

LAST MONTH'S WHODAT?

Last month we asked you to identify this trooper who was a Chargin' Charlie and who went on to become Chief of Police in Mount Weather, VA.



Our Sky Soldier buddy is Lester Daughtridge, born in North Carolina in 1949.

He began his military service in February 1966 at the age of 17. He started out with 1/506th Inf., 101st Airborne at Ft. Campbell (*"When they were still Airborne of course,"* says Les). He was assigned to Company C/2/503 Inf. in March 1967. *"I just missed the jump. Needless to say I paid dearly for that ('Once a Cherry always a Cherry'), but hell I was in one of the hardest Battalions in the Army and that means something, even today."* He spent most of his tour sharing point with SP/4 James Nothorn from Credence, Arkansas. *"We lost him on the Hill. I was there June 22nd and I was wounded on the Hill. I came back and finished my tour and returned to the world and served with Company B 1/325 Inf. 82nd Abn."*

After a year of spit and polish Les returned to Vietnam. When asked where he wanted to go he told them, *"Company C 2/503d Inf. You probably think this was crazy but This Unit was proven in my book. I was with the CP group my second tour acting for the 1st Sgt. Similar to what Sgt. Adams did before we lost him on the Hill in 1967."*

Les made the Army his career. *"I served with the 25th Infantry, I was A Drill Instructor for three years. I spent time teaching the TOW Dragon and ITV. My final duty station was with The Jungle Operations Training Center in Ft. Sherman, Panama. I was a Senior Instructor in charge of Counter Gorilla Operations."*

"Still going strong and still remembering the HERD."



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***"When the dust has long settled on
the battlefield, all that is left is old
soldiers on both sides."***

~ Smitty



2/503d VIETNAM Newsletter / May 2011 – Issue 27

Page 21 of 40

Visiting Our Guys

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

15 March 2011. I just went to see our guys, yesterday.

Today started as an ordinary day. I promised to meet the Varga's and some college students from Vandalia, IL to take them to the Vietnam Memorial to view the name of Ronnie Schukar, Judy Varga's brother. The Bravo Bulls have been connected with the Schukar family for decades, which is a separate story. Katy, the Mom, is like a mother to us all.



Ranger Roy

We met at the entrance to the Vietnam Memorial, which was a miracle in itself, with them coming from the Rayburn Building and me from Baltimore. It was almost 1500 hours and I urged them to hurry because I wanted them to visit Lincoln's Memorial before we went to Arlington National Cemetery.

Leon Cooley, Barry Herbison, their wives and I were just at the Wall in November. Now I was back and had a single red rose to place at Tablet 2E, where the names of most of the Bravo Bulls reside. Judy had a disc recording that she was to leave for her brother. As I leaned forward, hands reached from inside the wall and grabbed my heart and my throat. My tears welled and I was immediately reminded of the poem by Jimmy G, pal of Kris Kristopherson, which I have plagiarized.

*One day in March with visitors small,
I stood before a marble wall,
inscribed with names, heroes all,
some of whom I now recall.*

*I heard voices all around,
as I stood on sacred ground,
in front of Baker, Howard, Zinn,
Robillard, Rick, and Airborne kin.*

*A voice called out "Assemble round,
it's Ranger Roy, that I have found."
Peering deep into the 2E Section,
I saw their faces in my reflection,
remembering wartime imperfections,
I reached my hand in their direction.*

*"Touch me," Lopez cried from marbled grave,
"Your presence here is all we have,
forget us not, the young and brave,
who fought for freedom save."*

*"Touch my name," Schugar said,
"Free us from the fearful dread
of feeling few tears were shed
upon passing from our Mother's bed."*

*Amidst my tears, I touched their names,
whose letters rippled like waves of grain.
Then Bobby Hastings barked my name,
"OD for you and train in the rain."*

*I shook his hand and we embraced,
his redneck and smiling face,
so eternally encased in
mirthful youth, long displaced.*

*"Hey, Sir!" Ron Zinn did press,
"Don't feel bad for my distress.
Now I am laid to rest
because I forgot the Ranger test."*

*"Damn, Ron, don't be so forgiving,
for I'm the one who's still living."*

*"Sir, there's no misgiving, just
bring our friends to where we're living."*

*Then Howard, Hastings, Lopez, and Rick
disappeared from my outstretched hand,
inside the Wall of Vietnam,
with Baker and others from our band.*

*As they faded back to black,
they made a raucous parting crack,
"It's Happy Hour now in back,
time for beer and a little Jack."*

*Laugh and cry, weep and pray,
emotions ran high this March day,
and as I tried to move away,
I heard their voices say...*

*"Touch me! Touch my name!
Give us pleasure from the pain,
affirm we died not in vain,
and please come visit us again!"*

I tried to quickly recover because the youngsters with us might not understand the tears of an aging man. We headed for the Lincoln Memorial, with them rushing to the winds for pictures. As we stood on the curb awaiting their photographic efforts, a motorcade raced past, with our President waving from his window. He seemed to be saying, "Roy, I remember you from the SSG Giunta MOH Ceremony," or words to that intent.

(continued....)



On to Arlington National Ceremony and a visit to place another rose at the 173d Airborne Brigade Memorial. Then we proceeded toward the Tombs of the Unknowns, little realizing that we would be diverted to the funeral of the LAST MAN STANDING -- Corporal Frank Buckles, the last known WWI veteran, 110 years young, was being laid to rest. The President and VP had spoken earlier and departed but the Burial Ceremony began as we walked to the crowd's edge. There were about 500 in attendance, including several Native Americans in full eagle feather bonnets and regalia; soldiers in uniform with feathers, affixed to their headgear; about 200 motorcyclists in formation off to the side of the ceremony; and a mix of current soldiers in Mess uniforms, as well as cammo fatigues; and family and friends.

Afterwards, we hiked uphill to the Tombs of the Unknowns, only to witness the Sergeant of the Guard and the relief moving forward to change the guard, in the pouring rain. Patiently and reverently, we watched the perfect Changing of the Guard, before heading to the vehicles and a dry, long-awaited evening meal. While eating at a posh restaurant along the Potomac, the youngsters were grateful and amazed at how I was able to schedule all those events for them to witness. Slyly I reminded them that could have been done by any of the Bravo Bulls, using our military, magical powers.

With warm Airborne regards,

BDQ Roy



L-R: John Beauchamp and close friend Charley Zions, both KIA at Zulu-Zulu.

