects of Agent Orange on veterans and their children. Share your story now at propublica.org/agentorange or hamptonroads.com/agentorange.

HILTON KANSAS CITY AIRPORT – KANSAS CITY, MO
(816) 891-8900 or (800) 445-8667

<http://www3.hilton.com/en/hotels/missouri/hilton-kansas-city-airport-MCIAPHF/index.html>

Location

8801 NW 112th Street, Kansas City, MO 64153

Located just five minutes from the Kansas City International Airport and just 15 minutes from downtown Kansas City

Reservation Information

Please call the number above and reference the Society of the Fifth Division Association or please visit www.group.hilton.com/SocietyoftheFifthDivision

Group Name: Society of the Fifth Division

Reunion Dates: September 7-11, 2017

Rate: \$99 (Single/Double) \$109 (Triple/Quad) + tax (currently 16.225% + \$1.50 per night) Rate includes breakfast for up to 2 people in the hotel restaurant

Cut-off Date: 08/03/17 Late reservations will be processed based on space availability at a higher rate.

Cancellation Policy: Cancellation must be received 24 hours prior to arrival date or there will be a charge of one night's room plus tax.

Parking & Shuttle Information

The Hilton Kansas City Airport offers free parking and free shuttle service to and from Kansas City International Airport. Airport shuttle service is offered upon request, please contact the hotel upon arrival at the airport and proceed to the baggage claim area for pickup.

Wheelchair Rental

ScootAround rents both manual and power wheelchairs by the day and week. Please call (888) 441-7575 or visit www.scootaround.com for details and to make reservations.

SOCIETY OF THE 5TH DIVISION REUNION
TOUR DESCRIPTIONS

KANSAS CITY TOUR
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 2017

Kansas City is known as the City of Fountains. See why as we make our way through the area. Some points of interest include Lewis and Clark Point and Union Station. A new addition to the downtown area is the Kauffman Performing Arts Center, much like the Opera House in Australia. Also enjoy Kauffman Gardens. You'll have free time for lunch on your own at Country Club Plaza, Kansas City's premier retail, restaurant, and entertainment district. The plaza offers more than 150 shops and restaurants nestled within old-world architecture, captivating fountains, and expressive works of art. After lunch, we will make our way to the American Jazz Museum and the conjoined Negro Leagues Baseball Museum (NLBM). Take time to tour these two museums. The American Jazz Museum showcases the sights and sounds of jazz through interactive exhibits and films, visual arts exhibits, and enriching jazz audiences. The NLBM includes multi-media displays, and artifacts dating from the late 1800s through the 1960s preserving the rich history of African-American Baseball. You will have time to explore both museums before returning to the hotel.

10:00am board bus, 3:30pm back at hotel
\$50/Person includes bus, guide, and admission.
Lunch on your own.

NATIONAL WORLD WAR I MUSEUM AND MEMORIAL
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 2017

Ranked the number one attraction in Kansas City and the fifth best museum in the United States, the National World War I Museum and Memorial has been called a "national treasure". Steeped in history, the National World War I Museum and Memorial is America's only museum dedicated to sharing the stories of the Great War through the eyes of those who lived it. We will arrive at the museum and begin with a brief memorial service outside of Liberty Memorial Tower, which rises 217 feet above the main courtyard. After the Memorial Service, you'll receive a guided tour of the museum. In the museum you'll enjoy interactive displays, thought-provoking films and eyewitness testimonies, while receiving a narrated tour of the largest collection of WWI artifacts in the world. Following the tour, grab your boxed lunch from the "Over There Café" and enjoy some time on your own exploring the grounds and museum.

9:30am board bus, 2:30pm back at hotel
\$50/Person includes bus, guide, admission, and lunch.

SOCIETY OF THE FIFTH DIVISION REUNION

SATURDAY DINNER CHOICES

September 9, 2017

\$46 per Person

Chicken Supreme Customized Plated Dinner

House Salad of Mixed Greens with Cucumbers, Tomato & Onion served with Ranch Dressing and Balsamic Vinaigrette

Rolls and Butter

Sautéed Chicken Breast with Supreme Sauce

Complimentary Starch & Vegetable (Chef's Choice)

Chef's Choice of Dessert

Sliced Roast Beef Customized Plated Dinner

House Salad of Mixed Greens with Cucumbers, Tomato & Onion served with Ranch Dressing and Balsamic Vinaigrette

Rolls and Butter

Sliced Roast Beef with a Cabernet-Mushroom Demi Glaze

Complimentary Starch and Vegetable (Chef's Choice)

Chef's Choice of Dessert

Garlic Herb Pork Loin Customized Plated Dinner

House Salad of Mixed Greens with Cucumbers, Tomato & Onion served with Ranch Dressing and Balsamic Vinaigrette

Rolls and Butter

Garlic Herb Pork Loin with Apple Chutney & Rosemary Demi-Glaze

Complimentary Starch and Vegetable (Chef's Choice)

Chef's Choice of Dessert

SUNDAY DINNER CHOICES**September 10, 2017****\$46 per Person*****Chicken Marsala Customized Plated Dinner***

House Salad of Mixed Greens with Cucumbers, Tomato & Onion served with Ranch Dressing and Balsamic Vinaigrette

Rolls and Butter

Sautéed Breast of Chicken with Mushroom Marsala Sauce

Complimentary Starch and Vegetable (Chef's Choice)

Chef's Choice of Dessert

Grilled Sirloin Customized Plated Dinner

House Salad of Mixed Greens with Cucumbers, Tomato & Onion served with Ranch Dressing and Balsamic Vinaigrette

Rolls and Butter

8 oz. Grilled Sirloin Topped with Sautéed Mushrooms, Natural

Pan Juices

Complimentary Starch and Vegetable (Chef's Choice)

Chef's Choice of Dessert

Seared Salmon Customized Plated Dinner

House Salad of Mixed Greens with Cucumbers, Tomato & Onion served with Ranch Dressing and Balsamic Vinaigrette

Rolls and Butter

Seared Salmon-Pan Seared Filet with Leek Confit, Smoked Tomato Jus

Complimentary Starch and Vegetable (Chef's Choice)

Chef's Choice of Dessert

With all menus: Starbucks® Freshly Brewed Coffee, Decaffeinated Coffee, and Iced Tea

**SOCIETY OF THE 5TH DIVISION REUNION
SEPTEMBER 7 – 10, 2017
HILTON KANSAS CITY AIRPORT – KANSAS CITY**

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

1:00pm - 5:00pm

Reunion Registration Open

Hospitality Room to be open throughout reunion, hours to be posted.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

8:30am - 9:30am

Reunion Registration Open

10:00am - 3:30pm

KANSAS CITY TOUR

4:00pm - 5:30pm

Reunion Registration Open

Additional hours will be posted if needed.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

8:30am - 9:30am

Executive Board Meeting

9:30am - 2:30pm

NATIONAL WORLD WAR I MUSEUM AND MEMORIAL

6:00pm - 7:00pm

Cash Bar Reception

7:00pm - 10:00pm

Dinner Banquet

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

9:00am - 10:00am

Non-denominational Worship Service

10:00am - 11:00am

Memorial Service

1:00pm - 2:00pm

Society General Membership Meeting

6:00pm - 7:00pm

Cash Bar Reception

7:00pm - 10:00pm

Dinner Banquet

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

Farewells and Departures

CANCELLATION AND REFUND POLICY FOR ARMED FORCES REUNIONS, INC.

