

# OFFICER REVIEW

VOLUME 49, NUMBER 6

THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE WORLD WARS

JANUARY 2010

IT IS MORE NOBLE TO SERVE THAN TO BE SERVED

## The Vietnam War



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# Commander-in-Chief's Comments

As I write this, I have just returned from the Veterans Day ceremonies at the White House, from the Tomb of the Unknowns and the Amphitheater at Arlington National Cemetery, and then from the Pershing Ceremony, sponsored by Region IV at General Pershing's gravesite in Arlington National Cemetery later in the same day. All the activities were conducted under cold, windy, rainy conditions, but all were well done and well received. Although Mr. Frank Buckles, the last (at 108 years old) surviving American Veteran of World War I, was unable to attend the Pershing Ceremony as a result of the weather, approximately 50–60 attendees did brave the elements, and stood throughout the event. That number included eight military attachés or their representatives from among the allies of "The Great War."

We of the Korea and Vietnam generations tend to think of World War I as a part of rather distant American history; however, as I was listening to those at General Pershing's gravesite, it occurred to me that the time between the end of World War I and the day I set foot in Vietnam for my first tour in April 1965, was 45 years and five months, and the time from that Vietnam arrival until the date of the publication of this issue of *Officer Review* will have been 44 years and nine months. It's quite startling to realize that, to today's youth, I'm roughly as old now as those old soldiers of World War I seemed to me when I thought of them as players in an ancient conflict, and that the lessons and experiences of Vietnam—still vivid to me—aren't etched nearly so indelibly upon the minds of today's citizens. It also reminds me that new wars lie forever just around the next hostile corner, and that it is important for us to preserve the memories of the burdens borne and the sacrifices made by our predecessors and our peers, lest they become no more than answers to a high school history test. That's why this annual Vietnam issue of our Order's magazine is so important.

Just as World War I marked a transition in American political and military history, in which we began to project power internationally on a sustained basis, thereby becoming serious actors on a world stage, so too did Vietnam mark a transition in warfighting. Large armies were not arrayed on opposite sides of a well-defined battlefield, vying for the physical control of cities or the means of economic production. Instead, we fought an enemy whose appearance was hidden in the shadows, for goals that weren't always well understood, and with the results of engagements often reported in terms reflecting more the views of the reporters on either side than the cold facts on the ground. The helicopter, introduced in Korea, became the principal means of transporting troops and their logistical support across great distances in amazingly brief periods of time (see cover photo). But we learned that the larger and more technologically advanced force doesn't always enjoy a decisive advantage in an asymmetric situation—a lesson continually relearned.

Today, as we face two regional wars with global consequences, let us remember the lessons of Vietnam and those who paid the price to write them. Let us read the stories shared by our Companions ... and remember.

Help spread the fire!



COL PHILEMON ST. AMANT II

# The Military Order of the World Wars®

VOLUME 49 NUMBER 6

TAKE TIME TO SERVE YOUR COUNTRY

JANUARY 2010

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**Front Cover:** UH-1D helicopters airlift members of the 2nd Battalion, 14th Infantry Regiment from the Filhol Rubber Plantation area to a new staging area, during Operation "Wahiawa," a search-and-destroy mission conducted by the 25th Infantry Division, northeast of Cu Chi, 1966. James K. F. Dung, SFC, Photographer; NARA Archives

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## MOWW®

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Officer Review® Editorial Offices: 435 North Lee Street, Alexandria, VA 22314. Subscriptions: For members of the Military Order of the World Wars, the subscription is \$15.00 annually (deducted from annual dues). Non-member subscription is \$20.00 per year. Single copies \$2.50. No responsibility is assumed for unsolicited manuscripts or other material submitted for publication. Deadline for submission of material for publication is 45 days preceding the first day of the month of publication. Articles appearing in *Officer Review* do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the Officers of the MOWW or its editors. The editor or publisher reserves the right to decline or discontinue any advertisement. The Military Order of the World Wars is a nonprofit Veterans organization composed of U. S. Federally recognized Commissioned Officers, including Warrant Officers, who are citizens of the United States of good moral character and repute who are serving, or have served honorably, in the Active, Reserve, or National Guard of the United States Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines Corps, Coast Guard, or the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) Corps, or the United States Public Health Service (USPHS) Corps, including descendants and spouses of these Officers. Eligible individuals may join one of the Order's chapters located throughout the United States or National Headquarter's Chapter.

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Officer Review (ISSN 0736-7317) is published monthly except February and August for \$20 by The Military Order of the World Wars, 435 N. Lee Street, Alexandria, VA 22314.

Periodical postage paid at Alexandria, VA, and additional postage mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to OFFICER REVIEW, 435 North Lee Street, Alexandria, VA 22314.



Gunnery Practice on a PTF – 40mm Gun

## Covert Naval Operations in Vietnam: OP PLAN 34A

By LT Jack H. Jennings  
Dallas, Texas, Chapter



Covert operations against North Viet Nam (NVN) began immediately after the 1954 Geneva Peace Accords, which split the country at the 17th parallel. The infamous “Pentagon Papers” leaked some of this information, but the whole story of this secret operation is not well known.

Then-CIA Director, Allen Dulles, ordered clandestine operations against North Vietnam, which were carried out by ethnic Vietnamese crews, Nungs, and others that came from areas close to the Chinese border. Later, the CIA used trained crews borrowed from Taiwan for commando-type raids into North Vietnam. Early on, junks were used for operations since they blended in well. These operations continued into 1962 with varying success. The junk’s slow speed and weak firepower soon became too much of a disadvantage against the NVN’s heavily armed SWATOW and P-4 gunboats.

In July 1962, it was determined that the Department of Defense should take over operations, and CINCPACFLT (Commander In Chief, Pacific Fleet), Admiral Harry Felt, recommended that PT Boats (Motor Torpedo Boats) and frogmen be used to carry out the mission. President Kennedy, a former WWII PT-Boat commander, readily agreed. On January 1, 1963, MACV-SOG (Military Assistance Command Vietnam-Studies and Observation Group) assumed responsibility and “OP PLAN 34-63” was approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff (JCS) on August 14th.

By December 15th, “OP PLAN 34A” was approved by the JCS. The plan employed the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) aided by U.S. Naval support. The objective was to combine attacks against North Viet Nam with diplomatic pressure to warn the North to cease infiltration into Laos and the Republic of Vietnam. To support this operation, the Navy set up operations in Da Nang consisting of SEALs, Maritime intelligence officers, specialists in guerrilla operations, and Navy personnel experienced in PT Boat operations and maintenance.

By January 21, 1964, the JCS approved implementation of maritime operations with the objective of conducting raids and to engage in psychological warfare. The JCS maintained tight control over planning but left the details to MACV-SOG. The Vietnamese Navy Coastal Service was comprised of SEAL-trained personnel and boat crews, recruited from the best and brightest of the VN Navy with superior service records. Junks were replaced with three off-the-shelf SWIFT boats until NASTY-class PT Boats (built in Norway) could be delivered.

By early 1964, operations using PT Boats were in full swing with excellent results. By July 30, 1964, the JCS had ordered a six-fold increase in operations. On the night of July 30th, a four-boat raid on Hon Me and Hon Nieu islands was successful, although two of the boats were attacked by NVN SWATOW PT Boats. One PT boat took damage, wounding four crewmen, but all four boats returned to Da Nang. The next day, NVN lodged a complaint with the International Control Commission with the United States denying any involvement. NVN then commenced a buildup of their naval presence in the area and shifted about one-third of their 50 SWATOW gunboats from Hai Phong to that area. General Westmoreland recognized that the successful “34A” operations were responsible for the response.

On August 2nd, the NVN launched a four-PT boat torpedo attack against the USS *Maddox* (DD-731). The *Maddox*, supported by aircraft from the USS *Ticonderoga* (CVA-14) shot up the attacking boats, leaving one dead in the water.

Undeterred by this attack, on August 3rd, U.S. maritime operations from Da Nang launched a four-boat “34A” operation which was successful in knocking out a radar station at Vinh Son and a security post on the banks of the Ron River, effectively blinding the NVN. Again, on August 4th, the USS *Maddox* and USS *Turner Joy* (DD-951) reported that they were under attack by NVN PT Boats. This incident led to the *Tonkin Gulf Resolution*, thus setting the course of action for the next 10 years.

Covert operations against NVN continued, consisting of shore bombardment, psychological warfare, intelligence gathering, and other operations designed to create havoc behind enemy lines. Vietnamese SEAL-trained teams conducted raids and shore bombardment missions designed to destroy specific targets and to extract snatches (people of interest). Military snatches were carried to an offshore island for interrogation. Civilian snatches were carried to Cu Lao Cham Island, off of Da Nang, where they were well-fed and led to believe that they actually lived in a ‘secret liberation zone’ of the “Sacred Sword of Patriots League” (an imaginary resistance movement program) located in North Vietnam. Later, they were taken back North, plump and well-fed, with the expectation they would spread the story of the lifestyle outside of communism.

Over eight years of operation, OP PLAN 34A sent over 1,000 missions into waters off North Viet Nam. Nearly every mission was successful. The crews had less than 40 casualties out of the thousands of individual missions showing the leadership and seamanship of the crews. During this time, nearly all of the NVN SWATOW and P-4 gunboats were destroyed by NASTY crews. Direct action against NVN gunboats was always one-sided with the NASTY’s superior firepower and superior crews. In many cases NVN boats tried to avoid direct combat and simply faked engine trouble to avoid a conflict, or they radioed back that the NASTY was pulling away out of gunfire range.

The NASTY PT Boat was an 80-foot wooden boat powered by two 3100 shaft horsepower diesel engines and could reach speeds of over 50 knots after burning off some fuel. The cruising range could extend to some 1,000 miles at a speed of 20 knots. Firepower on the NASTY consisted of a 40mm gun on the aft deck and two 20mm guns, one port and one starboard, and an 81mm mortar with a 50-cal machine gun, mounted piggyback, placed forward of the bridge. On most occasions, crews carried an 157mm recoilless rifle for additional firepower.



**PTF-6 off the NVN Coast**



**Remains of a NVN SWATOW**



**Units of Vietnamese junk force at anchor, May, 1962**

NARA ARC Identifier 558527 / Local Identifier 428-N-1105075

*LT Jack H. Jennings was with Boat Support Unit-1, from 1965-66.*

# A Patriot and a Priest

## A Personal Memory from the Vietnam War

LTC Harry R. Lascola  
Sun City Center, Florida, Chapter



February 17, 1968, Army Chaplain Aloysius McGonigal, a Jesuit Priest that I had known five years earlier while we both served in Korea, was killed in Hue during the Tet Offensive. I learned of his death several days later, while reading the "Stars And Stripes."

The article stated that Chaplain McGonigal had requested his Commanding Officer to let him accompany the Marines, who were then moving into the Hue Citadel to recapture the city. His reasoning was typical McGonigal logic: since the Marines did not have a priest accompanying them, he should go. His commander denied the request, stating that McGonigal was needed with his own troops. McGonigal defied the order and joined the Marines anyway. Ironically, his body was found later by a Navy Chaplain. A retired Army Chaplain friend recently told me that the Navy Chaplain also was a priest.

I met Chaplain McGonigal in Korea in late 1962. I was a company commander in the 4th Battle group, 1st Cavalry Division. McGonigal had been integrated into the Army during the Cuban Crisis. He had just been transferred from the Fifth Battle Group because he had been allowing Korean civilians to come to his Masses. However, they came early and were filling the pews while soldiers were standing outside in the snow. His commander had told him to refrain from this practice and that his first duty was to the troops. McGonigal replied that his first duty was to God; hence, he was transferred to our battle group.

McGonigal was an extra Chaplain in our battle group and did not have a jeep or driver. He borrowed jeeps from the companies and drove himself. I met him at lunch shortly after he arrived. He asked me if he could borrow one of my jeeps for a forthcoming week. I replied that I would do this



MAJ (CH) Aloysius P. McGonigal

ADVISORY TEAM 1,  
MACV ADVISORS

November 1921-February 1968

Washington, District of Columbia  
Panel 39E Line 075

for him and also that I needed his help. My company had an eighteen-year-old Catholic soldier who thought he was in love with a thirty-year-old prostitute and was sneaking out late at night to insure that she was not cheating on him. Our fence guards, thinking that he was a thief, had shot at him with buckshot while he was sneaking back through our barbed wire fence. I restricted him for this. Thinking that McGonigal could put pressure on the soldier to shape up, I asked him to intervene so that I would not have to further discipline my soldier.

I will never forget his response, "The Church is loving and caring and is not a disciplining organization like the Army." He then asked me why he had not "seen me at Mass?" I replied that I was not Catholic. He commented that with an Italian name like Lascola, I should become a Catholic. I told him that my father was Catholic but I chose not to become one. He said that if I knew more about Catholicism I might change my mind. McGonigal further said that he would send me Catholic literature every Friday. I told him that I would welcome the literature and would read them carefully. He had never called me by name or rank nor had I called him anything but Chaplain. So I asked him what we should call each other. He replied that I should call him Father and he would call me Captain. From then on, that is how we addressed each other.