BRAVO BULLS

2/503d Flash Coin

Front



Back



2" long x 1.75" high

Announcing the availability of a Limited Edition 2nd Battalion 503rd Flash Coin. Half of all profits will go to the 173d Memorial Foundation, and half will go to feed the poor.

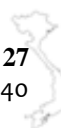
To obtain the coin, please send check or money order to:

Paul R. Fisher, LTC (Ret)
81 Oak Lane
Eatontown, NJ 07724

Email: fisherppd@att.net

Cost is \$10.00 per coin plus \$4.00 postage
~ Limit 10 per person ~
(To be mailed in June while supplies last)

Note: Except for books written by Sky Soldiers pertaining to the Vietnam War, or 503rd PRCT troopers pertaining to WWII, run free of charge, no for profit ads appear in this newsletter, with the exception of *Digger*, *Dogface*, *Brownjob*, *Grunt* by Capt. Gary Prisk C/2/503 which, whenever mentioned herein, he owes me a rum and coke. Cap, that's one more rum and coke. Ed



Mulgrave Settlers Museum Gordonvale, Queensland, Australia

Not sure if you can help out again with the attached photos (below) dealing with the 503rd Parachute Regiment in Gordonvale during 1942 -1943. Know there are not too many left from that period.

The Museum collection includes a linen table cloth, embroidered with the signatures of the guests at an Anglican Church function in Gordonvale during WWII. The signatures include those of the 503rd American Paratroopers who were stationed in Gordonvale during the war.

We recently had a Significance Assessment done on the museum and its collection by consultants from Brisbane. One of the items was going to be this tablecloth. However, Faye had to give this a miss as she was unable to get identification of the centre piece or anything else to do with it. It is still a significant item for our museum but couldn't be put into the assessment work. Thanks

Travis Teske

travistt@tpg.com.au



Anyone with background information on this item please contact Travis at his email address above.

**From the desk of
Ned Costa, CAPO
Executive Director**



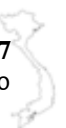
Welcome Home Vietnam Veterans Day!



In March, the U.S. Senate passed a resolution to honor veterans who served in Vietnam by designating March 30, 2011 as "Welcome Home Vietnam Veterans Day." This special day for Vietnam Veterans was celebrated all across the U.S., perhaps even in your home town. I had the honor to spend the day with fellow Sky Soldiers from the 173d Airborne Brigade – Southern California Chapter 14, while attending the "Welcome Home Vietnam Veterans Day" celebration in Whittier, CA.



From left: Jerry Perry, Art Martinez, Wambi Cook, Ned Costa, Ray Ramirez & Rene Macare



Future Paratrooper?



Grandpa Don "Rocky" Rockholt, A/2/503d LRRP, proud of his new little guy, Justis, born March 30, 2011 (photo date incorrect). Not only do they look alike, neither of them has any hair. Congratulations to mom, dad and Rocky.

American Pride



[Sent in by Jim Gettel, A/2/503d]

HOOK UP!

Pat "Doc" Feely, shown here, B Med medic attached to Charlie 2/503 during Operation Silver City in March 1966, was one of the medics who ran to the aid of the "C" Company troopers wounded by the artillery round on the night of 15/16 March at LZ Zulu-Zulu. The Doc wants to hook-up with the trooper who lost his legs during that incident – it's important to him. Pat made the army his career, retired a LTC, and can be reached at: thatsunfair@yahoo.com



Doc in April '66

173d Abn CO Relieved Of Duty

By Kevin Dougherty, *Stars and Stripes*

KAISERSLAUTERN, Germany -- The Army has relieved Col. James H. Johnson III of command of the 173rd Airborne Brigade for serious allegations "that were substantiated" following an extensive review, said the deputy commander of V Corps.



COL James H. Johnson, III

The Army announced its decision on Johnson late Friday. Col. Kyle Lear is serving as the acting commander until Johnson's replacement arrives this summer. However, it didn't go into any detail about Johnson's transgressions, or whether he will be court-martialed.

Brig. Gen. Allen W. Batschelet, Johnson's direct supervisor, said in a telephone interview that Johnson faced "a number of allegations that were (later) substantiated." Commanders need to be held to the highest standards, he said.

"Once this is compromised, we have an obligation to take action," Batschelet said. "These sorts of things can become a distraction."

While the Army says it can't elaborate on the allegations against Johnson, talk of the colonel's troubles are the grist of rumors, particularly in the communities where the brigade is based.

"It's a pretty grave decision we had to make," Batschelet said of relieving Johnson. "We hold commanders to the highest standards."

Based in Vicenza, Italy, the brigade includes six battalions. Two battalions are in Vicenza, and four are in Germany, with three of them in Bamberg. The fourth battalion is based in Schweinfurt.

Johnson assumed command of the brigade in October 2008. He led it on a yearlong tour of Afghanistan, with the brigade returning to Europe late last year. The Army suspended Johnson as commander Feb. 17. On Friday, the suspension was lifted.

"He's officially relieved of command at this point," said Lt. Col. Rumi Nielson-Green, a spokeswoman for U.S. Army Europe.



2/503d **VIETNAM** Newsletter / May 2011 – Issue 27

Page 25 of 40



Welcome Home Stories

I went to Okie in Oct 63 and came home for one month in April 67, then back overseas until Feb 69. I went back in July 69 and came home in Feb 71. Most of the time I was in Vietnam or TDY to Korea or Taiwan. The rest of the time I was on Okie but did some Medcap support to some outlying islands that lasted a couple of weeks each.

When I came home on leave in 67 things were not too bad except for one night when I took my folks out to dinner. I was in blues (Many of us barracks rats in the 1st SFG bought blues to attend our Xmas ball). Some jerk gave us a hard time and I went after him but people got between us and threw the guy out! Not too bad.

I went back to the 5th SFG and did special projects for the next 19 months. During that period three of us were commissioned.

When I came home in 69 I was a new 1LT and arrived in San Fran wearing a green beret, infantry combat awards and carrying my stuff in an aviator's kit bag and carrying an SKS in a rifle case. When I walked out of the bus station in SF I turned left and headed to a nearby hotel where I wanted to change clothes, take a hot shower and then go for a barber shave (AIDS was not a problem then so razors were not off limits!).

About ten yards along some idiot jumped out of a doorway to block my way. Tall and incredibly skinny white guy with a big red afro like hair cut and a tie dyed T-shirt. He was about five or six feet away but screamed at me so hard I could feel spit on my skin. He screamed, "HOW MANY BABIES HAVE YOU KILLED TODAY?"

