

NEWSLETTER

MILWAUKEE HOSTS 2018 REUNION

Gathering returns to Midwest September 4th through the 6th



Red Warriors last gathered in Washington, DC and San Diego. After four years away, the event returns to the Midwest September 2018

By now, most Vietnam Red Warriors are aware that our 2018 reunion will be held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin September 4 through 6, 2018. We strongly encourage you to book your hotel reservations early, as hotel rooms are extremely limited for the Labor Day week throughout the Milwaukee area.

Highlights of the three-day event will first and foremost be the reuniting of fellow Red Warriors. There will be

ample time for reminiscing and reconnecting with both old and new friends. Company dinners on Wednesday are always a favorite tradition and the reunion climaxes with its final evening banquet and ceremonies on Thursday. Please check our website [Reunion Info](#) page periodically for the latest updates.



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PASSINGS - Our Advance Party Red Warriors



During 2017 we saw the passing, or learned about fellow Red Warriors who have gone on before us.



COL James R. Lay

The year began with the sad news of the passing on January 17 our first battalion commander, Colonel James R. Lay. Three months earlier, he honored us with his presence at our reunion in San Diego. He was buried wearing his Red Warrior t-shirt. The pall bearers at his funeral were all Vietnam Red Warriors who were

proud to have served under his command. [Watch Video](#)

Shirel England

We lost Shirel England, age 71, on February 26, 2017. Shirel was a member of Bravo Company between 1966 and 1967. He resided in West Virginia.

Don Uthe

Donnie Uthe had the distinction being a member of Bravo, Charlie, and Delta Companies between 1967 and 1968. He was wounded in action on June 4, 1968 and now is especially missed by Delta Company brothers. He died on March 17, 2017 at age 70. Donnie was a resident of Winston, Missouri.

Larry Jensen

Larry served in Alpha Company between 1968 and 1969. He passed away on March 27, 2017 at age 68 at the Iowa Veterans Hospital in Des Moines.

Henry Cooper

Henry was a member of Bravo Company between 1966 and 1967 and died April 8, 1917 in Coweta, Oklahoma. He was 71.

Richard Makruski

Richard Makruski, 70, passed away Sept. 4, 2017. He was a member of 1st platoon, Charlie Company 1969/70. He attained the rank of SSG and resided in Randolph, Ohio.

Donavon (Don) Drako

The day after Thanksgiving, Nov. 24, 2017, Don Drako age 69, passed away. He was a proud member of Delta Company and was WIA on June 5, 1969. He was a retired postal worker and resided in Utica, MI.

Richard Johnsen

We learned late in 2017 of the passing of Dick Johnsen, another Bravo Company soldier. He passed away of a heart attack at the age of 72 on November 24, 2016 while hunting elk. He was a resident of Bismarck, North Dakota.

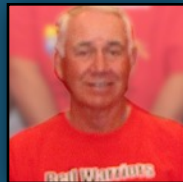
Jim Blankenship

Jim passed away in 2012 and we just recently learned of his death. He was a member of Alpha Company 1969/69.

Advance Party



Larry Jensen



Don Uthe



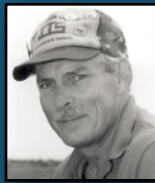
Shirel England



Henry Cooper



James Lay



Richard Johnsen



Don Drako



Rich Makruski

Home of the free, because of the brave.



GHOSTS OF CHU PA MOUNTAIN - *By RW Frank Evans*

Red Warrior author, Frank Evans, provides an excerpt from his book "Stand To... A Journey to Manhood".

I finished eating a can of beef slices just as a call came over the radio.

"One-Six Romeo, this is Six-One-Romeo."

My radio operator had a mouthful of sliced peaches in his mouth so he handed me the handset. I answered the company commander's radio operator, "Six-One-Romeo, this is One-Six."

"Roger, Six-One requests your presence."

"On my way. Out." I put on my helmet, grabbed my M-16, and headed toward the company CP. When I arrived, I saw that the other platoon, leaders, the FO and First Sergeant Mac Cardle were already seated.

Captain Shu pointed to a place near the fire. "Have a seat, One-Six." He was eating a C-ration and drinking a can of coke. Tall and thin as he was, he always seemed to be eating. All us platoon leaders had a habit of taking our least popular C-rations, such delicacies as tuna loaf and fruitcake, to the CP where Shu would open the cans and finish them off. I was amazed he could eat so much so often and still be so thin. We jokingly called him the human garbage disposal. He put down his meal and said, "We've got a mission first thing in the morning."

I took my helmet off, flipped it upside down, sat in it, lit a cigarette, and started to heat a cup of coffee over the fire. Though we'd only been at this patrol base a couple of days, I was ready to move out. "Where're we going, sir?"