February 6, 1968. A Navy corpsman treats a member of the 2d Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment during the battle for Hue. The Marines suffered nearly 1,000 casualties (killed and wounded) in the encounter. Photo Credit: National Archives



February 14, 1968. A Marine artillery crew fires a 105 mm howitzer at enemy targets in the hills surrounding their base at Khe Sanh. Photo Credit: National Archives

Several days later he came to my company's office which I shared with my First Sergeant. He asked to see the errant soldier. The First Sergeant called for the soldier on the microphone. The two of us left when the soldier appeared. Father McGonigal immediately told the soldier, in a loud and menacing voice, that he would have to get rid of his prostitute. He demanded the soldier's home address and threatened to write both the soldier's parents and his priest if he continued his relationship with the prostitute. The soldier departed, shaking, and promised McGonigal that he would follow the priest's instructions.

McGonigal then chided my First Sergeant and me that he was doing our jobs. He stated that we should have ordered the soldier to dig a six foot, by six foot, by six foot hole, thrown a cigarette in it, and then have the soldier refill the hole. He reminded us that this had been done in the movie "From Here to Eternity." I responded that in the movie it did not work. I also replied, mocking his previous words to me, that "the Army is loving and caring and is not a disciplining organization like the Jesuits." We all laughed and then went for coffee in our mess hall.

Father McGonigal was not one to seek friends or confide. He did tell me that he was one of twelve children. He also hinted that his Bishop was not unhappy with him when he had recently requested military service. When I learned that he had been a math professor, I asked him to teach me quadratic equations. During the lessons, I got to know him better. He was a very patient instructor but bluntly told me that I was a C-minus math student.

An Infantryman at heart, McGonigal loved to accompany training troops. Our rifle companies conducted a night march once a week. He went on several marches with our company. At forty-one, he kept up with the troops and carried a radio to show that he could soldier.

I left the battle group in January, 1963 and became the senior aide to the Division Commander, Major General Clifton Von Kann. McGonigal continued to send me my weekly literature on Catholicism. They were sent in envelopes that frequently were bulky and addressed to me in bold letters, "For Captain Lascola Only." The General asked me why I was getting these confidential envelopes. I told him the story. General Von Kann was intrigued with McGonigal.



**February 1968. Marines scale a mound of rubble as they fight their way into the NVA stronghold in the Citadel—the ancient Imperial capital's fortress—during the battle for Hue. Photo Credit: National Archives**

The General flew his own helicopter. A few days later we flew into my old battle group and General Von Kann asked me to introduce him to Father McGonigal. During the introductions I told them to use the terms "General and Father" and we laughed.

Father McGonigal left the Army after the Cuban Crisis was over. Once I left Vietnam, he discontinued sending me the weekly literature. Although I learned a lot about Catholicism, Father McGonigal did not succeed in converting me. For his own reasons, Father McGonigal, at forty-five, re-entered the Army in 1966.

Father Aloysius McGonigal was a patriot, a dedicated soldier and a proud American, but foremost he was a Jesuit priest.

## **Freedom Is Not Free**

*Submitted by Past CINC 1stLt Donald G. Allen  
Conejo Valley, California, Chapter*

**"War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things. The decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. The person who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing which is more important than his own personal safety, is a miserable creature and has no chance of being free unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself."**

—John Stewart Mill (1806 – 1873)

# Inchin Hai Lam, Double Agent?

By CPT Allen Clark,  
Dallas, Texas, Chapter



When my plane approached coastal Nha Trang in early August 1966, the view of the incredibly beautiful beach and ocean gave me a comfort level about my Military Intelligence assignment as an interrogator. In my first few days at the 55th MI Detachment there were no prisoners, so I settled into the easy life which included going to the beach every day, probably with Viet Cong on their R & R basking in the sun beside me.

Within a couple of weeks, I did not feel good about how I was to spend my Vietnam tour and requested a transfer to Fifth Special Forces, headquartered also in Nha Trang. My assignment was to be the S-2 at a Special Forces B-Team at Ban Me Thuot in the Central Highlands. When I did not receive orders to head out immediately for the B-Team, an E-8 in personnel informed me, "Captain, your records are kept under lock and key in a safe... For the record you don't exist." I had been reassigned to Detachment B-57, whose mission was intelligence collection in Cambodia. At the headquarters of my newly-formed unit, a safe house in Saigon, a long-time Green Beret Major told me to put all my uniforms in a duffle bag and buy civvies because I was going undercover. However I would not attend cocktail parties as did James Bond.

One of our Special Forces' NCOs, who was constantly fraternizing with the local populations, was with some Cambodians at a Buddhist pagoda in Saigon, where he noticed that one of them stood out from the rest—for two reasons—less hardy physical condition, but higher intelligence level.

My detachment obtained "operational interest" (OI) on Mr. Inchin Hai Lam, and he became an intelligence source for us. I was assigned to begin questioning him about his background and why he had defected to us.



The author, above left, in Vietnam with a Montagnard soldier.

He, and his fellow Cambodians, were members of the Khmer Serei, an anti-Communist movement in Cambodia. In October, 1966, I met with Inchin approximately fifteen times. We met, either at his apartment just outside the pagoda grounds, or at different hotel rooms that I rented daily to conduct my interrogations. I became totally immersed with Inchin and his life. He had been raised as the son of the head housekeeper on the Royal Palace grounds of Prince Sihanouk (Cambodia's Head of State) in Phnom Penh, Cambodia's capitol. He related he had become the best friend of Sihanouk's son. The story made the rounds in our detachment that he was the illegitimate son of Sihanouk.

As an intelligent and connected Cambodian he was selected for special schooling in Moscow, for study at Patrice Lumumba University, a training center for revolutionaries around the world, and in Peking, China. An accomplished linguist, he was fluent in English, Vietnamese, Cambodian, and French and passable in Russian and two Chinese dialects. He had been a Lieutenant in the Cambodian Army, but defected to South Vietnam because he became disenchanted with communism for reasons never very convincing. After his basic information was derived, the Detachment XO began strategic interrogation. I heard later he was utilized in some of our other detachment operations as an interpreter.

My next assignment was "Project Cherry". The objective was to derive intelligence in the Tri-border area of South Vietnam (Laos and Cambodia), saturated with Communist base camps. I trained and inserted two small teams of Khmer Serei recruited at Inchin's pagoda; however, they were unsuccessful at penetrating through very thick triple-canopy jungle in the Tri-border area.

My final months in Vietnam were to be spent at Dak To Special Forces' A-Team camp, just east of my insertion locations. My mission in the spring of 1967 was to develop networks of Montagnards to return to their abandoned jungle villages to obtain information on enemy movements down the Ho Chi Minh Trail through Laos and Cambodia.

[The Degar, referred to by French colonists as Montagnard, are the indigenous peoples of the Central Highlands of Vietnam. The term Montagnard means "mountain people" in French and is a carryover from the French colonial period in Vietnam.]

On June 17, 1967, a heavy barrage of mortars and rockets launched into Dak To by an NVA battalion intent on overrunning our camp, devastated us with two killed and nine wounded of twenty five Americans. My war was over since mortar shrapnel wounds that day necessitated amputation of both my legs below the knee. After twelve operations and fifteen months of rehabilitation at Brooke General Hospital in San Antonio, I enrolled at SMU for an MBA in finance. In February, 1968, my father sent me

an Associated Press article that reported that Inchin Hai Lam had died on November 24, 1967 in a sedan driven by a B-57 NCO with a Captain John J. McCarthy, the then-case officer for my old "Project Cherry".

Captain McCarthy was tried and convicted of killing Inchin in a trial that became very controversial because it became necessary to reveal Detachment B-57's secrets. McCarthy was originally sentenced to life in prison at Leavenworth, but was released after fifteen months, when new testimony was presented from the examining medical officer. In 2008, former Captain McCarthy discovered he was referenced in my autobiography, *Wounded Soldier, Healing Warrior*, and he contacted me to discuss more particulars of the case.

In 1998, CPT McCarthy wrote an article in which he said Inchin was a actually a triple agent: an operative agent of Soviet KGB, First Secretary of the Khmer Serei, and also an employee of the Sihanouk government. Inchin's fellow Khmer Serei members had decided Inchin was a Soviet double-agent. Prince Sihanouk's own memoirs, *My War With the CIA*, discusses McCarthy and the Inchin case.



**A Special Forces Camp, Vietnam**

It is indeed a small world! I will go to my grave with the question unanswered whether or not Inchin was, in fact, a double-agent plant from Soviet Russian and Cambodian intelligence? In hindsight, my speculation is that he was. The killing of Inchin remains an open case in the files of the U.S. Army.

*Allen Clark's autobiography, from which this article is excerpted, is Wounded Soldier, Healing Warrior, published in 2007 by Zenith Press.*

## The Fish Hook

By COL Cecil L. Shrader  
CPT Dilworth, Texas, Chapter



In early January 1969, I took command of C Troop, 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry, which was in the Reconnaissance Squadron of the 1st Cavalry Division. Our mission was to patrol the border and keep the North Vietnamese Army (NVA) and Viet Cong (VC) from penetrating to the south and try to repeat the TET Offensive of 1968.

A part of my area of operations was near the "Fish Hook" area along the Cambodian border. It was named the Fish Hook as the shape resembled a fish hook when seen on a map.

We kept a good eye on that area, as the NVA and VC used a corduroy road that ran from the Cambodian side of the border, down to a dirt road than ran west, to an off load area just north of the Saigon River. They ran the convoys at night. The trail was originally made by the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment when they moved up to the Cambodian border.

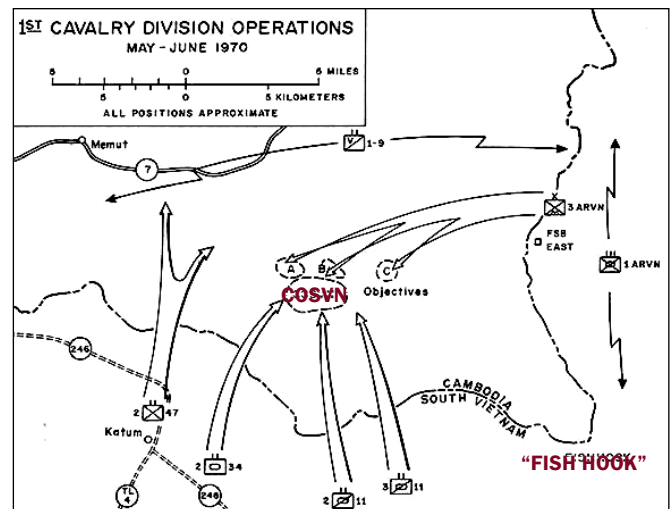
We reported the convoys, and Division told the Squadron to stop the convoys. Squadron had a Ranger company attached to it, and my troop was the one which used the company for inserting Long Ranger Reconnaissance Platoons (LRRPs).

The Ranger Company Commander and I planned to mine the road at a very conspicuous bend so that the area could easily be identified as being mined. We flew a squad into the area at low level and the Company Commander supervised the laying of the mines.

Time went by, and there no signs that trucks had used the area. I assumed that we must have been spotted when we laid the mines, as the enemy usually had the road under observation.

On March 31st, I was wounded and was replaced by Tom Felton as Troop Commander. A few days after he took command, he visited me and brought pictures of 3 or 4 trucks that had been destroyed by the mines. Needless to say, that made my day.

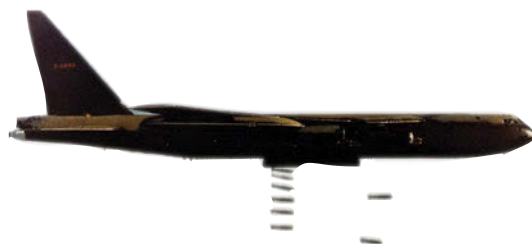
When the 1st Cavalry, some years later, was allowed to cross the border in the Fish Hook area, it was discovered that the Fish Hook was the location of the Central Office for South Vietnam (COSVN headquarters). The area was guarded by radar-guided 23mm anti-aircraft to discourage aerial observation.



**A 1st Cavalry Division Operations Map indicating the Fish Hook area and the COSVN Headquarters in red type. Credit: The U.S. Army Center of Military History**

# ARC LIGHT--Heavy Artillery Warning and Guard Channel

By Lt Col L. Gordon Bassett  
Sun City Center, Florida, Chapter



In late June 1969, southwest of Da Nang, Republic of Vietnam, there were ten of us on board an ancient USAF “EC-47” flying airborne surveillance. The aircraft, affectionately known as the “Goony Bird”, was older than the crewmembers. It had flown during WWII. Our job was to detect enemy presence and report their location. I was the aircraft commander.

This “electric-super-goons” call sign was “CAP”; the crew and bird belonged to the 362nd Tactical Electronic Warfare Squadron (TEWS) at Pleiku Air Base. We teamed with the 6994th Security Squadron to pinpoint enemy movement. On this day, we were flying at 8,000 feet altitude – it was a clear day.