For attendees canceling reunion activities prior to the cut-off date (8/3/17), Armed Forces Reunions, Inc. (AFR) shall process a full refund less the non-refundable AFR registration fee (\$7 per person). Attendees canceling reunion activities after the cut-off date will be refunded to the fullest extent that AFR's vendor commitments and guarantees will allow, less the non-refundable AFR registration fee. **Cancellations will only be taken Monday through Friday from 9:00am until 5:00pm Eastern Standard Time, excluding holidays.** Please call (757) 625-6401 to cancel reunion activities and obtain a cancellation code. Refunds processed 4-6 weeks after reunion. Canceling your hotel reservation does not cancel your reunion activities.

SOCIETY OF THE 5TH DIVISION ACTIVITY REGISTRATION FORM

Listed below are all registration, tour, and meal costs for the reunion. Please enter how many people will be participating in each event and total the amount. Send that amount payable to ARMED FORCES REUNIONS, INC. in the form of check or money order. Your cancelled check will serve as your confirmation. Returned checks will be charged a \$20 fee. You may also register online and pay by credit card at www.afr-reg.com/society2017 (3.5% will be added to total). All registration forms and payments must be received by mail on or before August 3, 2017. After that date, reservations will be accepted on a space available basis. We suggest you make a copy of this form before mailing. Please do not staple or tape your payment to this form.

Armed Forces Reunions, Inc.
322 Madison Mews
Norfolk, VA 23510
ATTN: SOCIETY OF THE 5TH

OFFICE USE ONLY	
Check # _____	Date Received _____
Inputted _____	Nametag Completed _____

<i>CUT-OFF DATE IS 8/3/17</i>	Price Per	# of People	Total
TOURS			
FRIDAY 9/8: KANSAS CITY TOUR	\$50		\$
SATURDAY 9/9: NATIONAL WWI MUSEUM AND MEMORIAL	\$50		\$
SATURDAY: BANQUET DINNER (Please select your entrée)			
Sliced Roast Beef with a Cabernet-Mushroom Demi-Glaze	\$46		\$
Sautéed Chicken Breast with Supreme Sauce	\$46		\$
Garlic Herb Pork Loin with Apple Chutney and Rosemary Demi-Glaze	\$46		\$
SUNDAY: BANQUET DINNER (Please select your entrée)			
8 oz. Grilled Sirloin Topped with Sautéed Mushrooms	\$46		\$
Sautéed Chicken Breast with Mushroom Marsala Sauce	\$46		\$
Pan-Seared Salmon Filet with Leek Confit and Smoked Tomato Jus	\$46		\$
PER PERSON REGISTRATION FEE			
Covers various reunion expenses.	\$20		\$
DONATION FOR HOSPITALITY ROOM EXPENSES	\$		\$
Total Amount Payable to Armed Forces Reunions, Inc.			\$

PLEASE PRINT NAME AS YOU WANT YOUR NAMETAG TO READ

FIRST _____ LAST _____

SPOUSE NAME (IF ATTENDING) _____

GUEST NAMES _____

UNIT INFORMATION (ex. D CO/1st BN/11th Infantry): _____

YEARS SERVED W/ 5ID(ex. 1965-66): _____

WHERE (CIRCLE ONE): WWII FT CARSON VIETNAM FT POLK OTHER: _____

CURRENT & PAST SOCIETY OFFICE HELD (ex. NATIONAL FIRST VICE PRESIDENT, PAST PRESIDENT, ETC.): _____

STREET ADDRESS OF MAIN ATTENDEE _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PH. NUMBER (_____) _____ - _____ EMAIL _____ @ _____

DISABILITY/DIETARY RESTRICTIONS _____

(Sleeping room requirements must be conveyed by attendee directly with hotel)

MUST YOU BE LIFTED HYDRAULICALLY ONTO THE BUS WHILE SEATED IN YOUR WHEELCHAIR IN ORDER TO PARTICIPATE IN BUS TRIPS? (PLEASE NOTE THAT WE CANNOT GUARANTEE AVAILABILITY). YES NO

For refunds and cancellations please refer to our policies outlined at the bottom of the reunion program. **CANCELLATIONS WILL ONLY BE TAKEN MONDAY-FRIDAY 9:00am-4:00pm EASTERN TIME (excluding holidays).** Call (757) 625-6401 to cancel reunion activities and obtain a cancellation code. Refunds processed 4-6 weeks after reunion. By submitting this form you will be enrolled in our monthly newsletter subscription. To opt out of this service, please check the box.

From the Chaplain

The Last Day - Judgment Day

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last Trump: for the Trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. 1 Cor. 15:52

Today, the world is full of frequent speculation, as to when the last day of earth will be! When will it ALL end? Throughout the ages, this also was a frequent topic, among all people, in all nations. This is an addictive question, because we daily see the news of how devastating, things; rock and deteriorate our world. Un-understandable crisis, catastrophes, and problems overwhelm us and quickly generate these type questions. Especially in our day, we are constantly bombarded with the many evils, which wicked leaders, terrorists, armies, and rogue forces perpetrated in the world...in the name of hate! We often despair and say, it can not go on this way; for the world seems to be turning itself upside-down, and spinning out of control!

Each of us knows that one day, we also must die. Statisticians tell us that approximately 40,000,000 humans have lived on the earth already; and each of them have died, except for two...Enoch and Elijah. The oldest human, Methuselah lived 969 years; but today the average age is 70 for men and 76 for women. Moreover, death is unnatural; for we were Created to live forever; until our original sin ruined that Perfection. Thus death is a strange thing, which naturally fills every person with terror, because it is unnatural. Rich and poor, great and small, educated or illiterate, etc., all must die. All flesh is as grass; in God Sight! Scripture says that; Death is the King of Terrors. Ripping of the soul, from the body is a horrendous thing. As soldiers, we know the being "eye-ball to eye-ball" with death; it is indeed exceedingly ugly!

We also know from Scripture, that God has chosen a certain year, month, day, hour, minute and second, upon which time He will end the earth. It is a absolute certainty; which can not be changed,

because the Immutable God has set it from Eternity. It is an appointment; which no one will be able to miss. He alone knows that final second; and all the countless and disperse events of the world, are specifically geared and relentlessly focused toward that one great Event...the moment of Judgment Day. He has given signs and indicators which shall intensify as that time approaches. Certainly, we are in such a time, as all around us nations are in a turmoil, and leaders are desperately trying to right this "sinking ship." God laughs all human efforts of salvation to derision for He said; I have set My King upon The Holy Hill of Zion. Ps. 2:6

He shall come suddenly at a time, when we least expect it. There on Judgment Day; every person will have to give an account for every action of their life. All human activity on earth shall instantly cease, as every human will be an eye-witness to the Glory of Him Who has "All Power in Heaven and in earth", descending upon the clouds, as The God/man. No one will be able to avoid it, for every eye shall see Him, every knee shall bow before Him and every mouth confess Him. His Face will shine as a 10,000 suns, as the entire Host of Heaven and earth shall appear before Him, to be Judged. Every thought, word and deed will be fully exposed. Amazingly, everyone's eternal salvation, from the "Worst to the Best", hinges on one Grand Question, which God will ask; does MY Blood of Jesus Christ, MY Son cover your sins?