"Chu Pa Mountain, a few miles from here. B Company walked into a U-shaped ambush, they've been in contact over two days with at least two

reinforced NVA companies, might be a whole battalion." He started opening another C-ration can

"The dinks are using six or seven machine-guns, also B40 rockets. Bravo has some wounded and several KIAs, they haven't been able to recover some of the bodies." We all looked around at one another. Two days was a long time for bodies to be out in the hot sun.

Be prepared to move out no later than zero-eight-hundred. Arty and Spooky have been working the area pretty hard but Bravo needs help. We're going in to get them out."

He gave the grid coordinates. I pulled my map out of my pocket and looked at the area. The heavily wooded mountain's contour lines were very close together. This indicated steep slopes with ridges spreading out in every direction. Walking would be rough and tactical movement almost impossible. I took a sip of coffee knowing that we'd have to move in single file through the double and triple canopied forests; an ideal formation to get ambushed.

The captain took a gulp of coke. "Charlie Company leads, we follow, Delta air-assaults to the northwest of Bravo to clear NVA from the high ground." He pointed to his map, "Charlie moves to Bravo's location while we secure the high ground here and prepare an LZ to extract the dead and wounded. Have your medics in the first lift so we can send them forward fast. We'll land in a small clearing near the top of Chu Pa then walk about a click west to prep a larger LZ for extraction." He set his coke down and pulled a candy bar from his pocket,

"First platoon leads, then third, then second. I'll be behind first."

I listened to the rest of the FRAGO then headed back to my platoon's area. I briefed the squad leaders and we began the business of setting up the night's security and preparing for the next morning's movement. Weapons were cleaned again and Sergeant Mayer issued additional ammo and grenades. Resupply choppers started bringing in extra water, food, and ammo. I stole a few minutes to write a letter to my wife; maybe I could send it out with the choppers.

The early morning began as a beautiful sunny day. We set up to get on the choppers as soon as they arrived. Dog, my new medic, stood next to me. He had arrived in country a few weeks ago. Most medics liked being called "Doc" but our doc preferred to be called "Dog." I never figured out why. His shaggy red hair, though, did remind me of a cocker spaniel whose coat needed combing.

We all looked a bit shaggy after several weeks of patrolling and living in the bush. Dog was a cheerful guy, a bit crazy but good at his job.

His hair and goofy smile would have been right at home on a college campus. I figured he had been the class clown back in high school. I looked over at him, "You good to go, Dog?"

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CONTINUED - CHU PA MOUNTAINS

He smiled, "Roger, Sir, I'm good to go." The first slick swooped down and landed. I motioned for my RTO, three other soldiers and Dog to board it. We climbed in and secured ourselves for the ride to Chu Pa Mountain. A short time later I looked down at the small one-ship LZ that had been blasted clear by artillery rounds. Except for the LZ, the mountain was covered with a thick semi-closed canopy of hardwood trees and dense undergrowth. A light fog swirled around the chopper blades and green smoke drifted off through the hundred-foot tall trees that surrounded the clearing. I looked to the left of the chopper and noticed a narrow trail meandering west in the shadows under the triple canopy. Charlie Company was already following that trail enroute to relieve its ambushed sister company.

The company landed and formed up for our move to the area where we would establish an LZ closer to B Company. It was humid but as we moved under the trees the heavy shade made it cooler and evening-like, almost eerie. Throughout the morning occasional patches of sunlight pierced through the trees contrasting with the dark shadows that seemed to oversee our movement as we hiked down the trail. The ground fell off steeply in places along the ridge and, loaded down as we were, the walking was difficult. Still, we all stayed alert. The enemy was nearby.

We finally reached an area that, even though it was slanted, was adequate to serve as an LZ. Of course we'd have to cut down some of the larger trees and then set up an elevated landing pad. Captain Shu walked over to me, "One-Six, you get to build the pad. Also, have your medic link up with the rest of the medics at Charlie Company's location to help with the casualties."

Yes, Sir. How long before we can bring in the medevacs?"

"Hopefully by tomorrow morning. It's going to take a while to build the pad. Good news is, Charlie Company linked up with Bravo around noon. They'll start moving back toward us in the morning. See you later, One-Six."

"Roger, sir." I heard artillery fire landing and Cobra gunships firing in support of Bravo and Charlie. Bravo had been fighting for three days. I looked to the west and thought of the dead soldiers who had lain in the sun since the first day.

Platoon Sergeant Mayer walked up and broke my trance, "Don't tell me, we get to build the pad."

"Affirmative, Sergeant Mayer, let's get cracking."

"Roger, sir."

