



“THE IVY DRAGOONS DISPATCH”

Newsletter of the 3/8th Infantry, 4th Infantry Division - Vietnam War



President: Steve Edmunds

Volume XI

Ivy Dispatch Editors: Ken Howe & Levie Isaacks

Summer 2006

Upcoming Events...

Ivy Dragoons Battalion
Reunion
June 14 – 17, 2007

Radisson Hotel at
Opryland
2401 Music Valley Dr.
Nashville, TN

Room rates: \$89.00 per
night, single/double occu-
pancy. Add \$10.00 per
extra person

More info, as we get
closer.

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President's Message...

I hope this finds y'all in good health and enjoying life. Please accept my apologies for the delay in getting this newsletter out. The plan was to have a new issue of the *Ivy Dragoons Dispatch* go out each quarter, but on occasion the best made plans can go awry. Our numbers continue to increase by about 50-60 per year. Currently, we have over 710 Brothers on our roster. Approximately 20% hold membership in our chapter. For those that are members, I thank you. For those that are not, please consider joining our "Band of Brothers", remember it is not the cost of the membership... it is the price you already paid to be eligible for membership. Over the past few months, there have been a number of mini-reunions held in various parts of the country. Mark your calendars for the big event, the 5th Ivy Dragoons Battalion Reunion to be held June 14 – 17, 2007 in Nashville, TN.

Birthday gifts received from The United States Of America...

(Editor's Note: The following was submitted and printed in Ed's local newspaper for the 4th of July)

After careful consideration, I have decided that my most important gift that was given to me by The United States Of America is the gift of "sincere friendship". The average person is lucky to go thru life with a few "True Friends". I, on the other hand, have been blessed with many, many. Let me explain.

In December of 1965, I received "greetings" from the President of the United States. To say it bluntly, I was drafted into the U. S. Army. And not only the army, but an Infantry unit being trained for Vietnam. I must admit that I hated the Army, and I hated combat more. I was lucky enough to survive and I returned home to try to live a "normal Life."

About six years ago, I received a letter, inviting me to a Battalion reunion. My wife talked me into going. And that invitation changed my life. I re-met the men whom I fought beside in Vietnam. We have, again, formed the bond that only Combat Veterans know. In Vietnam, we would have laid down our life for a friend and we would do it again, today, if the need arose. I have "True Friends" in almost every state of this union that I can count on, as they me. I think this is the greatest gift possible and I received it from the United States Of America on the day I was called to serve.

Edward G. Goehring
B/3/8 RVN 66-67

National Purple Heart Hall of Honor...

The National Purple Heart Hall of Honor is currently under construction in New York's Hudson River Valley at the New Windsor Cantonment State Historic Site. Its mission is to collect and preserve the stories of Purple Heart recipients from all branches of the service and across the generations in an attempt to ensure that all recipients are represented. Their stories will be preserved and shared through exhibits, live and video-taped interviews with the veterans themselves, and the Roll of Honor, an interactive computer program preserving the stories of each individual.

The National Purple Heart Hall of Honor the first in the nation to recognize the more than 800,000 Americans wounded or killed in action while serving in the United States Military. For more information or to have your story preserved as a Purple Heart recipient, contact Michael J. Clark, Project Coordinator, National Purple Heart Hall of Honor, New Windsor Cantonment State Historic Site, P.O. Box 207 (374 Temple Hill Road), Vails Gate, NY 12584-0207, telephone 845-561-1765, or e-mail michael.clark@oprhp.state.ny.us. (Contributed by Michael Boxer, D/3/8 68-69)

Dragoon's Contacts

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Veteran's Info...

VDBC UPDATE 03: The Veterans' Disability Benefits Commission (VDBC) wants to study if vets should get VA compensation and Social Security disability at the same time. The commission's Chair, General Terry Scott, has asked Congress for clarification of the intent of Congress in the Charter that was given to the VDBC and has requested that clarification for the next Commission public meeting 19 MAY 06. If approved he intends to launch the study. It appears the VDBC is about evenly split on the idea of studying the SSDI issue. General Scott's request has raised major concerns among the veteran organizations. Christopher J. Clay, General Counsel for the DAV, has written to the four congressional committee Chairmen involved. In part, Clay's letter states: "...[General Scott's] request, if honored... would violate one of the fundamental principles which have guided the government of the United States for more than 200 years. That principle is the separation of powers... Congress exercises the sole power to enact laws while the Judicial and Executive Branches have the power to say what those laws mean... neither a committee of either the House or Senate nor the full Congress may interpret a statute after it is enacted, without passing a new law... The DAV is unaware of any precedent for the congressional interpretations requested by the Commission Chairman. If the Committee responds to the Chairman's inquiry, it will set a precedent that the courts are no longer the sole arbiters of disputes over our laws."

Last fall the VDBC issued a list of questions they would study. They asked for veterans input but only allowed them a few days to respond. The questions signaled the direction of the VDBC. One question was: "Does the disability benefit provided affect a veteran's incentive to work?" At the Commission's March 16-17 meeting some of its members maneuvered to authorize collecting data about Social Security Disability Insurance (SSDI) benefits paid to veterans who also receive VA disability compensation. That was apparently done with a view toward an offset [reduction] of disability insurance if the veteran receives disability compensation from the VA." A move to sidestep proper procedures and hold a secret ballot on the matter was postponed, but the issue is expected to resurface at the commission's meeting in May. The idea that disability compensation is some kind of income security or welfare program cheapens the service and sacrifice of disabled veterans. Veterans' benefits are separate and distinct from Social Security, so receiving payments under both programs is not dual compensation for the same disability, as some have tried to argue." That kind of thinking might also open the door to cutting off VA compensation when a disabled veteran becomes eligible for Social Security retirement benefits. If so, it could lay the groundwork for cutting or eliminating veterans' benefits as a way of saving the government money.

