



SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE QUIET PROFESSIONALS

SPECIAL FORCES ASSOCIATION CHAPTER 78

The LTC Frank J. Dallas Chapter

VOLUME 13, ISSUE 3 • MARCH 2022

TRIBUTE TO A LEGEND —

Maj. Gen. (Ret.) John K. Singlaub

Help ACL Provide
for Afghan Families

SOGCast:
A Special Ops Podcast
Keeps SOG History Alive

**PAT SAJAK — A Belated
Merry Christmas from
Richard M. Nixon**

Part Three: PROJECT DELTA

Help Lighten the Load — SF4Life





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US ARMY SPECIAL
OPS COMMAND



US ARMY
JFK SWCS



1ST SF COMMAND



1ST SF GROUP



3RD SF GROUP



5TH SF GROUP



7TH SF GROUP



10TH SF GROUP



19TH SF GROUP



20TH SF GROUP



8TH SF GROUP



11TH SF GROUP



12TH SF GROUP

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FRONT COVER: Retired Maj. Gen John Singlaub, seen here in full Jedburgh gear during WWII, passed away at the age of 100 on January 29, 2022. Read Chapter 78's tribute to this legend beginning on page 10. (USASOC)



Please visit us at
specialforces78.com



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From the Editor



How Miller
Sentinel Editor

March 2022 feels like we have once again turned a corner on health issues, while the world seems to be repeating old mistakes and risking military disasters.

Debra Holm has assembled a wonderful tribute to our late chapter member MG(R) John "Jack" Singlaub.

Starting with our cover photo, she covers several important episodes in his exemplary and legendary career. See some of his exploits on pages 10-14. He will be missed by many.

Two contributors of articles to the *Sentinel* were brought together as a result of Greg Walker's recent update on the 1970 Son Tay raid. He and John Gargus, who also wrote a book as a planner of the Son Tay raid, were able to converse and correct some widely held misconceptions about the raid. We commend them both for their diligence in getting the most accurate information possible to the rest of us about what was a strong message to both the North Vietnamese and our prisoners of war.

SOGCast, a newer podcasting site by chapter member John Stryker Meyer is highlighted by Sandboxx.us associate editor and SOF specialist, Stavros Atlamazoglou. John and Jocko Willinks are now working together, expanding their efforts to document and pass on the stories of SOG operators of all types. They were both presenters at the 2021 Las Vegas SFA convention. Videos of those presentations are now available on the Chapter 78 website www.specialforces78.com.

Marc Yablonka, military journalist and author, interviewed Pat Sajak about his time spent as the wakeup deejay (Good morning, Vietnam!) on the *Dawnbuster Show* on the AFVN radio network. That and other stories will be in Marc's new book, *Hot Mics and TV Lights: The True Story of the American Forces Vietnam Network*.

John Friberg, editor of <https://sof.news/>, <https://afghan-report.com/> and more sites, shares his book review of *The CIA War in Kurdistan: The Untold Story of the Northern Front in the Iraq War*, which illuminates a much underreported effort leading up to and through Operation Iraqi Freedom. The author, Sam Faddis, spent many years in the field with the CIA and gives revealing inside details. At the end of the article there is a link, explaining John's intense involvement during the U.S. departure from Afghanistan.

Chapter 78 member and former *Sentinel* editor, Jim Morris, shares more of his Vietnam War writing. This riveting and very personal piece from his famous book, *War Story*, is Part 3 in our series of his writings on Project Delta (B-52), who are proud to call Jim one of their own. Jim's new book, *The Dreaming Circus* will be out mid-year.

You'll also see a page each on how to help ACL help the Afghans, how you can do more on Teamhouse, and Chapter 78 meeting pictures. Enjoy. ♦

How Miller
Sentinel Editor

From the President | March 2022



Gregory Horton
President SFA Ch. 78

What a solid month this has been. We have two projects that we have been working on pretty hard, and our members have stepped up to the plate big time.

In our ongoing efforts to support the various communities we live in, one of our efforts involve the Boy Scouts of America, specifically Troop 90 of the Orange County Council. Mr. Scott Jones, the General Manager of the Bahia Corinthian Yacht Club, is currently involved in the Troop's Rifle Marksmanship

Merit Badge Program. This program starts off with imparting the regimens that are so important to be a safe shooter. They must identify the rules for safe gun handling at home, storage, the transit to the range, and while engaged in shooting activities at the range. They must be fully acquainted with the manipulation of the firearm, to include loading, unloading, sighting the rifle, and safe firing. This includes an intimate knowledge of the range commands given by the local rangemaster. Upon completion of the shooting portion, the shooters then must demonstrate a thorough knowledge on the safe cleaning of the rifle.



The Chapter feels that this is an outstanding endeavor that will pay huge dividends in the future as these young Scouts grow into solid citizens, well versed in the use of firearms. As we did last year, our members donated .22LR, 30-06, .223, and 12 gauge shotgun ammo for their practice and qualification. One member, **Len Fein**, donated \$250 to assist with range fees and other needs. I will be traveling with the Scouts on range day to photograph and document the event for a future article in the *Sentinel*.

Our second project is our ongoing support of the Afghan families that Chapter 78 is assisting. **Nimo** brought five members of his community that he served with in Afghanistan. We had an excellent question and answer session with these men, who described their horrific flight through chaos and death as their country disintegrated. After their flight out, they faced bureaucratic red tape and numerous roadblocks and were scattered throughout the country as they were vetted. One humorous personal story described how an Afghan and his family were placed in an eastern state that was covered in a heavy snow. The man asked people there if they really lived in this environment! They laughed and said yes, and told him he would get used to it.

One of the biggest problems was the fact that they were uprooted from their country with just the clothes on their back and some meager belongings. Then you add the psychological factor of being isolated by language and culture in a foreign country without the friends and family you had back home. This is where Affordable Community Living comes in and for those of you who aren't familiar with this group, here is a little background:

The Affordable Community Living Corporation's (ACL) distinct mission is to lessen government burdens by: providing assistance to cities and counties within California, aiding in redevelopment efforts, promoting economic development and eliminating slighting influences. This includes but not limited to assuming the ownership and operation of mobile home parks in order to increase the availability of low-and moderate-income housing.

ACL is currently providing housing for our group of former Commandos and their families. We are continually meeting with various groups and benefactors to get household goods and other basic necessities. Currently, school is starting again and the children are in need of notebooks, backpacks, pens, pencils, and other daily necessities.

We would like to give a special tip of the beret to our member Ham Salley and the Los Alamitos Military Officers Association for their generous donation of \$500 to Project Nimo. We also had an anonymous member donate \$200 to our project. Many thanks to all!

If you feel that you would like to donate something, our Chapter website has a list of what the community needs. Go to:

<https://www.specialforces78.com/afghan-refugee-housing-project/>

And finally, one of the things that we feel will help make the Special Forces Association stronger is our donation of a SFA Lifetime Membership to each of our local soldiers who graduate from the Special Forces Qualification Course. For this class we are proud to sponsor twelve new Green Berets and look forward to tracking their careers. We wish the entire class Godspeed on this new phase of their life. Good Luck!

We have been fortunate to have a close relationship with C Co, 19th SFGA and have also offered Life Memberships to the men who have been attending our meetings. As of this date, three of them have accepted our offer and have become Chapter 78 Life Members. Congratulations to them all.

I have been getting the word out for the SFACON 2022 that will be held 20-24 September 2022 in Colorado Springs, CO. I have seen the itinerary and it is going to be a great event with a lot of things to do and see. If you are Facebook savvy you can go to their page and join their group for updates. Go to:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/414687942607823/>

March Chapter Meeting **PLEASE NOTE DATE CHANGE**

The next meeting will be **March 26, 2022**
at the Fiddler's Green, AFRC Los Alamitos
Breakfast 0800 and the meeting will start at 0830.

Greg Horton SGM (Ret)
President
SFA Chapter 78

Investigating the Son Tay Raid — The Devil is in the Details



By Greg Walker (Ret.)

As historians, authors, and writers we seek input from many sources. We report what we can verify or what appears, with supporting documentation, interviews, and photos is most credible. The Son Tay Raid is no exception to this constant search for accuracy.

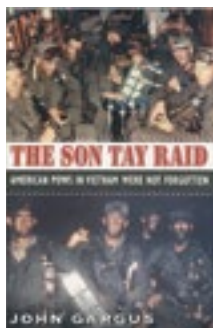
For example, Samuel J. Cox, Director, Naval History and Heritage Command, wrote this commemoration of the raid, published on 28 January 2021:

<https://www.history.navy.mil/about-us/leadership/director/directors-corner/h-grams/h-gram-059/h-059-2.html>

Carroll V. Glines, USAF, authored a concise history on the raid which was published on Nov. 1, 1995:

<https://www.airforcemag.com/article/1195raid/>

And there have been a slew of books published in the aftermath of the raid, one of these by John Gargus, who had a front row seat during the planning and execution of Operation Ivory Coast. John was kind enough to send the following to me after reading my own article, noting the revelation of the unauthorized CCN recon of Son Tay was something he had only heard whispered about.



As a result, I have since read John's book, *The Son Tay Raid: American POWs in Vietnam Were Not Forgotten*, and I would encourage anyone interested in the raid to do the same.