Each squad started preparing their defensive positions while Sergeant Mayer supervised the work detail that had to build the pad. They cut down trees to clear the area and fashioned a log platform that would create somewhat of a level plane for the choppers to land on. The landings would still be a dangerous operation but the dust-off pilots were good at their job. The dead and wounded would get extracted. Work and perimeter security continued throughout the day and into the night. All night long firing continued and Spooky's tracers could be seen spraying the area to our west. By morning the pad was almost finished. I ate a quick breakfast of scrambled eggs and ham, picked up a few rejected c-rats from the soldiers ("Who the hell would eat this shit, Sir?") and walked to the company CP. Captain Shu took the cans and started opening one with his P-38, "Bravo's enroute, One-Six, they should be here in an hour or so. Is the pad ready?"

"Affirmative, sir, the men are putting a few final touches on it."

"Good, good." He took a bite of the C-ration fruitcake. "They got their most seriously wounded out but we have to assist with extracting the KIA. When they arrive, we'll send the dead out from here. We'll remain overnight then return to the LZ we came in on and get picked up. We're going to a temporary patrol base for a couple days then to LZ Mary Lou for refit and resupply."

"Sounds good, sir."

"Bye the way, I got another call from HQ. Brigade wants you reassigned to them as a liaison officer. I told them you were on patrol again."

"When do they want me?"

"Right away." He put down his food and looked at me. "You want to go? You've been in the bush for six months."

"No, sir. I want to stay with the platoon, we work well together."

Continued Next Page



CONTINUED - CHUPA MOUNTAINS

“Yeah, well I can offer you the Company XO job again. Brigade might settle for that and find some other lieutenant to be the liaison officer.”

“Sir, like I said I want to stay with the platoon in the field. Maybe in another two or three months I’ll be ready for a staff job, but not now.”

“Okay, but if they want you bad enough they’ll get you. For now drive on and we’ll see how it all works out.”

The company RTO walked up, “Captain Shu, Bravo Company is fifteen minutes out. They’ll be coming in from the southwest.”

The captain looked toward the southwest, “Okay, tell third platoon to be alert for friendlies entering our location. And inform battalion that we need those choppers now.”

“Roger, sir.” The RTO took a few steps away and made his calls.

The captain then turned to me, “Frank, have some of your men assist Bravo with the casualties.

”Roger, sir.” I moved off to inform my platoon Sergeant.

For the next few hours, choppers came in to drop off supplies and took off to extract the body bags of Bravo Company’s dead. A decision was made to sling load the bodies rather than load them in the chopper because of the numerous tall trees around the patrol base. I watched as one body was dragged through the top of the trees because the chopper didn’t get sufficient height before flying off. I listened to the cries and shouts of my men, all of us afraid the load would be dropped from the chopper before it could clear the trees. The chopper gained height, load intact, and headed toward Kontum. We all exhaled a sigh of relief.

I was about to make my rounds of the platoon area when the Sergeant Mayer walked up. He looked down at the ground and said, “Sir, you need to come see Dog. He’s in pretty bad shape.

“What happened? I didn’t know we took any casualties.”

“He’s not wounded, Sir. He knew one of the dead guys from Bravo Company, a friend of his.”

I rushed over to my platoon CP. When I got there, I froze. Dog was bent over with his head in his hands, sobbing uncontrollably. I’d never seen Dog sad before. He

was always clowning around and laughing. Seeing him like this stunned me. A couple of his friends were sitting next to him. They had tears in their eyes and stared at the ground. I squatted next to my medic. “What happened, Dog?”

Dog kept crying and couldn’t answer. Sergeant Mayer answered for him, “Dog found one of his friends, another medic from Bravo Company. He was killed three days ago.” I nodded to Sergeant Mayer, looked back to Dog and got a quick mental image of a dead soldier lying in the sun on the side of the mountain.

Dog finally spoke, “We...we came in-country together, planned to get together after Nam. He didn’t believe in war but wanted to do his part.” Dog, still crying, looked up at me. “He was a great guy, Sir. He didn’t deserve this.” Dog started shaking and cried even harder.

My eyes watered, I fought for something to say. I knew what it was like to lose a good friend. I walked to my rucksack and took out the quart of Jim Beam whiskey that Lieutenant Jenkins, the Company XO, had given me earlier. Now it was needed. I poured some into a canteen cup, gave it to Dog. For the next two hours, Dog and I talked about friendship and about the plans Dog and his friend had talked about on the plane to Vietnam. Drafted, Dog’s friend, was deeply religious, had been an Eagle Scout, college student, and Sunday school teacher from West Virginia. He couldn’t wait to finish his year and return to his family. He refused to carry a weapon. As Dog talked and drank, I continued to refill his cup and listen. It was all I could do for him. Eventually he passed out.