I was in the center of the plane, talking with the Navigator at his station, when the aircraft began to vibrate violently, producing a succession of banging sounds and began to descend rapidly. The co-pilot and the crew chief were at the controls in the cockpit. (It was customary to permit any one of the ten onboard to fly in order to spell one of the pilots. These old airplanes were without autopilot and we hand-flew our 8-hour missions, most of the time in the clouds, often getting wet doing it.)

I was certain that either we had collided with another aircraft, or that ground fire had hit us. (The enemy on the ground would often shoot at our slow flying goons circling overhead.) As the EC-47 abruptly rolled left and began to dive for the ground, I struggled and scrambled to get control as the crew chief quickly exited my seat.

After recovering to straight and level flight, a “controllability check” proved the old goon was still flyable. Aside from the exploding noise, heavy vibration and violent turbulence (like riding on a washboard-type road), I could find nothing to threaten continued flight. During the recovery from the diving left turn, I could see black and red flashes coming from the ground. I thought it was anti-air-artillery (AAA) firing at us.

It took only seconds to realize that we were in the middle of an ARC LIGHT strike. Bombs from the higher altitude B-52s fell all around us and impacted the ground directly beneath us. I knew then that the noise, vibration and turbulence were the high-explosive iron bombs hitting the ground and we were feeling the concussions. I could see the “bomb train” pattern on the ground as it moved away from us. I had thought that one of the bombs hit us (each B-52 carried more than 100).

It was over in a matter of seconds. We were still flying! All on board were shaken by what could have been a disaster. Fortunately, no one was hurt. We survived only with frayed nerves.

I declared an “emergency” and landed safely at Da Nang. I thought the EC-47 had structure damage from the concussions or a falling bomb actually hitting us, causing damage. Close inspection by maintenance personnel found no noticeable damage and the old bird was cleared for flight.

I contacted the Squadron Commander at Pleiku and requested permission to abort the remainder of this 8-hour mission. He approved—the shaken crew could not continue to work effectively this day.

Flying rules called for all airborne aircraft in Vietnam to monitor the “Guard Channel” on UHF radio (243.0 MHz). We were to listen for a “recall” message, emergency calls and warnings about “heavy artillery” impact zones above the normal radio traffic and intercom talk. Usually a warning on the “Guard Channel” forecasted “heavy artillery” impact zones just before a Strategic Air Command B-52 ARC LIGHT strike. The warning gave a general location relative to a local navigation aid with bearing and distance from it.

In practice, however, we frequently turned off the “Guard Channel” because the chatter on it interfered with our onboard communications. On this flight, the co-pilot temporarily turned off Guard and we missed the warning. We were flying, unknowingly, in the “heavy artillery” impact zone. We were there at 8,000 feet altitude, in our goony bird, under a three-ship formation of B-52s flying at an altitude high above us as their bombs fell all around us.

Our flying mission frequently put us in harms way. ARC LIGHT strikes, our own ground artillery, other low flying aircraft and enemy anti-air-artillery were a threat—as was flying in adverse weather. Flying, however, was considerably safer than being on the ground at Pleiku, as the Viet Cong regularly attacked the base with rockets. Pleiku became known as “rocket alley.”

This event happened near the end of my year tour (155 combat missions/950 combat hours). I flew the goon only one more time in Vietnam. I have had a few unusual experiences in my military flying career but recalling what occurred on this day still quickens my pulse.

*Lt Col L. Gordon Bassett served with the 362nd Tactical Electronic Squadron and the 460th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing, 1968-69, Pleiku Air Base, Vietnam*

## R & R

By Capt LeRoy Reinburg, Jr.  
Bethesda, Maryland, Chapter



During most of 1970, my ship, the Coast Guard Cutter *Pontchartrain* (WHEC-70), of which I was the

Commanding Officer, was deployed to Vietnam as a part of the U.S. Seventh Fleet. We were assigned to Commander, Task Force “One-One-Five,” the Offshore Surveillance Force. Our mission, together with five other WHECs, Navy destroyers, destroyer escorts, and other Navy and RVN assets, was to interdict North Vietnamese trawlers, who were constantly trying to penetrate our barrier patrol and land supplies and personnel to support the Viet Cong (VC) in the Republic of Vietnam (RVN). In addition, we would provide naval gunfire support (NGFS) to friendly forces ashore.

The total deployment was about ten months, and during this time we would be on combat patrol for roughly four to six weeks, with an inport maintenance period at the U.S.

Navy Base, Subic Bay, Republic of the Philippines. This schedule, also, provided brief, occasional rest and recreation (R&R) visits to other foreign ports, such as, Hong Kong, Singapore, Kao-Hsiung, and Bangkok. The combat patrols varied in operational intensity from relatively routine to sometimes frantic.

One of our duties required NGFS to the U.S. Navy Riverine Force Base at Song Ong Doc in the U Minh Forest area of South Vietnam. This latter duty would involve anchoring several hundred yards of the river entrance, and respond to “call for fire” from the Navy Base, which was ringed by precisely charted magnetic, seismic and acoustic sensors. The VC were constantly attempting to overrun the base, mainly at night. When the base received a sensor activation, they would give us a call for fire, and we would fire rounds at the sensor location. This required going to general quarters (GQ) Condition Three, shore bombardment (SHOEA) on very short notice. Personnel would be aroused in the middle of the night with the sound of the GQ pinging, and would have to race to their battle stations,

half asleep, and be prepared to respond to a “battery released” command. Sometimes this would occur four and five times a night, making for many sleepless nights.

In addition to this, VC swimmer sappers were constantly trying to attach limpet mines to the hull of the ship, which if exploded would open a large hole in the hull. For this reason, whenever we were anchored close to shore, there were armed sentries roaming the weather decks, armed with rifles and concussion grenades. They were instructed to fire on any objects in the water, and at random intervals toss grenades in the water to discourage swimmers/sappers. Since we were anchored off the river entrance, there was much flotsam streaming out of the river, particularly coconuts, which resembled a swimmer's head.

In sum, between GQ, the rattle of gunfire, and the detonation of grenades, sound sleep was almost impossible when we were at anchor. One of the crew likened it to sleeping inside a bass drum. Being underway wasn't much of an improvement for me, since I was called frequently to report sightings, engineering casualties, release messages, changes in maneuvering and other occurrences in a seem-

ingly endless array. I never complained about being called any time the Officer of the Deck (OOD) was in doubt. To do so might discourage him from calling me for something very important.

With this rather lengthy discourse, I wanted to “set the stage” for the main point of my article. After four or five months of this “routine,” when



**The litter on deck after an all night firing mission off the coast of Vietnam, 1970**

we arrived in Subic Bay for maintenance, I found myself very stressed out, and jumpy. I had difficulty sitting still for any length of time, and even more difficulty in concentrating. I spoke to the Executive Officer, a wonderful, experienced, self-possessed “mustang”. This term is used to describe Officers who came up through the enlisted grades. Or as, my father, an old Coast Guard hand, used to say, they “came up through the hawse pipe instead of over the gangway.” I told him I had to get off the ship for a few days, and I intended to ask the Coast Guard Squadron Commander to grant me some leave while we were in port. He assured me that he could handle things during my absence. The Squadron Commander, and old time friend agreed, but said, he would give me “leave in a basket,” that is, I would file leave papers with him, and if I came back in



Two sites memorializing those who endured the Bataan Death March, photographed by the author.

“one piece,” he would tear them up.

The next day, I hired a car and driver through the Navy Exchange, at the exorbitant rate of 6 U.S. dollars per day! The exchange rate at that time was 8 pesos to the dollar, and the peso had the same purchasing power in the local economy as a dollar did in ours, so the exchange and the driver were well compensated. I packed a bag and left the next morning on what would be one of the most interesting and satisfying trips I have ever taken.

My driver’s name was “Vic,” which he pronounced as “Bic.” He spoke beautiful English, as is common in the Philippines, and I told him I wanted to go to Baguio, which is a mountain resort north of Manila, on the main island of Luzon. I would stay at Camp Hay, a U.S. Army Recreational Facility. I told Vic that I would like to take an interesting route and he assured me he knew of several.

I had heard of the Bataan Death March, during the early days of World War II, and asked Vic if this was on the way to Baguio. He was somewhat hesitant, but agreed. I found out later why. We picked up the Death March route well above Marivales, where it started on April 10, 1942, after 76,000 U.S. Army and Philippine Scouts surrendered to the invading Japanese Army. As we drove the route, Vic displayed a very comprehensive knowledge of the event, explaining in detail what had transpired. After WWII, the Philippine government had erected memorials along the route commemorating those who died. At one stop, as he spoke, Vic was visibly emotional. He told me in a halting voice that he was a survivor of the Death March, having

escaped along the 60-mile route to Camp O’Donnell, where they were to be incarcerated. After his escape, he joined the Philippine guerillas and fought the Japanese in the jungles until the end of the war. He told of the utter brutality of the Japanese guards, who bayoneted and shot, and in some cases beheaded Americans and Filipinos who dropped by the side of the road from exhaustion, on the 5 to 6 day journey, due to heat, malnutrition and lack of water. Of the original 76,000, only 54,000 reached the

prison camp!

As Vic spoke, I too was overcome with thoughts of the terrible ordeal and forgot about my troubles which seemed petty compared with what Vic and his fellow prisoners endured. It somehow had a cathartic effect on me, and as the trip wore on, I noticed that I was a little more calm and collected.

The remainder of the trip went by rapidly. Vic spent the nights with his family, and during the day, he chauffeured me around the lovely

city of Baguio. The nights were positively chilly, after the oppressive heat of Subic Bay. We even had a fireplace in the hotel, and a fire in the evening provided a comforting sight. After several days relaxing in Baguio, our trip back to Subic was uneventful and oddly had a deeply calming effect on me. On our arrival in Subic, I gave Vic a substantial tip, and I could hear the catch in his voice as he accepted it. I think I had helped him as much as he helped me, and I had made a new friend. I returned to the ship feeling refreshed and ready to get “back in battery,” as the gunnery people say.



“Vic,” the Special Services driver from Subic Bay Naval Station.

# Chaplain's Delayed Blessing

Lt Col (CH) Archie V. Lawrence  
Headquarters Chapter



In Omaha, Nebraska, from left to right: Chaplains Swanson, Lawrence and Abelson.

My second assignment in the 1st Marine Air Wing, 1970 Vietnam was with Marine Air Group 16, Da Nang. The group provided rotary wing coverage for I Corps. As Protestant Chaplain, I provided Protestant Worship services on Sundays, and involved the servicemen in as many extra religious support activities as feasible in a war environment. We had a volley ball court next to the chapel, and horseshoe boxes so the troops could work off anxieties that would build up. I organized a choir, and had bible studies a couple times each week.

When casualties occurred, memorial services saw the chapel filled with the comrades of those lost in helo crashes and ground operations. In doing Chaplain ministry on the base at Marble Mountain and going on missions with the Marines in the air, I touched bases with hundreds

of Officers and enlisted whose names have been long forgotten.

That is, until I received a letter dated 1 November, 2007.

I did not remember his 17-year-old face in 1970, but he remembered mine. He recalled the subjects I taught in—the studies that changed his life and helped him through the insanity that many felt in the war zone. This grunt Marine sang in my choir, and sat with me in the office and asked questions about Chaplaincy, attended services and study classes, played volleyball, and helped me move a mission from one house to another in Da Nang.

In 2007, I was and am, retired from the military and hospital Chaplaincy as a Presbyterian clergyman. The letter of note was from a US Naval Captain Chaplain, Bradford Ableson, who I encouraged to seek Navy Chaplaincy when he attended our clinical Chaplaincy courses at my hospital in Tulsa, Oklahoma. To make a long story shorter, when Brad went to pay respects to the Air Force Wing Chaplain at Offutt Air Force Base (AFB) in Nebraska, Colonel Jeff Swanson, a Lutheran Chaplain, expressed appreciation for the ministry of a Marine Chaplain in Vietnam. His name? Archie Lawrence! That is me!

A delayed blessing this has been. I visited both Chaplains in 2007 at Offutt AFB. I have kept in touch with Jeff Swanson as he went to Iraq for six months, and, sad to say, attended Brad's burial in Tulsa. He died of cancer, and has had the library aboard the carrier USS *George Washington* named in his honor. Is it not amazing how God's surprises continue to bless us?



Pictured are LTC (CH) Archie V. Lawrence, left, with CAPT (CH) Brad Abelson on the right.

Below are excerpts from the letter Lt Col (CH) Archie V. Lawrence received from CAPT (CH) Abelson:

Dear Archie,

... When the 55th got a new Wing Chaplain in 2006 I went over to pay a visit. He told me he had a warm spot in his heart for Navy Chaplains because he had been a Marine in Vietnam. And then he proceeded to tell me about his outstanding Chaplain... a guy named Archie Lawrence. I told him he must be mistaken, because the only Archie Lawrence I knew was wanted by the law in 12 states, and Oklahoma was the only place that would let him live within 12 miles of school children.

And yet, when we got the pieces put together, it turns out that we were both talking about you. The 55th Wing Chaplain is Col (CH) Jeff Swanson—he says he hasn't seen you in 36 or 37 years and that you have no idea that he went into the ministry ... and the Chaplaincy no less. I of course told him I took CPE under your tutelage. We are both better men because of experiencing you. Enclosed are some photos of your past coming back to haunt you.