Clarification / Corrections

1. Photo of Cherry One shows a newer modification of that C-130.
2. Walter Britton is Warner A. Britton.
3. Banana that crash-landed into the POW courtyard was an HH-3 not HH-53.
4. Simons was not in command of the ground forces. It was LTC Elliott "Bud" Sydnor whom you introduce as a Captain in command of Redwine. The ground command staff was with Sydnor on Apple Two. His call sign was Wildroot. Call sign for Simons was Axle. Redwine was commanded by Captain Dan Turner. Sydnor's command staff had five people and they shared the same helicopter — Apple Two. Simons with his two ROs was on Greenleaf's helicopter. Udo Walther commanded the Greenleaf. He was not Bull Simons' exec. Simons was an add on to Greenleaf and he was Sydnor's back up. He did issue several commands because Udo was preoccupied clearing the barracks building and was not aware that they were in the wrong place until he came out on the courtyard. Everyone assumes that Simons commanded the ground force. It was Bud Sydnor
5. The quote at the end of the article is incorrect. You are quoting VADM Bardshar who ordered no publicity and destruction of his Task Force's OPORD. He is quoted as such in Manor's report. It was not Manor who directed the destruction. Manor is the only one who did not destroy his copy of the Navy's OPORD for the diversion in the Gulf of Tonkin. ❖

About SGM (Ret.) John Jakovenko:

Then SFC John "Jake" Jakovenko was awarded the Silver Star on Dec. 7, 1970:

Sergeant First Class John Jakovenko, United States Army, distinguished himself by gallantry in action on 21 November 1970 as a member of an all-volunteer joint U.S. Army and Air Force raiding force in the Joint Chiefs of Staff directed heliborne assault mission to rescue United States military personnel held as prisoners of war at SON TAY Prison in North Vietnam. With contempt for danger, Sergeant Jakovenko exposed himself to enemy fire to place effective machine gun fire on the enemy and neutralize their automatic weapons positions. Sergeant Jakovenko performed in a heroic manner while under hostile fire. He provided covering fire to ensure the safe withdrawal of other units throughout the raid. Sergeant Jakovenko fought valiantly and fearlessly until the mission was completed. Sergeant Jakovenko's conscious disregard for his personal safety, extraordinary heroism against an armed hostile force, and extreme devotion to duty are in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit on him and the United States Army.

At right, Jake Jakovenko when he was an instructor at the 82nd ABN Raider School — he was indeed one tough SOB



Help ACL Provide for Afghan refugee families



Help Affordable Community Living (ACL) by donating goods or making monetary donations as they work to place the families into homes.

CURRENT COMMUNITY NEEDS

SCHOOL SUPPLIES (examples below)

Currently children in the community are ages ranging from 5 to 14.

- Backpacks
- #2 Pencils
- Erasers
- Lined Paper
- Blank Paper
- Construction Paper
- Crayons
- Ballpoint Pens
- Colored Pencils
- Highlighters
- Glue Sticks
- Spiral Notebooks
- Glue Sticks
- Rulers
- Blunt-tipped Scissors
- Pencil Bags or Boxes

TOYS (suggestions below)

Currently children in the community are ages ranging from 5 to 14.

- Crayons
- Small Dolls
- Small Stuffed Animals
- Coloring Books
- Stress Balls
- Puzzle Books
- Markers
- Playing Cards
- Card Games
- Travel Games
- Yo Yo's
- Fidget Spinners..
- Balls (small)
- Frisbees
- Small Activity Toys like Jacks, Tops, Pop-Its

BICYCLES

LARGE RUGS

Families traditionally sit on the floors to eat on some kind of carpeting, so there is a need for large rugs to cover the uncomfortable bare floors in their new homes. Rugs of about 9' x 9' or 9' x 12' are suggested sizes.

TOOLS

- Basic Tools (screwdrivers, pliers, etc.)
- Power Tools
- Drills
- Carpentry Tools
- Plumbing Tools
- Electrical Tools

WHERE TO SEND ITEMS:

ACL Afghan Housing
Niamatullah Aslami
3264 Rossetta Ave.
House #71
Mojave, CA 93501

Note: Nimo and his staff do have limited ability to pick up donated items, so call him to see if it can be arranged.

CASH DONATIONS

Please make checks payable to:

Special Forces Association Chapter 78.

Please note on check: Afghan Refugee Housing

Mail to:

SANTIAGO CORP
Attention: Liz Rios
PO Box 11927
Santa Ana, CA 92711

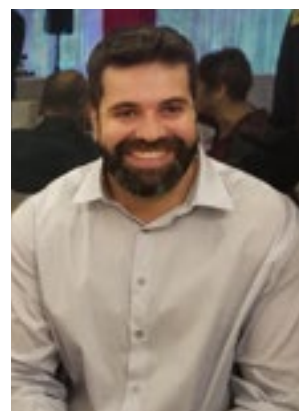
All gifts are tax deductible.

Donations of any amount are appreciated.

QUESTIONS?

Contact Nimo
Project Manager
of Refugee Housing

**602-574-9341 or
657-294-1003**



As more families are settled into homes needs may change.

Visit www.specialforces78.com to see updates to this information.



SOGCast:

A SPECIAL OPERATIONS
PODCAST THAT KEEPS
SOG HISTORY ALIVE

By Stavros Atlamazoglou | February 4, 2022

Article reposted with permission from Sandboxx.us.

<https://www.sandboxx.us/blog/sogcast-a-special-operations-podcast-that-keeps-history-alive/>

How do we remember and honor those who fought for us if we don't know their names and deeds? How do we preserve the history and continuity of a nation if we don't know about the deeds of its sons and daughters?

These are some of the questions John Stryker Meyer, a legendary Army Special Forces operator, is looking to answer through SOGCast, a podcast dedicated to the warriors of a covert special operations organization that until fairly recently was unknown to the world.

MACV-SOG

For eight years, between 1964 and 1972, the Military Assistance Command Vietnam-Studies and Observations Group (MACV-SOG) fought a covert war in the jungles and mountains of Southeast Asia.

Comprised of Army Green Berets, Navy SEALs, Air Commandos, and a loyal band of local mercenaries, SOG conducted highly classified cross-border operations across the fence in Cambodia, Laos, North Vietnam, and elsewhere where U.S. troops weren't supposed to be.

It was normal for the small SOG recon teams to be facing hundreds and thousands of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops in their missions. And for their daring, they paid a high price, suffering an astounding 100 percent casualty rate, meaning that everyone on SOG was either killed or wounded, some multiple times.

SOGCast: Keeping History Alive One Interview At a Time

SOGCast has two goals. First to interview as many SOG special operators, aviators, and support troops as possible. And second to



From the left: Nguyen Van Sau, John Stryker Meyer, Nguyen Cong Hiep and Lynne M. Black Jr., in front of RT Idaho team room at FOB 1, Phu Bai, fall of 1968. (Photo courtesy John Stryker Meyer)

help mentor a new generation of young Americans who are looking to don the uniform, particularly within the special operations community.

"To mentor is a secondary mission to simply getting our SOG stories before the public. Finally we have excellent books on SOG, including a newly released book *We Saved SOG Souls* by 101st Airborne crew chief Roger Lockshier, whose tour of duty was late 1967 and through most of 1968—the worst year of the secret war, with the highest casualties sustained by SOG," John Stryker Meyer, a legendary Green Beret and host of the SOGCast, told Sandboxx News.

Although a fairly new podcast, word is spreading about SOGCast and the amazing guests it brings to the studio. As of January, there are 16 audio episodes of the SOGCasts, which are available on [Spotify](#) and [Apple Podcasts](#), and the first three episodes on [YouTube](#). Episode 001 has more than 135,000 views on this date, while episode 002 recently broke 100,000 views.

“Word is getting out, for sure. In January 2021 I was honored to attend a graduation of newly-minted, young Green Berets at Ft. Bragg. Two days before the graduation, our SFA [Special Forces Association] Chapter 78 sponsors the luncheon/BBQ for them. At that event, I had more than 30 young Green Berets come up to say hello and to introduce themselves to me after seeing or hearing my interviews with Jocko Willink’s podcast,” Meyer said.

In the last few years, podcasts have exploded, grabbing the attention of record numbers of Americans. For some they offer a political platform; for others, a way to expand their interests or hobbies; and yet for others a way to get educated in history, law, quantum physics, artificial intelligence, you name it.

SOGCast essentially serves as an oral history platform, capturing the stories of ordinary people who faced extraordinary circumstances and prevailed. For that, Meyer and the SOGCast are contributing to U.S. military and special operations history as that material will help future historians and researchers better understand what the Vietnam War was like for a band of covert brothers.



SOG commandos conducted some truly legendary operations. Few against many, they beat impossible odds time and again (Photo courtesy John Stryker Meyer)

“The next graduation will be in February at Ft. Bragg, and one of the men slated to graduate read my book *Across The Fence* and viewed *Jocko Podcast #180* — my first interview with Jocko and Echo, and enlisted in the Army to be a Green Beret. I had breakfast with him one year ago. Needless to say, I’m always honored to meet today’s Green Berets and subsequent generations that followed our time in SOG,” Meyer said.

“Many SOG men went on to serve in Delta Force, including Eldon Bargewell. We served together as E-4s at FOB 1 at Phu Bai in 1968. Eldon earned a DSC [Distinguished Service Cross] during his second tour of duty and went on to serve nearly 40 years before retiring as a highly-respected major general.”

“I hate to sound like a broken record here, but thanks to Jocko and his interviews of a few SF Vietnam veterans our SOG stories are reaching out to people around the world through social media and

because the SOG stories are incredible tales of Green Berets fighting horrendous odds while attempting to conduct top secret missions as the nation’s premier special operations force during the secret war that ran from Jan. 24, 1964, until June 1972,” the host of SOGCast told Sandboxx News.

Behind the Scenes

Recording a podcast isn’t as easy as people might think. Meyer has to make contact with potential guests and convince them to appear on the show. Then, once a guest has agreed, Jocko Productions flies him over or flies Meyer to a location where he can interview several men and shoot several episodes at one go. Getting old commandos to open up about their experiences is no easy task, and if it weren’t for Meyer, they probably wouldn’t do it.

“The men have been quiet professionals for so long, that many are reluctant at first to talk about it. Funny sidebar, my team leader for ST Idaho was one of the SOG recon men I worked on for over a year to sit down for an interview,” Meyer said.