We left the ghosts of Chu Pa Mountain behind us the next morning. We took our memories with us



Article reprinted from author’s “Stand To... A Journey to Manhood”. Visit our PX on how to purchase the book.

JOHN RAYMOND - OLDEST RED WARRIOR CASUALTY

Written by Bill Comeau,

Historian, Alpha Association 2/12th

I remembered him specifically for two reasons. First his last name was a first name (Raymond) and the fact that Sgt. Raymond was looking pretty old, as soldiers go. Sgt. Raymond was the basic training instructor for the original Fort Lewis troops when we learned how to fire the M-14 rifle. I later learned that he was already 47 years old when he was teaching us rookies to lock and load for the first time.

He entered the service on Sept. 6, 1941 (three months before the Pearl Harbor attack); discharged Nov. 3, 1945 (three months after the war ended). Basic training at Fort Knox Ky; also, stationed at Fort Dix, NJ and Fort Devens, MA. Served with the 5th Army under Lt. General Mark Clark in Africa, Algiers, Tunis, Casablanca, Cassino, Anzio (where he was wounded during the beachhead) and Rome. "After disregarding an order from British General Harold Alexander, his superior, Clark led his 5th Army troops into Rome thus became the first Allied Unit to liberate a Fascist controlled capitol. Fifth Army had fought in sustained combat for 602 days, a record for any modern American military unit. Fifth Army was deactivated on Oct. 2, 1945 at Camp Myles Standish, MA, 25 miles from his hometown of Taunton. Awarded the European-African-Mediterranean ribbon with 4 battle stars; the Expert Infantry Combat Badge; the Purple Heart; the pre-Pearl Harbor and Good Conduct ribbons. (Awards and rank were very difficult to attain in WW II)

After the war, John Raymond went to work for Reed and Barton, a prominent American silversmith manufacturer that dated back to 1824. He was restless though and by 1949 returned to the Army, where once again saw combat in Korea. When we met him at the rifle ranges of Fort Lewis, in 1966, he was a Sergeant First Class; essentially the same rank as when he left the army after WWII (Technical Sergeant). Our time with Sgt. Raymond lasted through basic training as



we never saw him again. John focused his remaining time training the young men in his unit, C/1/12th where he served as a squad leader.

In August, John arrived in Vietnam as part of the 2nd Brigade of the 4th ID which was sent to Pleiku in the Central Highlands. This is where Red Warrior Ed Northrop came into the story. He recalled the loss of Sgt. Raymond and two other members of his company. "I did not know Sgt. Raymond, as I had been in command of C/1/12th only one month when he was killed. Sgt. Raymond was KIA along with his Platoon Sgt. in the first few minutes of the Battle of 501N. Their Platoon Leader, Lt Glick, was

seriously wounded and later died in Japan. All three were holding a planning meeting for a morning patrol when a sniper (I think) got all 3. I knew Lt Glick, and I am still in contact with his daughter, Rebecca."

This information led to learning more about this battle. What was learned about the encounter led me to believe the Battle of 501 N (named after a nearby mountain in the Central Highlands) was a major battle that lasted all day. It was part of Operation Sam Houston. The battle pitted the 8th Battalion, 66th North Vietnamese Army Regiment against the 1st Battalion of the 12th Regiment. C/1/12th was alone at the battle site, preparing a fire support base when it was first attacked at 0700 hours. This indicated that the three soldiers mentioned by Ed Northrop were killed at 0700 hrs. Charlie Company held off the attackers all day until the rest of the battalion were able to be flown in at 1730 hours. That evening the base continually fortified itself in preparation for a possible daylight assault that never came.

By the next day, it was clear that the enemy suffered devastating losses. Early morning sweeps by all three companies reveal enemy losses of 113 KIAs and four prisoners of war. The 1/12th suffered 10 KIAs, including Sgt. Raymond, and 35 WIA's.

John was born December 1, 1917 and was 49 at the time of his death. His name is on Panel 15E - Row 035 of the Vietnam Memorial. If anyone knew John, or has a photo of him, please contact Bill Comeau at: alpha6xray@comcast.net

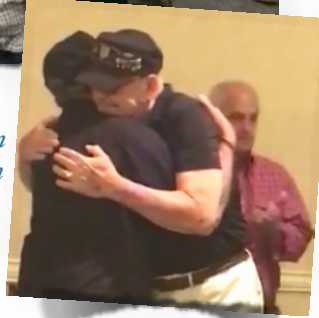
Red Warriors find ways to link up

Red Warriors remain buddies forever, and friendships seem to find a way to get together even though they may be miles apart. Reunions, both small and large, manage to pop up throughout the year.



Above, The Delta Dogs seem to manage a reunion of their own whenever they get a chance. Early in June 2017 they found their way to meet in Kansas City where 30 showed up for 3 days of laughs, tears, and companionship.