All those who die before that Day, will be raised from their graves; body and soul. All those who are alive at that moment will be lifted up before His Judgment Seat. Scripture tells us that there are only two ways to go after that Judgment; Heaven or hell. All those whose who are in Jesus Christ will go to Heaven. However all those who wanted no relationships to Him, shall go to hell; there is no third way. We need to be properly prepared for that Great Day. Are you?

From the Chaplain

Jubilee

The celebration of Jubilee is for a whole year; and is at the end of seven cycles of shmita (Sabbath years), or 50 years. Calculations of Jubilee began when the Children of Israel entered the Promised Land. Yahweh rightly claimed all the land as His; for He had Created it and given it to the Children of Israel. His Children were simply given the privilege of occupying this land in 49 year cycles. As long as they obeyed God, this Covenant Promise was routinely renewed. It was tied directly to the Sabbath concept of freedom and liberty of the 7th day. By Biblical regulations this celebration had a special effect on the ownership and management of land within Israel. All debts were to be forgiven and the land was to lay fallow. It applied especially to

the land of the 12 tribes of Israel, which technically has not been in existence since 586 BC. The last mention of the Jubilee being held was by Ezekiel.

From the Temple, the High Priest's Trumpet/Ram's horn blast ushered in a full year of joy, freedom and liberty from debts. The people were to shout for joy throughout the land, of God's Freedom as a new 50 year cycle began. Already in Leviticus 25:8, God demands that all slaves, and prisoners be freed, debts forgiven, and God's Covenant Mercies celebrated.

The Year of Jubilee still holds special significance for Israel in our day, as they look forward for freedom from all types of bondage. The current calculation for the next official Jubilee is 2026.

TAPS

Ernest (Ernie) Schadtle
died May 23, 2015
A Co., 7th Engineering
Vietnam

Col. John (Jack) Swaren
died Nov. 16, 2016
5th Division Commander
Vietnam

David Eroh
died July 14, 2016
5th Division Support
Ft. Carson, Col.

Richard Carreiro
died Sept 30, 2014
Co. I, 11th V - Germany
WWII

Editors Two Cents

This is one of the biggest information packed Red Diamonds I have ever compiled. Yes, I know it is my second attempt. Inside there is a lot of info about registering for the coming Convention in Kansas City, a Memorial to a past Commander, changes to the Quartermaster store, several interesting stories from real Fifth Division Soldiers, and more.

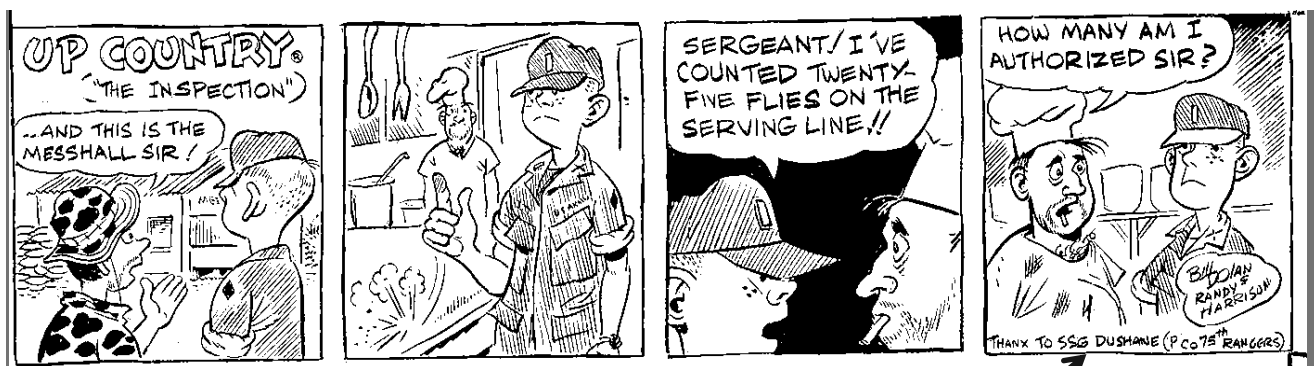
On the cover are some photos of how the Annual convention was treated by our WWI predecessors. Past Pres Bobby Moody bought the small box (pictured in the center of this editions cover) on Ebay and it contained all of the tickets, menu/ meal tickets, tour tickets, lapel pin and various other announcements regarding the 1925 Society of the Fifth Division at the Sherman Hotel in Chicago IL. Everything in it was intended for our comrade Louis E. Musser , WWI (no it wasn't lost in transit and just now appeared). Though parcel postage back then cost one penny the contents of the box that our Convention attendee received is much the same as what you will find today in our Convention packets. We still have tickets and chits for speeches, dinners, area tours, book sales, and souvenir sales. Thanks Bobby for sending this blast from the past.

Editor: a person employed by a newspaper, whose business it is to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to see that the chaff is printed..... Elbert Hubbard

In the previous RD, (which was my first) I asked for articles and help if you found anything that needed corrected in the RD. Well I thought saying this was a courteous pleasantry and I was certain I never made any mistakes, but by golly if you didn't find some and politely pointed them out to me. The corrections are as follows:

1. The artist Bill Dolan who did the work for the "Red Devil Brigade", Was a very close friend of mine both at camp Red Devil and back at Fort Benning ,GA. Bill is now deceased. But his name was Bill Dolan,---- Courtesy Duke DuShane
2. The society member who gave me the box containing Bill Dolans works correctly spells his name Doug Roesemann. ---Courtesy Doug R. I apologize for that.
3. As those of you know each volume of the RD uses Roman Numerals to indicate how many years that the Red Diamond Newsletter has been published and how long the Society of the Fifth Div. has existed. It seems that Roman scheme may have speeded the decline the empire as well as my fragile sanity. I think I have it fixed now thanks to the unerring eyes and numeric skill of one of our members. Courtesy---Mr. Jack Strange

Finally, this is my favorite part. Enjoy another example of Bill Dolans still funny artwork "Up Country"



Acknowledgement to SSG DuShane (P CO. 75th Rangers)

Sgt. Bob Paulson – WWII

94 year old Bob Paulson served with the 5th Division, 3rd Army under General Patton, in Europe from 1940 to 1945. Bob and all six of his brothers served during the war. (All survived) He served in an anti-tank unit, was wounded twice, earned a host of medals, and then served at Gen. Eisenhower's Headquarters (SHAEF), as a driver. He has many memories of his time in 5th Division, where he was stationed at different times in Iceland, Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Belgium, Luxembourg, France and finally Germany. Under the command of Major General Stafford Irwin, his unit landed on Omaha beach on June 9, 1944.