Meyer likes to follow the format that made Jocko so famous. He only shoots in black and white format with a dark background, beginning the episodes with passages from books about SOG and then smoothly transitioning to the guests and their stories.

“Thanks to Jocko [Willink], SOGCast provides a social media format and platform where SOG veterans and aviators who supported SOG missions across the fence in N[orth] Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia can tell their stories about their roles in the eight-year secret war after signing NDAs to not speak about it for 20 years. Every SOG veteran’s story is unique, awe-inspiring,” the host of SOGCast added.

As far as the future goes, Meyer wants to interview as many SOG commandos and aviators as possible. People are getting old, and when they die, they take their stories and experiences with them.

The famous 19th century British Prime Minister William Gladstone once said that if someone showed him the manner in which a nation or a community cared for its dead, he would “measure with mathematical exactness the tender mercies of its people, their respect for the laws of the land, and their loyalty to high ideals.”

Meyer and the SOGCast keep memories burning, and through that, they keep a nation and its history alive. ❖

ABOUT THE AUTHOR — Stavros Atlamazoglou, an associate editor for *Sandboxx News*, is a journalist and Greek Army veteran (national service with 575th Marines Battalion and Army HQ) who specializes in special operations and national security. He is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University.

Visit [Sandboxx.us](https://www.sandboxx.us) to read more by Stavros.

ABOUT SANDBOXX NEWS: Established in 2020, *Sandboxx News* delivers stories from around the world and insights into the U.S. Military’s past, present, and future — delivered through the lens of real veterans, service members, military spouses, and professional journalists.

Pat Sajak — A Belated Merry Christmas from Richard M. Nixon!



ABC-TV's *Wheel of Fortune* game show host with fellow troops at American Forces Vietnam Network. Sajak is third from the right in the back row. (Photo courtesy Pat Sajak)

By Marc Phillip Yablonka

From the forthcoming book *Hot Mics and TV Lights: The True Story of the American Forces Vietnam Network* by Marc Phillip Yablonka with Rick Fredericksen.

I first spoke with Pat Sajak in the spring of 2004, having had the good fortune to interview him for an article I was then writing for *American Veteran* magazine, the quarterly publication of the AMVETS organization, on the history of the Armed Forces Network. Around that time, there was a contestant on the ABC-TV game show *Wheel of Fortune*, for which Pat was and still is the MC, who had won a lot of money. Pat, being happy for him, responded in kind with a hug. Not long after that, the contestant sued Pat for bodily injury!

On the day of our appointed interview, the phone rings and it's Pat on the other end of the line. He says, "Let's see, Marc. What are we supposed to be talking about?" I answered, "Don't worry Pat! I'm not gonna sue you!" Pat cracked up and what was supposed to be 15 minutes that Pat's management had allotted out of his valuable time turned into at least 45 unforgettable minutes for me, that resulted in the following story for *Vietnam* magazine.

When ABC-TV's *Wheel of Fortune* game show host Pat Sajak joined the U.S. Army back in 1968, he was looking for "that golden experience in broadcasting," having previously gotten his first break in radio on WLS in his native Chicago, where he was asked to be a guest teen disc jockey on the Dick Biondi show. It turned out, however, that the Army had other plans for the Windy City deejay.

Astute as the Army might have been with a broadcaster, it did what Sajak called the "obvious": it trained him to be a clerk typist, shipped him off to Vietnam and made him a finance clerk on the base at Long Binh, about 30 miles outside Saigon.

"And I was a good one too," Sajak insisted. "I took the job seriously. When I got there, the papers were an absolute mess and I straightened them out. Soldiers would come back just to thank me."

Sajak was such a good clerk typist that his request to transfer to AFVN, where there was an opening for a morning man, was turned down four times.

He finally wrote a letter to his Congressman, Roman Pucinski (D-Ill.), who coincidentally owned WEDC, the first radio station to hire Sajak (as a newsman). WEDC was a 250-watt multi-lingual station on which Pucinski's mother had a Polish language show. The Congressman wrote a letter in Sajak's behalf.

"It's amazing the power that politicians have," Sajak said.

Sajak's own paperwork came through this time and soon he was one in a line of AFVN morning men playing Top 40 tunes, leaning into the mic and speaking those three memorable words most often affiliated with Robin Williams: "Good morning, Vietnam!"

When asked about that, Sajak said that waking the country up (on the *Dawnbuster* Show) with those words was very much like what happened with perky radio jingles in those days. Like the jingles, *Good Morning, Vietnam* just went with the morning drive show. In fact, Sajak recalled a time in the beginning of his career when, because stations were always trying to cut financial corners, morning jocks had to take the name of the deejay that had preceded them in that time slot since those names were already on the pre-recorded jingles.

Sajak remained in Vietnam until New Year's Eve 1970, having extended his tour another six months because, he is a little reticent to say, he enjoyed Vietnam. "I mean who wouldn't? There I was living in a hotel, eating in restaurants every night."

He is quick to attempt to put his Vietnam service into personal perspective though. He notes that others' lives hung far more in the balance day after day than his ever did.

But serving in Saigon was not always a cake walk.

Sajak recalled how, owing to the infamous 1968 Tet Offensive, which brought the war into the streets of Saigon, indeed to the U.S. Embassy itself one year later, during Tet '69, all rear echelon personnel were ordered to wear a sidearm and practice the use of it at the firing range.

When Sajak went to the range, he found his weapon wouldn't discharge because the firing pin was broken. Unaccustomed to carrying a gun ("I was not adept at them. Prior to that, I had never carried a weapon in Vietnam"). He was ordered to replace his firing pin. He never did. "I would have been more dangerous to my roommate than any Viet Cong walking the streets of Saigon," he recalled with a laugh.

It is fair to say that the threat of danger was always there to one degree or another for everyone in Vietnam. During the Tet Offensive in 1968, AFVN's entire network was put under alert. The Army Headquarters Area Command advised the Saigon station it might be targeted. Extra security was posted and broadcasters were advised to have their weapons accessible. In fact, an alert had gone out to all AFVN detachments in the country, warning that "our facilities may be a target of enemy attack," and should be prepared to go off the air.

Despite the constant threat of danger, Sajak felt almost inexplicably safe during his tour as the AFVN morning man in Saigon. "It was funny and strange. There was a war going on. Barbed wire was everywhere and I was playing records and going to restaurants every night. It was a fairly normal life. And given the circumstances, mine was a pretty lucky duty."

For Sajak, deejaying for AFVN was also the best radio gig he ever had. He had told me it was the largest radio station he ever worked for and his audience was the largest he ever reached because it could be heard by most American GIs and civilian personnel in-country. His program was simulcast from 6:00 A.M. to 9:00 across AFVN's up-country affiliates, so the reception was available to a vast portion of South Vietnam. The potential shadow audience of Vietnamese civilians was enormous.

"The philosophy of the station was to program it like a stateside radio station. We played Top 40 music since the listeners were mostly young men. We didn't have commercials, but we did have snappy PSAs (public service announcements): 'Be sure to keep your M-16 cleaned.' That kind of stuff. We produced our own jingles and ran tight shows," he said.

Despite AFVN also having television coverage in Vietnam, it was limited by the technology of the day. Because of that, he didn't get to see Neil Armstrong walk on the moon until the following day because it was on tape delay. It's one of the anomalies of the Vietnam War; U.S. personnel in Vietnam were among the few Americans in the world who were unable to watch the historic Apollo 11 moon landing on live TV.

Being the AFVN morning man, Sajak was often flown from base to base to warm up the crowds at USO shows where he would introduce stars the likes of Bob Hope.



ABC-TV's *Wheel of Fortune* game show host Pat Sajak (né Sajdak) in Vietnam. (Photo courtesy Pat Sajak)

"Ironically, I never got to meet him. They would just fly me from this auditorium to that one. For security reasons, they would never tell me where I was going. I would be Hope's warm-up act. But it was a thankless job. The guys didn't come to see me. They came to see Connie Stevens and Hope. I'd introduce them and be whisked back to Saigon."

Notwithstanding the fact that Hope and Sajak never met, that does not mean that Sajak's time on the air at AFVN was devoid of humor. In recent years, one such occurrence was relayed to his fellow AFVN disc jockey, Rick Bednar, who recounted the story in the latter's interview in *Radio World* magazine.

"Pat recently told me about a humorous experience he had while hosting his AFVN morning show. President Nixon was scheduled to deliver a Christmas television address to the nation in 1969, and, due to the time difference (and the fact that satellite technology was in its infancy), we were carrying it only on radio during my morning show," Bednar recalled Sajak telling him.

"I was playing music as usual, but monitoring the CBS network in one ear. When I heard the president being introduced, I broke in to my music and said, 'And now the President of the United States.' I flipped a switch, and the speech could be heard throughout Vietnam.

"Nixon came to a moving conclusion, and there was silence as he began shuffling his papers. I flipped the switch again and resumed my show," Sajak continued.

"A few seconds later, I was horrified to hear through that same ear that he had resumed speaking. Not only that, he was sending Christmas greetings directly to the troops in Vietnam, who were listening instead to the 1910 Fruitgum Company's rendition of '1, 2, 3 Red Light.'"

"I could have admitted my mistake and gone back to the speech, but I figured there was no point in doing that because I was the only one in the world who knew that Richard Nixon was directing



Pat Sajak and Vanna White of *Wheel of Fortune* address the studio audience on Feb 8, 2006, during a taping of the popular game show. The show featured 15 service members as contestants when they hosted "Wheel Salutes the Armed Forces." (Photo credit: U.S. Marine Corps photo by Cpl. Tom Sloan)

his comments to only one soldier: me! So, if you were in Vietnam at Christmastime in 1969, allow me to wish you a belated Merry Christmas from Richard M. Nixon!"