I put my kit bag down and shifted the gun case to my left hand. The jerk's eyes got big and his skin got even paler than before. He screamed again while turning, this time something unintelligible, and ran screaming up the street.

I guess he expect me to shoot him. Actually my hand was tired and I wanted to change hands on the bag. Still I was a bit shocked at this event and nothing seemed very welcoming in San Francisco except the guys in the barber shop who appreciated someone that shaved and got haircuts.

It was not too bad when I returned to Vietnam to serve in the 173d. I had a few cases of comments and hard looks but when I faced them they turned away or averted their attention. When I came home in '71 I took a flight west to visit UK and then the US but wore civilian clothes.

This time I went to Ft. Devens and joined the 10th SFG. Boston area was crummy. My team had to march in the 4th of July Parade in '71. We wore berets, jungle fatigues, and carried M-16s, LBE and padded rucksacks. Before the parade began the VVAW (Vietnam Veterans Against the War) came up to us followed by news cameras and reporters. They wanted to interview the team. I told them to go ahead just to get out of the way when we had to join the parade. (Every man in the team had two or more tours in Vietnam, all had at least one Purple Heart, a CIB and at least on valor award. All were mature and professionals).

The one reporter said, "No news here" and they all left to find another target for the six o'clock news.

So we marched in the parade. Not fun. People spit at us, threw cans, garbage and dog crap at us - but no one lost their discipline and we got through without bayoneting any of them. After we were invited to an American Legion for a beer where we were given a hard time about not winning the war and how we were not really fighting a real enemy like the Japanese or Germans. So we politely told them to kiss our collective asses and went back to Devens.

We got a lot of anti-war and anti-military treatment in that area, much of it stemming from the offices of Senator Brooks. He did not like the military and did all he could to move us out of Mass until he finally realized he had lost billions of their tax base and had lost over ten thousand jobs!

Moe Elmore
D/HHC/C/2/503d, '69-'70

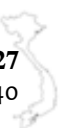
And they get to come home to a country that welcomes them! For most of us Nam Vets, it's hard to say "when I got home". When we got back, it wasn't home anymore. I got "back" 40 years ago last December 21st. Not a day has gone by since July 5th 1970 that I haven't thought about being there. No amount of granite, or pills from the VA can ever cure that sickness.

Chip Hanson
U.S. Marine

Don't imagine you're going to fill up one page with "Welcome Home" stories. One day I was there. The next day I was here.

Bob Fleming
A/D/2/503d

Bob. You were correct.



~ 75th Ranger Regiment Association Reunion ~

July 25 - 31, 2011

Fort Benning, GA

Lurps & Rangers of the 173d Airborne Brigade



Part of the lineage of the 75th Ranger Regiment:

173d Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol

74th Long Range Patrol

75th Inf. N/Company Rangers

74th Long Range Surveillance

Reunion Headquarters:

Holiday Inn

2800 Manchester Expressway
Columbus, GA 31904

Reservations: 706-324-0231

(Mention "75th Ranger Reunion" to receive special room rate of \$79. per night)

(All 173d and sister units welcome to attend)



Reunion Registration Rates:

Members: \$40.

Sat. Banquet: \$40.

Reunion Contact:

Robt. 'twin' Henriksen
Unit Director 360-393-7790

For more information go to:
<http://rangerrendezvous.soc.mil/>

Our reunion will be held in conjunction with the
current 75th Ranger Regiment
Rendezvous and Change of Command

Tentative Activities:

- Visits to the 173d Airborne Brigade National Memorial and the National Infantry Museum
- Massive tactical jump by active airborne troops, Fryar Field DZ
- Ranger School Class Graduation
- Weapons displays by active military soldiers
- Bicycling along the River Walk & Horseback Riding
- Introduction to Yoga & Stress Reduction for Spouses
- Seminars on Veteran's Benefits & Navigating the VA
- 75th Ranger Regiment Association meeting & business meeting
- Fort Benning Change of Command ceremonies
- Be Airborne again – Jump at a small Alabama airport (Fri.)
- Banquet at the "Iron Works" historical building (Sat.)
- Ranger Hall of Fame inductee at River Center for Performing Arts. Carl Vencill is our nominee
- Services at Ranger Memorial – reading names of fallen heroes

90 members and several widows of KIA have already registered to attend. REGISTER TODAY! [RLTW!!](#)



2/503d **VIETNAM** Newsletter / May 2011 – Issue 27

Page 27 of 40



INCOMING!



~ Honouring Aussie Vets ~

I look forward to each issue and its articles, which are most interesting. Thank you for the inclusion of the news release by our Australian government on page 11 (April issue) about the \$3.3 million towards the world's first education Centre in Washington DC to honour Vietnam Veterans. This announcement received only scant coverage to the public. I was particularly pleased to see that the Hon. Graham Edwards attended the official announcement. Graham Edwards lost limbs from a M16 mine in SVN, and has been our voice for veterans in Australia to fight for a fair go from the government and the Dept. of Vet Affairs, Australia. Looking forward to your next issue.

Sid Cheeseman, AM
1RAR

~ Another Friend of Budda's ~

Just getting around to reading the last newsletter. I remember working with Budda, really good dog but had been in the field too long. If you were sitting around and looked at him he started growling then barking like he was ready to nail you. Of all the dogs though I would rather work with him.

Bob Beemer
B/2/503d

~ A Dog Gone Story ~

The stories of dogs in the April issue were compelling, interesting, and emotional. The idea of dogs to detect things that we could not, is a great idea. The difficulty lies in the execution. We, the DOD, did a piss poor job of utilizing the dogs. Sometimes the teams were brilliant and at other times almost detrimental. We have no idea how many dogs were sent there and then allocated to various units. We do know that they all died there. I understand, but cannot substantiate, that some of the Vietnamese units considered them to be rations.

My only direct experience was a sad one. I flew from Pleiku to Bien Hoa with a stop in Saigon on a C-123. When we landed in Bien Hoa it was dark. The crew assisted in getting the 2 stretcher cases out onto the tarmac. Then loaded up in their pickup truck, telling me that an ambulance will be out to pick-up the 4 of us. Well we sat there for over an hour and no ambulance. The tower was not that far away, in a direct line, but staying on the tarmac was quite a hike. I knew better than to walk straight to the tower as the Air Force had mined all the dirt in the area just prior to us being deployed to Vietnam. Realizing what a good natured guy that I am, you can understand that I was a little pissed off being dropped off with the 2 guys on stretchers and a third guy classified as walking wounded.