The 5th Division pushed on to Fontainebleau, crossed the Seine at Montereau on Aug. 24, crossed the Marne and seized Reims on Aug. 30, along with positions east of Verdun. As part of the Third Army, commanded by General Patton, who had been called up from Italy, the division took part in the Battle of Metz in France, that went from late September of 1944, through Mid-December. There was strong resistance from the Germans and heavy casualties on both sides. The 5th was the first American unit to push into Germany.



Shown is German General Alfred Jodi, center, signing the Unconditional Terms of Surrender in Reims, France - May 1945. Bob Paulson drove Jodi to Reims for the surrender.

General Alfred Jodi (German Chief of the Operations Staff of the Armed Forces High Command), to the signing of the Unconditional Surrender of The Third Reich for then President Karl Donita, in May of 1945.

He picked him up at a small airport nearby. He remembers General Jodi expressed interest in him, and initiated a friendly conversation with him during that ride. He said, "Bob I envy you, for you will go back to America, marry a woman, have children, raise a family and have a good long life. I would have loved to have a beer with you there...but my fate will be different. I will be shot for my deeds."

At the end of the war, he had the distinction of being the driver chosen to meet and drive German

Charges against General Jodi, also known as the Butcher of Berlin, related to his signature of the criminal Commando and Commissary Orders. Found guilty on all charges at The Nuremberg Trials, he was sentenced to death, and executed for war crimes in October of 1946.

Bob lives near Chicago, and participates in 5th Division re-enactments.

Humorous War Story

Near the end of WWII, as the 5th Division fought bloodily into Germany's territory, they drove out the enemy in a little town nestled in a valley. (It shall remain unnamed, and the date redacted for the reasons identified below). One of our units, (which shall remain unnamed), after a night of celebration, observed the German town's bank still had its lights on. A certain group of 5th Division soldiers, (only one who remains alive, and who shall remain unnamed), decided that anything that hurt Hitler, and helped end the war, had to be good. To advance that goal, they decided to rob that bank, to deprive Hitler of a portion of his country's money supply.



Paulson in his Ike jacket today.

It took three bazooka rounds to blow down the door to the bank. One of the group also happened to know something about bank safes. That safe, deep inside the bank, was a little difficult to open; but nothing could stop the "We Will" mentality of the 5th Division; plus a huge amount of dynamite, strategically applied under the safe. Once the smoke cleared, tens of thousands of dollars, in German Marks were found stacked in the safe, and "safely redistributed" among the victorious unit. Thanks to these WWII men for their creative way of helping to contribute toward ending the war earlier. Leave it to the infantry to find new and creative ways, to defeat the enemy. (FWI: Lone-Survivor, you can relax, the statue of limitations on bank robbery, in 1945, of the enemy, has long ago past.)

Who is Eligible for Society of the Fifth Division Membership IRS War Veteran Requirement

The Society of the Fifth Division, US Army was organized in 1919 to recognize all veterans that served in the Red Devil division. Since then the Society has consisted of thousands of veterans that served in the division, both during combat and non-combat assignments. We want everyone that ever wore the Red Diamond to join the Society and be part of our military brotherhood. Some members have commented, though, that they feel like outsiders because they did not serve during combat and believe the Society places too much emphasis on wartime service.

As most of you know, the Society of the Fifth Division is an IRC 501(c)(4) tax-exempt veterans organization. That means we do not pay taxes on any of our income, which includes donations. However, in order for a donor to be able to deduct their donation to the Society from their taxes, we must meet the IRS requirements as a war veterans' organization.

Per IRC 170(c)(3), a war veterans' organization is one that satisfies both a membership requirement and a purpose requirement. To be eligible to receive tax-deductible contributions under IRC 170(c)(3), at least 90% of the members must be war veterans. Substantially all of the other members must be veterans, cadets, or spouses, widows, or widowers of war veterans, veterans or cadets. "War veterans" are defined as persons who have served in the United States Armed Forces during a period of war. The requirement does not mean the veteran had to serve in the actual combat zone or in the 5th Infantry Division – just that he/she was in the military during the specified periods of war. These periods are as follows:

- a. April 21, 1898, through July 4, 1902;
- b. April 6, 1917, through November 11, 1918;
- c. December 7, 1941, through December 31, 1946;
- d. June 27, 1950, through January 31, 1955;
- e. February 28, 1961, through May 7, 1975, in the case of a veteran who served in the Republic of Vietnam during that period;
- f. August 5, 1964, through May 7, 1975; and
- g. August 2, 1990, and ending on the date prescribed by Presidential Proclamation or by law.

We want everyone who has served with the 5th Infantry Division to be part of the Society and feel welcome at all of our events. We do not care when or where you served – all Red Devil veterans are part of our proud heritage. However, as explained above, the IRS places strict requirements on the Society in order for our donors to be able to deduct their charitable contributions to the Society.



THE STORY OF 6 JUNE 1970

compiled and edited by
Dr. John E. Thiel

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Preface

My interest in this story came as a result of my quest for more information about the death of Chemical Corps soldier SSG Melvin E. Davis in Vietnam on 6 June 1970. It had been my mission for some time to investigate the circumstances of the deaths of all Chemical Corps soldiers who died in Vietnam. I had already compiled a book of my research in 2012, however, in late 2015, it was time for a revision of that document as new information is always coming to light, and I was not happy with the stark, fragmentary information I had found before for some of the soldiers. SSG Davis was among that group.

When I delved into SSG Davis' passing this time, I discovered that SP4 Ronnie Stutes died in the same incident. Following up on that fact, led me to Papa Company Rangers and, subsequently, to Terry Roderick and Rangers who were on that mission. Normally, I would have confined myself to what happened to SSG Davis. However, correspondence and conversations with the Rangers told me it was important for everyone involved to put together and record the whole story.

To develop this story, I have drawn upon online research for the background of the event, and I have

sought the opinions of experts on several of the details of the event. I have also drawn on my experience on similar missions. The story of the event itself, however, is from the words of the men who were there. I have interviewed six of them, corresponded with four others, and read the written accounts of the events of the incident left by two men who have left us. No one person knew the whole story. Their accounts overlapped, however, and that allowed the whole to be developed. There were discrepancies, of course. After forty-six years, that is to be expected. Also, when you have had your brain "rattled" like they had that day, the memories of the events around that time is sometimes incomplete. Nonetheless, I think I have pieced together a reasonably complete and accurate story of the events of 6 June 1970 in the western part of Vietnam's Demilitarized Zone. Still, I view this report as a work in progress and as a basis for discussion for everyone connected to the mission. Rangers, if this work brings back some memories that fill in the gaps in the story or correct what I have presented, please let me know, I will revise this report accordingly. The most important thing is to get it right.

Introduction

The Demilitarized Zone (DMZ)

between North Vietnam and South Vietnam was established by the

Geneva Accords which were finalized on 21 July 1954.

