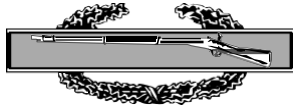


JUMPING MUSTANG BUGLE

1st Battalion, 8th Cavalry Division

March 2018



Volume 37

Issue Number 1

PRESIDENTS CORNER

Is it SPRING YET? We are almost there and I can't wait. I trust all is going well for you and your families in the New Year and pray that it continues throughout the year. Right after our reunion in Grand Rapids Michigan the board began looking for ways to relieve some of the work load for Jim and Jane Knafel. We also took a hard look at making it easier for our new Editor of the bugle and at the same time reduce some of our costs with the delivery of the bugle. I am pleased to announce two very exciting enhancements that I am convinced will accomplish all of the above.

I am most excited to welcome **Faye Lynch** to our Board as our first ever head of 1/8th Cav. women's Auxiliary. Faye has agreed to take on the challenges of setting up and running the raffle at our reunions, she will also insure that there will be plenty of assistance at registration throughout the reunion and finally she will insure that our flags are placed at every dinner and at the end of the reunion insure that they are mailed to our next reunion site. Since Faye will be joining our Board, I expect that the women's point of view will take on a bigger role in our future decisions. I am excited that in our own small way we are starting our own women's auxiliary and I encourage all of our women associates to assist Faye as we continue to develop and refine this position. You can offer your assistance to faye by email at Fayebobl@aol.com

Next, as we announced earlier **Jerry Prater** has agreed to become our next Editor of the Bugle as Hawk has retired from that position. We also will remind everyone that effective January 1st 2019, The Bugle will be posted on our face book page and will only be delivered to you by email and no longer by snail mail. So you have the next 9 months to get an email address, send it to Jerry or get online and go to our face book page. This change will save the association almost \$600 each quarter and make it easier on Jerry to continue to provide all our members about the happenings of our Battalion throughout the year. Jerry can be reached at jerryprater1018@yahoo.com

I Trust that both of these changes and enhancements will bring more fun and enjoyment to our reunions for everyone involved, especially Jim and Jane and at the same time reduce our expenses while still providing the vital communication piece we have all grown accustomed to.

I would also like to ask you to think hard about hosting a reunion for 2020. This year it's Colorado Springs, CO. then Anaheim, CA so it will be time to go to the East Coast and there are so many great locations for us to consider. All we need is a host family who lives in or very near to the city that you would like to propose. Please give it consideration.

Did you know that President Trump has a fully staffed

Veterans Hotline directly into the White House. Live agents will answer your call and expedite your concerns and issues to a resolution as quickly as possible. They also have a direct link into the President for any concerns they can't seem to resolve. The number to call is **1-855-948-2311**, seven days a week, 24hrs a day, 365 days a year. (p.s. I tried it and it worked great.)

Other important Hot lines for you are: MyVA311- 1-844-698-2311, VA Benefits – 1-800-827-1000, Veterans Crisis Line – 1-800-273-8255 and VA Healthcare – 1-877-222-8387

We wish you a great Spring Season and trust that you are already planning for our next reunion in Colorado Springs, CO. home to Pikes Peak and the Air Force Academy. Abbey and I will be celebrating our 49th wedding Anniversary on the 4th of October, won't you join us?

**Honor and Courage
Harvey J. Auger
President**

JUNE 2018 EDITION OF THE BUGLE

Did you have an incident happen to you in Vietnam that you would like to share with the other members of the Jumping Mustangs? Or, do you have some information that would be of benefit or interest to the membership? The Bugle is published each quarter to provide all members with information, as well as activities and articles of interest to the membership. I strongly encourage each of you to send articles or information to me that can be published in the June editions of the newsletter.

Please submit your articles or information to be included in the June 2018 Bugle to me no later than May 19, 2018. Thank you for your involvement.