After another hour I heard a bell ring. Not a church bell, but a bicycle bell. One of the types that were mounted to the handlebars of the bike, that you operated with your thumb -- this little KACHING KACHING sound getting steadily louder. I had superb night vision and as the sound grew louder I could see the Vietnamese security guard sitting on a bike with a carbine slung across his back. His feet were jammed into the frame beneath the handlebars. His source of power was a German Shepherd on a long lead. The guard had taken a few wraps around the base of the handlebars allowing the Shepherd to drag him around on his security patrol while he rang the bell in an effort to alert any of the bad guys, so that they could hide until he passed.

Everything was OK until the dog reached a downwind position. It, of course, picked up our scent and came charging at us, all teeth and eyeballs. I had had enough of this nonsense and had no intention of the dog attacking one of the guys on stretchers. From the sitting position I fired a burst into the dog. It crumpled. The guard with his feet tangled up, not on the peddles, ran into the dead dog. He flipped over the handlebars, landing on his back. I think he bent the barrel of his rifle in the process. The guard was faster than a speeding bullet, beating feet to clear the area.



Bien Hoa Air Base 1965 (photo by Jim Robinson)

It's always interesting how a little shooting will get peoples' attention. About half the airbase descended on us. Ambulances arrived and we were hauled off to a field hospital. Why we were not off loaded in Saigon I have no idea.

Jim Robinson
FO, B/2/503d

(continued....)



~ Not Hill 875 ~

It also states Hill 875 on YouTube. In the YouTube below, I'm the medic about 10 seconds into the video carrying the wounded trooper back to the rear so we could work on him. This was really Hill 882 or 889, we had contact on both hills at about the same time 875 was going on. We had CBS and *Newsweek* traveling with us for a couple weeks because they knew we were in a hot spot. Take care, Airborne.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KhfvUd1sSQ>

Joe "Doc" Mescan SSG
1/503d



The above photo appeared on page 6 of last month's newsletter incorrectly stating it was taken during the battle at Hill 875. Thanks Doc for setting us straight. As Wambi Cook so rightly noted about their return to Dak To, *"We dedicate this voyage to those brave souls who never made it off any Hill."* Ed

~ Budda, the Scout Dog ~

Great newsletter!!!! I was with Budda for a while or shall I say he was with us for a while and that wonderful story brought tears to my eyes (*If Only I Could Talk*, Issue 26).

Gary "Cooch" Cucinitti
1/503d

~ Cammo'd Buttons? ~

Quick question and you might be able to answer it. The Avis - *We Try Harder* buttons, I've seen the originals, but not the camouflage ones, what did they look like? I've looked all over Google and can't find one picture, but I'd like to get a few custom made for my group. Were they actually camouflage or just black letters on an OD back? Thanks.



Jay Forbes

Canadian non-Vet friend of the 173d
forcerecon85@hotmail.com

Hi Jay: It was Col. Bob Sigholtz, deceased, our Bn commander '66/'67 who came up with the idea for the "We Try Harder" motto for the 2/503d. He let Avis know the 2d Bat adopted their slogan and they sent hundreds of red and white buttons to VN. I've never seen a cammo version of the button. Maybe one of our guys can help you? Ed

~ RTO of Merit ~

I think Major Watson's RTO left in December 1966. I got the job early January 1967. Sp4 Orury was Ken Kaplan's RTO until Harry Cleland took over. I would have considered it a privilege to take that PRC25 for Capt. Kaplan, but Harry had those duties.

Dave "Griff" Griffin
HHC/B/2/503d

~ CORRECTION ~

Last month we intimated Griff served as Ken Kaplan's RTO...oops.

*Dave was an RTO under Ken's command,
but not his personal radioman,
shown in the pic where they both stand,
Griff all smiles with hat in hand,
it was Harry instead in that faraway land,
so with apologies my boys,
corrected I am.*

Ed



From left: Bravo CO, Ken Kaplan, with a
B Company RTO of merit.

(continued....)



~ A Friend of the 173d ~

I guess you could call me a friend of the 173d. I don't show up because I was doing something different at the time. I was a USAF Weather Observer from 1969-73. The closest I ever got to Nam was 5 days of R&R in Bangkok. Well, that and the three B-52's that took off every hour for the entire 14 months I was on Guam '72-'73. I was also on the island for Linebacker I & II, or the Christmas bombings. Over a mile of B-52s sat on both the runways, almost nose to tail. As soon as one cleared the end of the runway, another one would start rolling on the other runway. That went on for more than an hour as more than a hundred BUFF's took off on the 18 hour round trip flight to Nam.

My connection and interest is through Francis Leroy (Pancho) Maples, Specialist Four, B CO, 2ND BN, 503RD INFANTRY, 173D ABN BDE, USARV Army of the United States, La Feria, Texas, March 16, 1947 to November 13, 1967.

He was killed near Dak To, Kontum Province in the battle of the slopes. His birthday was last Wednesday. He was a high school buddy and a helluva great guy. I've been interested for years in any little bit of information about his service and his last battle. I've read *Dak To*, by Edward Murphy, which I have been told is the best book about the battle. And I just put *Hamburger Hill* on my Netflix list.

Roger Daniel

USAF Vet

rogwriter@aol.com

If anyone knew Pancho, please drop Roger a note.
Ed

~ Important Photo ~

When I commanded a rifle company in the 173d, C/2/503, I had occasion to conduct memorial ceremonies for some of my troopers who had been KIA. One day we had a service for three of my men that had been killed and during the event someone, I forget who, took a photo of the service. The photo was of the troops formed-up on a small patrol base and it included a shot of the three upside down rifles with boots at the muzzle and helmets on top. It was in color so the red color of the soil stood out against the washed-out green of our jungle fatigues and the foliage behind. Believe this was Feb.-Mar. 1970.



Moe in Recon, 5th SFG

I had the photo on the wall of my office when I was DCO of the 5th SF in '93/'94. One day I came back from a trip or TDY to find it gone. It was the only photo I had of my time in the Bde and I kept it on the wall as a reminder that when you are leading soldiers in combat, every decision can cause a life. It helped me keep focus and from letting the little things go unchecked or the tedious things ignored.

In any case, I would like to have this notice put up someplace in the random hope that whoever took the photo still has it and might return it, anonymously of course. I would gladly welcome a similar photo from that day.

Darrell "Moe" Elmore, LTC (Ret)

C/D/HHC/2/503d, 5th SF

moeelmore@aol.com



Similar to the photo Moe is hoping to find.