That agreement reflected the military results of the French Indochina War fought from 1946 to 1954 between France and the French-controlled State of Vietnam and the Communist-dominated independence movement, the Viet Minh. The Viet Minh won the war, and France gave up its control of Vietnam. Northern Vietnam which was almost entirely controlled by the Viet Minh became the Democratic Republic of Vietnam under Communist leader Ho Chi Minh. The southern part of Vietnam where the Viet Minh controlled relatively small and remote areas became the independent State of Vietnam under Bao Dai, the last scion of the old Vietnamese imperial house. The State of Vietnam later became the Republic of Vietnam. The boundary between the two zones was established at the Ben Hai River. It followed the Ben Hai to

its headwaters about 55 kilometers (34 miles) WSW from its mouth at the South China Sea, and thence to the Laotian border.

The area within 5 kilometers (3 miles) on each side of the boundary was declared a demilitarized zone. Troops of both governments were barred from that area.

In actuality, the Demilitarized Zone was anything but demilitarized. The North Vietnamese routinely moved troops and materiel through the DMZ to support their operations in the South. The North Vietnamese Army (NVA) openly occupied the northern half of the DMZ. They established artillery positions to support operations south of the DMZ and operated a system of bunkers and cadre at way stations in the southern half to support NVA infiltrators. The size of infiltrating groups ranged from 5 to 500, but usually numbered 40-50 organized into a platoon or company.

The United States spent billions of dollars to impede the NVA's movement through the DMZ by bombing suspected infiltrators and their supply routes and bases. Part of the interdiction program was a sophisticated listening system.



During the course of the war, some 20,000 seismic and acoustic devices were dropped into place by aircraft. They could detect vehicles at a range of 1,000 yards and personnel at a range of 400 yards. The sensors transmitted data by radio signal to a 200,000 square foot U.S. Air Force facility in Nakhon Phanom, Thailand. Analysts there directed air strikes against suspected enemy positions (the Demilitarized Zone was a free fire zone --

clearances were not needed in advance to bombard anything). A lessor known part of the program was the follow-up after bombing to assess the damage inflicted. That mission was carried out by Long Range Reconnaissance Patrols -small, heavily armed long-range reconnaissance teams that patrolled deep in enemy-held territory. Early in the war, they were referred to by their acronym LRRP (pronounced "lurp"), but after February 1969, all US Army LRRP units were folded into the newly formed 75th Infantry Regiment (Ranger). Rangers were a volunteer group of elite soldiers of many military occupational specialties who operated covertly to gather intelligence of enemy activity. One such unit was Company P, "Papa Company", 75th Infantry Regiment (Ranger), which was attached to 1st Brigade, 5th Mechanized Infantry Division. Papa Company's operating area was northern Quang Tri Province in I Corps, South Vietnam, including the Demilitarized Zone.

The Mission - Morning

It was early on a Saturday morning 6 June 1970. A Ranger team from Papa Company set out from Red Devil Base Camp at Quang Tri for a Bomb Damage Assessment (BDA) mission in the DMZ. They went out as a "heavy" team because of the high volume of enemy activity inferred from listening sensors. A heavy team usually combined two standard teams of six men each and often included an M-60 machine gun. This insertion team was led by SSG George "Dave" Gates (leader of the team designated Killer 1-2). His team included Paul "Froggy" Brown, Jose Dominguez, Steve Lindauer (RTO), Bill Oleskevich, and Jerry Cornelius. They were accompanied by Lawrence Anthony and his scout dog, Puddles a.k.a. Pud, from the 43rd Infantry Platoon (Scout Dog).





There was still a low fog over the helipad when the team went out shortly after sunrise with three helicopters¹. Killer 1-2 and the scout dog and handler were on one of the helicopters. Killer 1-3 was on another. The third helicopter acted as a decoy during the insertion. The helicopters flew north toward Con Thien as a diversion and then turned west over unfamiliar terrain for the team. Papa Company had been in the DMZ many times before on BDA missions, but nevetat far west. The 5th Infantry's Tactical Area Of Responsibility was the eastern third of Quang Tri Province. The terrain in the DMZ above there was flatter, and the elevation was much closer to sea level. The terrain they were flying over now was several hundred meters higher with ridge after ridge covered with double canopy upland forest². This territory was quite different from that with which they were accustomed, land which was heavily cratered from bombing with large areas defoliated with Agent Orange.

¹ Bell UH-1 "Huey" helicopters [How do you get "Huey" from UH? The original designation was HU-1.]

² Upland forests occur where drainage is sufficient so that soils do not become saturated for extended periods of time. The upper canopy is 80% to 100% closed, and sub-canopies of younger trees and shrubs typically exist.



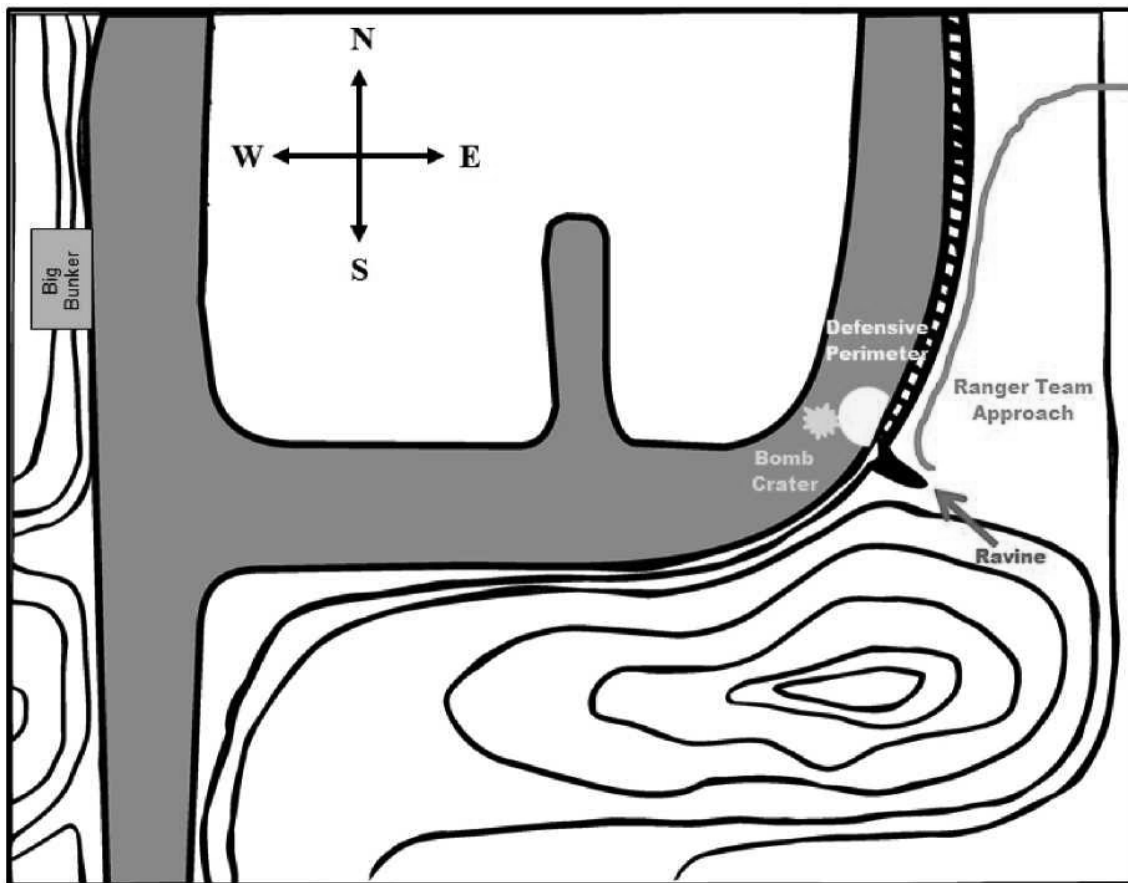
After a flight of about forty-five minutes, the team was inserted. They immediately took cover for about fifteen minutes to determine if they had been observed. The Rangers then moved out in a westerly direction. Killer 1-2 was first as they moved through dense brush single file making their own trail. There were a lot of fresh tracks in the area, but no enemy in sight. As the grade steadily rose, the brush gave way to upland forest.