Jerry Prater

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Kenneth M. Molkup A Co 65-66
789 Riverbend Dr.
Hayesville NC 28904-7751
828-389-7176
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Duane H. (Dew) Kloster B Co 1970
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Spring Hill. FL 14609
352-293-4594
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OLD MEMBERS NEW ADDRESS

Joe Martin
17600 Manitou Rd.
Addison, MI 49220

Robert Franks
1283 Liberty Valley Rd.
Danville, PA 17821

LeRoy Allen
286 Graham Rd.
Leesville, LA 71446

OLD MEMBER REACTIVATED

Richard Flanders A Co 67-68
264 Boyd Branch Dr.
Upatoi, GA 31829
(H) 706-583-0548
(C) 706-587-4834

TAPS

Louis H. Sounders, D Co 65-66, passed away on March 12, 2017

Richard E. Meade, B Co 67-68, passed away on December 9, 2017

Ron Clifton, C Co 68-69, passed away on December 17, 2017

If you know of a member of the Jumping Mustangs that has passed away, please notify Lim Knafel at jknafel@gmail.com or Roger Talmadge at rogertalmadge@cox.net as soon as possible.

CONSIDERING COLORADO

In the song America the Beautiful, there is a phrase about “Purple Mountain’s Majesty”. Well, you are going to see them if you go to the 2018 Jumping Mustang reunion in Colorado Springs. Look to the west down most east/west streets and you will see that the mountains appear as a deep purple against the sunset. The Air Force Academy is just a few miles out of town to the west and even though the 9/11 incident has put large area off limits, you can pick up a map as you enter, or at the museum, that shows you the area where you can go.

Areas that I liked were “Diamond Lil”, which is a B-52D from the Vietnam War. It is supported by pillars that hold it off the ground and the landing gear is in a retracted position. A strange thing about the landing gear is that all the main wheels can be turned about 20 degrees so the plane can land pointed into the wind even if the runway isn’t aimed that way. I can’t imagine the view from the flight deck with some infantryman is in the jump seat for a ride saying, “Sir, aren’t you worried about running off the side of the runway?”

The Cadet Chapel is a real wonder with its repeating triangles reaching for the sky gleaming in the sun. It is interesting from the inside gleaming purple, blue, and gold as the light comes through the glass panels. The exotic design is not without its problems. I understand there will be some repairs going on this summer, but they might be done before October. There is a scenic overlook trail marked on the maps that gives you several great views of the chapel and some of the classrooms.

The museum has history of the academy as well as the Air Force. Don’t expect a huge museum because about a dozen buildings of its size would fit in just one of the buildings at the National Museum of the U. S. Air Force on the northeast side of Dayton, Ohio.

Incidentally, there is an Air Force Academy Honor Graduate who is running for Barry Goldwater’s old Senate seat. She also has two graduate degrees in foreign relations, several thousand hours in the A-10, including 325 combat hours, and ran the Air Force intelligence office for the continent of Africa. She sounds a lot like Col. Ken Mertel did when he was talking about the “warrior” mind set. Her name is Martha McSally and she was the first woman to lead a fighter squadron in combat. I understand from retired Col. Roger Knopf that a great interview with her is on U-tube. Roger flew F-4 Phantoms in Vietnam and was also the Air Force liaison officer on the ground with 2/7 Cav at LZ Albany on November 17 and 18, 1965.

Roger agrees with Joe Galloway that Major Frank Henry kept LZ Albany from ending like Custer at the Little Bighorn. LTC McDade had no fire plan and failed to do it even after C 2/7 was overrun. Major Henry got the artillery and airstrikes going, including for the company from 1/5 which fought their way to LZ Albany. 155 Cavalry trooper died on November 17.

There is also the Olympic Training Center at Colorado Springs. Alan probably has a tour arranged, but you can also go visit it by yourself.

There are also some great driving tours in the mountains. The Top of the Rockies route includes Leadville and Camp Hale where the 10th Mountain Division trained in WWII. They fought in the mountains of Italy and they started with skiers, mountain climbers, cowboys, mule skippers, and even some winter Olympians. As they took casualties at places like Riva Ridge, they took in replacements without experience, including a LT Bob Dole.