Humor aside, it is safe to say that Sajak also didn't sleep very well from the day he worked his first shift at AFVN. There was a nightly curfew in Saigon which didn't lift until 6:00 A.M., exactly the time he had to sign on the air. That meant, of course, that he had to sleep in the station.

Because of the nature of his MOS (Military Occupational Specialty), Sajak also got out to meet a lot of the people, both GIs and the local population. To this day, Sajak feels very taken by the Vietnamese people. While in-country, as happened to the Adrian Cronauer character in the Robin Williams film, he was hired to teach conversational English to eager Saigonese, from teens to elderly. That is, until the Army found out that he was drawing two paychecks courtesy of Uncle Sam. That rather abruptly ended Sajak's fledgling career as an English instructor.

"I often wonder what happened to the people in my English class after what their country has gone through. They were all such nice people. I hope they survived. They deserve to live in a peaceful land."

And while there is a side of Pat Sajak that knows his duty in Vietnam did not come with the danger of his fellow vets who humped in the jungles of Vietnam, there is also a side of Pat that feels no guilt over that. It is a side of him that brings great satisfaction: He made thousands of GIs' tours a lot more bearable and a little more like home. ♦

ABOUT THE AUTHOR — Marc Yablonka is a military journalist whose reportage has appeared in the U.S. Military's *Stars and Stripes*, *Army Times*, *Air Force Times*, *American Veteran*, *Vietnam* magazine, *Airways*, *Military Heritage*, *Soldier of Fortune* and many other publications.

Between 2001 and 2008, Marc served as a Public Affairs Officer, CWO-2, with the 40th Infantry Division Support Brigade and Installation Support Group, California State Military Reserve, Joint Forces Training Base, Los Alamitos, California. During that time, he wrote articles and took photographs in support of Soldiers who were mobilizing for and demobilizing from Operation Iraqi Freedom and Operation Enduring Freedom.

His work was published in *Soldiers*, official magazine of the United States Army, *Grizzly*, magazine of the California National Guard, the *Blade*, magazine of the 63rd Regional Readiness Command—U.S. Army Reserves, *Hawaii Army Weekly*, and *Army Magazine*, magazine of the Association of the U.S. Army.

Marc's decorations include the California National Guard Medal of Merit, California National Guard Service Ribbon, and California National Guard Commendation Medal w/Oak Leaf. He also served two tours of duty with the Sar El Unit of the Israeli Defense Forces and holds the Master's of Professional Writing degree earned from the University of Southern California.

Book Review

The CIA War in Kurdistan: The Untold Story of the Northern Front in the Iraq War by Sam Faddis

By John Friberg

01/26/21, <https://sof.news/books/cia-war-in-kurdistan/>

A recent book, *The CIA War in Kurdistan*, details the activities of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) in northern Iraq before and during the start of Operation Iraqi Freedom (OIF) in early 2003. The main ground effort of OIF would take place in the south of Iraq from countries along the southern Iraqi border. However, the overall conquest of Iraq would be aided by military action that would take place in northern Iraq.

Small contingents of the Central Intelligence Agency and U.S. Army Special Forces were sent in to northern Iraq before the ground war began to link up with the Kurds that lived in that region. The CIA and SF elements were to liaison with the Kurds, assess the situation, gather intelligence, train the Peshmerga, and later assist and advise them during combat operations. In addition, plans included providing assistance to the 4th Infantry Division (ID) as it rolled from Turkey into northern Iraq. This would open up a second front that the Iraqi army would have to contend with — tying down Iraqi ground troops in northern Iraq and preventing them from reinforcing the Baghdad area of operations.

The plan to assist the 4th ID went up in smoke when Turkey refused access to the unit. The 10th Special Forces did manage to get the bulk of its forces into the region via a [high-risk air movement](#). Eventually the 173rd Airborne Brigade (based in Italy) also [deployed to the region](#). The CIA and SF teams, linked up with formations of the Peshmerga, began operations to liberate the towns and cities of northern Iraq.

Sam Faddis, the author of *The CIA War in Kurdistan*, was named to head a CIA team that would enter Iraq, prepare the battlefield, work with US Special Forces teams, and assist with the entry of the 4th ID and other military units. He details the preparation of his team prior to deployment, the difficulties his team encountered in working with the Turks, and the initial reception and ultimate acceptance by the Peshmerga. His CIA team would be on the ground in Iraq for almost a year.

Much of his book is about working with the Kurds. He provides insight into the rivalry between the Kurdistan Democratic Party (KDP) and the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK). A brief history of Kurdistan and its relationship with the central Iraqi government is provided. He also includes information about the past relationship between the Kurds and the US. There was some initial hesitation on the part of the Kurds to work with the CIA and SF teams — which he and others had to overcome.

Faddis details some of the significant mistakes made by the U.S. in the first year of the war. He believes that the Iraqi ground troops were ready to surrender its forces in northern Iraq, but U.S. military officers spurned the offer. He also mentions the disastrous effects of de-Baathification and dismantling of the police and military units of the

Iraqi security forces — decisions made by the Coalition Provisional Authority in Baghdad. Faddis doesn't pull any punches and is very blunt in his comments about the CIA bureaucracy back in Langley.

The 10th Special Force Group had established the Combined Joint Special Operations Task Force – North (CJSOTF-N). The SF group was augmented with the 173rd and other conventional and unconventional organizations — totaling over 5,000 personnel. The unit, also referred to as [Task Force Viking](#), conducted artillery observation, direct action, special reconnaissance, unconventional warfare missions, and other missions. Faddis provides his perspective on the activities and accomplishments of the 10th Special Forces Group in northern Iraq during this time. This includes comments on the working relationship between the CIA teams and the SF detachments and SF command structure.

The book is chronological in nature following the timeline of major events taking place in northern Iraq in 2002 and 2003. Faddis manages to cover most of the important aspects of those two years in his book. He recounts the hunt for weapons of mass destruction, difficulties in working with the Turks, the use of propaganda, promises made and not kept, the battle to defeat Ansar al-Islam, training the Kurdish forces, some intelligence activities conducted, the air war, and the taking of Kabul and Mosul.

The CIA War in Kurdistan is a good read. A conflict as large as Operation Iraqi Freedom will get a lot of media and book coverage over the course of time. However, thus far, the war that took place in northern Iraq during OIF has not received much print. Faddis provides an account of that aspect of OIF. ♦

Editor's Note: John Friberg is back from hiatus. Here is an explanation of his behind the scenes help during the Afghanistan exodus: <https://sof.news/misc/extended-break-2022/>

About the Author: Sam Faddis is a retired CIA officer and former US Army combat arms officer. He spent decades undercover in the Middle East and South Asia. He retired from the CIA in 2008 as head of the CIA's WMD anti-terrorism unit.

[The CIA War in Kurdistan: The Untold Story of the Northern Front in the Iraq War](#)

by Sam Faddis

Casemate, Philadelphia & Oxford, 2020

240 pages

Available in hardcover, audio, and Kindle on Amazon.com.



TRIBUTE TO A LEGEND

Maj. Gen. (Ret.) John K. Singlaub



July 10, 1921 – January 29, 2022

Chapter 78 would like to take this opportunity to remember and honor their fellow chapter member, a true Army Special Operations trailblazer and legendary special operator, Maj. Gen. (Ret.) John “Jack” Singlaub, a decorated veteran of World War II, Korea and Vietnam, who died on January 29, 2022 at 100 years old.

Singlaub was born in Independence, CA, a small town at the base of the mighty Sierra Nevada mountains. After graduating from high school, he attended the University of Southern California, Los Angeles. In January 1943, with the United States entering WWII, he joined the U.S. Army, beginning his career commissioned as a U.S. Army 2nd Lieutenant.

“Maj. Gen. Singlaub was the epitome of a Special Forces officer, with the ability to transition through time to different missions, to different places, and basically build what we have today,” said Lt. Gen. Jonathan Braga, commander of U.S. Army Special Operations Command.



Singlaub, center, and his Jedburgh team prior to secretly parachuting into occupied France to organize resistance against the Germans.

SINGLAUB AND THE OSS

One of the original soldiers of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) in WWII, Singlaub served in special operations JEDBURGH team JAMES. The OSS was a special operations and intelligence organization, a direct precursor of the Green Berets and the CIA. Team JAMES conducted clandestine missions with partisan forces behind German lines in occupied France. As part of the team, he made his first combat jump into German occupied France on 11 August 1944 to arm and direct the French resistance.

To read more about this phase of Singlaub's career, read Jim Morris' "[SINGLAUB: The Jedburgh Mission](#)," which appeared in the August 2020 issue of the *Sentinel*.



Major Singlaub (right) turning his back on a Japanese lieutenant with whom he refused to negotiate, demanding to see the colonel in charge of 10,000 Japanese marines holding Hainan Island.

WWII IN THE PACIFIC THEATER

Following the successful completion of his mission in France, he volunteered in December 1944 for reassignment in Asia to continue OSS operations. After training, he served in the Pacific theater of operations, landing in China where he trained and led Chinese Guerilla forces against the Imperial Japanese army. In 1945, shortly before the Japanese surrender, he led a parachute rescue mission into an enemy Prisoner of War Camp on Hainan Island. This resulted in the release of 400 Allied POWs.

The story of this operation appeared in the September 2020 issue of the *Sentinel*. Read Jim Morris' "[SINGLAUB — Parachuting Into Prison: Special Ops In China](#)."

Singlaub was one of the few Special Operations Branch personnel selected by the Strategic Services Unit to remain in the Pacific, continuing to report about the ongoing Chinese civil war.

Singlaub served as Chief of a U.S. Military Liaison Mission to Mukden, Manchuria, for three years immediately following WWII.



SERVICE IN KOREA

The now Major Singlaub was again off to war in Korea. From 1951-52, Singlaub served as the deputy commander and chief of staff of the Joint Advisory Commission, Korea (JACK). JACK was the clandestine services field mission formed by the CIA.