The Rangers were not on the ground very long, perhaps an hour, when they turned south and crossed a meadow. They were skirting the brush on the west edge for cover when a major discovery was made.

McNulty remembered: “We had stopped for a break and George [SSG Gates] asked me [Team K 1-3] to take point until next break. Jay [Lutz] began pestering me to walk point until I relented and gave him the OK with me walking slack. We were in a small glade where we took our break after crossing a fairly narrow marsh (about 30 meters). I indicated to Jay to go into the brush to our right, and Jay promptly did so . . . for one or two steps, and then he turned to me and said, with eyes as big as pie plates, ‘Mac, bunkers!’ At this point,

we cleared the immediate area and consolidated our position before reconning to see how extensive it was.” The brush Lutz went into was actually a ravine created by the runoff from the hill to the south. Lutz went down into it, and it got to about eight feet in depth when it opened up. The bunkers were on a level lower than the meadow the Rangers had just crossed. The Rangers went down the ravine and established a defensive perimeter just to the right (north) of the mouth of the ravine. The first bunker was just outside their perimeter to the Rangers’ left.

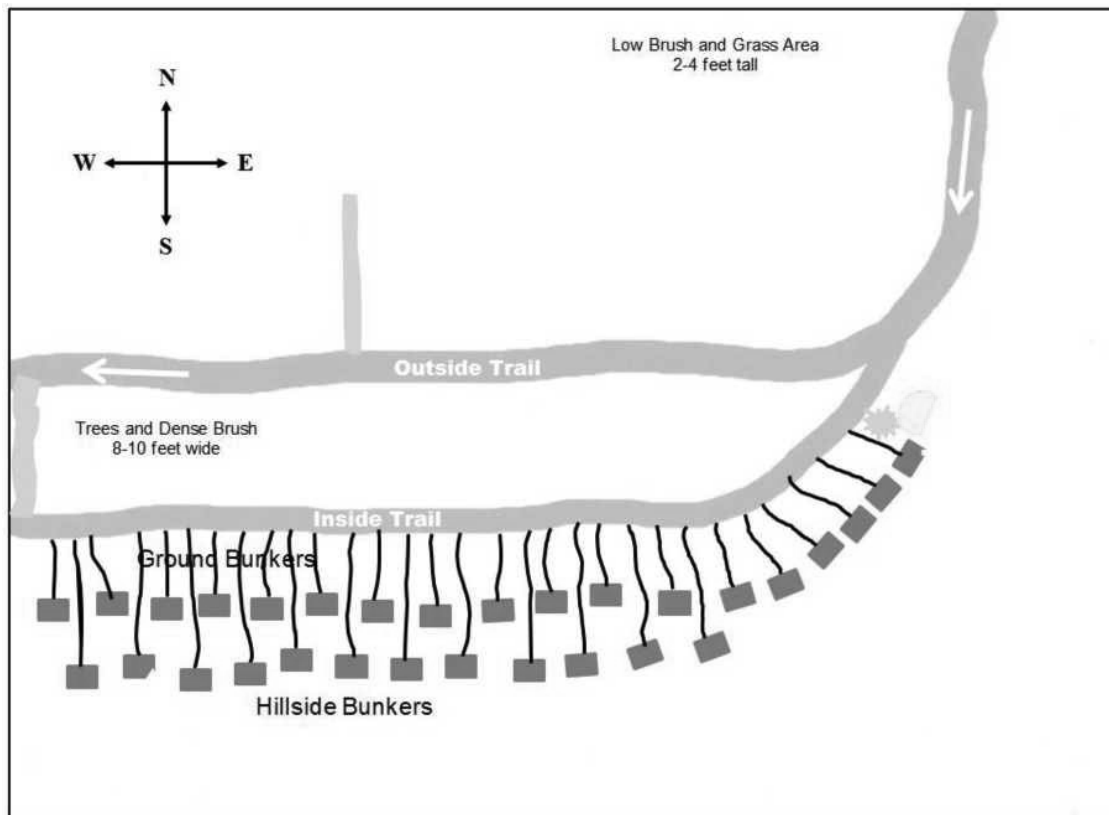
Bunker Area Terrain



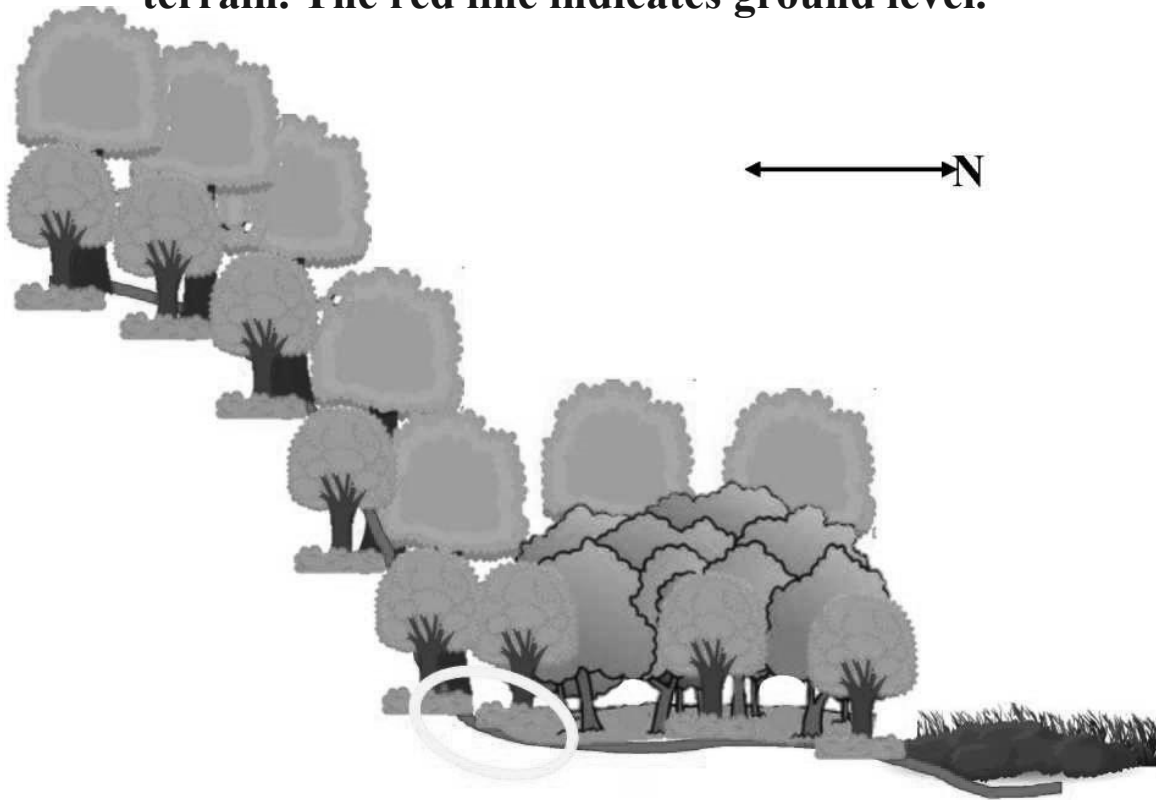
reconnoitering

The dominant feature to their front was two abandoned rice paddies with a washed-out dyke between them. They were covered with low brush and elephant grass. The ground the Rangers were on was a relatively flat area (depicted in gray in the schematic above). It wrapped around three sides of the rice paddies and flowed on to the south. To the Rangers right (north-northeast), the area was a grassy meadow. To the Ranger's left (west-southwest), the area was forested. Importantly, there was a high speed trail from the north that turned west and split into two trails for about 100 yards before again becoming one trail that continued west another 50 yards and joined another trail from the north to go south through a saddle between two hills. The bunkers were located along the narrower side trail. The main trail sloped up slightly from east to west while the side trail sloped up at about 30 degrees. The outside trail peaked at about the end of the bunkers before sloping down to meet the trail on the west side. Finally, to their left front was a bomb crater that reached to the edge of the trail in front of them.

Schematic of Enemy Bunker Complex



This cross-section view of the bunker complex illustrates the terrain. The red line indicates ground level.



Having encountered no resistance and seeing no enemy, the Rangers began to reconnoiter the area to determine what they had found. All of the Rangers were involved in clearing the bunkers. Among the items found in the bunkers were medical supplies, a .51 caliber machine gun tripod, weapons parts including a .51

caliber machine gun missing only the receiver, and cans of ammunition. A medical bunker and a mess bunker were cleared by Dominguez and Oleskevich. Those were larger bunkers, maybe three times as big as the others, and were near the middle of the complex. Lutz reported that there was also a huge bunker about 50 yards west and 50 yards north of the west end of the bunker complex. Lutz said it had huge wood doors, and that “you could drive a

The inside trail looked something like this although the terrain was flatter and the undergrowth was denser.



deuce and a half into it”, but that bunker

was not explored. No booby traps were found in or around the bunkers as would be expected in an active NVA site.

Size estimates of the bunkers vary, but, generally, they were intended for two men. The average size was about four feet wide and six feet long. There was a step down trench to the entrance of each of them. Some of the bunkers were together and some were spaced out, but on average, the distance between them was about ten feet. Finally, the bunkers were staggered on the south side of the inside trail. The southernmost bunkers were dug into the steep hillside while the bunkers closer to the trail were dug into the ground. At the east end of the complex where the Rangers entered the area, there were seven ground bunkers before the hillside



Example of a hillside bunker (not from this mission)

Example of a ground bunker

(Polski is in the picture, but this photograph is from another mission)