Now a word of caution. Colorado Springs is 6,300 feet above sea level. Those who have a heart or lung problem, or think they may have one, should see your doctor and explain what you are doing. He may suggest a C-Pap or B-Pap machine with oxygen supplement at night, and supplemental oxygen during the day. He also might recommend furosemide to reduce the chances of swelling of the legs and high altitude pulmonary edema. For young healthy people that is only a worry only if they go above 11,000 feet, but that doesn’t describe us.

Glenn Sheathelm

2018 REUNION

Plans are continuing for the October 2018 Jumping Mustangs reunion in Colorado Springs. The 2018 Pikes Peak Region Visitors Guide is now available at www.visitcos.com. If you have questions about the area, you can contact Alan and Sharon Jacobsen at jacobs201@aol.com. There will be more reunion information in the June edition of the Bugle. Looking forward to seeing you in October.

Alan and Sharon Jacobsen

Current Email Address

Currently, the Jumping Mustangs has approximately 350 members on the active roster. However, only 206 of the members have provided us with an active email address. About three weeks before the Bugle goes to press each quarter, an email message is sent to all active members of the Jumping Mustangs. This message informs members of the cutoff date for all articles or information that is to be included in next edition of the Bugle.

If you are not receiving this email message, it indicates that you do not have an email address on my contact list, or that the email address you provided is not a deliverable address. **Since the Bugle will not be mailed to members by the Post Office beginning with the March 2019 edition, we ask that you provide us with your current email address as soon as possible.** If you do not have an email address, I strongly encourage you to ask your children or grandchildren to create one for you, and train you on the basic operations of sending and receiving email messages.

Your current active email address can be provided to Jim Knafel at 260-244-3864 or jjknafel@gmail.com, or to Jerry Prater at 214-263-4567 or jerryprater1018@yahoo.com
Thank you for your prompt response.

Jerry Prater

Receiving the Bugle by Email

In the Presidents Corner of the September 2017 and the current edition of the Bugle, Harvey Auger informed all active members of the Jumping Mustangs that, beginning January 2019, members would receive their copy of the Bugle either by email or by going to our face book page on the Jumping Mustangs website. This will enable members to have access to the current edition of the Bugle must faster, and it will reduce the costs incurred by our organization by approximately \$600.00 per quarter.

Currently only 86 of our members receive the Bugle by email. I encourage all of you to consider receiving you're your June 2018 and all subsequent editions by email instead of through the postal service. If you would like to begin receiving all future editions by email, please contact me at 214-263-4567 or jerryprater1018@yahoo.com

Jerry Prater

F. O. ON A KILLER TEAM

Sometimes our platoon would set up for the night near a village, and our Platoon Leader would get volunteers to go out for the night on a Killer Team. The Team usually would consist of four members of the platoon, all of which were experienced infantrymen. The Team would wait until after dark to leave the perimeter and sneak into the designated village. We would sneak around very quietly inside the village and try to catch the Viet Cong (V. C.), who would go into villages to get food and sex. All the villagers knew the rule was that no one was supposed to be outside the village after dark. Anyone who was outside the village after dark was considered to be enemy personnel and could be shot on sight.

Most Killer Teams were not very successful, but were a good opportunity for some excitement, and to get the old adrenalin flowing. On one particular team, an F. O. (Forward Observer) begged and pleaded to be allowed to go out for the night. He was allowed to be a part of the Team when he agreed to do what he was told, to keep quiet, and to carry the radio. I believe the sergeant who was in charge of the Team felt sorry for him because he wanted so badly to see a little action. Real Patriot!

A Forward Observer was part of an artillery unit who was assigned to an infantry platoon or company so he could coordinate fields of fire for the artillery. He would join the infantry unit in the field and call in marking (smoke) rounds to determine the coordinates to be used when it became necessary to call in artillery strikes. This was not a daily occurrence because the leader of the mortar platoon could call in artillery coordinates. This particular F. O. wanted to get a C. I. B. (Combat Infantryman's Badge) and the only way he could get one was to go out on missions with infantry units.