... Archie, you would be astounded to know what you meant to Jeff. He talks about it as if it were yesterday—everything from you grabbing him by the belt as he was hanging out the back of a truck tearing through the streets with shots being fired, to a regular Bible study you taught that changed his life and helped a lot of guys to get through the insanity, to (yes) even a time in chapel when a Marine puked during the service and you kept on going. If you're inclined to drop him an email, he would love it.

... If you get through these parts, make sure and say howdy ... I can tell you there will be two Chaplains who'd be mighty happy to see you. Take care and Semper Fi, [signed, Brad]

*Editor's Note: CAPT (CH) Abelson was considered by some of the highest-ranking members of the U.S. military as among the most gifted, visionary, and inspirational Chaplains in the country. In 2008, Yale University recognized his contributions and awarded Chaplain Abelson the Lux et Veritas Alumni Award. In giving the award it was cited that: "Ableson was the primary architect behind one of the most significant shifts in the history of American military chaplaincy."*

## Son Tay Raid ...

A Thrilling and Spine Tingling Story

Submitted by Sr. VCINC Col Clifford D. Way  
Dallas, Texas, Chapter



**Col Arthur D. "Bull" Simons with his cigar talking with Doctor Cataldo.**

In 1970, the United States was fighting the unpopular war in South Vietnam. Casualties were increasing, and more and more young men who had been drafted under the selective service system were being returned home to towns all over America in flag-draped caskets. The political rhetoric was mounting and protests in the street were increasing while students on college and university campuses

were starting to make their voices heard. Adding to the general dissatisfaction with the war was the treatment and unknown status of over 500 American Prisoners of War (POWs) who had been captured by the North Vietnamese forces. The families of these men were starting to make their voices heard, too; and even though negotiations had been going on for over two years with representatives of North Vietnam on this issue of POWs, no progress had been made.

In August of 1970, the U.S. government started the planning for a bold raid on a North Vietnamese POW prison camp, located 23 kilometers west of downtown Hanoi. The U.S. had the names of 70 U.S. prisoners who were being held in this camp called Son Tay, and the plan was to fly in with a small raiding force, kill the enemy guards, free the prisoners and then fly them back to a U.S. base.

1st Lieutenant George Petrie, a Special Forces Soldier at that time, who currently lives in Greenville, Texas, was on that raid. This is his story of how it all happened and his personal observations of what he saw and did on that raid.

George was assigned to one of the Special Forces Groups at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in August of 1970 after just returning from his last combat tour in Vietnam. As he said, "we got an announcement one day saying they were looking for volunteers for a special assignment. About 600 of we Special Forces and Ranger guys showed up in the post theater when we were told to be there. An old Airborne/Special Forces full Colonel by the name of Arthur D. "Bull" Simons came out on the stage and said 'we need 100 volunteers to be involved with a special assignment. There will be no TOY pay (travel pay given to Soldiers when they go on a temporary assignment), no per diem pay (an allowance for being away from home base), you will be gone for up to 6 months, there is some risk, and I can't say anymore.' About 300 guys came back that afternoon and each person was then interviewed by Simons, two Sergeant

Majors, and Doctor Joe Cataldo. One hundred of us were selected and we still were not told anything about what, where, or when."

The 100 men who were selected were then transported to Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, where they were isolated and started their initial selection training. As George says, "We were told: 'Don't ask any questions and keep your mouths shut. While 100 were selected, we only need 56 for the mission and they will be selected as the training progresses.' The training itself was pretty standard Special Forces stuff—lots of Raids and Ambushes and really a lot of physical training (PT). They also built a mock up of the prison camp and we rehearsed and rehearsed the attack and seizure of the facility. We assumed by this time that we were going into a prison for some purpose, but we still didn't know where or when.

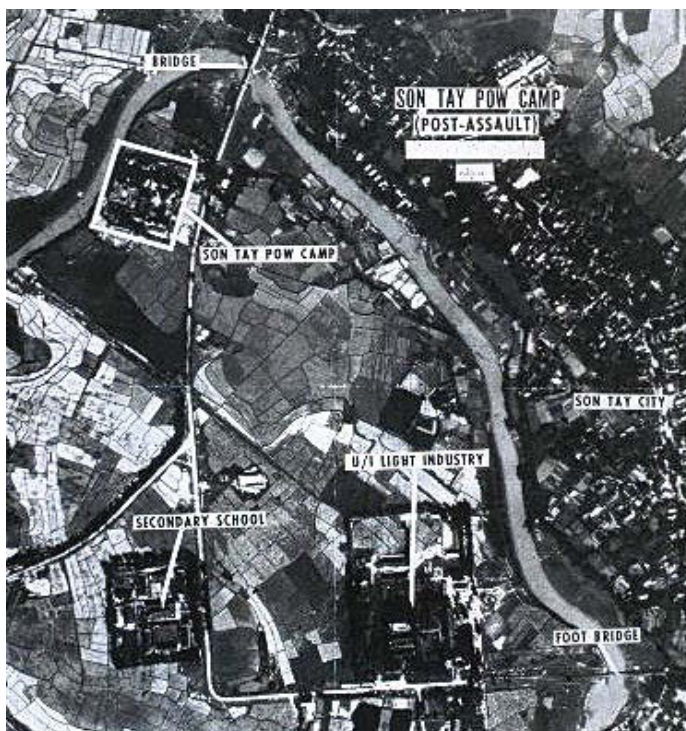
Every day the 'mock prison' was disassembled so Soviet Satellites would not detect the activity and then every night we would put it back up so we could rehearse again. All in all we went through at least 30 step-by-step practices of attacking the camp and leaving with the POWs. In all, over 150 rehearsals were done of the entire operation.

We were organized into three elements: an Assault Platoon made up of three four-man assault teams; a Security Platoon, responsible for securing and holding the perimeter of the camp; and a Support Platoon which had the task of stopping any reinforcements along the road.

I was in the Assault Platoon and our task was to land in the middle of the camp compound, and then my team was to quickly take out the guard tower and gate guards, and then go to the solitary confinement prisoner cell near the front entrance and release the POWs in that area. We went over and over these tasks."

As you would imagine, by this time the "Raiders", as they were to be known, were certain of the mission, just not where or when. Originally the plan, which was heavily dependent on weather and moon light conditions, called for the raid to occur on October 21st. It was briefed to Henry Kissinger and General Alexander Haig in the White House on October 8th, but because of President Nixon's unavailability on that day, final approval from the President could not be obtained in time to meet this scheduled date. The next window-of-opportunity was November 21st. That date was set and Presidential approval was given to proceed with the plan.

On November 14, 1970, four C-141 airplanes with all of the Raiders aboard departed Eglin Air Force Base for their initial staging area at Takhli, Thailand. Arriving two days later, the men were all ushered into a CIA secured compound to start their final preparations. As George said, "this is the first time we really believed they were going to let us go through with the raid even though we still didn't know for sure what it was or where it was to be. Now we started worrying they would call it off for some reason."



**Aerial photo of the Son Tay prison and surrounding area**

On the first day in the compound in Takhli, the men rested from their long trip from the States. On the second, they broke all of their gear down and did final checks. Their weapons—CAR 15s, M-60 machine guns, AR-15s and M-79 grenade launchers—were all test fired and re-zeroed. And this is when they learned the details of the raid. As George said, “Colonel Simons called us all together and told us: ‘we were going to rescue 70 or more POWs from a camp called Son Tay. If you don’t want to go, let us know now. And, if we walk into a trap, there will be no Escape and Evasion on our part. Instead, we will back up on the ground and take as many with us as we can.’ The whole force stood up and cheered. We got the approval message from the White House and we were ready to go.”

The next step was to move from Takhli to Udorn Air Force Base, also located in Thailand, to marry the force up with their helicopters that would be used to make the 3½-hour flight across Laos and into North Vietnam. At this point, George was told they had the names of the 70 POWs that were to be in Son Tay, (but unfortunately his cousin, who was also a POW, was not on the list).

The plan called for the Assault Platoon members to ride in an H-3 helicopter that would be landed in the middle of the compound once arriving on site. Because of the small size of this area, it would not be possible for the H-3 to become airborne again after landing so it was to be destroyed on the ground. The remaining personnel would be in six CH-53 helicopters. All of the helicopters were to be escorted by C-130 airplanes that would be dropping flares, etc., during the assault.

Unfortunately, the H-3 helicopter could not maintain the same speed as the other slowest airplane in the attack



**Daylight flight profile of an UH-1H in “draft” position off the left wing of a MC-130 combat talon with HH-53 helicopters off the fix-wing’s starboard side. Training conducted during Phase II, specialized training , at Aux Field 3.**

force. A means had to be found to increase the speed and the range of the Assault Platoon’s ride. And this is where it really gets hairy and frightening even before the assault site is reached.

A technique was developed and practiced during the rehearsals back at Eglin where the H-3 would “draft” off the C-130. To do this, the C-130 airplane would fly straight and level and the helicopter would tuck under the wing of the larger plane. That is, the body of the helicopter would be under the wing while the rotating blades of the helicopter would be above the wing. In this manner the down-wash of the helicopter blades would strike the wing of the C-130 which would provide an enhanced “ground effect” creating more lift and more speed for the helicopter while conserving fuel. Hard to believe, isn’t it? But, according to George, it worked, even though it scared the heck out of a lot of the Raiders.

The final briefing was conducted at Takhli and the selected 56 Raiders boarded C-130 aircraft to take them to Udorn Air Force Base about 10:00 p.m. on November 20th. The trip was short and they quickly off-loaded the C-130s and climbed aboard their assigned helicopters.

At 11:18 p.m., the first helicopter launched and the mission was on its way. Here’s what George has to say, “We got on the helicopters still hoping they would not cancel the mission at the last minute. The only really scary thing that happened for the next three and a half hours was when we had to refuel our helicopter. To do this, the pilot had to move out of the “drafting” position we were in on the C-130 wing. We refueled and then the task was to get back into position in the middle of darkness with no lights. If we could not do this, the mission was over. Our pilots were the best and we got right back in position and kept going for Son Tay.

As we approached the prison we were coming down a valley at low level. The C-130s were dropping flares and napalm bombs but we could see no organized resistance. We did see, however, a truck convoy moving with its lights on, headed right down the same road the camp was on. Later, we found out it was a truck driving school, teaching Vietnamese soldiers how to drive. Funny after it was over, but we thought we were in big trouble.



**“Raiders” training for insertion and combat assault on the Son Tay POW Camp, 1970.**

a ‘western military group.’ These were big, tough looking soldiers that were an organized military force. Over 100 of them were quickly killed or wounded by the Raiders, preventing any reinforcements to the prison camp cadre force.

Our helicopter headed for the middle of the prison compound. The plan was to sorta drop the helicopter in making a hard landing because of space limitations. I was in the door with one of my attack team members below me on the floor. The plan was for him to go out the door first and take up his shooting position to cover me as I raced to the front guard tower to throw a grenade in and kill the guards. But when the helicopter was landing it hit a standing pole that we did not know was there. When it did that, the bird torqued to one side and actually threw me out the door. I hit the ground running and inadvertently became the first man on the ground in the Son Tay prison camp raid.

My team and I moved to the front of the camp and destroyed the guard tower and killed about eight enemy soldiers. We went into the solitary confinement cells but no POWs were there. By this time the other teams had gone into the other cells, and they too, found them empty. We had missed the prisoners by four months, as they had all been moved to another camp in July.

At about the ten-minute mark after hitting the ground, we started to leave the camp. Since our helicopter was destroyed in the camp compound, my team left on one of the other CH-53 helicopters. The ride back was the scariest thing I have ever experienced. We had 26 Surface-to-Air Missile fired at us in North Vietnam. Every anti-aircraft gun in that part of the country seemed to be firing at us. I looked ahead of the helicopter and all I could see was a solid sheet of missiles and tracer rounds in front of us. I don’t know how we got through it without being shot down.

We headed for the camp and the Security Platoon helicopter carrying Colonel Simmons headed for their area. Unfortunately, there was some confusion and the pilot landed at another adjacent group of buildings that looked like the prison camp. As in most battles, everything does not go according to plan. Now, the Security Platoon was in the wrong place. But also like many battles, a seeming mistake turned into a big advantage, because the compound where the Security Platoon landed was a complex housing

was a complex housing

We got back to Thailand along with the rest of the Raider force. We experienced no losses. As you would expect, we were really disappointed and depressed that we could not free any POWs. We thought we had blown it and had accomplished nothing.”

But as history shows, they were really wrong. As a result of the raid, the North Vietnamese changed their entire approach to our POWs. Prior to the raid, many scattered small POW camps were in operation. Prisoners were kept isolated from each other and many had not talked with an American for several years. Immediately after this raid, and because of the fear of another raid, the Vietnamese closed down all of the smaller camps and moved the prisoners into the Hanoi Hilton prison complex in Hanoi for better security. But for the POWs, it got them back into a more supportive environment where they were now placed in multi-man cells and they could communicate and help care for each other. It also demonstrated to both our POWs and the Vietnamese that we were determined to get our POWs back, and would not be content with leaving them in prison cells, abandoned, and lacking hope.