The (VDBC) was established by Public Law 108-136 and signed into being by President Bush in NOV 03. Its charter states they are to study "whether a veteran's disability or death should be compensated" and at what level if any. The Commission is independent of the Department of Veterans Affairs and the Department of Defense. It is made up of 13 political appointees. Four were appointed by Democratic Members of Congress, four more by Republican Members and the other five by President Bush. The Commission refers to themselves as bipartisan in

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(continued Veteran's Info)

spite of it being a 9-4 politically-stacked deck in favor of the present administration. They can be contacted at veterans@vetscommission.intranets.com or (202) 756-7729/0229 Fax or by writing the Commission's Executive Director at 1101 Pennsylvania Ave NW, 5th Floor, Washington, DC 20004. Its remaining schedule includes visits to St. Louis (May), San Diego (June), Seattle (July), Boston (August), and Atlanta (September). Interested veterans, retirees, survivors, and currently serving members are encouraged to attend and be heard. Additional information on the Disability Commission and upcoming field hearings can be found at: www.vetscommission.org/index.htm. [Source: Vet Advocate Larry Scott article 24 Apr 06 <http://vawatchdog.org/> ++]

Dragoon Turns 60 + 1...



Paula Villier, the daughter of Rev. Terry Faulkner, was planning her dad's 61st surprise birthday for March 18th and had hoped that she could get a few of his comrades-in-arms to attend. The event was held in the St Louis area. Terry had served with Charlie Co in RVN 67-69. Answering the call were the following Charlie CoDragoons: (Pictured left to right) Bob Williamson, Monte "Doc" Lunde, Gary Holliman, Rev. Terry Faulkner, Robert "Charlie" Brown, and Bill Perkins. A good time was had by all.

TAPS....

John T. "Doc" Lindsay passed away, peacefully in his sleep, on Thursday, Feb. 9, 2006 at the age of 57. John was born in Newark, NJ and resided in East Newark before moving to Toms River 10 years ago. He worked in the mechanic's department for the New Jersey Turnpike, New Brunswick for over 25 years, retiring in 2004. John served with B/3/8 4th Infantry Division in the Republic of Vietnam 5/69 – 2/70 and was awarded the Purple Heart and Bronze Star. He was a Life Member of the Ivy Dragoons Chapter of the National 4th Infantry Division Association, VFW Post 1302 in Kearny, the DAV NJ Chapter 20 and the AJ Weeks VFW in Toms River. Surviving are his brother Richard Lindsay of Egg Harbor Township; his sisters Kathleen Bannon of East Newark, Sharon Viola of Beachwood and Patricia Lazar of Toms River, seven nephews, six nieces and 18 great-nieces and nephews. Funeral services were conducted by the Silverton Memorial Funeral Home, 2482 Church Road, Toms River. A funeral service was held in the funeral home and burial, with full military honors, was in Ocean County Memorial Park, Toms River.

Bill West asked that I locate a friend, **Dwight Thurman**. Dwight was in Delta Co, 3rd Platoon and served in RVN 67-68. I tracked his Aunt in Columbia, TN. She advised that Dwight died about 10 years ago from agent-orange related cancer.

Submitted by Byron Adams D/3/8 68-69



L to R: Jim Hill, Johnnie Bing, David Jack, **Charlie Young** and Ralph Haun at 2005 Reunion in Las Vegas

Charles Young passed away on March 25, 2006 after a long fight against non-hodgkin's lymphoma cancer. At the time of his death, Charlie had been residing in Ballantine, MT. Charlie had served with A/3/8 in RVN 8/67-8/68 and was a member of the Ivy Dragoons Chapter, National 4th Inf. Div. and has attended the battalion reunions in 2003 and 2005 where he enjoyed renewing old bonds with his "Band of Brothers".

Chaplain's Corner....

A dear friend just came home from the Iraqi War and gave all the signals of what many of us went through shortly after our return to "The World". PTSD, those dreaded letters we, finally, but fearfully acknowledged and were part of our life now. He was welcomed home by all and congratulated on a job well done but those words, too often, just aren't enough... he needed a friend.

His recluse actions spoke volumes to his dad, a retired Vietnam vet, and I. Shortly, thereafter, he had to visit the hospital and, later, was admitted to a VA hospital for evaluation.

By being a Christian doesn't eliminate us from the horrors of war. We are all candidates for flashbacks and nightmares, but we have the Lord and each other to lean on.

I thank God for all the blessings that are mine because of what a "Band of Brothers" has done for me over the past 3-4 years. Thanks to you all and to God be the glory, who truly is to be praised for great things He hath done. He has reminded me that I am not alone, "He will not leave nor forsake me".

To those going through tough times, remember that we walked the same ground and will walk it again with you if you need us. If you have not had problems adjusting, you might be of greater help to us who have. Please be a part of life's adjustment to each other and those returning daily. They need "Steadfast and Loyal" friends who will not forsake them!!!

In His Service
Brother Ed Pippin
B/3/8 RVN 67

Fell free to e-mail or call me.
edpippin@alltel.net

(continued **Greetings From Your Uncle ...**)

according to the Department of Army, and my life was forever changed. However, instead of being remorseful for being branded, there was a resolve to see this new chapter in my life. Detesting the draft board, the FBI, and the handling of my situation were below me. My life was not about lying on the tracks and waiting for the inevitable, or declaring an open hunting season on animals below my stature. My life had simply taken a detour and the scenery was going to be enjoyed, regardless of the time sacrificed.