The four of us, the leader, the F. O., another guy, and me, went into the village shortly after dark. Before we left the platoon perimeter, we had a little briefing of basic stuff, keep quiet, stay together, move quickly, and carry a light load. We got into the village and began checking out a church, it was kind of exciting creeping around in the dark. We stayed around the church for a while the left out, creeping down the main trails.

We hadn't gone far when the leader came up with a plan, he would bust in the front door of a hooch and the rest of us would be waiting around back. Any V. C. who came running out the back was fair game. Sounded like a great plan, except Mr. F. O. was the lead man going around to the back of the hooch. Mr. F. O. gets a bad attack of ROBOTitis, walking all stiff and way too slow. There wasn't enough room to get around him because pricker

bushes were in the way, and I tried to nudge him along. I heard the leader bust in the front door and, when I got to the corner of the hooch, I shoved the F. O. to get around him. By the time we got to the back, the V. C. had broken out the back on a dead run and cleared a hedgerow in a single bound.

Mr. F. O. had slowed us up enough that we couldn't get a shot off. It really hacked us off, a great plan down the drain because of someone who shouldn't have been there.

Patrick W. Dooley

PRELUDE TO THE BATTLE OF TAM QUAN AKA DAI DONG

On the morning of December 7, 1967, I was the pilot for Major Gordon Stone, the Commanding Officer of A Troop, 1/9 Cav. In addition to our crew chief, our Artillery Forward Observer, 1LT Al Tyre, was also on board. 1LT Tyre also manned one of our door guns, and he was deadly with an M 60.

It has long been erroneously reported that the Apache Scouts spotted the radio antenna. The fact is the antenna was spotted by 1LT Tyre.

At approximately 1015 hours, we were patrolling the area in the vicinity of Tam Quan when 1LT Tyre spotted a long radio antenna running from a hooch to the top of a palm tree. We came around to investigate and 1LT Tyre tossed a frag grenade toward the hooch to recon by fire. We then began receiving intense fire from the ground and we immediately returned fire and broke contact as we climbed up from tree top level. 1LT Tyre then called in an artillery fire mission, and Major Stone called for our Blue platoon to be air lifted into the area to check out the severity of the contact. I should point out that the CO in an Air Cavalry Troop and flies a single gunship without a wing man.

We conducted a "hot" insertion in to a rice paddy LZ just a little west of Tam Quan. Our gunships fired rockets into the tree line beside the paddy as the lift ships landed the Blue platoon. As soon as they got off the helicopters, the Blues became pinned down from intense fire from the village. It became obvious that we were engaged with much larger force than first anticipated, and Major Stone called for the Squadron QRF (Quick Reaction Force), which was a rifle platoon from D Troop. Our lift ships, known as the Headhunters, picked up the Quick Reaction Force at LZ Two Bits and

raced back to the east and air assaulted them into a rice paddy just south of our Blues.

Unfortunately, the QRF platoon leader was killed as he stepped off the helicopter skid and a well entrenched enemy began pouring withering fire into both ground units. Now we had two rifle platoons pinned down and we were involved in a full scale fire fight. Our gunships and scouts began to screen around the village of Tam Quan in order to prevent whoever was in the village from escaping, and to prevent any enemy reinforcements from entering. That turned out to be the least of our worries. By this time the 1st Brigade, 8th Cav was assuming operational control of the contact and the Brigade Commander ordered his ready reaction force, B Co., 1/8 Cav into the fight to try and assist the two 1/9 Cav platoons. B Company was air assaulted into rice paddies north of the village. As soon as they approached the village they came under very heavy fire and close range combat was being fought all along the line of advance.

While our ship remained on station to coordinate gunship and artillery fire, the rest of the 1/8 and A Company 1/50 mechanized infantry moved in to reinforce B Company. As we flew along the tree line we were receiving fire from NVA soldiers positioned in the tree tops. We informed the ground troops not to panic when we started making passes along the tree line and firing the miniguns on the NVA. We told them that the brass (shell casings) from the guns would be falling on them. They radioed back acknowledgement. Later on that afternoon some APCs from the 1/50 mechanized infantry tried to link up with Blues. One APC took a direct hit from a B-40 rocket and was destroyed. Sometime around 2300 hours one APC made it to A Troop Blues and rescued them from the battlefield while our ship, along with other gunships, laid down covering fire. Finally, around midnight this one APC was able extract what was left of the QRF. We landed after spending more than 12 hours in the air, landing only to refuel and re arm several times.