Something Honorable

Gentlemen: Today I stopped at a local gun store to pick something up. It was an interesting encounter. The younger man waiting on me (35-40 years old) noticed my ball cap and said, "*The 173d Airborne. You're Airborne?*" I responded, "*All the Way.*" He then said, "*The Herd. You guys have a lot of respect and are well known. The Herd was hardcore. You guys were tough!*"

I explained that the Herd, indeed, was a distinguished unit, but that reputation is due in large part to those who preceded me in the early days. The store clerk (who was 82nd Airborne) was very complimentary and said that everyone who served in Vietnam forged that reputation.

He and an older man (owner?) both thanked me for my service, and again expressed their respect for me having spent that time with such a distinguished unit. I walked out of that store a little taller, and feeling proud of something big and something honorable of which I played a small role.

Jerry Sopko

D/4/503d

(continued....)



2/503d VIETNAM Newsletter / May 2011 – Issue 27

Page 30 of 40

Filling Them Boots

Jerry: I spoke to a 173d Vet at Home Depot in Omak, Washington. I thanked him for his service and told him I was in the unit in Vietnam. His comment about us was that we had left some big boots to fill. You're right...you walk a little taller and your heart swells. Airborne!

Jim Bethea
HHC/2/503d

~ More on Zulu-Zulu ~

Good work on the newsletter. Just wanted to say that I helped in putting down cover fire with my M-60 when Sgt. Ku extracted Capt. Brownlee and also with Beauchamp when he told the (cherry) new guy that he would take point because he was short and wanted to make sure that he would make it home.

Mark Mitchell
B/2/503d

Hi Mark, roger that. One hellofa operation, our little Battle of the Bulge, but instead of Patton's tanks coming to the rescue, we had the arty and those wonderful choppers and F4's on the scene, plus the 1st Batt, and guys brave beyond brave. The older I get the more amazed I become at what we all did as young men. Sometimes I look at an 18 or 19 kid walking into a 7-11 with his pants down below his ass and think, no way in hell would he make it. Be well brother. Ed

~ The Japanese Attack on Brookings, Oregon ~ (Newsletter Issue 25, Pages 6-7)

In June, 1942, my father-in-law, Leonard Negles, was stationed at Fort Stevens, Oregon, at the mouth of the Columbia River, when Japanese submarine I-25 surfaced and lobbed shells from its 140mm deck gun at the fort. Fort Stevens hosted a few cannons for coastal defense and to defend the mouth of the Columbia River, which leads to the deep water port in Portland. The commander at Fort Stevens didn't return fire, possibly because the Japanese gunner didn't seem to know what he was shooting at, and the fort's commander didn't want to give him lights or muzzle flashes for aiming points. I believe the Japanese didn't really know where they were when they surfaced. Leonard claimed that the attack was essentially over by the time the men decided that the noise was about incoming artillery. They manned their positions right away, thinking that the hubbub perhaps was about an accident at the fuel dump or an ammo bunker. It was only later on in the morning that everyone finally got the word that they'd been attacked by the Japanese. The damage was negligible, and there were no fatalities.

At the outbreak of WWII, Leonard was in the Oregon National Guard where he was trained as an artilleryman

and then assigned to coastal defense with the 249th Coastal Artillery unit at Astoria, Oregon. Units from the 249th were subsequently trained as searchlight crews, then sent to England where they were assigned to various searchlight battalions. Leonard served with the 226th and 227th AAA Searchlight Battalions. He entered France by way of Utah Beach. His crew wandered around Europe with the allied forces. They were assigned to anybody who wanted an 800 *million* candle-power searchlight and its associated AAA guns. They worked in small teams—the AAA gun crew, a .50 caliber machine gunner, and the searchlight operator. Sometimes the .50 caliber gunner did AAA duty. His unit participated in the Battle of the Bulge, being shuffled to any of several forward bases along the American perimeter. By the end of his tour, his searchlight was credited with 10 shoot-downs, and several members of his crew were killed.

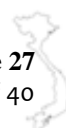
Leonard was stoic by nature, and he hardly ever commented about his experiences in Europe. I compiled the information above by going through his photo album. In his later years pamphlets arrived from his artillery unit, notices of reunions. Leonard said he didn't want to go, because everyone he knew has already passed away.

Leonard passed away a few months ago at the age of 88.

Mark Carter
173d LRRP '65-'66



Leonard Negles



Diggers may march alongside Viet Cong

By Mark Dodd, *The Australian*

MORE than 2000 Australian Vietnam War veterans are expected to meet their former foes if an ambitious plan for a formal reconciliation, supported by the Gillard government, is agreed to by Hanoi.

In the most significant move to date to effect links between Vietnamese veterans and their Australian counterparts, the RSL has embarked on a low-key diplomatic push to win crucial Vietnamese government support.

If Hanoi agrees, the plan could result in Australian veterans joining a reconciliation parade with their former enemy, the North Vietnamese Army and the Viet Cong, to coincide with next year's 50th anniversary of the start of Australia's decade-long involvement in the war.

While the issue is a very sensitive one for Vietnam, insiders have told the Australians there is growing optimism the Nguyen Tan Dung government will agree to the proposal.

RSL national president, Ken Doolan, confirmed negotiations were under way to establish formal links between the RSL and Vietnamese veterans groups, talks he described as delicate.

Foreign Minister Kevin Rudd has thrown his support behind the initiative, describing the proposal as a 'positive development' in relations between the two countries.

RSL NSW branch president, Don Rowe, one of the leaders for the push for official reconciliation, said hundreds of former Vietnam veterans have been making private pilgrimages to old battlefields. *"(Many) have found it not only a moving experience but a healing process as well,"* he said.

Former SAS trooper, Don Barnby, said he supports formal reconciliation, saying Australian soldiers had immense respect for their old enemy, a very worthy foe, *"tough, determined and disciplined."*

For others, such as two-tour veteran Geoff Hazell, the decision to take part in a formal reconciliation is a difficult one.

"I have nothing but respect for the NVA fighting soldier," he said. *"I have more personal problems with those in Australia who actively or passively supported them."*

[Sent in by John Arnold, 1/RAR]

Book Review by a Sky Soldier

THE WRONG WAR, by Bing West (Random House)

Neglected still after a decade, Afghanistan is supposed to be the "right war," so much so, that 48 countries (28 NATO) have skin in the game, from two for Iceland to 90,000 US. But, in *THE WRONG WAR*, Bing West brings home with unstinting clarity, not only what's wrong with how we've fought this war, but what may yet be salvaged from the errant assumptions, squandered lives, opportunity and treasure, and the political morass that continues to frustrate success.