Results against the North Koreans and Chinese were poor initially, but Singlaub encouraged persistence in spite of their failures.

"The very presence of guerrilla units behind the lines, regardless of how long they lasted, disrupted their lines of communication and harassed the North Korean military," he said. "Agents had to be inserted if tactical intelligence was to be collected. And, we [CIA] still had the covert E&E mission."

After his tour with JACK, Singlaub commanded a conventional infantry battalion in Korea, where he was awarded the Silver Star.

At left, MG John Singlaub as a major with the JACK during the Korean War (USASOC).

CHIEF SOG

The Military Assistance Command Vietnam – Studies and Observations Group (MACV-SOG), established in 1964, conducted covert and highly classified cross-border operations in Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, and North Vietnam. Singlaub was appointed Chief SOG in 1966.

“During the eight-year secret war, there were five OICs (officers-in-charge) for MACV-SOG, dubbed Chief SOG. Jack served as Chief SOG from 1966 until early August 1968, replaced by Col. Stephen Cavanaugh. As Chief SOG Jack fought the bureaucracy to get close air support for SOG teams. He fought with the State Dept. to have our teams better armed in Cambodia in the early days of the operation,” John Stryker Meyer, told [Sandboxx News in an interview on January 29, 2022](#).



SOG Team Recon Team (RT) Idaho, from left, Interpreter Hiep with shades, Chau, Tuan with M-79, John Stryker Meyer, Sau, Cau, Son, Doug “The Frenchman” LeTourneau, Hung, and Lynne M. “Blackjack” Black, Jr. in April 1969 in front of CCN mess hall and club. (Photo courtesy John S. Meyer)

SKYHOOK AND MG SINGLAUB

In early 1967, as Chief SOG MG Singlaub wanted to implement the use of the Fulton Recovery System, otherwise known as Skyhook. He saw it as an option to extract key agents, downed pilots, or even small recon teams. He felt the Air Force squadron commander in charge was dragging his feet, so after that colonel declined to be the first to be picked up, he told him,

“That’s ok, because I’ll be the first person to be picked up live. I wouldn’t ask any men under my command to do something dangerous that I myself wasn’t willing to do first...”

Read about the "STARS Surface to Air Recovery System" and "February 1967: Skyhook and MG Singlaub" about Singlaub's experience in the [April 2019 edition of the Sentinel](#).



MG Singlaub ready for pickup. (Photo courtesy of Stray Goose International)

FT. RUCKER FLIGHT SCHOOL, 1971

MG(Ret) Singlaub attended flight school at Fort Rucker as a 55-year-old Brigadier General. Helicopter use in Special Forces operations was increasing, so he felt he needed a better understanding of their use and employment.

MG (Ret.) Singlaub served as the Chief of Staff, United Nations Command, United States Forces, Korea, and the Eighth U.S. Army in Seoul, Korea, while also serving as the U.N. Command Senior Military Member of the Military Armistice Commission at Panmunjom.

In addition to his wartime command positions, MG(Ret) Singlaub played a significant role in the creation of the Ranger Training Center at Fort Benning, Georgia. He helped establish the Modern Army Selected Systems Test, Evaluation and Review activity at Fort Hood, Texas. He was responsible for training and combat-readiness of the Army Reserve and Army National Guard Units in a ten-state area. He also served as the Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Drug and Alcohol Abuse.



Helicopters of many types were ubiquitous during the Vietnam War. (National Archives)



Left to right, Doug "The Frenchman" LeTourneau, U.S. Army Maj. Gen. John "Jack" K. Singlaub and John Stryker Meyer at Singlaub's home in April 2017. (Photo courtesy John S. Meyer).

THE LEADER

MG (Ret) John Singlaub was the rare leader who earns both the respect and the love of their men. Many times over he demonstrated how he truly cared about them and their well-being.

"As Chief SOG, Jack fought the bureaucracy to get close air support for SOG teams. He fought with the State Dept. to have our teams better armed in Cambodia in the early days of the operation," John Stryker Meyer, a SOG veteran and ex-Green Beret, told [Sandboxx News during the Jan 29 interview](#).

And that dedication and care extended to his interactions with his men throughout his life.

"He always cared deeply about the men who served under him. For example, Doug 'the Frenchman' LeTourneau and I had lunch with Jack, his wife Joan and Debra, Joan's daughter. Joan told Jack that Doug was battling Stage 4 bone marrow cancer and was having some issues with the VA at the time. Jack pulled out his cell phone, dialed a rare-cancer doctor in Houston who specialized in that cancer. The doctor took Jack's call and following Jack's request, he examined Doug 4 times and monitored his condition until he died from heat exposure-related causes July 26, 2019," Meyer told [Sandboxx News on Jan 29](#)."



MG (Ret.) John Singlaub presents the inaugural award named after himself to CWO2 George A. Valdez, a Team Sergeant with 7th Special Forces Group (Airborne). (Photo Credit: Sgt. Kyle Fisch, USASOC Public Affairs)

DECORATIONS AND AWARDS

Over the General's 35-year military career, he was awarded 45 military decorations including the Distinguished Service Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster, Silver Star Medal, the Legion of Merit with two Oak Leaf Clusters, Soldier's Medal, and the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster, and he was awarded combat decorations from six foreign governments.

MG (Ret) Singlaub retired in April of 1978. In retirement, he received many awards including induction into the U.S. Army Ranger Hall of Fame in 2006 and he was made a Distinguished Member of the Special Forces Regiment in 2007. In 2011, Singlaub received the prestigious [SOCOM Bull Simons Award](#) for his exceptional service in special operations.

In 2016, the Army established the Maj. Gen. John K. Singlaub/Jedburgh Award to recognize exceptional members of the Army commando community.

A celebration of life was held on February 5, 2022, in Franklin, TN, the town which John and his wife have called home. The SF community were present that day in honor of MG (ret.) Singlaub. Lt. Gen. Jonathan Braga, U.S. Army Special Operations Command commanding general, and the command team visited with Joan

Singlaub, widow of retired Maj. Gen. Singlaub, and rendered their respect over the weekend.

Jack Singlaub loved this nation and was the embodiment of Special Forces — Spirited, Heroic and Selfless. Our thoughts and prayers are with his family. RIP, De Oppresso Liber.



Part Three PROJECT DELTA:

B-52 Team on a Hot LZ

EDITOR'S NOTE: Read "Project Delta: Part One" and "Part Two: Project Delta In Action" in the [December 2021](#) and [January 2022](#) issues of the *Sentinel*.

By Jim Morris

Excerpted from *War Story*, Paladin Press, 1983, Chapter 32

Our ship flared out about thirty feet up and settled slowly to earth. When she was about five feet off the ground, Ken Nauman hitched the seat of his pants and dropped out of sight. I barrelled out after him, jumping off the skids; landing bent over, running for the edge of the LZ where a perimeter was starting to form. I hit the ground behind a dirt bank covered with dry reeds and looked around.

The choppers lifted off, whipping rotors pulling them skyward. Vietnamese Rangers ran in 360 degrees to fill in a good defensive perimeter. Rotors blasted dust into the air, into our hair, teeth and eyes and down the backs of our necks. The gunships went around again; rockets whooshed and cracked, machine guns chattered, miniguns bu-u-urped out their streams of fire.

When the dust settled everything was still. There was no firing. I got up and looked closely at the gentle hills, the lush green jungle. There was no movement.

Ken sat about ten feet away, looking bored, next to the Vietnamese carrying his radio. He took the handset and said, "Crusade Zero-five, this is Zero-six. Over." There was a pause and he said "This is Zero-six. You in position? Over." Another pause. "Roger, out."

Ken was of medium height, and generally looked bored. He had big, soft, baggy eyes. He was twenty-nine but looked far older. Three tours in Nam had aged him. He got up and started to stroll off, head down talking into the handset, radioman trotting along behind.

We walked over a dugout dirt bank and came up on a Vietnamese lieutenant kneeling, talking into his own radio. He was getting positions from the Vietnamese commanders. Ken explained he was Lieutenant Linh, commander of the first lift.

The lieutenant wore his helmet cocked back, chinstraps dangling on either side of his chubby cheeks. He looked like a younger version of Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia. Ken went over and knelt beside him for a moment, checking to see if they were getting the same information over the radio. Then he nodded and walked away.

I stayed and shot some pictures of the lieutenant talking into his radio.

A three man sixty millimeter mortar crew hustled around under Linn's direction, trying to keep their tube out from under the trees. They fired handheld, the skinny mortarman moving his little knee-high olive drab pipe proudly, with great precision. When he was satisfied, they'd drop two or three rounds down the tube and then shift again.

After a few minutes I wandered off to find Ken.

He stood on the edge of the LZ looking out across it. There was a huge B-52 bomb crater to our right front and another one further to the left front. And to our immediate left front, about thirty meters away sat a UHID, a Huey helicopter.

I nodded toward it. "What's that doing there?"

He shrugged. "Shot down," he said.

No bullet holes were visible, but it sat still and empty. It looked dead.

"Everybody get out all right?"

He nodded. "Uh huh."

"When's the next lift coming in?"

He pushed his hat back on his head and said, "It's overdue now. I hope to hell it gets here soon. We're just sittin' here waiting for Charles to get his stuff together. We're not making any money here," he said, jerking his head toward the trees. "Let's go get in the shade."

We walked off together, Ken, the radioman and I, automatically keeping five yards between.

In Lieutenant Linn's shady nook we crashed under the trees. There was a little bit of breeze and the shade. Everything was quiet. The mortar men were flaked out around their tube, eating rice and fish. I opened my pack and got out a long range patrol ration. Chili. Slitting the heavy OD envelope, I took out the plastic bag inside, filled it half full of lukewarm canteen water, then stirred the dry crumbly red mess with a plastic spoon. Five minutes later it looked like real chili, complete with beans. It was a little bland but not bad.