Mike Bond
Apache 6 X ray
1/9 Cav

Welcome Home Baby Killer

Ever since service men and women have returned from a tour in Iraq or other Middle East localities, they have been welcomed home as heroes by a grateful nation. Some reunions with their families occurred on the field before baseball or football games, and were recorded and televised nationally. Many returning veterans were given

free season tickets to major league baseball games. Veterans returning home from Vietnam did not get this type of reception.

The one thing all soldiers looked forward to when they arrived in Vietnam, particularly those with an MOS of 11 Bravo (Light Weapons Infantry), was their DEROS date, **Date Eligible for Return from Over Seas**. After serving my one year tour of duty, I arrived at the Replacement Battalion in Cam Ranh Bay very early in the morning of May 19, 1968 and I was scheduled to depart on Military Air Command (MAC) flight number N254 at 0230 on May 21.

After we boarded the MAC flight at 0200, Edward House, Larry Nunn, and I sat in the row of seats together, just like we did when we flew from Oakland to Pleiku one year earlier. As I sat in my seat, I was hoping and praying that the VC or NVA would not attack the plane or runway with mortars or artillery before we took off. Then, after what seemed to be an eternity, the plane started moving and taxiing toward the runway for the takeoff. The plane turned onto the runway and stopped while waiting for permission to takeoff. Then, the plane started moving and picking up speed until we were able to take off. When I heard the wheels being raised and locked, I knew we were totally out of range of any hostile fire and on our way back to The World!

Ed, Larry and I began talking, and I made up my mind that I was going to stay awake the entire trip back because I didn't know when, or if I would ever see my two very good friends again. After about an hour, I fell asleep and I didn't wake up until we made a refueling stop which, I believe, was in Japan. The stop was very brief and we did not deplane. After we took off, I made an effort to stay awake and talk, but I fell asleep again in about an hour. I just couldn't stay awake because I had very little sleep during the previous two nights, and I had come down from being so keyed up and excited about leaving Vietnam. Also, we were in darkness from the time we left Vietnam until less than an hour before we landed at Fort Lewis, Washington.

We landed at Fort Lewis at approximately 0600 on May 21, the date did not change because we crossed back over the International Date Line. Now, I was looking forward to that wonderful steak meal we had heard would be served on our return. We didn't get a steak, we were fed eggs and pancakes, but that was fine with me because I wanted to get to the Seattle airport and on my plane home as soon as humanly possible. Since we wore jungle fatigues and boots on the plane home, we were issued a set of dress greens, a pair of dress shoes

and socks, a blue infantry shoulder rope, and a rain coat. They also sewed on 1st Cav patch and our rank insignia on the dress coat.

Since I was scheduled to leave on Braniff flight 183 departing at 1045, I was on one of the first busses that took the soldiers to the Seattle airport. After getting off the bus, about six or seven of us soldiers began walking to the waiting area that served three or four gates. As we arrived at the waiting area, we were greeted with a group of protestors who began yelling at us, saying "How many babies did you kill?", and "How does it feel to be a murderer?", and many other similar comments, including a lot of profanity. They also threw a lot of objects at us, but none were hard enough to hurt us. They kept cussing and yelling at us for several minutes, then they left and went to another waiting area. None of this really bothered us at the time because we were so happy to be home and away from the constant danger of being killed. Plus, the six or seven of us were there to support each other. I began to feel a sense of loneliness and emptiness as the other soldiers boarded their plane.