[Read article on web.](#)



Above, friends Jerry Rayala, left, and Jim Daniels, both NCO "Shake'n Bakes," E5 Sergeants in Charlie Company 69/70, conclude a day of fishing in northern Wisconsin. Living some 130 miles apart, the two head out on the waters every opportunity they can get.



*Left: A tight knit group of Charlie Company Red Warriors, under the command of Ed Northrop 66/67, get together every year. Rotating locations around the country, they found themselves in 2017 northeast of Green Bay, Wisconsin in beautiful Door County, along the shores of Lake Michigan. **[Read article on web.](#)***

L to R: Ed Northrop, Tom Hedin, Tim Swan, Dave Dresia, Gene Sjoquist and Dennis Witt.



RED WARRIOR DANNY BOGNER - TRAIL VOLUNTEER

“On the Right Trail” a publication of the Southern California Mountains Foundation, recently featured a story on one of our own, Red Warrior, Danny Bogner. Bogner is a 1967 vet who served in both Alpha and Bravo Companies. In a “Volunteer Spotlight” feature of the publication, Danny was singled out for his volunteerism. The article is published below.



“The Southern California Mountains Foundation (SCMF) is proud to introduce an Off-Highway Vehicle, (OHV) volunteer whose tenure with the group stretches back eight and a half years and totals more than 8,000 volunteer hours, Danny Bogner.

Bogner’s dedication to preserving our trails was born of his instincts as a decorated Army Combat Infantry Veteran. In his civilian life, a notice on a mountain bulletin board for a scheduled boulder detonation intrigued him. Bogner says his combat experience fueled his interest in observing the blast. When he arrived at the event he found himself surrounded by likeminded mountain enthusiasts and formed fast connections that led him to SCMF and the OHV program.

Since then he has become a vital part of the volunteer network. He patrols trails in four-wheel-drive, ATV, and Recreational Off Road Vehicles, (ROV) and on a dirt bike, extinguishing illegal fire rings and educating visitors. Bogner also helps protect trail users by felling and clearing trees for the U.S. Forest Service. When he’s not patrolling the trails, you can probably find him piloting a piece of heavy equipment to help maintain them. He credits his work with the OHV program for giving him a purpose in his retirement and a way to continue applying his lifelong work ethic to protecting the community he now calls home.”



Above, Danny Bogner volunteering on the trails of Southern California

Excerpt from the publication of the Southern California Mountains Foundation OHV Volunteer Program. Thanks to Whitney Echols for submitting this story.

www.MountainsFoundation.org



Red Warriors Association newsletter

This newsletter is generated by Red Warrior volunteers and relies upon submissions by its members. We solicit your stories of interest. If you have a submission, contact Jim Daniels at 715-383-2662.

Contributors: John Beckman, Bill Comeau, Jim Daniels, Whitney Echols, Frank Evans, Jim Hunt, Frank Moen, Stanley Newell, Ed Northrop, Bob Pearson, Wilfred Plá, Herb Taylor, Dennis Witt, The Delta Dogs.

BEHIND THE SCENES - THE REGIMENTAL MONUMENT

By Bob Pearson

When asked if we'd take on the task, (of designing the monument) Michael and I were keenly aware of the significance, that a monument could represent to the soldiers we served with, their families, the soldier serving in the Regiment today, and to future generations. In my mind the overriding concern was that. "We Must Get it Right"! (One need to look no further than the Walk of Honor site itself to see numerous examples of unit monuments that, for lack of a better word and saying it as tactfully as I can, Lacked Vision!)

Thank God Ed Northrop had the vision, money, & Hutzpah to purchase the 20'X20' plot. That bold act of faith set the stage for creating something more than a stone telephone booth or oversized headstone. And, it gave us enough space to create a significant monument and a site plan to complement it.

Michael's concern was how to fit it in to a already totally full schedule, and hand surgery (painting hand) scheduled shortly after the reunion. We're all busy people, but, her professional schedule last Fall was absolutely packed, with no open time till January. She'd even seriously considered not going to San Diego.

She had to teach four out of town workshops in three states, had to prepare a solo exhibition of 30 new paintings, (Create the work, mat, frame, and hang the



Michael Pearson, artist, designer and wife of RW Bob Pearson, stands in front of the back panel of the 12th Infantry Regiment Monument. She designed the monument which stands at the National Infantry Museum in Columbus, Georgia.

show, write up the press releases, and articles for the Beaufort, Bluffton, and the Sea Island Scene, Magazines etc.) She had several large commission pieces to create and ship with Christmas deadlines looming! If that weren't enough, she was on the hook to paint the cover art for Beaufort's Scene Magazine! There was no way she could take on a project of this magnitude!