"Hey, Ken," I said, waving the bag, "you want half of this chili? I can't eat it all."

He lay under a tree, head on his pack, hat over his eyes, smoking a cigarette. "No thanks. Babe," he said, not moving, "not hungry."

I finished the chili, lay down, lit a cigarette and mashed my own hat down over my nose. Bright sunlight turned all the tree leaves around us to pale translucent green.

Lieutenant Linh sat crosslegged under a tree, one arm propped up on his radio, eating sausage. He held out a slice to me, smiling.

"*Da Khong, cam on Chung 'Uy*," I said.

He ate that slice and cut himself another. Breezes blew, tree limbs waved, shivering the translucent leaves. We sucked down cigarette smoke and the day grew hotter. We waited. The sun burned through the trees and the shade drifted away with the sun. I took off my hat to wipe the sweat from my forehead and the inside of my eyelids turned red.

"Hey!" Ken said.

I pushed my hat back a little and looked at his inert form. “Huh, what?”

“How’d you like to have one of those cold cokes we were drinking before we left?”

I smiled cruelly. “How’d you like to have a big orange drink in a tall waxed paper cup, so full of ice you crunch on it for half an hour after you finish your drink?”

“Why you rotten son of a bitch,” he muttered, without moving.

I glanced at my watch. “We’ve been here almost four hours now,” I said. “The longer we wait, the more trouble we’re going to be in when we move.”

Ken stirred uneasily. “What I’m afraid of is that we’ll get moving late and get in a firelight about six-thirty, just when we don’t want it.”

I pushed my hat lower, dimly hearing some sounds in the distance.

“Incoming!” Ken said.

Without consciously moving I found myself face first in the dirt, M-16 in the firing position. Four B-40 rockets exploded out on the LZ and there was the sound of four more being fired.

When Ken saw they didn’t have the range on us he sat back up and got on the radio, talking intently into the microphone. “Falcon, this is Crusade Zero-six, Zero-six. Over. Falcon...Roger Falcon Two-two... Oh! Hi John. Good to have you out. What’ve you got? Over.”

A little Air Force 02B aircraft buzzed around, front and rear propellers outlined against the sky. It was Falcon, the Delta Forward Air Controller.

Ken looked up and said, “Keep low. We’re gonna have some F-105’s in here in a minute.” He looked at Linh. “*Chung ‘Uy*, you get adjustments from the companies over your radio and feed them to me. I’ll keep adjusting the aircraft.” Then back into the microphone, “Hey John! You see the high ground about a hundred meters north of the LZ. Put your marking round in there.”

Calling In Air

Two flights of F-105’s appeared over the horizon. They roared in low over the LZ and swung, clean, sweptback and beautiful into the sky. The little FAC dropped over in a tight 180 and buzzed the hill mass Ken had indicated.

Crack-whoosh-WHOMP! went the marking round, leaving a plume of white smoke hanging over the target.

“Very good!” Ken said. “Bring your first round in right there.”

It was very quiet after the marking round. The B-40’s quit falling.

The fighters came around and the first one came in on the target.

“Hit it!” Ken said and fell to earth.

I sat up and watched. They hit. The entire landscape jumped and I picked a jagged piece of hot steel off my lap. I decided after that to do what the man said.

“That was pretty good, John,” Ken said. “Put ‘em in on that ridge line right there.”

The jets peeled off one after the other and came in. The arc of the falling high-drag bombs was slow. We hit the ground a fraction of a

second before they struck and were all right. Ken put in napalm too. We didn’t need to crouch for the huge orange and black blossoms ballooning across the horizon.

When the aircraft dumped their loads and headed for home it was quiet again. The FAC kept buzzing around, and for that or other reasons Charles left us alone.

A few minutes later we heard the whop-whop-whop of returning helicopters. I cradled the rifle under my arm and got out my camera, walking down to the edge of the LZ.

Two gunships circled the LZ. Apparently the other had been hit that morning. A cloud of slicks whirled in to dump their troops, UHID’s from the 281st and Marine CH-46’s.

Two and three at a time the slicks landed. Tailgates on the big CH-46’s dropped, troops poured off the ramp and the choppers clawed back into the sky. One limped in smoking and the crew barreled out with the troops.

A Huey lifted off, shuddered, started to go down, shuddered, straightened up and limped over the horizon. Another went through the same drill and crashed in the trees about two hundred meters past the LZ. Right where Charles was. It began to occur to me that all the firing wasn’t coming from our perimeter.

When all the ships were gone it was quiet again. There were three ships down on the LZ and I had seen one more go down. That was four. I didn’t know if there were others or not. One thing for sure, everybody wasn’t here yet. I didn’t know if Ken was going to try to bring in another lift or not. He wasn’t there to ask.

Some guys were out on the LZ poking around the first Huey that went down. There was no firing so I went over to see if there might be any pictures. Two guys from the Project sat in the door on the shady side, smoking. A couple of others looked in the pilot’s compartment. The machine guns had been taken out.

I sat down in the doorway, got a cigarette out and gave the interior of the chopper a quick once-over to see if maybe there was any ice water inside. There wasn’t.

“You guys just get here?” I asked, taking a drag on the cigarette.

There was a burst of automatic weapons fire and the dirt kicked up around us. Other weapons joined in and the LZ became a field of little dirt geysers. The guy I was talking to started running.

Crater Cover

We ran full tilt toward the bomb crater. I charged over the side and dropped into the slanted dirt on the inside about halfway down, sliding half the rest of the way to the bottom. There were already eight men there, but there was plenty of room for more.

One of them was a big darkheaded wooly bear of a man who worked for me as a photographer, Sp4 Bob Christiansen.

“Hello, Chris,” I said.

He smiled. “Morning, sir.”

I dusted myself off and flicked some dirt off my weapon. B-40’s were coming in on the LZ and it seemed like a hell of a racket had been

going on since that first burst. “How come you didn’t make it on that first lift?” I asked Christiansen.

“Chopper got hit and we had a bunch of wounded. Had to go back,” he replied. He shook his head. “I thought it over quite a while before I came back out.”

I laughed. “You shoulda thought longer.”

A Marine sergeant from one of the helicopters stood a little further up the dirt bank looking nervously over the rim. He wore a forty-five in a cowboy rig and a flak vest. “Look,” he said, “we better get out of here. This old chopper’s going to blow any minute now.

I crawled up beside him. The CH-46 was still smoking badly. The idea of its blowing up didn’t bother me any more than the B-40’s and automatic weapons fire upstairs. Still, we had to leave sometime.

“Okay! Do it!” I said.

Everybody took a couple of deep breaths and looked at each other and then they were over the edge.

I don’t know if dirt kicked at our heels in neat straight bursts as it does in the movies. I don’t know if B-40’s burst around us or not. I did not feel the weight of the 300 rounds of ammunition on my belt, or the knife, or the camera, or the grenades. I do not remember running. I have a memory of red dirt moving beneath my feet and another of the next crater as I blasted over the side and slid down. This one already had about five guys in it.

‘We Better Get Out of Here’

Somebody yelled, “Medic!” from the other side of the crater. I poked my head up just as Meder, the little dark-headed medic with the Bronx accent, started over the rim. He didn’t have to go out. A skinny figure in a tiger suit and bush hat rolled into the crater, rounds kicking up dirt all around him.

“Got hit in the chest!” he said as he crashed into the crater, M-16 in hand. It was First Lieutenant Tom Humphus, one of the company advisors.

Meder tore his shirt open, looked closely at it and said, “In and out pec. Didn’t go in the chest cavity. He’s gonna be all right.”

“What the hell were you doing up there?” I asked.

He shrugged. “Just lookin’ around.”

“See anything interesting?”

“I saw we better get out of here,” he replied.

He was right. We were better off than in the other crater, but still in an exposed position. If one guy got lucky with a B-40 we had all had it.

A few seconds later we were running again, this time straight for the woodline and back to Lieutenant Linh’s old position. As soon as there



Capt. Ken Nauman calls in airstrike from bomb crater. (Photo courtesy by Jim Morris, courtesy *Soldier of Fortune Magazine*)

were woods between me and the NVA gunners I slowed to a walk, chest heaving, barely able to lift my feet. The weight of the ammo and all the running, after ten months in an office, had really got to me. I staggered into Linh’s little grove of trees and collapsed, panting.

Linh was still talking on his radio and firing his M-79. He moved quickly and nervously from one to the other, beads of sweat standing out on his upper lip. I figured he was probably thinking the same way I was. We had to collect our wounded, call in the perimeter and make an orderly withdrawal. Almost impossible without air cover, and for air cover we needed Ken. He might be stuck out there in one of the craters. He might be anywhere.

I was still mulling this over when a big redheaded trooper I didn’t know came up through the woods. He looked to be twenty-three or twenty-four. Following him was a slender, clean cut looking kid with black hair.

“We need some guys to help haul about fifteen wounded out of a bomb crater out here,” the redhead said. I hoped he wasn’t talking about that first one we’d run out of. It seemed almost impossible to try to carry someone out of there.

I followed the two young soldiers through the grove of trees we were in, back toward the area we had come from. We moved parallel to the LZ. The redheaded guy, in front, called to several people, Americans and Vietnamese Rangers both, in old NVA positions to get up and come with us. They stared at him stupidly and didn’t move. Either they didn’t understand, or couldn’t seem to put the request into action.

We came to a spot looking down across thirty meters of flat open country on the first bomb crater we had run out of. We stood on a four or five foot dirt bank above the flat land. Once out of the trees there was scarcely a blade of grass between us and the crater. It had filled up with men again, but I didn’t see anybody who looked too hurt to move. “That it?” I asked. The CH-46 was still smoking.