I boarded my plane, and we made a short flight for a stopover in Portland, Oregon. We took off within 30 minutes of the time we landed, and we were now on our way for a non-stop flight to Love field in Dallas! One thing I noticed was all the other passengers were getting soft drinks and the stewardess was taking their liquor orders. However, she didn't offer me a soft drink, and didn't ask if I wanted any liquor. I finally had to ask for a coke, and the stewardess was very curt and rude when she finally brought it to me. The same thing happened when they started serving the lunch meal. All the other passengers got their lunch, and I had to ask for mine, and I got a very rude and hostile comment when my plate was delivered to me. Since the economy section of the plane was about one quarter full, the stewardess was not busy and had no reason not to serve me the same as she did for all the other passengers. The only difference between me and all the other passengers was that I was in my army uniform and all the other passengers were in civilian clothing.

We landed in Dallas at about 1445 and I got off the plane and started walking toward the terminal and baggage claim area. Shortly after entering the terminal area, I was again the object of protestors who were yelling "Baby killer", "Nazi dog", "Hitler henchman" and several other vulgar comments. They also threw some objects at me but, once again, none were hard enough to hurt when they hit me. I kept walking and finally got to the baggage claim area and my wife was there waiting for me. We went to the parking lot and I got to drive my car for the first time in a year. I drove to my parent's house in

Garland, which took about 25 minutes. As we arrived at the house I saw a big banner they had put over top of the garage door that said "Welcome Home Jerry". I finally was able to be around people who loved me, were glad to see me, and who were glad that I was finally home and out of danger.

All of the comments and actions of the protestors didn't bother me when I first returned from Vietnam. While we were still in the army, all of us Vietnam veterans always supported each other. We understood and cared for each other because we were the only people who really understood what we had endured while we were in Vietnam. When we were discharged from the army, we all lost that connection and we were on our own.

A few months after my discharge, all the negative reporting on television and in the newspapers caused me to become very angry, bitter and depressed. It seemed that the media depicted us as dope heads who were unstable and may go off on a violent rage at any time. Also, when some people learned that I was a combat veteran, they distanced themselves from me and would have little or nothing to do with me.

Welcome home soldier. You answered when your government called, you didn't move to Canada or do something to yourself so you wouldn't be called to serve. We all paid a price a lot higher than anyone, other than other Vietnam veterans, will ever know, care, understand, or appreciate. We gave up more than just the one year of our lives, we gave up our innocence and, in many cases, we lost our wives or girlfriends.

When we were drafted, the army spent eight weeks of basic training teaching us how to become soldiers. They forced us to forget all the freedoms we had as civilians, and drilled into our heads how to think and act as soldiers. Then we spent nine weeks being taught how to be infantrymen, with emphasis on how to kill enemy soldiers. We spent a year in Vietnam killing the enemy, and trying not to be killed. When our tour was over, we spent our last six months in the army performing duties specific to the infantry, such as guard duty, riot control training, and being the guinea pig for young officers or cadets from West Point so they could get some tactical experience leading Vietnam veterans in combat type situations. However, the army made no effort to teach us how to adjust to civilian life. We did not receive any counseling on how to deal with all the trauma we experienced in Vietnam, and how to cope with a civilian

population that looked at us with hatred and disdain.

We all came back with various degrees of PTSD caused by what we had to do and what we saw, as well as gunshot, shrapnel, or other wounds to our bodies. Most of the physical wounds could be seen and treated immediately, but the emotional wounds couldn't be seen, and they were not diagnosed for many years after we returned from Vietnam. Many of the emotional wounds were never treated because the soldier may not have realized they had a problem, or they did not know how to get treatment. All we knew was that we were not the same person we were before we were drafted.

Jerry Prater

REQUEST FOR ASSISTANCE

My mom married Ray Brewer who served in Company C 1/8 Cav in 1965-1966. He has now passed and I would like to get in touch with anyone who served with him in Vietnam. If anyone remembers him and can share information about him, please contact me at theway146@yahoo.co or 859-497-1672. Thank you.

Randy Taylor

Does anyone know or have any contact information regarding SP/4 Benito Hernandez, Jr. and Sergeant Jerry Fuchs, both of who served with the 1st Cav in Vietnam during 1968-1969? If so, please contact me at mskali2@yahoo.com or 325-944-3095.

Michael Dyess

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