While it's Afghanistan's war to win, it's America's to lose. Government corruption, strategic indecision, logistical burdens, extremes of terrain and climate, complexities of language and custom, together with targeting and response restrictions against a wily, adaptive enemy combine to challenge command at all levels, as the relief of five field generals now attests.

West's narrative acquaints us with all of this, on the ground, with the urgency of men under fire, fighting through conflicting directives with astonishing bravery, discipline and restraint. The result is a cordite crisp portrait and sober commendation of Americans, Brits and ISAF fighting in Konar and Helmand, coupled with a cogent critique of our confused mission and a realistic appraisal of how imperative fight and build distinctions can be redressed within existing capabilities and commitments.

Supplemented with a brief outline of applicable lessons and COIN guidance, *THE WRONG WAR* brings the battle experience and the immediacy of its strategic and objective reconsideration to instructive necessity. We must hope this book will be read with as much attention by The White House and the Congress as it surely will be by all who have a stake in the future of Afghanistan.

Bob Warfield
HHC/A/B/2/503d

GENERALS (COMISAF)

Barno	2001-05
Eikenberry	2005-06
McNeill	2006-08
McKiernan	2008-09
McChrystal	2009-10
Petraeus,	2010-11



2/503d **VIETNAM** Newsletter / May 2011 – Issue 27

Page 32 of 40

LLOYD CHRISTENSEN

We lost a Sky Soldier brother on March 23, trooper Lloyd Christensen of the 173d. It sounds like he was one tough trooper. Here's a couple notes from his son, Paul, a Senior Chief Navy Corpsman honoring his father and sent to a 2/503d buddy of his.



The Doc here at the VA said he had about 24-72 hours 3 days ago, if I know him it will be another 72. You Sky Soldiers are a tough breed. Thanks for being there for him.

Dad passed yesterday morning. Among his last words were to "Remember that I love you all", and "Airborne all the way".

Yesterday my brothers and I pulled up the "Rawhide" song off the net and played it for him on the smart phone. When he heard the song playing, his eyes immediately opened, he spoke clearly for all to hear "Yee-Haw RAWHIDE!" and triumphantly raised both arms above his head in a victory salute for the entire song. Very moving for us boys, and the grandkids who don't yet recognize the significance of the gesture.

Proud, triumphant, courageous, and fearless even in the face of death. Thanks again and Semper Fi,

Lloyd's son
Paul Christensen

JOHN WASSINK



It is with deep sympathy that I announce the passing of one of our own, John Wassink (3/503), Perris, CA. John was killed on Sunday April 3rd, while riding his Quad four-wheel off-road motorbike with family and friends near the Arizona border in Brawley, CA.

According to John's girlfriend, Janice, he will be cremated and wanted to keep things simple so as of this writing no public memorial is planned. Should things change I'll be sure to pass on updates as they become available.

John was a man of a few words, but you could depend on his presence at all Chapter 14 meetings and as an active participant at the past few year's reunions. His quiet demeanor will be missed by all.

Wambi Cook
A/2/503d

*They are gone and I must follow
To the golden fields above
Where the mighty God of justice
Shall reward the patriots love
Sweet it where I live and love thee
Sweeter far for thee to die
With the flower-clad hills around me
Echoing back my last good-bye*

The Dying Soldier, lyrics by Rev. P. MacThomas





173d Airborne Brigade Association Medal

The Board of Director of the 173d Airborne Brigade Association approved the creation of such an award at their June 2010 meeting.

The Medal was designed with the ribbon using the colors of the 173d patch with 3 vertical stripes symbolizing the three combat theaters of operation of the Brigade. Yellow for Vietnam, Tan for Iraq and Black for Afghanistan. The medal displays the logo of the Association with our nickname and Airborne motto. The back of the medal uses the distinctive unit insignias of the Brigade in Vietnam (173d Airborne Brigade, the 1st Royal Australian Regiment and the Royal New Zealand Artillery), and the combat badges earned by the Sky Soldiers of the Brigade.

The medal was created by the Association and may be awarded to any Sky Soldier for Special Recommendations for continued superior service to the Association. Approval of the award will be made by the Board of Directors of the Association. ROTC cadets may be awarded the medal for continued superior service and/or achievement and be awarded by local Chartered Chapters at local ROTC award ceremonies. It is also to be awarded to all Sky Soldiers receiving the Medal of Honor at a time and place set by the recipient.

The Medal has been awarded to CSM John Bagby of 1/503 Infantry for his continued superior service to the Association. [Sky Soldier Magazine, Vol. XXVII, No. 1]



CSM Bagby

You Numba One G.I.?



From left, Sky Soldiers Mike Sturges (A/2/503), Bill Metheny (HHC/4/503), Mike McMillan (A/4/503), Larry Hampton (A/1/503) and Bob Evalt (2/503) sending their hellos to the editor of this newsletter from the badlands of Wyoming. The dog refused to do it.

The master and his student were out in the Wyoming badlands studying geology and hunting petrified wood.

Student: *"Master, what if I get lost in the badlands? How would I ever find my way home again?"*

Master: *"Face into the gale, you will be looking west."*

Student: *"But Master, what if there is no gale?"*

Master: *"Then you are safe because you are no longer in the badlands."*

"The badlands of Wyoming are my favorite place to be. There is nothing that brings me more animal pleasure than sitting cross legged on the very edge of a badlands mesa, facing directly into the gale, just as the sun is setting over the far horizon." (RockTumblingSupplies.Com)



The badlands of Wyoming





~ 2/503d Sky Soldier Extraordinaire ~

Colonel Robert H. Sigholtz (In Memoriam)



Robert H. Sigholtz (deceased), Colonel Infantry, Commander 1966/1967, 2nd Bn (Abn) 503rd Inf., enlisted in the U.S. Army upon graduating high school. After completing basic training he attended non-commissioned officers school. He became a platoon sergeant where he served for seventeen months before attending officer candidate school where he graduated as a second lieutenant. Bob returned to civilian life in 1946 as a first lieutenant, but was called back into the service in 1948 when the Korean War became imminent. Three weeks after the war began he was assigned to the Eighth Army Long Range Patrol where he was promoted to Captain. Upon return from Korea he was assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division as a company commander in the 325 Regiment. From the 82nd he was posted to Germany with the 11th Airborne Division, 502nd and 503rd. In these Battle Groups Bob served as the S-1 and S-3. He was then reassigned to the 82nd Airborne upon his completion of his tour with the 11th. He was once again assigned to the 325 where he served as S-3. This posting was followed by service as the Plans and Operations Officer for the 82nd. Bob returned to Korea as G-3 advisor to the Republic of Korea Army, and the Special Force Commander. Then Lt. Colonel Sigholtz was assigned to DCSOPS Department of the Army where he served four years. In 1966, Bob joined the 173d Airborne Brigade (Sep) in Vietnam as Brigade Executive Officer. Most of the time while serving in this capacity he commanded Task Force Sigholtz which



was a highly mobile force acting as a third maneuver battalion. After five months he was assigned as commander of the 2nd Battalion, 503rd Inf. During this assignment he was most fortunate to have the opportunity to lead a battalion combat team in an airborne assault. He was first to jump from one door of the C-130 aircraft, and General "Uncle Jack" Deane jumped from the other. Colonel Sigholtz was selected for the Army Stat College upon completion of the RVN tour. Next, Bob became the Professor of Military Training at Georgetown University. During this assignment at