Byron Kinnan D/3/8 67-68

MINI-REUNION....

Well, Monte "Doc" Lunde and I hooked up with Ellis "Moon" Sopson and spent the afternoon together. It was a great mini-reunion. "Moon" has been living in the Chicago Heights area. We met Moon's friends on the "corner", they were spending Saturday afternoon having a few beers in an empty parking lot. He is known as "Sops" to his friends and they were curious to know how he got the nickname, "Moon". He looks good, is in good shape... could probably "hump a ruck" if necessary. He works out regularly, since retiring a couple of years ago. He spent 33 years working at the Ford plant nearby. Later in the afternoon, he took us to his house to pick up his 2006 Corvette and we followed him to a Corvette car show that was taking place at a nearby restaurant/bar. "Moon" introduced us to all his friends as his old Vietnam Brothers. Doc and I stood out like "sore thumbs", but it was cool. Everyone treated us very well and many strangers just wanted to shake our hands. I could tell during the course of the afternoon that "Moon" was deeply affected with emotion and he would find it necessary to walk away to compose himself. I am sure he was glad to see us after all these years. I know that we were glad to be there and renew an old bond that was made many years ago. He plans to attend one of our reunions, probably 2007 in Nashville. Submitted by Steve Edmunds C/3/8
RVN 67-68



L to R: Ellis "Moon" Sopson &
Lt Roger Campbell – Xmas 67

Delta Co Mini-Reunion....

The original Delta Co Brothers got together over Memorial Day weekend and what a party it was. Brothers that many had not seen or heard from in 39 years being reunited. Some of these Brothers were hit on Hill 724 in Nov. 67 and on FSB 14 in Mar 68. They started to arrive on Wednesday and all stayed until Sunday, when we got together and broke bread for breakfast. The ladies toured our great city of Nashville and, later, we all got together, for some good ol' fashioned country music at Tooties, the world's famous Country and Western bar down on Broadway. No, not funky Broadway, then we had dinner at Demos, and everyone is still bragging about the food. The ever flamboyant, Walter Gross went back and kissed and thanked the chef for putting out such a grand meal. I was pissed, because there was no Ham and Lima Beans. Then, on Saturday we had a steak out at Waylon Jennings's son's home, Buddy and Cathy Jennings, where we grilled ribeye steaks from Bill West's packing company. As you know, my long time partner in crime "little sarge" Jerry Alford was by my side every step of the way. He is still trying to get me to forgive him for deserting me after 724 and going to the LRRPs. But he knows that I love him even though I did not share the chicken with him. The following named personnel were in attendance: Capt Terry Bell, the first Delta Co. CO, was our honored guest. Also, Lt Pat (FO) and Ann McNulty of Phila., Pa., Doug Belnap, son of Col. Glen "Saber" Belnap, Byron Adams 68-69, Ron and Regina Jennings, Charlie Co. The boy is still movie star material in looks, "Little sarge's" brother, Bill Alford, who was there at the time but was with the Battalion, that went to the 25th Inf Div. Also, Walter Gross, Wayne and Joann Brown, Rick and Laurie Brannan, Jerry Alford and his wife, Frankie, who is the best thing that ever happened to him, beside having all of us as his bro's, Grover Jackson and wife. And that ever loving "Doc", Tim Wilson and wife Bunny, Danny Grzyb, James Turner, Glen Mays, Byron and Kim Kinnan, with daughter, Briar. Of course I was there but since I do not have a wife and not looking I dragged along a friend and my great niece, Candace, for Briar to hang with. Now a word of wisdom, if the Army had wanted Bill West to have a wife he would have been issued one. Will keep you on the up date and you will be receiving photos for you to post and they will also be posted on frapper. Wish that you could have blessed us with your presence. So until next time, Love you Bro from all of Delta. **Bill West D/3/8 67-68**

Sitting L to R: Bill West, Jerry Alford, Dan Grzyb and Walter Gross **Standing L to R:** Byron Kinnan, James Turner, Byron Adams, Rick Brannan, Tim "Doc" Wilson, (Capt) Terry Bell, (FO) Pat McNulty, Wayne Brown, Bill Alford (Jerry's Brother) and Doug Belnap (Saber's Son)

Everyone was aging gracefully; most couldn't get into their class A's, and the restrooms were used a lot. But the reunion went without a hitch as the ol' farts tried to suck in their bellies and stand at ease. Many, though, had to stand at attention, as the Prozac wouldn't let them do otherwise.

Stories were told, memories were tested, hugs were given and re-given, and pictures were pulled from the dusty boxes in the basement, and names were thrown around to fit the faces. So many pictures, so many names, so many memories, so many tears, so many laughs and beers and "God blesses were given" and re-given as the Delta Company reunion brought the ol' soldiers together after 39 years. So many heroes attended, so many couldn't attend, and so many never will be able to, that the emotions over-flowed with each sip of a beer in tribute to those that weren't in attendance. And the salutes continued into the morning hours and sleep was of little importance, as the ghosts from the past were relived and identified; the ruck-sacks became lighter, the mountains were easier to climb, and the ham n lima beans even tasted good. We all had been the lucky ones chosen to carry the banner for the Jesse Pearson's, Larry Pennel's, Greg McFadden's, George Greenwood's etc., but the reunion was not to dwell on the past, but to bond and renew the friendships established so long ago. As Shakespeare wrote so many years ago, "Alas, poor Yorick. I knew him well," and we did and we're all better off for knowing them.

So today our steps are a little more precise, we laugh at the kitchen table sitting and reminiscing about Nashville, and have our moment of silence of thanksgiving; we wish the miles weren't so far separating us, and we smile that the healing has begun....