bunkers began. The hillside bunkers had log fronts over the entrances to retain the hillside. The fronts were four to five feet above ground level and made from four to five inch diameter logs. There was no interior bracing. The ground bunkers had three to four inch diameter logs for roofs with the excavated dirt piled on top. The distance from the hillside bunkers to the inside trail was about 15 feet. It was difficult to see more than two bunkers at a time because the brush was dense with a lot of saplings 1-2" in diameter. The entire area was under double canopy forest. There were gaps in the tree cover, but nothing would have been visible from above. Bill Davis remembered: "What we had discovered was an NVA bunker complex. There were thirty or so bunkers stretched out over 100 meters on the ridgeline of a steep hillside. There was a trail on a ridgeline above and another below along a creek bed. This meant, when the bombs dropped, they'd have to be an almost direct hit to destroy a bunker completely. There were only three or four where that happened. One had human remains blasted into the walls. There were another dozen that had sustained some damage, but, all in all, the bunkers were still quite useable."

The bunker complex may have been empty, but the NVA were still in the area. It was Bill Davis' opinion that the team was under observation from the time they discovered the bunkers, if not before. The immediate area of the bunker complex, as well as the area traversed from the insertion point, was crossed by

“high speed” trails. The trails were wide enough for two men to walk side-by-side and well compacted from heavy use. Also, there were fresh tracks on them. Bill Davis recalled there was enemy activity in the area when the bunkers were discovered as a number of enemy soldiers were seen including three that walked under McNulty while he was in a tree reconnoitering in the area near where the Rangers entered the area with the bunkers. It was Lutz’ opinion that the area was intended to be a large camp. It was bowl-shaped and accessible from the north only by the two trails and from the south by just the one trail that went through a saddle between two hills [for reference, the west trail]. Their backs were against the hill, and they held the high ground. The one weakness in the position was the brush covered ravine on the east side that the Rangers stumbled upon. Also, the bunker construction was relatively fresh, and the Rangers could hear chopping to the west where, apparently, work crews were felling more trees for additional bunker construction.

McNulty wrote in 2010, “Once this [clearing the bunkers and reconnoitering] was done, we called it in and were told to secure the area and await the arrival of an engineer w/demo and a CBR dude w/crystalized CS escorted by Ranger Polski” It was about 1000 hours.

While waiting for the support team, most of the Rangers were scattered among the bunkers to secure the area as best they could. Gates told Cornelius to crouch down in the grass on the outside trail near where the connecting trail intersected it so no one would come up behind the Rangers in the bunkers. However, some Rangers were involved in reconnoitering beyond the bunker complex. Lutz, for example, made his way down to the north end of what was left of the dike that had separated the two rice paddies. He was there when the support helicopter arrived. Cassidy went west of the bunkers with Anthony, the dog handler, and the scout dog. They were within 15 feet of the intersection of the outside trail and the west trail when six NVA soldiers walked by and turned north up the west trail. Cassidy remembers being afraid the dog would bark, but it did not. Scout dogs are trained to give silent alerts, not bark. All of the NVA soldiers seen were dressed in the classic NVA dark green uniform with matching sun helmet. Additionally, they were wearing branches from trees or brush as camouflage. Later, the scout dog and handler were working close to the outside trail with

Bill Davis providing security . There was a tense moment when the dog alerted on Cornelius, but all ended well. This was also about the time when Oleskevich was up in a tree near the east end of the bunkers. He reported to Dominguez that ³

³ Someone always had to be assigned as security for a dog and its handler as it required two hands to control the dog so the dog and handler were defenseless.

together. Twigs and foliage are pulled through the spaces in between and can be affixed at any angle (the

everywhere he looked there were small groups of NVA soldiers moving into positions around the Rangers effectively surrounding them.