Georgetown, Colonel Sigholtz was chosen to command a brigade when the Ninth Division was to move to Korea. However, he retired from the service upon the death of Bob, Jr., his son, a platoon leader in Company D, 2nd Battalion, 503rd Infantry while serving in Vietnam. While in the army Bob attended college courses in the evening and twice was sent full time to college by the army. He earned Bachelor and Masters degrees and completed some work for his Ph.D which he earned after returning to civilian life, when Bob then became the Athletic Director of Georgetown University. His major accomplishments during his five years there were that he quadrupled the intramural program, returned G.U. to playing intercollegiate football, hiring of the basketball coach who received some favorable notoriety, and had a long-range athletic building program approved and later built. Sigholtz then moved to the entertainment field when he became Manager of JFK Stadium and the Arena (National Guard Armory) in Washington, DC where he remained for ten years. From this employment he moved on to being a consultant for stadiums and arenas and negotiating professional team contacts. He was also the assistant to the owner of a mega-automobile dealer in Santa Monica, CA. Decorations received by Col. Sigholtz include three Silver Stars and Master Parachutist Badge among many others. Colonel Robert A. Sigholtz died 2 September 2005, and was interred at Arlington National Cemetery with full military honors.



Bob and his boys. Operation Junction City 1967.



The following was read by A.B. Garcia, HHC/2/503d, '65/'66, during the April 25, 2011, ceremonies in Loch Sport, Australia to mark ANSAC DAY.

AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN

"I crouched in a shallow trench on that hell of exposed beach. Steep, rising foothills bare of cover, a landscape pockmarked with War's inevitable litter, piles of stores, equipment, ammunition and the weird contortions of death sculptured in Australian flesh.

I saw the going down of the sun on that first Anzac Day. The chaotic maelstrom of Australia's bleeding. I fought in the frozen mud of the Somme, in a blazing destroyer exploding on the North Sea. I fought on the perimeter at Tobruk, crashed in a flaming wreckage of a fighter in New Guinea. Lived with the damned in a place called Changi, fought in the snow at a place called Korea, and again in the jungles of Malaya, Borneo, and South Vietnam.

I was your mate, the kid across the street, the medical student graduate, the mechanic at the corner garage, the baker who brought you the bread, the gardener who cut your lawns, and the clerk who sent your phone bill.

I was a private in the Army, a Naval commander, an Air Force Bombardier.

No man knows me. No name marks my Tomb, for I am, every Australian Serviceman, for I am the UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

I died for a cause I held just in the service of my land, that you and yours may say in freedom.

I AM PROUD TO BE AN AUSTRALIAN."

~ ANSAC DAY ~

Anzac Day is a national public holiday in Australia and is considered by many Australians to be one of the most solemn days of the year. Marches by veterans from all past wars, as well as current serving members of the Australian Defense Force and Reserves, with allied veterans as well as the Australian Defense Force Cadets and Australian Air League and supported by members of Scouts Australia, Guides Australia, and other uniformed service groups, are held in cities and towns nationwide. The Anzac Day Parade from each state capital is televised live with commentary. These events are generally followed by social gatherings of veterans, hosted either in a public house or in an RSL Club, often including a traditional Australian gambling game called two-up, which was an extremely popular pastime with

ANZAC soldiers. The importance of this tradition is demonstrated by the fact that though most Australian states have laws forbidding gambling outside of designated licensed venues, on Anzac Day it is legal to play "two-up".

Despite federation being proclaimed in Australia in 1901, many argue the "national identity" of Australia was largely forged during the violent conflict of World War I, and the most iconic event in the war for most Australians was the landing at Gallipoli. Dr. Paul Skrebels of the University of South Australia has noted that Anzac Day has continued to grow in popularity; even the threat of a terrorist attack at the Gallipoli site in 2004 did not deter some 15,000 Australians from making the pilgrimage to Turkey to commemorate the fallen ANZAC troops.



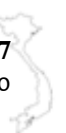
A veteran on Ansac Day

Although commemoration events are always held on 25 April, most states and territories currently observe a substitute public holiday on the following Monday when Anzac Day falls on a Sunday. When Anzac Day falls on Easter Monday, such as in 2011, the Easter Monday holiday is transferred to Tuesday.

This followed a 2008 meeting of the Council for the Australian Federation in which the states and territories made an in principle agreement to work towards making this a universal practice. However, in 2009 the Legislative Council of Tasmania rejected a bill amendment that would have enabled the substitute holiday in that state.



***"I have never killed a man,
but I have read many
obituaries with great
pleasure."*** ~ Clarence Darrow



David Taitino was laid to rest in South Carolina



Received message from our member Don "G"

Giannattasio from GA #1106 Company no. - Operations Officer 1968-69. Thank you to those who attended David's service and represented our Unit to show support to his family.

As your Unit Director, I was sadly unable to attend. Hopefully, photos and messages from the service will be sent to me or Reed Cundiff (Patrolling editor) for the next issue (submit due date May 15th).

Any member in contact with David's family, please let them know that the 75th RRA Ranger family is here for support and that we want them to be involved in the Ranger family activities. Please send me any contact information for David's family.

I'm still waiting on anyone to send me information on David's company history and where else he served, including stories about him, photos and so on.

There will be a Reunion - Ranger Jump honoring him and the other 4 members we lost last year.

Again, talked to TAD and Karen about Members and Friends of the company needing to attend Reunion as Tad is tired of seeing his teammates and friends laying horizontal. Let him see you standing vertical.