But as George went on to say, “I was depressed for about three years. We always wondered what could have been done differently to actually pull POWs out of their camps. Then, Ross Perot stepped in and helped heal all of our wounds. He invited, at his expense, all of the Raiders and their families, and all of the POWs who were supposed to be in Son Tay when we conducted the raid, along with their families, to meet in San Francisco and for three days we were treated to the best of that city. We got to meet and talk with all of the POWs we were trying to free, and they got to meet and talk with all of us who went in after them. Thanks to Mr. Perot, we were finally able to put closure on the Son Tay raid.”



**Ross Perot (center) helped bring closure for the Veterans.**

*Lt George Petrie went on to finish 22 years in the service, retiring in 1980 in the Dallas area, where he went to work for Ross Perot.*

*Jerry Hogan is a retired US Army Lieutenant Colonel. His web site is [www.themilitaryview.com](http://www.themilitaryview.com).*

*In 2003, Mr. Ross Perot was the recipient of the Order’s highest award, the Distinguished Service Award.*

# Bunking Doctors and Chaplains Together

By CPT (CH) Charles LeClair  
Middle Georgia Chapter



On arrival at Bien Hoa Air Base, in South Vietnam, we filed out of the World Airways 707 airplane to thunderous cheers of awaiting GIs who were preparing to board the “freedom bird” we had just vacated. When I seated myself in the open windowed bus, I noticed chicken wire covering the windows. Without asking, it was soon explained that it was a precaution against hand grenades being tossed in. My thoughts were “Yep, I’m in Vietnam!”

We were taken to the 90th Replacement Battalion at Camp LBJ where we were issued our battle fatigues and underwent in-processing.



**Chaplain Jack Park, left, and CPT (CH) Charles LeClair, right.**

That night, as I was trying not to be distracted by the sound of outgoing artillery (I knew that because I was coming from Fort Sill, an Artillery training base) and the earth-moving sound of bombs falling from B-52s, I heard a familiar voice calling out in the near darkness of the BOQ: “Where is that sorry, no-good, Indian Chaplain?”

It was the welcome sound of my hometown friend, Chaplain Jack Park, who

had been in Vietnam about six weeks. We were both coming from Fort Sill. Was I ever glad to hear and see someone I knew! The next day I was pleased to find my assignment was at Long Binh Base with the 46th Engineer Battalion, located within two miles of Jack’s chapel.

Since the engineers were adept at building things, we had our own



**An aerial photo of Long Binh Base.**

swimming pool. I still remember how we played water football and sunned ourselves. As we lay on the deck watching choppers and “freedom birds” fly by, Jack would quietly say, “Charlie, what in the hell are we doing here in Vietnam?” He had a way of pronouncing Vietnam’ like our then-President Johnson.

The Army has this habit of putting the Doctor and the Chaplain together as roommates. My first roommate was Dr. John Mayer. I’m a country boy and very familiar with guns. I’m also a former National Guard and Air Force NCO. So, when we made trips off post to visit troops, I would always hold my assistant’s M-16 between my legs. When John found out that was my practice, he encountered me one day with this fake look of extreme concern on his face and said “Charlie, they told us at Fort Sam Houston that Doctors and Chaplains are incompetents and can’t carry guns.” My assistant laughed and said, “I think you mean non-combatants.” John said, “No – no, they said we were *incompetents!*” “And I believe them.”

Dr. Mayer had been assigned to the 24th EVAC Hospital before he came to our Engineer outfit. His assignment there was stressful, in that his patients were fresh from the battlefield. However, his sense of humor was intact. He said that one evening he was taking a nap on his bunk in his hootch and he awoke to a commotion outside. He heard someone yell, “Doc, get out of there—an APC is headed toward your hootch!” He said it didn’t sound alarming to him—someone telling him that “a pill” was headed toward him. His idea of an APC and the Army’s idea were different. In this case, an APC meant “armored personnel carrier”, with a crazy GI driving the tracked vehicle, and headed for his hootch, which finally got his attention.



**CPT (CH) LeClair, left, with Dr. John Mayer, right.**



**Dr. Leo Record, left,  
with CPT (CH) LeClair, right.**

When my friend, John, finally went back to “the world,” he was replaced by Dr. Leo Record.

One of the ways we marked the passage of time was to visit the main Officer’s Club. On each Thursday evening, you could choose and cook your own steak over an open-flame grill. On this particular evening

there was a slow, steady rain. As we left the club, we would go west to the perimeter road and turn left, or south to our Battalion site. Dr. Leo Record was driving his jeep and it had the canvas top up, to block the rain. He had not been in-country but a few weeks and was still a little jumpy. As we approached the corner where we would make our left turn—just as we were turning—a bright flash and then a loud pop and a long *fisssh* suddenly turned the night into day! Leo yelled, “Hit the dirt—Charlie—Hit the dirt!”

As he yelled, he barely got the jeep stopped when he disappeared out the left side. I hadn’t reacted nearly as fast and was still seated when I looked in the direction of the noise. I saw it all at about the same time—I saw this dog with his leg up as though to urinate, then running as fast as he could—all this seemed to happen at the same time! Apparently the dog had tripped a flare and it shot into the air and scared us near to death. I just sat there and laughed. When Leo got himself together, I laughed even harder,



because he had hit the muddy ground and his fatigues were soaking wet with mud.

As we rode on, Leo turned to me and told me he would kill me if I told anybody. I told him I bet that dog is still running.

I was most honored to have served those splendid soldiers that year. If I had known in advance the extent of my Army career and the final outcome (but needed to qualify by education and experience in order to serve), I would still do it—proudly. My service to the American soldier and to my Country was the highest privilege and honor of my life. By far.

*Chaplain (CRT) Charles E. LeClair, a member of the Ponca Tribe of Indians of Oklahoma was the first American Indian of his denomination to serve as an Army Chaplain. After a vehicle accident in Vietnam and an operation at Walter Reed he was retired on disability.*

## Royal Treatment

*By LTC King Moss, II  
Dallas, Texas, Chapter*



As a young 2LT in the Field Artillery, I was “shipped” to Vietnam in August, 1970, via a contract airline.

The airline route was to take us from Travis Air Force Base, Oakland, California; to Anchorage, Alaska and then to Yakota Air Force Base, Japan. From there we were to go to Vietnam.

When we got to Anchorage we were delayed several hours because of a typhoon in Japan. Finally a decision was made, and we flew to Honolulu, Hawaii. We were put up in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel on Waikiki Beach. There, all of us got to enjoy downtown Honolulu and the surf and sights of Waikiki Beach. About 18 hours later we were back on the plane and off to Vietnam again. For a South Texas boy, it was quite an experience—and contrast I never expected—going to Alaska and then to Hawaii in a matter of hours. What a great intro to Vietnam.



# My Day with the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Army

By LTC John A. Finical  
Phoenix Chapter MOWW



On March 15, 1973, as a member of the Four Party Joint Military Commission (FPJMC) Region II, for implementing the Paris Peace Accords, which intended to end the U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War, I was sent on a liaison trip with the International Commission of Control and Supervision (ICCS). The ICCS was established to carry out the peace agreement and was composed of representatives from four countries: Canada, Indonesia, Poland and Hungary. My selection for this trip was based on my prior experience as an advisor in the province and my familiarity with the area and local military personnel. Our group was being sent to investigate alleged violations of the prisoner-of-war (“POW”) release point in Duc Pho District, Quang Ngai Province.

Before setting out on the trip, I was informed that the South Vietnamese Army Helicopter was refusing to pick up the North Vietnamese military representative and the Viet Cong representative, and I was directed to proceed to provide them transportation. The two assigned U.S. helicopters proceeded to fly to Duc Pho District stopping in Chu Lai to pick up LTC Lee Holland, Chu Lai U.S. Team Chief and LTC Loc, South Vietnam (“GVN”) Team Chief.

The two helicopters, one with the ICCS members and one with the Provisional Revolutionary Government (“PRG”), LTC Vu Binh, and CPL Tran Trong Khanh, Democratic Republic of Vietnam (“DRV”), LTC Phan Trang and 2LT Tran Hai Ngo, and FPJMC personnel, landed in Duc Pho at 9:30 a.m. The group was ushered into MG Nhut’s, Commander, 2nd ARVN Division, briefing room where the ICCS began their investigation.

General Nhut began his briefing only to be interrupted by the ICCS Indonesian Chairman. The Indonesian Chairman stated that he would rather ask questions than listen to the General’s briefing. At that point, the Hungarian representative declared that he wished to go immediately to the site of the alleged violations and the Polish delegate agreed. Questions about security arose and the PRG/DRV and GNV indicated their areas would be secured. Being familiar with the area, I also had great reservations about the PRG/DRV site as it had been a hotly contested area in the mountains.

After I briefed the pilots as to the coordinates and areas to visit, we took off. The ICCS and FPJMC delegation arrived at the POW release point/violation site. After exiting the helicopters we were immediately greeted and surrounded by armed PRG and an abundance of civilians waving VC flags. The site was about 7 km from Highway One (BS714433).

Once securely at the site, the ICCS and PRG/DRV representatives discussed the allegations regarding the alleged violations. Local personnel and VC presented their grievances to the ICCS. The violations dated from March 5-11, 1973.



**February, 1973, Saigon. Canadian Ambassador Michel Gauvin (R), acting chairman of the International Commission for Control and Supervision (ICCS) of the Vietnam cease fire, greets South Vietnamese delegate Lieutenant General Ngo Dzu of the Joint Military Commission (JMC) as other members of the JMC look on prior to first joint meeting of the ICCS and JMC. Others attending are Lieutenant General Tran Van Tra of the Viet Cong (C) and Major General Le Quang Hoa (R) of North Vietnam.**  
Image by © Bettmann/CORBIS

These individuals were claiming that 40 people were wounded and 21 people killed. Many of the wounded were placed on “display” for the delegation to view.

After the locals and VC spoke to the group, the Tan Phong Village Chief, Tran Hanh, took the delegation on a 15 km hike of the surrounding area. Chief Hanh guided us to view destroyed homes and craters as examples of the violation that occurred on March 7th. However, the growth of grass over the charred remains of the homes made their given date questionable. Here, local personnel presented letters to the ICCS chairman with much theatrics. The locals showed the delegation graves of people who were allegedly killed on February 19, 1973. Responding to the locals’ allegations, the Indonesian ICCS Chairman decided to open the

graves. Ultimately, however, the Chairman was persuaded to forgo that operation. Many craters and shell fragments were present, but their age was not readily identifiable.

The PRG, VC, invited the delegations for tea in the middle of the VC's mountain village. Armed PRG, VC, acted as security guards along the route we travelled and were flanked by numerous civilians carrying VC flags. It was very apparent that the PRG, VC were "showing off" their best equipment—weapons, compasses and web gear. Shortly after our arrival, a bicycle train arrived with hot soda and tea to be served. A concern and awkwardness set-in as we sat down to have tea with the enemy. The drinks were placed on what to an American was a large picnic table and everyone chose their beverage.

The orderliness and courtesy shown throughout our time with the DRV/PRG was commendable. Approximately 5 hours was spent hiking in the mountain, being shown the VC operation that had caused a lot of death and destruction to the South Vietnamese. Returning to our helicopters, we departed to hear the story of the South Vietnamese within Quang Nagi Province.

The delegation then traveled 2 km (BS749455) to meet with the GVN representatives. From the time of arrival at the ARVN, South Vietnamese site I felt something was going to occur. We arrived at 14:30 hours and were met by 200 or so people dressed as civilians with a number of military vehicles. Close observation indicated that a number of the "civilians" were in fact military whom I knew from spending months within the Province. Our group was greeted with name calling. The crowd quieted and the questioning began.

Colonel Loi, the Quang Ngai Province Chief, was heading the South Vietnamese Delegation and was prepared to answer questions. The ICCS questioned the control of the area before and after the cease fire to which Col. Loi replied that ARVN has always controlled the area. He indicated that since March 4, 1973, his troops had received mortar and sniper fire four or five times. The Ranger Commander, LTC. Thien, stated he had 9 Killed-in-Action and 26 Wounded-in-Action. Col. Loi further relayed that ARVN had fired no artillery. The Hungarian representative attempted to ask our liaison delegation some direct questions about operational matters that we refused to answer, realizing it would be entered into official ICCS records.

As the discussion ended, (15:30) the crowd became loud and broke through security, throwing projectiles, bags of dung and swinging clubs. The North Vietnamese (DRV) 2LT Tran Hai Ngo, was struck in the head and was bleeding and unconscious. We carried him to the helicopter after drawing our weapons.

The 2LT was gravely injured, but the DRV representative wanted to continue the investigation and remain until the ICCS concluded. The Hungarian delegate wanted to immediately call the investigation off but was persuaded by the Indonesian Chairman, ICCS, to conclude the investigation at Duc Pho by questioning MG Nhut, 2ND ARVN Division Commander. The General indicted to the delegation that he hadn't fired into the POW release point as he feared for his soldiers being released. He did indicate that his soldiers fired when fired upon.