But, we both wanted the 12th's monument to be something very special, and felt if somebody else did it, they may have a somewhat different vision, and it could end up as just another block of stone splattered with every branch insignia and list of names of the Commanders and Sergeants Major. We didn't know what we'd come up with, but, felt it had to be a worthy tribute to our splendid soldiers standing out from the others, something your eyes would be drawn to from anywhere in the park! Once she said yes, she called in favors made adjustments and rearranged the surgery till January and we started working nights.

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12TH INFANTRY REGIMENT MONUMENT - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

We knew it would be a big job, it involved vastly more time than we imagined before the pen ever touched the paper. Every step was carefully worked through and debated, alternatives considered, rejected, and sometimes reconsidered. Is it enough? Is it too much? And always the bottom line was staring us in the face! What's this going to cost us? Then the real work began.



Indeed, the final design and then construction was a long detailed process, but one which resulted in one of the finest monuments on the "Walk of Honor" outside the National Infantry Museum. Its dedication on May 31, 2017 was a resounding success with hundreds in attendance. Michael and Bob Pearson's work, while unseen in its design and preparation, now stands for generations to see and admire.

Finished 12th Infantry Regiment Monument



During the dedication ceremonies in Columbus, GA, the muscle behind the development of the 12th Infantry Regiment Monument, Ed Northrop, gives Michael Pearson a hug as her husband, Bob, looks on. Ed publicly thanked the Pearsons for their magnificent work on the monument.



Video of Monument Dedication

Watch Dedication Ceremonies - [View Here](#)

REGIMENTAL MONUMENT - A LOOK BACK



Here our 12th Infantry Regiment Monument is seen from Michael Pearson's concept design (top left) to fabrication, through construction, to the final dedication ceremony on May 31, 2017. Red Warrior, Ed Northrop, who was the driving force behind the effort, visits and inspects the engraving work at the Georgia factory which was making the monument. Below right, 12th Infantry Regiment vets gather around the finished monument on May 31. Veterans of 1st through the 5th battalions were in attendance, including 90 year-old regiment veteran, Elmer Glenn. Also present for the ceremonies were current active duty 12th Infantry Regiment soldiers.



*Above:
WII Veteran, Elmer
Green, a member of
K Company 3/12th,
proudly attends the
ceremonies.*



Recollections

MY TIME ABOARD THE USNS WALKER

By Red Warrior Jim Hunt



The line started to move towards the USNS General Nelson M. Walker. The Walker was a 1945 troop carrier. It is said it could carry over 5000 troops. I think our totals were around 2700. These were all 4th Division troops and were made up of several different units. I know of the 1/12th, 1/22nd, 3/8th, 4/42nd Engineers, and a few others. After spending most of the day getting crammed down the ship stairways, we got to our stateroom. This was not the kind of stateroom I had envisioned on an ocean voyage. These were bunks stacked 4-high and went on forever. I grabbed the first bunk at the bottom of the stairwell. Most bunks were 4-high but this one was 5-high so I took the top bunk. The person in command, I don't know if he was an officer or NCO, explained our duties. The first 9 days the ship was split in two categories. Half the ship did training and the other half did KP, barracks cleaning, latrine duty, whatever else needed done. I got KP. This started at 4am. After we ate, we fed everyone else on the ship. This lasted until 8am. Then we had 2 hours off until 10am and went through the same thing until 2pm then 2 hours off. 4pm the same until 8am. This took up most of our days. We found that during our off time we could travel through the ship to the stern of the boat. Oh yeah the stern is the back of the boat.

That brings up another subject. The language on the boat is different, as one of the crew explained to us. Being from Washington State, I knew most of it. Now this is a ship we were on ,not a boat. That doesn't mean we should be called Ship People. That doesn't sound

right. The latrine in now the head, front of boat is bow and back is stern, port is left side and starboard is right, downstairs is below deck, doorway is hatch, stairway is stair well, mess hall is a galley, bed is bunk, and on and on. I think the only thing we agreed on is that a Flack Vest was still a life jacket, unless you have to jump overboard and then you should use the orange one.



Our bunking area was on the 4th deck mid ship (center). This turned out to be one of the better spots in rough weather, kind of the center of gravity with less rolling of ocean. That was the only advantage. We were next to the bottom of the storage holds that had our equipment. When the ship rocked you could hear the equipment shift a little. This went on day and night. After a while you would tune this noise out. One night about the 5th day out we had a pretty good storm and you could hear a popping sound every so often from the storage area. After a while we figured it out when you could smell an odor of beer. Only a few of us knew what it was and after a while it became an odor that caused some to feel sick. Now one thing about being cramped in

the 4th deck of a ship is you don't want anyone to throw up. It becomes catchy for everyone. The decks were off limits after 8pm (2000 hours) so this wasn't an escape. We did find the stairwell worked for a while but that soon became a place where people who were sick were sent to. Another use of the stairwell was gambling. Every stairwell was used for this. Those that gambled knew which stairwell contained which game. Some of these games had pretty large pots and would attract large crowds.