If my wife would let me, which I know she won't because she won't even let me sing in the shower, I'd sing Bob Hopes' closing song, "Thanks For the Memories" So throw out that chest, ol' soldier, and remember Father Flannigan's, Boy's Town founder, quote, "He ain't heavy. He's my brother." Thanks for the memories, and the brotherhood!

It was one helluva show.....

Byron Kinnan D/3/8 67-68



Greetings From Your Uncle ...

The tumultuous years of the Vietnam War, 1965-75, are embedded in the minds of all Americans. No American war had so much newspaper or television coverage that daily brought the war into one's living room. Everyday the news showed the American viewers the battles and atrocities of fighting in a foreign land, and to a twenty-two year old college student, draft eligible, the war was getting closer-and-closer.

Three of his roommates, all college seniors, had received their notices to take a military physical, which consisted of a bus ticket to Omaha, Nebraska and the we'll take anybody that can walk, carry a rifle and turn your head and cough attitude. The military draft was on, and with a vengeance. Uncle Sam needed bodies, and needed them fast. Anyone, regardless of social, economical or physical status was a potential candidate for induction into the armed services. The question became though, would that student let his government disrupt his life? Many students had families of financial and political means that found a deferment for their sons. Some young men simply loaded their cars with all their worldly possessions and moved to Canada. Some found a young lass, planted a seed, and got married. Others stayed in college as professional students, switching their college majors every year for the duration of the war. In fact, every connivance was possible.

The war in Vietnam was not popular. The reasons for fighting were not clear. There were too many limitations, and terrorism was raising its ugly head. We had not fought wars where one minute a soldier was sitting in a Saigon bar sipping a cold beer, and the next minute a man on a motor bike rode up and tossed a bomb into the bar. Past wars, the enemy's location was known and uniforms distinguished friend or foe. Fighting was not limited by country boundaries. The soldier's homeland had supported him with pep rallies and patriotic speeches, and was supportive of its sons. However, Vietnam was unlike any other war.

As the college roommates arrived back from Omaha with their stories of discerning, demeaning physical treatment by the military doctors, they were discombobulated that my physical notice had not arrived in the mailbox. In fact, they were pissed off. Something was not right, but they raised their Buds in approval that somehow the system had been beaten by a farm boy from Nebraska. No notice in the mailbox; all was right with the world. Life was good. We drank to their demise, and wished them well. Unbeknown to me, all those Bud drinkers were planning to wed their college sweethearts and plant their seeds. They had come up with a connivance that would take them from a 1-A military category down to a lower rung on the ladder. They were smarter than I.

Two months quickly sped by, term papers were due,

student teaching was on the agenda for the following semester, and the idealistic life of fraternity parties, and studies of the Iliad were of all importance. Senior year was going to be the best. However, life does not follow a pattern of what we expect, but what occurs unexpectedly. Life's head became a bitch.

Returning to my apartment, one Saturday, from my part time job, the telephone rang. The messenger was my old boss in my home town. We exchanged pleasantries, which was unusual because he never phoned me at college, and then he uttered the memorable sentence, "Byron, I don't want to scare you, but there's an FBI man looking for you." Now these words were more forceful than my mother scolding me for grabbing a cookie just before dinner. These words slapped me into a super conscience that embedded themselves into the vortex of my brain. Scared? You damn right! This was the guy that feared doing wrong all his life, and if he did, his Dad was going to "whup" him when he got home. This was the guy that helped little old ladies cross the street, light the candles in church, and played all sports with honesty. Punishment? FBI? What did I know or do to justify talking to the Man? This was not happening and a misunderstanding had happened.

"Put him on the phone," came from my mouth. Those words sounded brave, but sweat came trickling down my armpits, and laborious breathing affected the pitch in my voice. As the FBI man picked up the phone, he asked, "Are you Byron Kinnan?" Nodding in agreement did not have the same effect as the spoken word, but nothing came out of my mouth. The mouth was dry;; the breathing was short and choppy; puberty was eight years past; the utterance was 4 octaves higher as the response came out, "Yes."

Remembering what was asked became a blur, but the FBI man shot the questions at me with abandonment. Notices to take my military physical. Something about being a draft dragger. Things were not clear to me. "I'm not a draft dogger; I'm in college; I got a student deferment; I'm a college senior ready to student teach," and the octaves kept getting higher. Breath deep. Act brave. Be polite. Sort this mess out.

The Man said something about wanting to see me immediately, and a time was established at my apartment on that same day.

Having to call my current boss and explaining that I would not be returning to work and hearing his response still lingers in my mind. He laughed and laughed and laughed some more. "You must be the baddest bastard around. What did you do? Well, good luck," and he hung up. Standing there, still sweating, in a daze, made me want to flee or hide under a rock. Numbness is an inadequate word to describe my state of mind; the world stopped

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DRAGOONS PROFILE...



Jacob W. "Doc" Marks, Jr. (pictured far right) was inducted into the US Army on 26 Dec 1966 in St Louis, MO. Doc took his basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. After receiving an MOS of 91B20, he was sent to Fort Sam Houston, TX for further training as a medic. Prior to Vietnam, Doc spent some time at Fort Riley, KS. He arrived in the Republic of Vietnam in April 1968 and was assigned to Delta Co 3/8th, 4th Inf. Div. as head medic until April 1969 when he extended an additional six months and was transferred to Cam Ranh Bay Convalescent Hospital. Doc took his R & R in Japan where he enjoyed a "great bed, bath, etc...". Doc was Medivac'd out of RVN and sent to Fort Leonard Wood, MO and placed on Medical Hold until receiving his discharge in Nov. 1969. Doc returned to his hometown of St Louis and married his lovely wife Sandy. Doc worked as a Registered Nurse until his disability retirement. Doc has maintained a membership in the Ivy Dragoons Chapter of the National 4th Inf. Div. Assoc. He participated in the martial arts for 10 years which included; Kick Boxing and Tai Chi. Doc has not attended any reunions but, hopefully, will be able to make it to Nashville in 2007.