The incident of the unruly crowd was discussed. LTC Trang, DRV, said he felt the demonstrators had been carried to the site. MG Nhut stated he wasn't responsible for the incident. He was tactically responsible for his troops and not discussable with the ICCS. The DRV took the floor alleging that his people had warned the ICCS Chairman of a possible incident. Col. Loi again denied the possibility of an organized demonstration. The DRV stated this lack of security would surely hamper future investigations.

We returned to Duc Pho, and a crew chief who had been a Medic rendered assistance to the injured man. My observation was that the incident was orchestrated by the ARVN to disrupt the investigation and cause major problems. At 17:30



**President Nixon escorts Nguyen Van Thieu, President of the Republic of Vietnam, to his car outside of San Clemente, following a meeting: 04/02/1973 Photo credit: National Archives**

hours the FPJMC departed Duc Pho in conjunction with the ICCS for Da Nang with the injured DRV Lieutenant. While enroute, the operations center made the decision to deliver the injured LT to the ARVN compound where the DRV were housed. The DRV had requested American medical attention. I was met by Col. Tung, Commander of the compound housing the DRV and was told an ARVN doctor would take care of the injured man. I left the DRV compound at 18:30. I was never appraised of the status of the injured Lieutenant.

The ICCS found no violations by the South Vietnamese as to firing into the POW release point. A formal report was submitted and I made myself a Memo for future reference as to my day with the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese.

# Eating Dirt

By CH (LTC) Larry Haworth  
San Antonio, Texas, Chapter



Did you ever eat dirt? You crazy, man? What do you mean, eat dirt? Nobody eats dirt. Why would you

want to eat dirt? I eat food. I heard of eating crow, but that's only an expression that means getting humbled. I eat lots of crow. But I sure don't eat dirt, figuratively or for real. No way. But, if you rode with the Blackhorse you ate dirt. Lots of dirt. And you didn't just eat it, you wallowed in it and you covered your body with it. The only time you didn't eat dirt was if you were in the lead track. Then you broke the ground and everyone else behind you ate dirt. Know what I mean? You've never seen dirt in the air until you've followed in a line of M48s or ACavs on those jungle "highways." In the Monsoon season, mud. In the dry season, dirt. I don't mean dirt on the ground where it's supposed to be. I mean in the air, in your hair, in your ears, in your food, in your clothes, in your water, in your track. Not just regular dirt. Red clay type dirt.

I remember going along QL14 out of Loc Ninh toward Bu Dop and Bo Duc. I rode the bustle rack of an M-48, about 4th or 5th in line. Everyone wore goggles, of course, to keep the dirt out of their eyes. By the way, when I say dirt, I mean dirt. Not dust. *Dirt*. The kind the ground is made of. Dirt is a lot thicker than dust. Dust you wipe off. Dirt you shovel off [the exaggeration is very slight]. The weather was hot and steamy. So you'd sweat. Not just perspire. Sweat. Then the dirt would land on the sweat. Lot's of it. So you got dirty. You got muddy. Riding along looking for Charlie you got muddy. I mean all over any exposed skin you would have little rivers of sweat flowing down through the mud on your arms. And eat dirt? Sure did. Great source of iron, so I'm told. I'm not sure if I believe it. But if dirt is a good source of iron then we became ironmen, for sure. You had to breath, didn't you? Naturally. So when you breathed through your nose, your nose became a cave of mud. When you opened your mouth, in went the dirt. I have no idea of any flavor. Just dirt.

Remember what that dirt did during the monsoons? Ever see a trail or a field after a squadron of M48s, ACavs, self-propelled Howitzers and whatever else ran over them and did pivot steers during a monsoon rain? Mud. Yes, real mud.



The airfield at Quan Loi, Vietnam. Photo credit: National Archives

I don't mean the kind we made on our arms, like I said above. I mean deep, red, wet, slimey mud. I remember, and I'm sure you do too, mud at least two feet deep. You'd jump from one rut over a pile of mud in the road, into the other rut trying to get across. And when you missed the rut, there went your leg half way to the knee into the mud pit in the road.

Think that's bad? Wait for the dry season. When it rains, it rains. Monsoons are real gully-washers. But when it's dry, it's dry. I mean dry. It wouldn't rain a drop for weeks. But the mud was still there. Only when mud dries, it isn't mud anymore. It's hard dirt. Until the tracks come along and grind it into dry, powdery dirt. The kind that flies into the air when you drive over it. That two feet of red mud becomes two feet of red powder. Try driving in that. I just hope you enjoy dirt. Actually, it wasn't all that bad. Just another part of the "adventure." You get used to it. Which we did. The major "bad thing" about the whole situation was the getting shot at. But that's another story.

I'll tell you a real gas. Remember the Chinooks? (Yeah, I know—the s... hooks). I know that you know what I mean. Ever see what a Chinook can do to a pile of that powdered dirt? You want to see dirt fly? Just watch a Chinook land inside the perimeter. Or watch one hover so the troops on the ground can attach a sling load to the hook under it's belly. Those huge blades just suck up those mounds of powdery red clay dirt and concentrate them in the air. I took a home movie once of a Chinook hovering to pick up a sling load of stuff inside our perimeter up by Bo Duc. So much dirt is flying that you can't even see anything on the ground and you can just make out the Chinook through the red-clay cloud. After a while, your tents, your clothes, your hair and even your skin just look red. [Hard to be a racist when everybody's skin is red, Quan Loi red, clay-red]. Naturally, tents were originally OD green, boots and jungle fatigues were OD, your hair was whatever it was, but not OD, and your skin was white, black, brown, etc. But no more.

We were very fortunate, though. We had those canvas bags with a strap on top and a shower head underneath. We always left cans of water out to warm up in the sun. Then we could take a nice shower in the evening. You did that by putting water in the canvas bag and hanging it over the end of the main gun tube of the tank or off a branch if

that's what you had. Unless you were busy getting shot at, of course. Then the shower had to wait. The grunts always had to wait for a stream or pond or river or something to clean up. No wonder they got jungle rot so much. We got to take hot showers a lot. We needed them. Like I just got through talking about, we had a lot of dirt to get rid of. Funny how things that were supposed to be OD turned red, like Quan Loi mud. Didn't all wash off. Didn't matter. Actually, some main things that did matter were, on the positive side: mail, food, friends, God. On the negative side: getting shot at, a buddy getting hit, getting a dear john from the girlfriend who couldn't wait for you to get home.

Anyway, eating dirt wasn't all that bad. And cleaning up was great. [Know how to tell it's Sunday? The Chaplain's wearing clean fatigues]. It reminds me of some verses in the Bible where it talks about getting cleaned up from a lot

of dirt. Obviously, this isn't Quan Loi red that the Bible's talking about. And it's not skin. But the lesson is clear and means a whole lot to anyone who needs cleaning – like everyone, for instance. Here're the verses: "God our Savior showed us his kindness and love. He saved us, not because of the good things we did, but because of his mercy. He washed away our sins and gave us a new life through the Holy Spirit. He generously poured out the Spirit upon us because of what Jesus Christ our Savior did. He declared us not guilty because of his great kindness. And now we know that we will inherit eternal life. These things I have told you are all true." That's from Titus 3:4-8 in the New Testament. It applies to every person who accepts them and commits to them. Then you are clean, inside. It's like being clean outside of all that mud and dirt which only works if you take the shower. **God bless you. God loves you. So do I.**

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## 45 Years Later: A Silver Star Awarded

On December 27, 1963, then-Major John W. "Jack" Nicholson was serving as an advisor to the Army of the Republic of Vietnam Civil Guard and Self-Defense Force.

During an eight-hour battle, their force was reduced from 200 to 40, and Maj Nicholson directed friendly fire and mortar fire to help evacuate 13 wounded Soldiers through enemy territory.

An award more than 45 years in the making was finally received on October 28, 2009, as retired Brigadier General John W. Nicholson was awarded the Silver Star for his actions in December 1963.

In a ceremony hosted by Brigadier General Karl R. Horst, Commanding General, Joint Force Headquarters-National Capital Region and Military District of Washington, at Fort Myer's Conmy Hall, General Nicholson received the Silver Star in front of an audience of more than 100 family members, friends and classmates from West Point.

The Silver Star is awarded to a person "who, while serving in any capacity with the U.S. Army, is cited for gallantry in action against an enemy of the United States while engaged in military operations involving conflict with an opposing foreign force." He was officially awarded the Silver Star by then Secretary of the Army Pete Geren and President Barack Obama in July 2009.

While the focus of the ceremony was on Nicholson's achievements in the past, he made sure to mention the work that Soldiers are doing in today's Army, work that he is proud of.

"We have an Army today that not only consists of these splendid Soldiers you see in front of you, but of Soldiers around the world doing our country's bidding, doing what their country asked them to do," Nicholson said. "Doing it better than we did, and doing it better than any Army in the world."

*This article was written by Alex McVeigh for the Pentagon; Photo by Eleena Fikhman*



**Retired LTG John Cushman pins the Silver Star on retired BG John W. Nicholson at Fort Myer, Va., Oct. 28, as BG Karl R. Horst, Commanding General, Joint Force Headquarters-National Capital Region and Military District of Washington looks on.**

# The Sights, Sounds, and Smell of War

Submitted by LTC Don B. Munson  
Dallas, Texas, Chapter

**MG Robert H. Scales has graciously given permission to reprint his remarks, originally given as a speech at the Truman Library, on September 12, 2009.**



“Let me give you the bottom line up front: I’m proud I served in Vietnam. Like you, I didn’t kill

innocents, I killed the enemy. I didn’t fight for big oil or for some lame conspiracy. I fought for a country I believed in, and for the buddies who kept me alive. Like you, I was troubled that, unlike my father, I didn’t come back to a grateful Nation. It took a generation and another war, Desert Storm, for the Nation to come back to me.

Also like you, I remember the war being 99 percent boredom and one percent pure abject terror. But not all my memories of Vietnam are terrible. There were times when I enjoyed my service in combat. Such sentiment must seem strange to a society today that has, thanks to our superb volunteer military, been completely insulated from war. If they thought about Vietnam at all, our fellow citizens would imagine that fifty years would have been sufficient to erase this unpleasant war from our conscientiousness.

The question is: Why? If this war was so terrible, why would we want to remember? It’s my privilege to try to answer that question not only for brother Veterans, but maybe for a wider audience for whom, fifty years on, Vietnam is as strangely distant as World War One was to our generation.

Vietnam is seared in our memory for the same reason that wars have lingered in the minds of soldiers for as long as wars have been fought. From Marathon to Mosul, young men - and now women - have marched off to war to learn that the cold fear of violent death and the prospects of killing another human being heighten the senses and sear these experiences deeply and irrevocably into our souls and linger in the back recesses of our minds.

After Vietnam, we may have gone on to thrilling lives or dull; we might have found love or loneliness, success or failure. But our experiences have stayed with us in brilliant Technicolor and with a clarity undiminished by time. For whatever primal reason, war heightens the senses. When in combat we see sharper, hear more clearly, and develop a sixth sense about everything around us.

Remember the sights? I recall sitting in the jungle one bright moonlit night marveling on the beauty of Vietnam. How lush and green it was; how attractive and gentle the people, how stoic and unmoved they were, amid the chaos that surrounded them.

Do you remember the sounds? Where else could you stand outside a bunker and listen to the cacophonous mix of Jimmy Hendrix, Merle Haggard and Jefferson Airplane?

Or, how about the sounds of incoming? Remember it wasn’t a boom, like in the movies, but a horrifying noise like a passing train followed by a crack and the whistle of flying fragments.

Remember the smells? The sharpness of cordite, the choking stench of rotting jungle, and the tragic sweet smell of enemy dead?

Remember the touch? The wet, sticky sensation, when I touched one of my wounded soldiers one last time before the Medevac rushed him forever from my presence, but not from my memory, and the guilt I felt realizing that his pain was caused by my inattention and my lack of experience.

Even taste is a sense that brings back memories. Remember the end of the day after the log bird flew away leaving mail, C-rations, and warm beer? Only the First Sergeant had sufficient gravitas to turn the C-ration cases over, so that each of us would reach in and pull out a box, on the unlabeled side, hoping that it wasn’t going to be Ham and Lima Beans, ...again.

Look, forty years on, I can forgive the guy who put powder in our ammunition so foul that it caused our M-16’s to jam. I’m OK with helicopters that arrived late. I’m over artillery landing too close and the occasional canceled air strike. But I will never forgive the Pentagon bureaucrat who, in an incredibly lame moment, thought that a soldier would open a can of that green, greasy, gelatinous goo, called Ham and Lima Beans, and actually eat it.

But to paraphrase that iconic war hero of our generation, Forrest Gump, Life is like a case of C-Rations. You never know what you’re going to get, because for every box of ham and lima beans, there was that rapturous moment when you would turn over the box and discover the Bacchanalian joy of Peaches and Pound Cake. It’s all a metaphor for the surreal nature of that war and its small pleasures. Those who have never known war, cannot believe that anyone could find joy in hot beer and cold pound cake. But we could and we did.