Robt 'twin' Henriksen '70-'71
75th RRA Unit Director
Lurps & Rangers
173d "Herd" Airborne
(360) 393-7790

I had the honor of attending the visitation for one of our fallen. There were 4 or 5 of us from the hill in Bong Song. The family took a bunch of pics with different cameras. Hopefully, some pics will surface. David was dressed in greens with jump wings and medals. Tad gave him his Ranger Hall of Fame medallion (around his neck) to take with him to the grave. The family was grateful we were in attendance.

Don Giannattasio
75th Rangers, '68-'69

RLTW



Vietnam veterans of the 82nd Airborne and Vietnamese Red Berets on Veteran's Day in Denver, Colorado 2011.

Photo by Vince Hoang, VNAF



FAREWELL TO A 503rd TROOPER



COLUMBIA, SC: Brig. Gen. (Ret) Dr. William Campbell McLain, Jr., 94, died April 17, 2011, in Columbia, South Carolina.

He was born in Columbia on March 1, 1917, to the late William Campbell McLain and Louise Stone McLain. Dr. McLain is survived by his wife of 68 years, Jeannie Anderson McLain; his sister, Julia McLain DuRant (Robert N.); and brother, Robert Sinuefield McLain; his four daughters and son and their spouses, Jeannie Rubin (Hyman, Jr.), Lucy Coleman (John), William Campbell McLain III, M.D. (Sandra), Emmie May (John), and Chappy Manning (Deas); ten grandchildren, twelve great-grandchildren, and many nieces and nephews.

He was predeceased by his sister Elise McLain Lane. After graduating from Columbia High School, he received his bachelor's degree from Duke University and medical degree from Duke University School of Medicine in 1942, then entered military service. He served with the 503rd Parachute Regimental Combat Team in the New Guinea and Philippines Campaigns from 1943 to 1945 and participated in combat parachute jumps during these campaigns.

Dr. McLain entered the South Carolina Army National Guard in June 1949, serving until he retired in 1977 from the position of State Surgeon. His awards and decorations include two Bronze Star Medals, Asiatic Pacific Campaign Medal with two stars and one Arrowhead, WWII Victory Medal, Armed Forces Reserve Medal, Army Reserve Components Achievement Medal, Philippine Liberation Medal, Combat Medical Badge, Parachute Badge with Bronze Star, Presidential Unit Citation, and SC State Service Medal (25 years) and The Guardsman Retirement Medal.

He returned from World War II in 1945 and completed his residency in internal medicine before entering private practice. After practicing in Columbia for over 20 years, he and his wife moved to the SC coast where he continued to pursue his life-long love of golf and medicine. He practiced internal medicine briefly in Beaufort, SC, and worked with the South Carolina Regional Medical Program before working for approximately 20 years in emergency medicine at St. Joseph's Hospital in Savannah, Georgia.

While Dr. McLain was a true soldier whose life exemplified "Duty, Honor, Country," he also had an undying devotion to his wife and family. He was a great listener who possessed a keen wit and extraordinary intellect whose advice and company were widely sought. Dearly loved and admired by all his family and many friends, he will be greatly missed.

In lieu of flowers, please donate to the South Carolina Military Museum, 1 National Guard Road, Columbia, SC 29201, or the charity of your choice.

Airborne, All the Way General!



A note sent to the General's son, Dr. Cam McLain, from a 2/503d Vietnam-era trooper:

Hello Doc: I recently had the good fortune to speak by phone with your dad, and as is the case with all soldiers of his generation it was an honor to speak with him. As long as a paratrooper walks this earth, Doc, your dad and the men he served with will always be remembered and remembered for their unmatched and everlasting legacy -- most will never be so fortunate. Please allow us to share in your pride for your father. *The Greatest Generation*, indeed.



Ohio vets missing out on bonuses

By Alan Johnson
The Columbus Dispatch
ejohnson@dispatch.com

Although 33,572 Ohio veterans have received bonuses from the state, more than three times that many who are eligible haven't applied.

The Ohio Department of Veterans Services reported yesterday that it has distributed \$27.5 million in bonuses in the past nine months. The money comes from a \$200 million bond issue approved by Ohio voters in November 2009, the first bonus was sent in August 2010 and the program really didn't get rolling until last November.

Former and current personnel who served at least 90 days on active duty are eligible to receive \$100 per month of service for duty in the Persian Gulf theater, Afghanistan or Iraq, up to a maximum of \$1,000. Veterans who served elsewhere in the world during those conflicts can receive \$50 per month of duty up to \$500.

To be eligible, veterans must have been Ohio residents now and when they served.

Tom Moe, veterans services director, said he believes *"there's a lot more out there who are eligible, so we're making every effort to be sure that everyone who's qualified for the bonus gets it."*

"This is real money for veterans, for whatever purpose they need or desire," Moe said. "We know that the bonus has already made a difference in the lives of over 33,500 Ohioans."

The state's tradition of offering bonuses to Ohio veterans dates to the Civil War.

The agency doesn't have an exact number of eligible veterans, but it estimates that more than 100,000 have not applied for the bonus.

For information, call toll-free 1-877-644-6838, or visit www.veterans-bonus.ohio.gov

[Sent in by Steve Vargo, C/2/503d]

HOOK UP!

I met a guy the other night and found out that his uncle was KIA on 22 June 67. He is retired Sergeant Major Michael Schroeder. His uncle was LT Richard E. Hood the platoon leader of 2nd platoon. He wants to contact anyone who was a survivor and was down there with him. If there is anyone who was there or that knew LT Hood, please contact Michael at mschroeder65@yahoo.com

Les Fuller
A/2/503d

MEMORIAL FOUNDATION ANNOUNCES 11 JUNE 2011 HONORS CEREMONY

The 173d Airborne Brigade Memorial Foundation is pleased to announce that a formal "Honors Ceremony" will be held at the 173d Airborne Brigade Memorial at the National Infantry Museum campus on Saturday, 11 June, at 1000 hours.

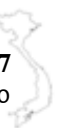


This Ceremony will honor the **Ken at dedication of the** nine warriors who fell during **173d Airborne Memorial** Operation Enduring Freedom X in Afghanistan, as the Foundation unveils their names on the panels commemorating our fallen. The Memorial Foundation also will add the name of a fallen Vietnam warrior to the list of our brothers who died so long ago.

The name of SSG Salvatore Giunta will be added to the roster of those who have been awarded the Medal of Honor while serving in the 173d Airborne Brigade. This brings to fourteen the names of those so honored.

All Sky Soldiers, families, and friends are invited to attend this brief but meaningful ceremony. When plans for the event are finalized, information will be placed on our website (www.173dairbornememorial.org).

Ken Smith
A/D/2/503d





He swims with the fishes.