Seeking Info....

I'm looking for any information on the action at, around or near LZ Hard times on 4 October 1969, and anyone who may remember a Sergeant or Staff Sergeant David Hoover. He served with B Co, 1st squad, 2nd platoon 10/69-10/70. I have reason to believe he was recommended for a high award for heroism that day by members of a supporting mortar platoon, and as a Vietnam Vet myself (Marines) I want to make sure he receives what is due. I understand it's been a long time, however, if anyone remembers the days action and his part in it, I would like to hear from you. I think he re-supplied ammo and carried wounded back all day under heavy fire.

Dave has not been in contact with anyone from his unit since leaving Viet Nam and has recently been under the care of a therapist for 37 years of PTSD. He is doing better now that he is opening up a little, but has been having a very difficult time with the VA (not a big surprise).

We know that Dave received the Purple Heart Medal at least twice, the Bronze Star with Combat V device for Valor, and the Air Medal, however he has vague memories of being recommended for a higher decoration, a Silver Star, DSC or the MOH. We know that he was sent on an R&R in his 12th month in country, kind of an unusual time for it, this was soon after the 4 October action.

Thank you in advance for any information that can be found, any after action reports, personal memories etc. will be appreciated.

Keith E. Rininger
Gunnery Sergeant
U.S. Marines, Retired
ScarletandGold70@aol.com

Seeking Info....

I am trying to locate anyone who served in the 3rd platoon, C Company, 3/8th 4th Inf Div in 1966-1967 and knew bobby Gene Wells. I am his cousin and was wondering if anyone had any pictures or stories to share. I would appreciate hearing from you.

Thanks,
Jack Fulghum
13500 Ardrey End lane
Huntersville, NC 28078
email: mfulghum@bellsouth.net

CHAPTER UPDATE...

The following is an update from Jan 1 – June 30, 2006

New... Michael V. Buckley, A/3/8 68-69; Daniel Hayes, A/3/8 66-67; Jimmie R. Howell, D/3/8 67-68; T.E. Oliver, Memorial (Son – Charles E. Oliver KIA 23 July 67); David A. Orbell, A/3/8 67-68; Joe F. Pelfrey, A/3/8 67-68; James A. Peters, A/3/8 68-69; Reuben C. Plachy, E/3/8 69-70; R. Steve Prince, A/3/8 66-67; Hugh H. Ray, A/3/8 67-68; Jose A Rodrigues, ?/3/8 ??-??; Robert A. Smith, A/3/8 67-68; Sidney Strickland, B/3/8 66-67; Joseph Trankler, C/3/8 69-70; Terry Turner, B/3/8 66-67; Timothy “Doc” Wilson, A/3/8 67;

Renewals... Byron E. Adams, D/3/8 68-69; James C. Adams, B/3/8 67-68; Alex P. Alegria, B/3/8 66-67; Ruben W. Allen-Pinto, B/3/8 67-68; Wm. Clay Andrews, C/3/8 67; Dr. John F. Bauer, D/3/8 68-69; Ronald Beckman, D/3/8 67-68; Lloyd Bedik, HHC/3/8 67-68; Russell D. Belden, C/3/8 66-67; Douglas Belnap, Memorial (Son – LTC Glen “Saber” Belnap Bn CO KIA 20 Dec 67); Stanley J. Benner, A/3/8 66-67; Johnnie L. Bing, A/3/8 67-68; Ronald W. Blust, A/3/8 67-68; Bruce R. Broenning, D/3/8 68-69; Dennis R. Bolman, B/3/8 69-70; Rellius Boudreaux, B/3/8 69-70; Michael Boxer, D/3/8 68-69; Robert L. Brown, C/3/8 67-68; Jim Bury, B/3/8 67-68; Roger G. Bury, Associate (Brother – Jim Bury B/3/8 67-68); Mark A. Butler, C/3/8 67; Richard D. Butterfield, D/3/8 68-69; Russell Campbell, C/3/8 66-67; Terry E. Campbell, D/3/8 69-70; Stephen J. Chopek, A/3/8 68; John L. Cimino, B/3/8 67-68; Ron Collins, Memorial (Brother – John James Collins C/3/8 KIA 11 Nov 67); John L. Concannon, C/3/8 67-68; George R. Costa, A/3/8 68-69; John D’Agostino, B/3/8 69-70; William J. DeJonge, Memorial (Nephew – Joseph Muench KIA 4 Oct 69); Doug Dettman, C/3/8 67-68; Joseph J. Di Giovanni, ?/3/8 ??-??; Gordon D. Dixon, A/3/8 67-68; Arty L. Dovers, A/3/8 70; Richard A. Elam, B/3/8 66-67; Kenneth H. Elliott, B/3/8 67; Robert B. Evans, HHC/3/8 70; Terry Faulkner, C/3/8 67-69; David Fessler, C/3/8 67-68; Donald S. Fields, B/3/8 68-69; Charles B. Flood, HHC/3/8 66-67; Bernard A. Frolik, C/3/8 66-67; Robert A. Gamboa, B/3/8 66-67; Joe Garcia, Jr, B/3/8 67; Alfred M. Garron, C/3/8 67; Virgil A. “Sonny” Giles, ?/3/8 69-70; Edward G. Goehring, B/3/8 66-67; Robert C. Goss, HHC/3/8 67-69; Edward F. Gray, A/3/8 67-68; Walter Gross, D/3/8 67; Daniel V. Grzyb, D/3/8 67; Ronald L. Hamm, D/3/8 68-69; Roger D. Harrell, B/3/8 67-68; John M. Harris, HHC/3/8 68; Ralph E. Haun, A/3/8 67-68; Wonnie “Pappy” Harris, C/3/8 67-67; Gary “Hollie” Holliman, C/3/8 67-68; Hugh D. Hosack, B/3/8 67-68; Paul L. Hundreiser, A/3/8 66-67; Gregory Illingworth, C/3/8