Another reason why Vietnam remains in our consciousness is that the experience has made us better. Don’t get me wrong. I’m not arguing for war as a self-improvement course. And I realize that war’s trauma has damaged many of our fellow veterans physically and psychologically. But recent research on Post Traumatic



Stress Disorder by behavioral scientists has unearthed a phenomenon familiar to most Veterans: that the trauma of war strengthens, rather than weakens, us (They call it Post Traumatic Growth). We know that a near-death experience makes us better leaders by increasing our self reliance, resilience, self-image, confidence, and ability to deal with adversity. Combat veterans tend to approach the future wiser, more spiritual, and content with an amplified appreciation for life. We know this is true. It's nice to see that the human scientists now agree.

I'm proud that our service left a legacy that has made today's military better. Sadly, Americans too often prefer to fight wars with technology. Our experience in Vietnam taught the nation the lesson that war is inherently a human, not a technological, endeavor. Our experience is a distant whisper in the ear of today's technology wizards, [a reminder] that firepower is not sufficient to win; that the enemy has a vote; that the object of war should not be to kill the enemy, but to win the trust and allegiance of the people; and that the ultimate weapon in this kind of war is a superbly trained, motivated, and equipped soldier, who is tightly bonded to his buddies and who trusts his leaders.

I've visited our young men and women in Iraq and Afghanistan several times. On each visit I've seen firsthand the strong connection between our war and theirs. These are worthy warriors, who operate in a manner remarkably reminiscent of the way we fought, so many years ago. The similarities are surreal. Close your eyes for a moment and it all comes rushing back. In Afghanistan I watched soldiers from my old unit, the 101st Airborne Division, as they conducted daily patrols from firebases constructed and manned in a manner virtually the same as those we occupied and fought from so many years ago. Every day these sky soldiers trudge outside the wire and climb across impossible terrain with the purpose, as one Sergeant put it: "...to kill the bad guys, protect the good guys and bring home as many of my soldiers as I can". Your legacy is alive and well. You should be proud.

The timeless connection between our generation and theirs can be seen in the unity and fighting spirit of our soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan. Again and again, I get asked the same old question from folks who watch soldiers in action on television: why is their morale so high? Don't they know the American people are getting fed up with these wars? Don't they know Afghanistan is going badly? Often, civilians come to me incredulous about what they perceive as a misspent sense of patriotism and loyalty.

I tell them time and again what every one of you, those of you who have seen the face of war, understand: it's not really about loyalty. It's not about a belief in some abstract notion concerning war aims or national strategy. It's not even about winning or losing. On those lonely firebases,

**“ Our experience in Vietnam taught the Nation the lesson that war is inherently a human, not a technological, endeavor.”**

as we dug through C-ration boxes and drank hot beer, we didn't argue the righteousness of our cause or ponder the latest pronouncements from

McNamara or Nixon, or Ho Chi Minh, for that matter. Some of us might have trusted our leaders and others, maybe not. We might have been well informed and passionate about the protests at home, or maybe not. We might have groused about the rich and privileged, who found a way to avoid service, but we probably didn't. We might have volunteered for the war to stop the spread of global communism or maybe we just had a failing semester and got swept up in the draft.

In war, young soldiers think about their buddies. They talk about families, wives and girlfriends and relate to each other through very personal confessions. For the most part, the military in which we served in Vietnam did not come from the social elite. We didn't have Harvard degrees or the pedigree of political bluebloods. We were, in large measure, volunteers and draftees from middle and lower class America. Just as in Iraq today, we came from every corner of our country to meet in a beautiful, yet harsh and forbidding place, a place that we've seen and experienced, but can never explain adequately to those who were never there.

Soldiers suffer, fight and occasionally die for each other. It's as simple as that. What brought us to fight in the jungle was no different than the force that compels young soldiers today to kick open a door in Ramadi with the expectation that what lies on the other side is either an innocent, huddling with a child in her arms, or a fanatic insurgent yearning to buy his ticket to eternity by killing the infidel. No difference. Patriotism and a paycheck may get a soldier into the military, but fear of letting his buddies down gets a soldier to do something that just might get him killed.

What makes a person successful in America today is a far cry from what would have made him a success in the minds of those who have never served. Big bucks gained in law or real estate, or big deals closed on the stock market have made some of our countrymen rich. But as they have grown older they now realize that they have no buddies. There is no one who they are willing to die for or who is willing to die for them. William Manchester served as a Marine in the Pacific during World War II and put the sentiment precisely right when he wrote "Any man in combat who lacks comrades who will die for him, or for whom he is willing to die is not a man at all. He is truly damned."

The Anglo Saxon heritage of buddy loyalty is long and frightfully won. Almost six hundred years ago the English king, Henry V, waited on a cold and muddy battlefield to face a French army many times his size. Shakespeare captured the ethos of that moment in his play Henry V. To be sure Shakespeare wasn't there, but he was there in spirit because he understood the emotions that gripped and the bonds that brought together both king and soldier. Henry

didn't talk about national strategy. He didn't try to justify faulty intelligence or ill-formed command decisions that put his soldiers at such a terrible disadvantage. Instead, he talked about what made English soldiers fight and what in all probably would allow them to prevail the next day against terrible odds. Remember, this was a monarch, talking to his men:

“This story shall the good man teach his son:  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered-  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition;  
And gentlemen in England now-a-bed  
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,  
And hold their manhood cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day”

You have inherited the spirit of Saint Crispin's day. You know and understand the strength of comfort that those whom you protect, those now abed, will never know. You have lived a life of self-awareness and personal satisfaction that those who watched you from afar, who hold their manhood cheap, can only envy.

I don't care whether America honors or even remembers the good service we performed in Vietnam. It doesn't bother me that that war is an image that America would rather ignore. It's enough for me to have the privilege to be among you. It's sufficient to talk to each of you about things we have seen and kinships we have shared in the tough and heartless crucible of war.

Some day, we will all join those who are serving so gallantly now, and those who have preceded us on battlefields from Gettysburg to Wanat. We will gather inside a firebase to open a case of C-rations with every box, peaches and pound cake. We will join with a band of brothers to recount the experience of serving something greater than ourselves. I believe in my very soul that the Almighty reserves a corner of heaven, probably around a perpetual campfire, where we can meet and embrace all of the bands of brothers throughout the ages to tell our stories, while envious standers-by watch and wonder how horrific and incendiary the crucible of violence must have been to bring such a disparate assemblage so close to the hand of God.”

*About the author:* Prior to joining the private sector, Dr. Robert H. Scales served over thirty years in the Army, retiring as a Major General. He commanded two units in Vietnam, winning the Silver Star for action during the battles around Dong Ap Bia (Hamburger Hill) during the summer of 1969.

A very brief biography may be found at [www.jhuapl.edu/POW/bios/scales.htm](http://www.jhuapl.edu/POW/bios/scales.htm)



**Captain William H. Denny, Jr. (Moorefield, WV) Commanding Officer, Company "D," 2nd Battalion, 3rd Infantry Regiment, 199th Light Infantry Brigade is shown leading his command group across a small rice paddy during operations near Binh Chanh, ten miles south of Saigon. He is followed by his radio operator, Specialist Four Peter Battin (Huntington, NY), November, 1968. Photo Credit: USAMHI (Vietnam Miscellaneous Photograph collection).**

# The National Vietnam War Museum

Mineral Wells, Texas

Submitted by COL Charles Bogle  
Fort Worth, Texas, Chapter



Over the past year, The National Vietnam War Museum project has continued to work toward the goal of “building a museum to build understanding.” In our biggest

project to date, we unveiled North Texas’ first permanent copy of the Vietnam Memorial on May 30, 2009. The over 2,000 people in attendance were treated to a ceremony opening sky dive by Army Special Forces Veteran and double amputee SFC Dana Bowman (Ret.). Cadets from Travis Elementary entertained visitors with a medley of military songs, and personnel from the Fort Worth Joint Reserve Base, formerly Carswell AFB, posted the colors to a rendition of the National Anthem.

Patriot Guard riders formed the rear wall of the crowd and stood at attention tending their flags during the entire ceremony. In addition to the many Vietnam Veterans and their families were representatives from every branch of the South Vietnamese military, most in full uniform. Their ranks included COL Luan Phan and MAJ Tien Pham who spent 17 and 12 years respectively as prisoners of war after the 1975 fall of Saigon.

The event’s guest speaker was Joe Galloway (pictured below, right), the AP reporter who co-authored “We Were Soldiers Once...And Young,” a first hand account of his experiences with the 1/7 Cav at LZ X-Ray. His emotional and motivational speech was well received by the entire crowd, but especially by the numerous 1st Cavalry Division Vietnam Veterans in attendance, many of whom waited patiently to speak with Joe following the ceremony.

After the speech, the formal unveiling of the wall was accomplished while members representing their respective services raised the five service flags on staffs behind the memorial. Then, COL Charles Bogle (USA Ret.) a Vietnam War Veteran and a member of the museum board, and his son MAJ Bryan Dennis Bogle, placed the Purple Heart medal of WO1 Dennis Dean Bogle, who was killed in action during the Vietnam War, in a specially prepared concrete pad at the juncture of the two walls. This was followed

by a Native American blessing of the wall by members of Chapter 41 of the DAV from Wichita Falls, Texas.

With the official unveiling, the almost 300 foot one-half scale replica of the Vietnam Memorial joins the Meditation Garden, Contemplation Garden, Camp Holloway Wall replica, and our UH-1D as reasons to visit the museum site. Because of its construction, The National Vietnam War Museum’s wall will be able to be updated on an annual basis to remain in synchronization with the original wall in Washington, D.C.

The wall will be the focal point of the Vietnam Memorial Garden, and after the unveiling, the over 50 Arizona Cypress that will provide its park-like setting were planted. Also in process is the acquisition of a weather resistant computer kiosk that will house a touch-screen that will allow visitors to locate a specific name by panel number. It will also allow visitors to record their own reminiscences about their visit.

Future projects that are currently underway include the museum’s temporary Visitor’s Center which is being created from a 2600 square foot manufactured home that served as Secret Service headquarters at President Bush’s Crawford ranch. When opened, it will offer some exhibits as well as the museum gift shop and office space while we continue to raise funds for the main museum building.

Also in the works is a “Soldiers Cross” statue that will be placed in the Vietnam Memorial Garden, and a restoration project of an OV-10 “Bronco” for display. As with all the museum’s projects, these will be completed as funds and other resources allow.

These projects and the eventual construction of the museum come about through the support of our sponsoring organizations, their members, and other individuals who share our vision.

The National Vietnam War Museum is an IRS 501(c) (3) organization incorporated in the State of Texas. For more information about the museum and its activities, contact them at P. O. Box 146, Mineral Wells, TX 76068, or on line at [www.nationalvnwarmuseum.org](http://www.nationalvnwarmuseum.org).

*This article was written by Edward T. Luttenberger, Communications Director, The National Vietnam War Museum, Mineral Wells, Texas.*

*MOWW has a Resolution of Support with The National Vietnam War Museum)*



# Fallen, But Not Forgotten

The search and recovery of POW/MIAs from prior years



Colonel Ward B. Nickisch has made many interesting presentations to chapters of Veterans Organizations throughout the Country.

The presentations provide updates on the Nation's search and recovery operations to bring home the remains of those service members who remain "unaccounted for" from Southeast Asia, Korea and World War II.

Through the use of colored slides, Veterans saw actual recovery missions, and were exposed to some of the scientific processes (including mtDNA) used to identify the recovered remains and return them to the service member's family. Included in the presentation was an update on recovery missions into North Korea (Democratic People's Republic of Korea) and a very significant recovery of WWII Marines from the South Pacific.

There are over 1,700 service members who remain "unaccounted for" from Southeast Asia; over 8,000 from the Korean War; and over 74,000 from WWII. Companions gained an understanding and appreciation for our Nation's commitment and the dedication of the soldiers and civilians who conduct this arduous duty to achieve the fullest possible accounting.

Colonel Ward Nickisch is a native of Huron, South Dakota who retired after almost 30 years of active Army service, including duty in Vietnam in 1970 and 1971. He later commanded two companies in Germany and a battalion in the XVIII Airborne Corps at Fort Bragg, and went on to serve as the Deputy Adjutant General of the Army.

His last assignment was as the Director of Casualty and Memorial Affairs for the US Army. In that position he supervised the US Army's Central Identification Laboratory, Hawaii (CILHI), which conducted the search, recovery, identification and repatriation of the soldiers (of all Services) whose bodies were never recovered from all prior wars. This unit became a part of the newly organized Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command (JPAC) in October 2003. He has participated in recovery missions in Vietnam. He served as a senior member of the United States Delegation to the first bilateral talks with the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. These historically significant talks resulted in the agreement for the conduct of the first Joint Recovery Operations into North Korea beginning in July 1996. Subsequent negotiations reached agreement for Joint Recovery Operations in 1997 and 1998, with the framework set for similar missions in subsequent years. He was honored to be directly involved in the planning and implementation of the events relating to the disinterment and identification of the remains of the Vietnam Unknown from Arlington National Cemetery in May 1998. Colonel Nickisch and his wife reside in Gainesville, Virginia. If you wish to contact COL Nickisch, you can do so at [wardnick@aol.com](mailto:wardnick@aol.com)

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## DNA Needed from Families of MIAs



Since May, 2008, over 6,300 families need to be located to collect DNA samples for the purpose of identifying missing soldiers from World War II and the wars in Korea and Vietnam, according to the Army. The military maintains a database of mitochondrial DNA samples from family members of MIAs in the Armed Forces DNA Identification Lab. DNA samples help the Army identify missing soldiers' remains when they are uncovered, so they can be returned to the families.

The Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command continually sends anthropologists and forensic analysts to search locations identified as potential recovery sites, provided the country where the conflict took place allows access.

Mitochondrial DNA is used for identification because it can be extracted from skeletal remains, the only kind of remains coming back from conflicts that took place more than 50 years ago.

Because the mitochondrial DNA source is passed through the maternal line, the Army has to locate eligible donors from the mother's side of the missing soldiers' families. The DNA samples are collected through an oral swab kit that is mailed to the donor.

The Army Past Conflict Repatriation Branch has launched an outreach program to try to locate more eligible donors from families of unaccounted-for soldiers from the Korean and Vietnam wars.

Families with unaccounted-for soldiers, or anyone who knows a family with an unaccounted-for soldier, should contact the Past Conflict Repatriation Branch at 800-892-2490 or by email at [tapscper@conus.army.mil](mailto:tapscper@conus.army.mil)

## VA Announces Study of Vietnam-Era Women Veterans

Comprehensive Study Will Help VA Provide High-Quality Care

In November 2009, Secretary of Veterans Affairs Eric K. Shinseki announced the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) is launching a comprehensive study of women Veterans who served in the military during the Vietnam War to explore the effects of their military service upon their mental and physical health.

“One of my top priorities is to meet the needs of women Veterans,” said Secretary Shinseki. “Our Veterans have earned the very best care. VA realizes that women Veterans require specialized programs, and this study will help VA provide high-quality care for women Veterans of the Vietnam era.”

The study, which began in November and will last more than four years, will contact approximately 10,000 women using a mailed survey, telephone interviews and a review of their medical records.

As women Vietnam Veterans approach their mid-sixties, it is important to understand the impact of wartime deployment on health and mental outcomes nearly 40 years later. The study will assess the prevalence of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) and other mental and physical health conditions for women Vietnam Veterans, and explore the relationship between PTSD and other conditions.

VA will study women who may have had direct exposure to traumatic events, and for the first time, study those who served in facilities near Vietnam. These women may have had similar, but less direct exposures. Both women Veterans who receive their health care from VA and those who receive health care from other providers will be contacted to determine the prevalence of a variety of health conditions.

About 250,000 women Veterans served in the military during the Vietnam War and about 7,000 were in or near Vietnam. Those who were in Vietnam, those who served elsewhere in Southeast Asia and those who served in the United States are potential study participants.



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## VA Recognizes Agent Orange Link to More Diseases

In November 2009, an independent study by the Institute of Medicine resulted in broadened health coverage by the Veterans Affairs Department for Vietnam War Veterans who were exposed to Agent Orange.

Veterans who served in Vietnam between 1962 and 1975 may qualify for monthly disability compensation and do not have to provide proof they were exposed to Agent Orange to qualify for health benefits.

“We must do better reviews of illnesses that may be connected to service, and we will,” VA Secretary Eric K. Shinseki said in statement released last month. “Veterans who endure health problems deserve timely decisions based on solid evidence.”

The U.S. military used Agent Orange herbicides in the Vietnam conflict from 1961 to 1971 to clear foliage that provided enemy cover. VA officials estimate that about 2.6 million military personnel who served in Vietnam were affected.

All the Veterans Service Organizations (VSOs) and Military Organizations belonging to the National Military and Veterans Alliance (NMVA) and The Military Coalition (TMC), as well as numerous other VSOs and Military Organizations have been on the Hill this year asking Congress to correct its policies regarding exposure to Agent



**U.S. Army Operations In Vietnam-River Bank Defoliation, National Archives: 111-CC-42650: Agent Orange Subject Files, VA042083**

Orange.

MOWW is a member of NMVA and signed onto a letter written to U.S. Representative Robert Filner, House Veterans Affairs Committee chairman, urging the passage of H.R. 2254 : Agent Orange Equity Act of 2009.

U.S. Representative Robert Filner, has released a statement

calling for additional support of the Agent Orange Equity Act of 2009. The bill expands eligibility for presumptive conditions to Veterans who were not directly “boots on the ground,” such as sailors and pilots.

Current law suggests that location of service in Vietnam affects some of the qualifications for Agent Orange compensation.

“Time is running out for these Vietnam Veterans,” Filner said. “Many are dying from their Agent Orange-related diseases, uncompensated for their sacrifice. If, as a result of service, a Veteran was exposed to Agent Orange, and it has resulted in failing health, this country has a moral

obligation to care for each Veteran the way we promised we would.”

About 800,000 Vietnam Veterans are estimated to be alive today and eligible for treatment for Agent Orange-related illnesses. According to VA’s Web site, the department presumes all military members who served in Vietnam were exposed to Agent Orange. Also, some children of female Vietnam Veterans may qualify for compensation, based on birth defects associated with the chemicals.

*Excerpts of this article were written by Army Sgt. 1st Class Michael J. Carden American Forces Press Service*

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## Veterans’ Diseases Associated with Agent Orange Exposure

Veterans may be eligible for disability compensation and health care benefits for diseases that VA has recognized as associated with exposure to Agent Orange and other herbicides.

These include:

\* **Acute and Subacute Transient Peripheral Neuropathy**

A nervous system condition that causes numbness, tingling, and motor weakness.

\* **AL Amyloidosis**

A rare disease caused when an abnormal protein, amyloid, enters tissues or organs.

\* **B Cell Leukemias**

Cancers which affect B cells, such as hairy cell leukemia.

\* **Chloracne**

A skin condition that occurs soon after dioxin exposure and looks like common forms of acne seen in teenagers.

\* **Chronic Lymphocytic Leukemia**

A disease that progresses slowly with increasing production of excessive numbers of white blood cells.

\* **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.

\* **Ischemic Heart Disease**

A disease characterized by a reduced supply of blood to the heart.

\* **Multiple Myeloma**

A cancer of specific bone marrow cells that is characterized by bone marrow tumors in various bones of the body.

\* **Non-Hodgkin’s Lymphoma**

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

\* **Parkinson’s Disease**

A motor system condition with symptoms that include trembling of the limbs and face and impaired balance.

\* **Porphyria Cutanea Tarda**

A disorder characterized by liver dysfunction and by thinning and blistering of the skin in sun-exposed areas.

\* **Prostate Cancer**

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

\* **Respiratory Cancers**

Cancers of the lung, larynx, trachea, and bronchus.

\* **Soft Tissue Sarcoma (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.

For more information, visit the VA’s web site at [www.publichealth.va.gov/exposures/agentorange/diseases.asp](http://www.publichealth.va.gov/exposures/agentorange/diseases.asp)



## A Call for Photos

Photographs of those who have died in Vietnam are being collected to be part of a permanent digital display at an education center planned near the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Wall in Washington D.C.

Please help America remember all of her Vietnam Veterans.

You can upload photos of a Veteran and tell his/her story. To donate photographs, visit [www.VVMFCenter.org](http://www.VVMFCenter.org) or scan them at any FedEx office.

# Membership Update



## NEW MEMBERS

CHAPTER	RANK/NAME/(SERVICE)	SPONSOR
Clearwater FL	Lt Col Richard Gouin (AF) *	Smith, G. LTC
COL William E. Fields NM	CDR Harvey N. Monroe (N)	Shrecengost, W. LTC
CPT Dilworth TX	CW4 Kenneth A. Langley (A)	Shrader, C. COL
CPT Grevemberg LA	COL Henry J. Cook III (A) *	Whidden, S. COL
Denver CO	Juanita P. Ritchie (H) *	Ritchie, C. LCDR
El Paso TX	MAJ J. Kenneth Lucius (A) *	Mitchell, R. MAJ
El Paso TX	Sr. Teresa M. Barton (H)	Barton, J. MAJ
Gen George G. Meade MD	LTC William A. Rappoport (A)	Burtnick, E. COL
Gen George G. Meade MD	CW3 Kirk Conover (A)	Rice, B. COL
Gen George G. Meade MD	J Tyler Diehl (H) *	Masterson, L. CPT
Gen George G. Meade MD	Taylor Marie Diehl (H) *	Masterson, L. CPT
Gen J. P. Holland CA	CAPT Donald A. Hershberger (N)	Lettington, T. CDR
Greater Kansas City MO	CPT Stephen Abend (A)	Tobin, J. COL
Greater Kansas City MO	Capt James R. Anderson (MC)	Tobin, J. COL
Headquarters	CPT Scott E. Johnson (A)	Website
Joseph H. Pendleton CA	Maj Theodore L. Plautz (MC) *	Byrne, W. Lt Col
San Diego CA	RADM William D. Rodriguez (N)	Kash, D. Capt
San Diego CA	CAPT Angeline G. Liakos (N)	Leggett, M. CDR
San Fernando Valley CA	Lt Col Charles L. Ames (AF)	Darley, J.
Santa Cruz Valley AZ	COL Lynda A. Linker (A)	Leander, R. LTC
St Louis MO	CPT Jon K. Pennington (A)	Jones, R. MAJ
Virginia Piedmont VA	CAPT Robert R. Tolbert (N)	Strunk, A. CAPT

New Members—November 1 through November 30, 2009

\*Denotes Perpetual Member

### How Do You Like MOWW's Web Site?

MOWW would like to know if you have any questions or comments about our Web page. Is it useful?

Does it help you in your chapter efforts? What would you like to see on the Web site?

Send any comments or questions to: [moww@comcast.net](mailto:moww@comcast.net)  
attention Ken Staples.

**MOWW<sup>®</sup>**  
e-mail address and website

e-mail address: [moww@comcast.net](mailto:moww@comcast.net)

website: <http://www.militaryorder.net>

### National Security WebSite

[www.mowwnationalsecurity.com](http://www.mowwnationalsecurity.com)

Companions should check this website periodically for articles, information, and recommended books on National Security issues.

The website has a listing page called Speakers Bureau. Any MOWW Companion willing to be a guest speaker is invited to be added to the Speakers Bureau listing by contacting **VCINC LTC Michael S. "Mike" George** by email at [mnbgeorge@aol.com](mailto:mnbgeorge@aol.com)

If you need one of the speakers to address your Region, State, Department, or Chapter meetings—or any other community or business event—please invite the speaker directly, using their contact information listed on the website.

## DECEASED MEMBERS CHAPTER

Austin TX  
 Catalina Mountains AZ  
 Central AR  
 Col George C. Woolsey CA  
 Columbia SC  
 Conejo Valley CA  
 Denver CO  
 Fort Walton Beach FL  
 Gen Hoyt S Vandenberg CA  
 Headquarters  
 Ltg John M Wright Jr CA  
 Middle GA  
 Puerto Rico  
 Puget Sound WA  
 Roanoke VA  
 San Diego CA  
 Virginia Piedmont VA  
 Wilmington DE

## RANK/NAME/(SERVICE)

LTC Richard M. Bosserman (A) \*  
 Lt Col Peter T. Gianas (AF) \*  
 COL Hollis Morrow (A) \*  
 LCDR Julian M. Smith (N) \*  
 Lt Col John J. Powers (AF) \*  
 LCDR John A. Linendoll (N) \*  
 Mrs. Margaret C. Kaps  
 Col Raymond W. Hinck (AF) \*  
 Lt Col Robert J. Blake (AF) \*  
 CW4 George D. Dill (A) \*  
 Maj Robert W. Otta (AF) \*  
 LT Richard W. Mcewen (N)  
 LTC Jose M. Rigau-Marques (A) \*  
 RADM John D. Mccubbin (CG) \*  
 LCDR Arthur L. Ruedisueli (CG) \*  
 Col Filomena R. Manor (AF) \*  
 2LT Douglas R. Sasser (A)  
 LTC William W. Swayze (A) \*

*Deceased Members—November 1 through November 30, 2009*

*\*Denotes Perpetual Member*

## Preamble

*To cherish the memories and associations of the World Wars  
 waged for humanity;*

*To inculcate and stimulate love of our Country and the Flag;*

*To promote and further patriotic education in our Nation;*

*Ever to maintain law and order, and to defend the honor,  
 integrity, and supremacy of our National Government  
 and the Constitution of the United States;*

*To foster fraternal relations among  
 all branches of the Armed Forces;*

*To promote the cultivation of military, naval, and air science  
 and the adoption of a consistent and suitable policy of  
 national security for the United States of America;*

*To acquire and preserve records of individual services;*

*To encourage and assist in the holding of commemorations  
 and the establishment of memorials of the World Wars;*

*And to transmit all these ideals to posterity;  
 under God and for our country, we unite to establish  
 the Military Order of the World Wars.*