The NVA uniform in olive drab green was gradually introduced starting in 1966. The shirts had two pleated pockets, closed with a pointed flap. The trousers had two side and one rear pocket and adjusted with buttons at the waist. The uniforms seemed to be "cottage industry" produced. They were made to one pattern (and apparently, "one size fits all"), but with very non-factory stitching. Headgear was the phenolic (plastic-impregnated cardboard) sun-helmet. This was also a cottage industry product and came in two patterns, depending on the height of the crown.

NVA soldiers often employed this



camouflage support system made of simple bamboo rings and cloth ties. The outer ring measures about 12" in diameter and the inner about 6". A bamboo cross bar stabilizes the frame. The secret of the rig is that each of the rings is actually a set of two rings bound

design allows 360 degrees to work with). This negated the need for tying or otherwise securing the foliage as the double ring system tightly secures the camouflage. The camo-ring attaches to web gear by means of cloth ties on either side.



SPECIAL RED DEVILS T-SHIRT SALE



Just like our handsome model Dennis Coulter, Imagine the envious glances you will attract when wearing one of these Distinctive Red Devils T-Shirts.

Luckily we have a limited supply of these “One of a Kind” T-Shirts that will be first offered at the Society of the Fifth Division Reunion in Kansas City, Missouri in September, 2017.

You can get yours there for the amazingly
low price of only \$25_{US}

“Waiting in line at the VA I am amazed at how often this shirt sparks conversation and catches the eye of everyone who ever dreamt of spending their RVN tour on the DMZ”... SFC Joe “Iron Guts” Murphy

RED DEVILS T SHIRTS are in LIMITED SUPPLY: 16ea. Size LARGE and 15ea. size X LARGE

Reunion Book Program Advertisement Order Form

We encourage everyone to place an ad in the Reunion Program Book by using this form. Photos can be added for an additional \$7 each. Check the appropriate box(es) below. Program Book pages are 4.5" wide and 7.5" tall. Net proceeds from the Program Book go toward the reunion expenses. Deadline for reunion ad submission is August 15.

_____	Full Page	\$50	(4.5"x7.5")
_____	Half Page	\$25	(4.5"x3.5")
_____	Booster	\$5	(Name only, 1 Line)
_____	Photo	_____Photos @ \$7 Each	

Send your hardcopy ad or photos along with your check or money order made payable to the **Society of the Fifth Division US Army** for the total amount to the Editor: Steve Wheat, 4838 Rockledge Trail Smithton IL. 62285

For Softcopy ad submissions send them to: wheatsco@gmail.com

QUARTERMASTER REPORT

Following are pictures and descriptions of merchandise that is available for sale from the Quartermaster

Society of the 5th Division Polo Shirts



Black or White Polo Shirt w/embroidered logo design. Choice of short or long sleeve. Cotton/Polyester (50/50)
 Cotton/Polyester (50/50).
 Specify size: Short Sleeve: M, L, XL, 2XL, 3XL - \$40
 Long Sleeve: M, L, XL, 2XL, 3XL - \$50
 S & H: 1 shirt - \$6 or \$4 for each added shirt

Society of the 5th Division T-Shirts



Black or White T-Shirt w/embroidered logo design.
 Choice of Short or Long Sleeve.
 Cotton/Polyester (50/50). Specify size:
 Short Sleeve: M, L, XL, 2XL, 3XL - \$25
 Long Sleeve: M, L, XL, 2XL, 3XL - \$30
 S & H: 1 shirt - \$5; 2 shirts - \$7.50
 Larger orders: Contact the Quartermaster

Society of the 5th Division Caps



Cap w/embroidered logo design, adjustable, \$15.00 ea. plus \$5.00 shipping. Contact Quartermaster for larger orders



PIN (Hat/Lapel)

½ Inch Red Diamond w/white numeral "5"
 Gold finish metal

Cloisonné, \$5.00 ea.

Shipping & Handling Add \$2.00 for order of 1 to 10 pins. Contact Quartermaster for larger orders



PIN (Hat/Lapel)

1 Inch Red Diamond, Silver finish metal

Cloisonné, \$5.00 ea.

Shipping & Handling. Add

\$2.00 for order of 1 to 10 pins. Contact Quartermaster for larger orders.



Ceramic Mug:

Cost \$18 including shipping/handling. Contact Quartermaster for larger orders.



Bumper Sticker: "WE WILL" Bumper Sticker; 1½" x 3"; \$1.00 ea. Add \$2.00 for shipping and handling for each order.

Fifth Infantry Division Challenge Coin



Fifth "Infantry" Division Challenge Coin (front and back shown): \$10.00 ea. w/shipping and handling included. Antique gold (sandblasted texture) w/epoxy finish; 1¼" x 1/8".

Detail is exquisite. This is the only authorized Challenge Coin issued by the Society of the Fifth Division.



Decal: Red Devil; transparent adhesive
 Is not in stock and will no longer be available



Compilations of New York Times

Articles: This is the book which was made available to those who attended the Reunion. It is available now at our cost of \$9 plus \$9 shipping/handling for a total cost of \$18. Contact Quartermaster for larger orders.

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SOCIETY OF THE FIFTH DIVISION
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 "WE WILL" THE SOCIETY OF THE FIFTH DIVISION UNITED STATES ARMY	MEMBERSHIP OR RENEWAL APPLICATION	<i>PLEASE PRINT FULL NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY.</i>
	<p>Having served honorably with the Fifth Infantry Division, I wish to:</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> become a member in</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> renew my membership in</p> <p>... the Society of the Fifth Division as:</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> a full member</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> an Associate Member</p> <p>and herewith submit my annual dues of \$15.00, to include a year's subscription to the <i>Red Diamond Magazine</i>.</p> <p>Date _____</p>	<p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>City _____</p> <p>State _____ Zip _____</p> <p>Email _____</p> <p>I served in _____ <small>Co, Bty, Trp / Battalion / Regiment / Brigade</small></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> WW-II <input type="checkbox"/> Vietnam <input type="checkbox"/> Panama</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Other _____</p> <p>\$ _____ Gift to the Society.</p> <p>Make checks payable to: Society of the Fifth Division</p> <p>Send to: Secretary: John Estrada Society of the Fifth Division P.O. Box 5764 Oroville, CA 95966-8823</p>

The dues for membership in the Society are \$15.00 for annual membership. Any member wishing to become a LIFE member may do so by paying the following one-time dues: age less than 61, \$150.00; age 61-69, \$75.00; age over 70, \$50.00. All LIFE members are subject to any special assessments declared by the Executive Board or adopted at any meeting.