66-67; David Jack, A/3/8 67-68; Richard Jackson, C/3/8 66-67; Wayne Jackson, Jr, A/3/8 68-69; Albert R. Jacques, Sr, A/3/8 69-70; Jim Jewell, HHC/3/8 66-67; Samuel Kennedy, HHC/3/8 66-67; Michael S. Kephart, C/3/8 66-67; Byron Kinnan, D/3/8 67-68; Robert Kirkland, E/3/8 69-70; James H. Kriesel, C/3/8 66-67; Michael A. Leite, C/3/8 ??-??; Rick Letz, C/3/8 ??-??; Robert L. Levesque, D/3/8 69-70; Albert Llaugher, E/3/8 67-68; Monte “Doc” Lunde, C/3/8 67-68; M/Gen Thomas P. Lynch, Ret, HHC/3/8 66-67; John D. Maloch, E/3/8 68-69; Jacob “Doc” Marks, D/3/8 68-69; Patrick C. McClelland, C/3/8 67-68; Gary McCluskey, D/3/8 67-68; Benny Medford, A/3/8 69-70; Maynard E. Melhorn, D/3/8 67-69; Darold Muhs, D/3/8 68-69; Julio Nazario, HHC/3/8 67-68; Roy S. Nussbaum, HHC/3/8 67-68; Richard A. Palentchar, D/3/8 70; John A. Perez, C/3/8 68-69; Byron L. Perry, C/3/8 66-67; Terry L. Peukert, HHC/3/8 66-67; Richard David Pickett, B/3/8 66-67; Ivan N. Pierce, Sr, C/3/8 67-68; Col. James O. Pittman, HHC/3/8 69-70; Dennis S. Reifsnider, A/3/8 69-70; Robert T. Richards, C/3/8 67-68; John T. Robinson, D/3/8 69-70; Jose A. Rodriguez, ?/3/8 ??-??; Philip Roncari, A/3/8 66-67; John E. Roy, D/3/8 68-69; Samuel V. Shelton, B/3/8 66-67; Delbert L. Shores, Jr, C/3/8 66-67; Thomas L. Simon, HHC/3/8 67; Rea L. Sparks, C/3/8 67; Robert C. Stevson, B/3/8 67-68; Alfred F. Thomas, B/3/8 66-67; Bruce Thompson, HHC/3/8 66-67; Mark B. Towns, A/3/8 66-67; Victor H. Tunnell, C/3/8 67-68; James L. Vaughn, C/3/8 69-70; Bill E. Vigil, A/3/8 67-68; Robert G. Walkowiak, Jr., B/3/8 67-68; Fred A. Watson, B/3/8 67-68; James N. White, C/3/8 68-69; Stuart White, E/3/8 67-68; Robert Williamson, C/3/8 67-68; Timothy D. “Doc” Wilson, D/3/8 67; Stephen P. Wolff, E/3/8 67-68; Charles Young, A/3/8 67-68; Duane Zorn, HHC/3/8 66-67

Paid For Life... Michael Alfieri, A/3/8 66-67; Ruben “Doc” Bonilla, A/3/8 68-69; Steve Edmunds, C/3/8 67-68; James R. Hill, A/3/8 66-67; Ronald P. Jones, C/3/8 67-68; Nathan Lanford, A/3/8 67-68; John “Doc” Lindsay, B/3/8 68-69 (Deceased 9 Feb 06); Branko B. Marinovitch, B/3/8 66-67; James A. McCarthy, A/3/8 69-70; Joe T. McCook, E/3/8 67-68; Robert C. McElroy, C/3/8 66-67; Richard L. Peters, B/3/8 67-68; Edward E. Pippin, B/3/8 67; Paul C. Romine, D/3/8 68-69; Alan P. Sellers, C/3/8 67-68; James M. Voshell, D/3/8 67-68; Felix E. Williams, A/3/8 68-69;

IVY DRAGOONS DISPATCH
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DIAMOND BAR, CA 91765

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

Open Hands & Hearts – Missions to Vietnam...

It is almost time to embark upon another mission. When I reflect back on past missions and the accomplishments that we were allowed to achieve, I must give thanks to God for allowing me to be a part of His divine work. And I give thanks for your prayers, kindness and generosity. **I will depart on September 3 and return on September 21.**

As usual, we will begin our journey by setting up the “soup kitchen” in Saigon at the marketplace. We are truly blessed when we can provide meals for the street children and other needy people. While in Saigon we will travel south to the village of Giong Trom, which is located in the Mekong Delta. This will be my first visit to this part of the country. Over the past couple of years, we have been helping this village from time to time with food, roof repairs etc. We have been provided a list of the poorest families that are in need and we hope to be able to ease some of their burden.