“That’s it,” said the redhead, and he started down through the trees with the other kid right behind him.

I followed, but watched them and the crater instead of where I was going. Just as they broke out of the woodline and started running I tripped and fell flat on my face in the bush.

I looked up. They were running, halfway to the crater, rounds kicking up dirt at their heels. I didn't see them get hit but if they weren't it was a miracle. They weren't going to get back unless they had some covering fire.

There appeared to be about fifteen men in the crater. Some wore green Marine flying suits. A tall guy in a tiger suit, standing in the far side of the crater, lit a cigarette.

"Hey!" I called. "Where's that fire coming from?"

He pointed to my right front and said, "In the woods over there about two hundred meters. There's a machine gun."

Covering Fire

"Okay!" I called back.

"You guys let me know when you're ready to come out of there. I'll put down covering fire. Come right through here."

"Right!" he called back.

I was standing up quite exposed, just a little way back in the woods. It was the only way I could fire over their heads when they came through. My right hand was trembling as I picked four magazines out of the ammo pouch and laid them on the ground. I could punch an empty magazine out and scoop a full one off the grass quicker than dragging them out of the pouch. I hoped he had given me the right location on that machine gun. If I stood bolt upright in only a little bit of shadow and gave my position away by firing at the wrong place the MG could cut me in half.

The guys we had passed coming here were in the woods and over a slight rise, out of sight. I didn't want to leave for fear the men in the crater would make their break so I called, "Hey!" turning around and yelling into the woods. "We've gotta put down covering fire for these guys. When I open fire, fire on that woodline over there."

I heard no reply. I yelled again and turned my attention back on the crater.

The big guy was still standing there smoking his cigarette.

"Hey!" I called. "You guys about ready?"

"Just a minute," he called back. He took a deep drag on his cigarette, took the smoke all the way down, flipped the cigarette away, exhaled slowly and called back, "Okay!"

I brought my M-16 down on where the machine gun was supposed to be and bellowed, "FIRE!" squeezing the trigger. The weapon emptied in four fast bursts. I punched the magazine release and almost beat the magazine to the ground, scooping up another. By that time the herd of camouflaged troopers was halfway to the bank. I opened up again.

The ones in the lead wavered for a split second when I fired. Without taking my finger off the trigger I called, "C'MON! GODDAMNIT! I'M FIRING OVER YOUR HEADS!"

The first ones broke into the shade and scrambled up the bank, almost knocking me over. I stepped back. The magazine emptied

and I punched it out, scooping up another. As the men came through they kept on going back into the bank and into cover, clearing the way for those behind. Finally there were only two left.

"Let's go!" I said.

"Sir, I'm too weak to make it. You've got to pull me up." It was the darkheaded kid and right behind him was the redheaded guy.

"I'll try and push him," the redhead said.

Oh Christ! I thought, if I quit firing...the machine gun? Awwwww!

I reached down, grabbed his extended arm and pulled. He didn't budge. The redheaded guy was pushing. It was almost a straight pull up and the kid wasn't moving. "NEED SOME HELP OVER HERE!" I called.

My rifle was on the ground at my feet and the kid wasn't moving. Four rounds hit all around us in regular sequence. Machine gun rounds. I heard nothing. I wanted to leave, but couldn't leave them like that. I heard the second burst, saw more rounds hit and something went splat hard against my right forearm.

Spurting Blood

I looked down and saw a huge blue-black hole in my arm, with bright red blood gushing out in spurts, like the needle spray in a shower.

"Holy shit!" I said, realizing two things at once: (a) I couldn't pull them up now, and (b) I was dying.

I grabbed the wound, blood spraying my hand and turned running back toward where the medics were. A branch knocked my hat off. I yelled, "Medic! Medic!" and barrelled back over the brim into Lieutenant Linh's sanctuary, still yelling "Medic!"

There was an older looking GI that I didn't know in there, and a couple of others, younger.

"Need a tourniquet, fast!" I said.

"Uh huh!" said the older guy, nodding. He tightened a rifle sling around my upper arm. "It needs to go higher," I said.

He shook his head calmly. "This is where it goes. I know about these things." He was sandy-haired and looked very competent. That was all the introduction I had to Doc Taylor, one of the best medics in Special Forces. He saved my life. He saved a lot of lives that day.

Meder appeared from somewhere and bandaged the wound, tearing the plastic wrapper off an ace bandage with his teeth, while with his other hand he held gauze pads over the wound.

"We're gonna put this tourniquet on real loose," Doc said, "and try to hold the bleeding with pressure. It looks like it'll be awhile before we can get you out of here."

"L-listen," I said, shaking, "I was trying to haul two guys over that bank over there when I got hit. They're both wounded."

Doc looked me straight in the face. "They still there?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said, "Yeah, they're still there."

He and Meder disappeared. I sat there feeling rotten for having left them. I couldn't have helped them if I'd stayed, and I'd have died. But I still felt rotten.

There had really been no other course of action I could have taken. A man will bleed to death from a severed artery in six to eight minutes if it is left unattended, but that didn't make me feel any better. I couldn't have pulled them up anyway after I'd been hit, but that didn't make me feel any better either. You always think that when the clutch comes you'll emerge from a phone booth in a pair of blue tights with a red towel around your neck and it's all going to be okay. This was the incident that finally got it through my head. Beret or no beret, we were just guys. There are no supermen and damned few heroes; almost no live ones.

A lot of other wounded started coming in, some limping, some carried. Most were already bandaged, but there was a lot of blood splattered around, some of it dry and some of it not so dry.

Sergeant Thompson from the Delta Intelligence section walked in, all hunkered over and extraordinarily sad looking. He had no visible wounds.

"Glad to see you're okay," I said.

He sat down, still hunkered over, and said, "Haw! I got two slugs in the chest."

Sucking Chest Wound

The medics went to work around us; cans of albumin blood expander coming out, hypos going in. Two guys brought in a Marine helicopter pilot and laid him beside me. His flight suit was blood splattered and torn and his face waxy, yellow and blank. Doc Taylor put the albumin in. In the arm, I think.

Thompson dug a cigarette out of his pocket. Now I could see the blood on his shirt. "I hold the world's record for the forty yard low crawl with a sucking chest wound," he said, starting to chuckle. The chuckle ended in a wheeze and a grimace of pain.

I shook my head in disbelief. "Don't tell me," I said, "it only hurts when you laugh?"

"It hurts all the time," he replied. "It hurts bad when I laugh." He grinned again, but was careful not to let his body shake.

Meder came back in and said, "That redheaded guy you were trying to pull out was John Link. The other guy was named Merriman."

"Did you get them up?" I asked anxiously.

He nodded. "Yeah! Link's got three slugs in the back. He's unconscious. Merriman's got three in the legs."

"Oh Jesus! Are they gonna make it?"

He unbuttoned Thompson's shirt to see if his bandage was still airtight. "Merriman will," he said. "We're not so sure about Link."

I leaned back on my good arm and shook my head, leaned up again and fished a cigarette out of my pocket with my left hand.

"Lemme give you a light!"

I shook my head. "Naw! I can do it myself."

Ken Nauman strolled back into the little grove, more cheerful than usual. His radio operator chugged along behind him, scared and winded.

"You wounded too, Jim?" he said, sitting down to light a cigarette.



Master Sgt. Thompson of Delta intelligence section, half-hour after setting world's record for 40-yard low-crawl with a sucking chest wound. (Photo by Jim Morris, courtesy *Soldier of Fortune Magazine*)

"Uh huh!" I replied, leaning up. "Where you been?"

He looked over his shoulder. "Checking the perimeter," he said.

I could imagine what a hellish project that must have been in this mess.

"You mind if I make a suggestion?"

He grinned. "Shoot!"

"The next time you have to use multiple lifts like this, use more than one LZ and link up on the ground."

He laughed, reached for the radio and said, "Falcon Two-two. Crusade Zero-six. Over."

Pretty soon we had another air strike.

I couldn't sleep that night. It wasn't the B-40's falling around, because none of them were coming right into our little pocket. The other wounded were quiet. But there was the pain in my right arm. It was only a dull ache. But when I tried to quiet down and get some sleep the pain was all there was. "Awwwww dammit!" I muttered, thrashing around in frustration.

After a while Doc Taylor materialized at my side. "Sir, I better give you something for that pain. You got any morphine?"

I got the small box of morphine syrettes out of my ammo pouch and gave him one. He jammed the needle straight into my leg and squeezed the tube dry. I barely felt it.

Three hours later pain woke me up. It was dark, but there was a moon and I could see Doc working on the helicopter pilot. I didn't want to bother him so I just watched. He worked for quite a while, feverishly. Then he stopped and sat down on the ground in the dark, his arms draped over his knees. He lowered his head and slowly shook it from side to side.

I didn't want to bother him then either, but the pain was really getting bad. "Hey Doc!"

He didn't want to give me morphine again that early, so I got a shot of Demerol. A few hours later he did give me enough morphine to last the night.

In the morning my right hand was swollen up like that of a three day old corpse. I lay looking at it for a while and then started to get up. The bandage broke loose and bright red blood mixed with the dried maroon stuff already on the bandage. "Hey Meder!" I said. "This mother broke loose."

He cinched up the tourniquet and started to rebandage the wound. "Ush!" I said.

Meder looked at me like it hurt him worse, and said, "Sorry, sir."

"S'okay," I replied. "You do what you gotta and change that bandage, and I'll do what I gotta and whimper." I started whistling, toneless and dirgelike, while he worked. Once I'd made up my mind it didn't hurt so bad.

"Hey Ace," I said, "am I gonna get to keep this arm? I've sort of grown attached to it."

He looked at me levelly and replied, "If we get you out today probably so, if not, probably not." He finished rebandaging the wound. "Want a shot?"

"Not if we're going to move," I replied. "As long as I'm doing something my mind is off the pain."