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LIFE ABOARD THE USNS WALKER - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12



Gambling was forbidden and it was quite a scurry when an officer would enter the stairwell, unless he was already in the game.

Lookout sentries were on all hatches. I think they got a share of the winnings for this duty.

After 9 days of KP it was time for 9 days of training. This 5th bunk I took started to pay off. The drill sergeant would come down and roust everyone up around 5am. After everyone was out they would come down and check bunks to see if anyone was still there. The sergeant could look across the 4 bunks and see all bunks but

didn't check the fifth one at the bottom of the stairway. I got to sleep-in for 3 days until they changed Sergeants and he discovered the 5th bunk and I had to fall out with the rest. Training consisted of exercise, map reading, weapons disassembly and assembly, hygiene, culture indoctrination, anything to do with VD was repeated many times, and I think there was even some Simon says training. This routine went on for about a week. The closer we got to Vietnam the hotter it got. Now this top bunk idea had its drawbacks. As we all know heat rises as does any other smell. I must have worn out all my maps using them for a fan. Hygiene was always at the top of the things that was required. Hair cuts were included. One day we were told to see the barber. Apparently an upper officer told the dress of the day for The Red Warriors was a Mohawk. Everyone got a Mohawk. This did distinguish our band of brothers from the others.

Such was life on the Walker.

*Editors Note:
In our next newsletter we'll follow Jim as he heads ashore.*

AFTER ACTION REPORTS - 4TH DIVISION REPORTS ARE NOW ONLINE



Frank Moen



Frank Moen served as Captain in the 4/42nd Artillery. For a brief time, he was assigned to B Battery which supported the Red Warriors. Frank has generously donated the declassified 4th Infantry Division After Action Reports for the years 1966-70. Nearly 40 of these reports are now on our website for viewing.

These lengthy Division reports delve into every aspect of the period, including estimated enemy strength, supplies, intel, lessons learned, etc. Major battles and Operations are also covered. You can access these reports by visiting our Red Warrior website: [History/After Action Reports](#). They are listed by time period and are an interesting read. Visit his collection in our Photo Archives in the 4/42nd Artillery Album. Albums are listed by the fire bases he supported including LZs Mile High, and Punch Bowl, as well as Camp Enari, Dak To, and Kontum. [Visit Album Here.](#)

STANLEY NEWELL - FORMER POW RECALLS CAPTURE AND LESSONS LEARNED

In 1967 Stanley Newell found himself assigned to Bravo Company. As a PFC, he was just one of the guys doing his best during a search and destroy mission on July 12. Then things turned into hell. A fierce ambush left over 30 dead from his unit. Newell was wounded and then captured by the enemy.

During the next five years, he was a POW. After his release in 1973, he decided to remain in the Army, went on to Officer Candidate School and finished his career as a Lieutenant Colonel. As part of his early officer training course work, he wrote a 1988 report telling of his POW experience and of the lessons he learned while captive. Its entirety is available for reading on our website. We reprint just a portion below to tease your interest.

You can read his entire report by [Clicking Here](#). It's a fascinating read.



Red Warrior, Lewis Easterly, left, presents former POW Stanley Newell a Red Warrior sand bag during Newell's retirement party. Newell resides in Montgomery, Alabama.

The morning of 12 July 1967 (the day of my capture) was over-cast. Not uncommon during the rainy season. My unit was conducting search and destroy operations in the Central Highlands northwest of Pleiku near the Cambodian border. We were in the Ia Drang Valley (nicknamed Valley of Blood by the French). It was called the "Ballpark" by Americans because it was so flat. My platoon was sent out to establish a blocking force in support of one of our sister companies whose perimeter had been probed by the enemy early that morning.

We had been in position only a short time when we were told to move. Reinforce Alpha Company ASAP. They were in heavy contact, pinned down and had suffered numerous casualties.

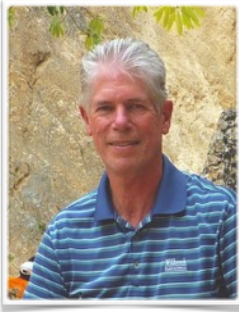
We never made it to Alpha Company. We came within sight of them but could never link up. Like them, we walked into an ambush that quickly pinned us down and inflicted several casualties. In fact, as I would find out several days later, several well executed ambushes had taken place. One such ambush wiped out the rest of my company who I thought was on the way to help us. Help never reached us. Over the next three to four hours many thoughts went through my mind. One thought in particular I can remember was, if the next six months are going to be like this it's going to be a very long year.