Loading water storage tank onto boat that will take us to leprosy village near Da Nang

(continued)

(Continued Open Hands & Hearts
– Missions to Vietnam... from back page)

From there we will travel north distributing rice, milk, etc to the needy along the way. We will stop in Nha Trang to visit the leprosy facility and see how we may be of assistance. Then, proceed further north to Da Nang to visit the leprosy facility that we visited last year. We were able to accomplish much for them over the course of this past year. In addition to food and medical supplies, we provided them with a new water well and a water storage tank, refurbished the dining room/kitchen for the hospital and provided 10 new hospital beds. From here, on the journey back south, we will go through the central highlands, if possible. We are hopeful that we can get into the village near Pleiku that we have been unable to visit due to the tight security by the military and police of the montangard people over religious and economic demonstrations that have continued since Feb 2001. We will stop in Da Lat to visit the montangard village we helped last year. Then, back to Saigon.

So, first and foremost, we will need your prayers for the success of this mission. I ask you to pray for God's guidance and protection during this mission. Secondly, financial assistance is requested. If you find it in your heart to participate, financially, on the projects we undertake, it is humbly appreciated.

If you wish to make a donation, please make your check payable to: PMIM % Open Hands & Hearts. Your donation is tax deductible. (Tax ID # 77-0264791). Mail to: Steve Edmunds, 2212 Shady Hills Dr., Diamond Bar, CA. 91765. Please pray that our Lord will guide you in your decision to support this mission. Together, we can make a difference.

Bravo Co Mini-Reunion...

Several "boat people" from Bravo Co got together for a mini-reunion on May 21st & 22nd in Las Vegas. What a roaring time we had... nearly 40 years after leaving Viet Nam in 1967. Something we



*L to R: Alex Alegria, Richard Elam, Bob Gamboa, Sydney Strickland, Jim Congrove
Back Row L to R: Carroll Merrell and Doug Thompson*

Gamboa, Doug & Paula Thompson, Jim & Judy Congrove, Sidney & Mozelle Strickland and myself, Richard Elam.

We met in Bob and Robin Gamboa's suite and had a good time talking for hours about how we left Viet Nam, what we are doing now and everything under the sun. The conversations started where we left off in Viet Nam, we all had a lot to talk about. Some of us wondered what had happened to each other, since some of us were wounded in action like Carroll. He was wounded early in his tour during an ambush in the rice paddies, along with Sidney, Jim and Alex. Thank God they all made it out of there alive. We never heard from Carroll again, until this reunion. Carroll had 17 months of surgery/recovery after leaving Viet Nam. He looks good and could do another tour. Jim became a state senator in Colorado... congratulations to him. Doug joined the LRRPs after leaving B Company. Bob was wounded by artillery and came out ok.

On the 22nd, we headed out to the Pizza Palace located in the Imperial Palace Hotel where we had pizza, lots of beer and talked for hours. Later, Bob and Robin welcomed all of us up to their suite again. What a party animal Bob is.. no wonder everybody new Bob in Viet Nam. The party ended about 2:00am. Thank you, Bob and Robin for putting up with us. I don't know how you did it. Also, thanks for the ride to and back from Las Vegas.

We seemed to think we remembered a lot of what happened in Viet Nam, but little did I remember until I started talking to everybody. Thank God there is still some of us left to tell the stories that no one should ever forget, about the good times and tough times we had in Viet Nam. We are going to have another reunion next year God willing. If anyone is interested, you can contact me at 661-618-0032, or through Steve Edmunds for the next B Company reunion. Submitted by your Bravo Co. Brother, Richard Elam.

thought would never happen again, in our lifetime. Thanks to the internet and Steve Edmunds, I was able to make contact with some of the boys in B Company for a reunion. Attending were James & Evelyn Roberson, Carroll & Phyllis Merrell, Alex & Deliha Alegria, Bob & Robin

revolving as the wait for the Man progressed. An hour hazed by and the knock on the door came. The Man was there.

After explaining the reason for his existence, and why Uncle Sam was looking for me, and my neglect in not taking my military physical, plus a suggestion to get a lawyer, and contact my draft board, the Man left. Hating someone I did not know was not in my personality, but that Man provoked the upmost hateful feelings ever felt in a human being. He became the symbol of chaos and disruption. He was the antithesis of Santa Claus, apple pie and ones first kiss. He had just tied me to the railroad tracks and the train was acomin'.

There had to be an answer to this confusion; no letter had arrived at the apartment from the draft board and the fleeing mode kicked in. The hour drive to my grandmother's house where I stayed during the summers was a dangerous trip. My grandmother had passed away on my twenty first birthday. The car drove itself. My mind was cheetah racing trying to figure out the this messy confusion. The answers had to be in the mailbox at grandma's house.

Arriving at grandma's house, and finding five letters from the draft board was exhilarating and demoralizing. Each letter became progressively more demanding; each letter became nastier in content. The last letter explained the threat of the FBI's involvement, and the consequences. My butt was had, and its was in a sling. The post office had not forwarded my mail as requested. A plan was needed and fast.

Monday morning arrived and an appointment was made with my draft board. Just knowing they would accept my explanation of ignorance was in the back of my mind, but something told me to phone a lawyer for guidance and support. The draft board was only human beings with compassion for college students, and neighbors in the communities that drafted only the wayward sons that did not have jobs or got into trouble with the law. My draft status had been student deferred, there was no need to panic; they would understand, another semester and college was a finality for me.

Doubts started creeping into my mind as the old lawyer and I drove to the draft board meeting. He explained that during WW I, he had been attending Colorado State University, which had the quarter semester system. He had enrolled the first semester, ran out of money and dropped out the second semester. The third semester he was back in school, but was drafted and served in the war. Why he told me this story destroyed my confidence, and planted the seed of discontent. Surely this could not happen to me.