We needed an airstrike to cover our withdrawal, but it was too overcast. B-40's kept coming in and Charles ran probe after probe on the companies on the perimeter. We took more casualties.

Ken was on the radio the whole time, checking with the FAC on fighters, checking with the companies. About ten o'clock he looked up from the radio with a look of undisguised glee. "Hey, Jim," he said, "we got a prisoner." The project had been looking for a prisoner to give them concrete information on what was in this valley for about three weeks. "Listen," Ken said into the microphone, "if anything happens to that prisoner, you're going to have to answer to me."

A few minutes later we got another call. Preliminary interrogation of the prisoner indicated that our two companies were engaged by two companies of NVA troops and another battalion was on its way down the road. Oh joy!

It was after eleven by the time Ken could bring an air strike in on the NVA positions. He brought in 500 pounders and napalm. One napalm went right in on the spot where the machine gun had been the day before and I hoped to God the gunner fried in it.

Men started moving around and picking things up. We began to get in some sort of formation to go. Ken kept the strikes coming in. I got up and immediately became so lightheaded from loss of blood

I had to sit back down again. Then I pushed my way off slowly and floated off toward the head of the column, figuring if I couldn't stand the pace I'd drop back slowly and still get there with everybody else.

The NVA prisoner came by with two Rangers escorting him. He was a young kid, somewhere between fifteen and seventeen, wearing OD shorts and a fatigue shirt about three sizes too big, and khaki NVA tennis shoes. His fatigue shirt flapped around his skinny body. He grinned and his walk was almost a skip. He was out of the fighting and had caught on that we weren't going to hurt him.

The ragged column walked over a flat washed out muddy area and then down into a creek for half a mile, jungle covered mountains towering above. We moved single file. I was stronger than I'd expected and since almost everybody else was either walking wounded or carrying dead or wounded litter patients I was about even. Helicopter crewmen had picked up my pack and rifle.

Brush was thick. It was heavy going. Ken was in the rear, bringing in air strikes to cover our exit. I felt very vague.

After about half an hour we came to a hill overlooking a small LZ we had used before. A few Vietnamese troops had stopped to rest. I collapsed against a tree next to Lieutenant Linn and pointed to the small clearing below. "Is that the one?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. I bummed some water from him and said, "You're a pretty good officer, Chung 'Uy. You did a good job on this patrol." It was no snow job. I really meant it.

He looked kind of embarrassed and said, "No, I am number ten officer." I smiled and said, "No! You're pretty good."

We waited a few more minutes and he said, "You go now."

I got up and, stumbling over rocks, grasping at trees, followed a couple of his troopers down the hill to the LZ. It was a steep hill and I had to stop twice before we reached bottom. Down there I found Humphus and some others waiting by a bomb crater, ready to jump in if necessary.

Doc Taylor came up with some Rangers carrying wounded hanging in ponchos slung from poles. I asked him how Link and Merriman were. He looked tired.

"John Link died this morning, just as we left out," he said. "Merriman's going to make it okay."

I felt more depressed. Not guilty. Just bad. No, that's bullshit. I felt guilty.

Ken came in with his radio and the rear guard. "FAC says this isn't the LZ," he said. "Says it's about two hundred meters on further."

"Oh God!" I moaned.

"C'mon. It's not far." He went back to call another air strike on our backtrail.

We pushed ourselves up to crash into the brush again. In the intervals between air strikes B-40's started falling behind us again. None came near our part of the column. But they indicated Charles was still trying.

Three more times we stopped at small clearings. Each time the FAC told us it was further on. The troops grew more and more beat. I staggered, head thrown back watching the translucent leaves above. All

the trees and rocks stood out in startling clarity, but I felt as though I myself might fade and disappear.

I tried to walk carefully so the bandage wouldn't break loose again. There was a little seepage around the edges, but not much.

Two Rangers staggered past carrying a corpse wrapped in my poncho liner, great dried blood patches superimposed on the variegated green camouflage pattern of my poncho liner. I remembered giving it away the night before. The corpse's right hand was two-thirds blown away, extended upward in rigor mortis. The bloody stump waved in my face as they went by. I regarded it with interest.

At times I could see no one in front and no one behind and watched the ground for signs, hoping I wouldn't take a wrong turn. This was neither the time nor place to get lost in the woods. We walked five kilometers that way.

Light was fading when we finally came to a large open field big enough to take a dozen choppers. Men from the Project were already getting the LZ set up when we came in. Most of them didn't think we'd get out that night, and said so. If they were right, a lot of wounded would die. And I'd lose my arm.

Rangers started setting up a perimeter. I stood with my mouth open, then finally gathered enough strength to sit down.

Fighters And Gunships

The FAC appeared, and some fighter cover, then gunships. Chuck Allen's Command and Control helicopter came. I could visualize Chuck in the door, 250 pounds of muscle, graying crew cut and iron jaw, sitting behind his newly installed M-60 machine gun. Larrabee would be seated crosslegged in the door with his scope sighted CAR-15, both he and Chuck hooked in by radio to all the friendlies in the air and on the ground. When I saw Chuck I knew we were going to make it.

Two troopers brought John Link's body up and put it down about eight feet from where I sat. A grim looking dark-haired trooper I didn't know came up, knelt beside him and patted the pole his body was slung from. "Well, John old buddy," he said, "Goddamn!"

He got up, shook his head and walked off, head bowed.

Merriman lay on the ground, his carrying pole off to the side, over there a few feet ahead of where Link's body was. I pushed myself to my feet and walked over. He was smoking a cigarette. "Hey, listen," I said. "I feel rotten about leaving you guys like that."

He shook his head. "Forget it, sir. You had to. I saw what happened."

That made me feel a little better, but not much. I squatted down. "How long before you got out?"

He looked pained. "Fifteen minutes," he said.

"My God! That long?"

He nodded. "Yessir, but we had already taken the rounds while you were there."

We just lay quiet and he didn't fire anymore."

I smiled at him. "You gonna be all right?"

He nodded, relaxed. Just glad to be alive. "Yeah! It'll be awhile, but I'll be all right."

"Good."

It was starting to get dark when the gunships set up an orbit and two Dustoffs came in for the dead and wounded. Doc Taylor stood in the fading light, supervising loading, the propblast whipping his sandy hair. I squeezed in beside the left door gunner. Merriman and Thompson were on the same ship. The passenger space was a mound of men, alive and dead, packed in on each other, blood, bandages, litter poles. Ken Nauman came up grinning and gave me the thumbs up sign.

"Hey, Ken," I called, "When you bringing the battalion back in here?"

"Oh, next week I guess." He waved us into the air.

At dusk the mountains are beautiful, but it was cold in the chopper and wind from the open doors whipped our clothes. I held my aching arm and wondered if Ken could hold all night.

About ten minutes after we lifted off, a ragged armada of army and marine helicopters came by, seemingly flung across the fading blue-gray sky. They flew hell for leather toward our LZ. Chuck must have scraped and begged all over I Corps for them, but they were going to get everybody out that night.

Oh God! They were beautiful.



Jim Morris

About the Author

Jim Morris joined 1st SFGA in 1962 for a 30-month tour, which included two TDY trips to Vietnam. After a two year break, he went back on active duty for a PCS tour with 5th SFG (A), six months as the B Co S-5, and then was conscripted to serve as the Group's Public Information Officer (PIO). While with B-52 Project Delta on an operation

in the Ashau Valley, he suffered a serious wound while trying to pull a Delta trooper to safety, which resulted in being medically retired.

As a civilian war correspondent he covered various wars in Latin America, the Mideast, and again in Southeast Asia, eventually settling down to writing and editing, primarily but not exclusively about military affairs.

He is the author of many books, including the classic memoir *War Story*. His new book, *The Dreaming Circus* will be released in July 2022 and is available for pre-order — information available at <https://www.innertraditions.com/books/the-dreaming-circus>.

Jim is a member of SFA Chapter 78 and is a former editor of the *Sentinel*.



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HELP LIGHTEN THE LOAD.



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SFA Chapter 78 February 2022 Chapter Meeting

Photos by Rick Carter, Dennis DeRosia, and How Miller



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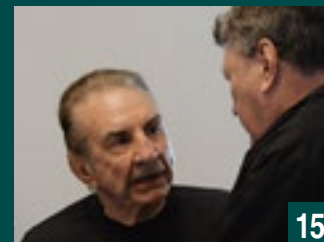
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1. SFA Chapter 78's President Greg Horton welcomes new member Joe Santa Lucia of C Company.
2. Left, treasurer Richard Simonian received a donation from Ham Salley, right, who presented a \$500 check on behalf of the Los Alamitos chapter of the the Military Officer's Association of America.
3. Chapter President Greg Horton.
4. Chapter Secretary Gary Macnamara hard at work
5. Chapter Vice President Dennis DeRosia also working diligently.
6. Chapter webmaster and Teamhouse advocate Debra Holm presents the group with documentation regarding Teamhouse data security.
7. Nimo updating chapter members on the status of the Afghan Refugee Housing program.
8. At far left, Richard Simonia and Nimo, at far right, accompanied by a group of Afghan refugees, former Afghan commandos.

9. The spokesman for the group spoke, with Nimo as translator.
10. President Greg Horton presenting each member of the group with a chapter challenge coin.
11. Don Gonneville asking a question.
12. Len Fein
13. Mark Miller and Ham Salley
14. Greg Horton and Nimo react to a comment.
15. Left, Richard Simonian and, right, Thad Gembacz catch up.
16. Donated goods for the Afghan community being loaded after the meeting.
17. Left to right, Len Fein, Mark Miller, Kenn Miller, and Past-Chapter President Ramon Rodriguez
18. Left to right, Thad Gembacz, James Light, Sal Sanders, and Mike Jameson
19. Left to right, Past President Bruce Long and Jack Blau.