That six months became the longest five years and eight months of my life. In fact, it became my life, one day at a time.

Immediately following the battle I can remember lying on the ground, face down listening to the North Vietnamese talking and moving among the dead and wounded American soldiers. Several times I heard isolated shouts and single gun shots. They were shooting everyone and I'm next.

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ARNOLD KRAUSE - HOME DESTROYED IN CALIFORNIA FIRES



*Arnold Krause
2/12th Webmaster*

Arnold Krause is an active 12th Infantry Regiment supporter. In fact, he is the webmaster of the 2nd/12th organization. A sister battalion to our own, the 2nd was reassigned in August 1967 from the 4th Infantry Division to the 25th Infantry Division. Krause served in 1968 and 1969.

We learned on October 18th that he was victim to the savage fires that raged through his hometown of Santa Rosa, California. His home was total loss, as were those of many of his neighbors. He escaped unharmed, but his losses are crushing. In an October 16th email to Red Warrior, Ed Northrop, Krause said;

“Yes, we lost our home early Monday morning as the fire advanced from Calistoga to Santa Rosa. We have a place to stay at my sister’s 2nd home in Windsor so we have everything we need at the moment. We’re just waiting for the insurance adjuster to meet up with us as soon as they make our area safe from the fire which is still burning east of Santa Rosa.”

In late November Arnold updated us: *“Next we await the actual debris removal and have no time line for that other than the Corp of Engineers, who is heading this effort, wants it all done by spring of 2018. It’s going to be a slow and long process. We’re in limbo for now.”*

Arnold Lives at: 2584 Mark West Springs Road, Santa Rosa, CA 95404

YAZZIE - ARTWORK TO BE RAFFLED AT REUNION

Red Warrior artist, Joe Yazzie, will have one of his art pieces available as a raffle item during the 2018 Red Warriors reunion in Milwaukee. The proceeds of the raffle will go to the Vietnam Red Warriors Association. Yazzie was a member of C Company, 1st platoon, between 1966 and 1967. His distinctive style features vibrant colors with Native American symbolic undertones. Yazzie’s work will be on display all three days of the reunion. The raffle drawing will be during the banquet in the final day of the reunion on Thursday, September 6th.



PRESIDENTS LETTER - *Herb Taylor*

Merry Christmas to all fellow Red Warriors

Dear Vietnam Red Warriors,

It is my pleasure to wish each and every one of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Hopefully, 2017 was kind to you and you shared in the warmth and love of family and friends.

By now, most of you are aware that a monument to the 12th Infantry Regiment was installed at the “Walk of Honor” at the National Infantry Museum in Columbus, Georgia. This monument was paid for through a very successful fund raising campaign that included the generous contributions of 12th Infantry Regiment veterans, active duty soldiers, and private donations. I thank you, once again. You can access the photos and video of the dedication [on our website](#). It is a very beautiful monument and I hope that all of you get an opportunity to see it in person.

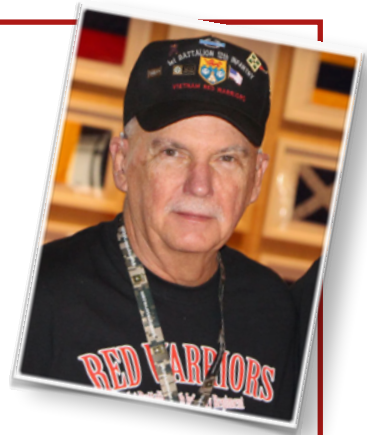
As of the end of November we had already received nearly fifty registrations of Red Warriors and guests for our Milwaukee reunion. If you registered, this should be a great opportunity to reminisce and share old memories. If you have not registered for the reunion, please take the time right now and send in your registrations and, importantly, reserve your hotel room.

I am excited about the raffle that we will hold at our reunion banquet dinner for a signed piece of artwork by accomplished Red Warrior artist, Joe Yazzie. Joe is extremely talented. He has been recognized with many artist and community awards. Proceeds from the raffle are to help the Vietnam Red Warriors Association defray expenses and keep us in the black. So, increase your chances of winning this beautiful painting by purchasing lots of tickets at the reunion!

Best in all you do during the upcoming year!

Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays,

Herb Taylor



Bank General Account	1,183.47
Reunion Registration	8345.00
Red Warrior Help Fund	2,969.60
Memory Book Advance Order	420.00

BALANCE **\$12,918.07**

Balances as of December 1, 2017

TREASURER'S SUMMARY



Submitted by John Beckman: Association Treasurer