Standing before the draft board was a picture of the Christian versus the lions. The draft board consisted of all

male lions and one female. My male ego told me to ply my charms on the female; she would understand with her motherly instincts, that no son should have to serve in a war. No mother wants to see her son harmed. She was about the same age as my own mother and had a nice smile.

Turning the charm onto the beast that does the killing was a mistake. With one big swipe, she hit me in the ass and pulled me down to her level where the coup de grace was applied. There was no pain, yet suffocation set in, and "two weeks to get your affairs in order" was muttered by the killer. Two weeks? This prey needed longer than two weeks. The old lawyer step in to wipe the blood off the chin of the lioness. A reprieve was given, February 14, 1967, was judgement day. There was a little more time before the train came rollin' down those tracks.

The lioness' smile remained on that face as she continued looking at me, yet the rest of the pack lowered their heads in a moment of silence. That smile had been there before other prey, and she had completed the hunt. Reasoning to the hunter that I was more important to the military with a college degree was frugal. There was no more reasoning to be done; sentencing was final. However, the male lions understood. Some of them had been tied on those same tracks years before, and they were just doing their job. Another number, another statistic had been fulfilled.

February 14 approached too quickly. There were fatalistic days of goodbyes to loved ones, drinking oneself into a stupor, and generally waiting for the coup de grace. My farewell to Grandpa Kinnan was the most difficult because he cried, and I tried to reassure him I'd be back. As we hugged, he nodded in agreement, but countered with, "I know, but I won't be." He died two weeks after my induction into the army.

My bus trip to Omaha and "I swear to uphold the Constitution..." began my journey into the surreal. Bitterness described my attitude. The lioness had gotten her wish. The processing of the inductees was thorough, as they handed me the folders of the new soldiers, and we boarded the bus for basic training, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. "Don't lose that folder! Your whole life is in there!" commanded the authority. My life and the rest of the inductees had been reduced to a big envelope stamped "DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY. We were on our way to the unknown and uncertainty.

Curiosity begets mankind, and the envelope contained our life histories, according to the induction center. Wondering what my life had become in an envelope compelled me to break the seal and study its contents. What pearls of wisdom were in the envelope? What had my life been reduced to? Finding my file was easy. Rubber stamped in big bold letters was FBI. Damn, my life was branded,

Charlie Co Mini-Reunion....

A Charlie Co Mini-reunion was held June 22-25 in Fairfax, VA. Attending were the following: Bob & Wuanda Richards & Family; Byron & Hazel Perry; Del & Carol Shores; Bob & Eileen McElroy; Bob & Mickie Rohan; Terry & Sue Jandron; Mark & Carol Butler; Jim Kreisel & Teresa Wiser; Myron & Joy Mleziva; Richard Martin; Richard Myers; Bob & Nancy Longwell; Robert McAfoos; Russell Campbell; John & Linda Schmidt; Bob & JoAn Fopma; Terry Faulkner; Steve Edmunds; Gary Holliman; Louis (Mike) & Bobbie Glasgow; Bill Anderson and guest Jean Brandon; Roger Tenbrink; Bernie & Linda Frolik; Guests: Darrel & Chris Whitcomb. The fellowship was enjoyed by all.

A visit was made to Arlington National Cemetery where the Charlie Co Brothers took a group photo at the 4th Infantry Division Memorial, which was dedicated in 2001. We proceeded to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier where we viewed the changing of the guard. After seeing the rest of the sites at Arlington, we proceeded to the Vietnam Memorial.

A 39 year old mystery has been solved. During the contact on 23 July 1967, Charlie Co 3rd platoon took many casualties. Seventeen killed and ten wounded. One of the wounded was Jim Kreisel who had a head wound caused by a bullet and a wound to the groin area caused by shrapnel from an exploding grenade. The NVA left him for dead. When he regained consciousness, Jim had managed to crawl into some bushes for cover to avoid further contact with the NVA. When friendly forces arrived which consisted of members from the 2nd platoon who secured the area for the evacuation of the dead and wounded. Jim was carried off the battlefield in the cradled arms of an unknown member of 2nd platoon. For all of these years, Jim wondered who it was that carried him down to the LZ. And for the soldier from 2nd platoon, he had longed to know who it was he carried and whether or not he survived his wounds. Jim Kreisel met Steve Edmunds for the first time since that eventful day. For both, this made the trip that much more worthwhile.

On Saturday, a squad made up of Terry Faulkner, Richard Myers, Steve Edmunds and Gary Holliman, returned to the Vietnam Memorial to place a laminated copy of the Dragoons' casualty roster, a zippo lighter, #1 of a set, inscribed on one side "We left as Soldiers, Returned as Brothers, Nam" and on the other side, the inscription read, "You shall never be forgotten" and one of the custom Dragoon challenge coins. An emotional endeavor... mission accomplished.

The photos were provided by Lou Piro who happened to be visiting The Wall from New York. He was kind enough to have taken the pictures and e-mail to me.



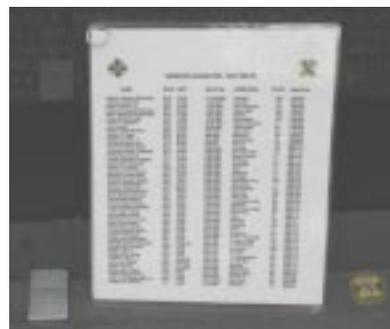
Charlie CO Mini-reunion



C Co Reunion, Kriesel - Edmunds



(L to R) Terry Faulkner, Richard Myers, Steve Edmunds and Gary Holliman



Items left at The Wall