

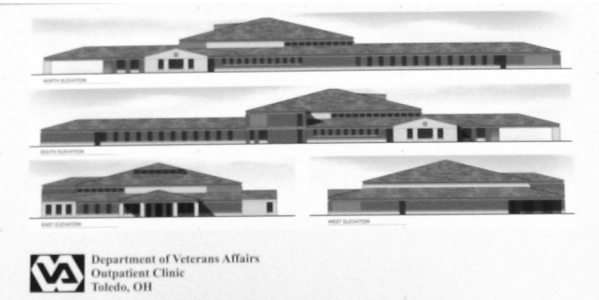
The Listening Post

APRIL 2011



Chapter 35 delegation had 11 members present

Ground Broken For V.A. Toledo Outpatient Clinic



Above, artist drawing of the Department of Veterans Affairs Toledo Community-based Outpatient Clinic, 1200 S. Detroit Ave., Toledo. At right, Congresswoman Marcy Kaptur, a Chapter 35 Associate Member, spoke to those in attendance. Photos by Don Measel.

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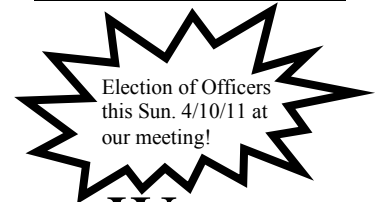
Robert Stewart /till 2011
Don Measel/till 2012
Roy Hernandez/till 2013
Steve Benner/till 2013

On a sunny, crisp, March 28th afternoon, 11 members of Vietnam Veterans of America, Chapter 35, turned out to be amongst the delegation of veterans celebrating the ground breaking of the VA Toledo Community-based Outpatient Clinic.

Representing the chapter were veterans Don Measel, Gerald Eye, Barb Newman, Dave Meyer, Gene Shurtz, Fred Garcia, Tom Loomis, Dick Wilson, Ed Digby, and associate members Jerry Eversman and Marcy Kaptur. There were also a number of VFW and

American Legion Posts represented at the ground breaking. The Fulton County Honor Guard posted the Colors.

The Veterans Administration projects the clinic will be open sometime in the late summer of early fall of 2012.



Major General Recalls the Vietnam War

By: MG Niles Fulwyler
101st ABN S. Vietnam

Vietnam is many things to many people. To me, it is more personal. It is peoples and places, and it is especially people.

When I remember Vietnam, and I am sure it is the same with most who were there, I think of those young troopers, 18 and 19 years old—not yet old in years, but already old men in experience. I think of their performance—their hardships—their selfless courage—their sacrifices—their dying.

I think too, of how proud they were to be part of the 101st

Airborne. And I remember the humanistic concerns of Lucky Eagle for those he termed his “Little Men”—and I remember the warm response and feeling of these “Little Men” to Lucky Eagle.

I remember the moldy smell of the jungle—the strange and weird sounds of night along the perimeter—the rats scurrying across the parapet—the God awful biting dust of the Hook coming in—the smell of the burning fuel oil from the latrine cans—the tremor of the earth from a distant B-52 strike—the psychedelic pattern of traces searching and probing the darkness during the mad minute and I remember the feeling of relief



Maj. Gen. Niles Fulwyler, Ret. shown in this undated photo, is a B.G.S.U. ROTC 1952 grad who earned a regular Army commission.

that came with the first faint rays of dawn. I remember the serene beauty of sunrise from Eagle’s Nest as the sun rose out of the sea of gold which was

the Gulf of Tonkin—and the equally serene beauty of the sunset over the A Shau Valley when the hot sun melted away into the green hills of Laos. And I remember how one’s mind and thoughts inevitably turned homeward in the melancholy twilight of evening. I remember the sweaty, tired trooper with the faded towel around his neck—his bleached,

(Continued on back page.)

Our Next Meeting !

Sun. April 10, at 7 p.m.
Petro Stopping Ctr.
I-280 & Exit 1-B
Lake Township

“I remember their devotion ... as Americans”- MG Fulwyler

(Continued from front page.)

torn fatigues—the cross attached to the camouflage cover of his helmet—the brass bracelet dangling from his wrist—the scuffed and worn jungle boots—and the bronzed, youthful face showing lines beyond his years. I see him again perched atop a bunker cleaning his rifle—sitting in the rain eating his c-Rations—leaning against a tree reading again the crumpled letter from home. I see him again, his back bent under his load, striding down countless jungle trails—clambering steep mountain sides—wading through the jungle muck and filth of the rice paddy. And I remember him lying on a stretcher. I remember the laden skies and the unending rain—the squish of the boots—the relentless pounding of the rain on the helmets and ponchos—the trickle of water winding its way down your neck—the never ending sea of mud—the permeating smell of mildew on everything—the shriveled skin of the hands and feet—the never healing jungle sores—and I remember the cold, wet trooper huddled in his poncho liner on the ground.

I remember the rhythmic whoosh of the helicopter blades beating the air—the faces of the young troopers as they clambered aboard—the roar and the swirling dust as the flight lifted off and like a swarm of giant locust faded away into the distance toward yet another rendezvous. I remember the casual, yet precise instructions of the FAC—the graceful maneuver of the jets as they pulled out of their bomb run and rolled away high into the rays of the sun. I remember the countdown for the “prep”—the distant rumble of the artillery opening up—the welcome call from the ARA that they were on station—and the call from the lead lift ship “I have yellow smoke.” And I remember, too, the terse call: “LZ Hot!” “I remember the

Med Evac ships with the jungle boots protruding from its side—the blood soaked stretcher lying askew beside the dust-off pad—and who of us can forget the visits to the hospitals and the helpless, sickening feeling that crept into one’s stomach.

I remember the rubbery taste of the water from the bladders—the beans and weenies for dinner—the delicious taste of melted ice cream—the great delicacy of dirty ice—the trip to Eagle Beach—the consuming anticipation of R&R—the horror of Mondays and those orange malaria pills which the troopers feared more than “Charlie.” I remember the troopers sharing his Christmas goodies with the Vietnamese children along the roadside—and at once becoming the Pied Piper with the children following and engulfing him—and I remember his smile and the gleam in his eye as he enacted his own special brand of American concern.

I remember those rendezvous with



destiny: Bastogne—Rakkasan—Berchtesgaden—Currahee—Boise—T-Bone—Cannon—Zon—Helen—Sally—Veghel—Blaze—Fury—Jack—Jeanne—Rendezvous—Shrapnel—Victory—and especially I remember Airborne. Names of but obscure hill tops and clearings borrowed from the jungle, and which even now the jungle is reclaiming as its own—but names indelibly imprinted on the memories of those who struggled there. Names unalterably linked with sacrifice and uncommon valor and which bring back again too vividly the nightmare of battle: The maddening firing of machine guns and rifles—the deafening roar of artillery—the crash of mortars and rockets—the blinding flashes and explosions of satchel charges and RPG’s—and the frantic call “Medic, Medic!” I remember the grim aftermath attesting to the furor of the battle: The acrid smell of burnt gun powder—the strewn litter of sand bags and shell casings—the blood spattered flak jacket cast aside—the twisted, torn Conex

container—the pervading smell of death—the look of anguish on the trooper’s face poignantly portraying his loss of a buddy. And I remember too well the line of green body bags on the helipad.

Yes, above all, it is the faces of the young troopers which come back to haunt my memory in the quite of eventide. I see again their eagerness—the air of innocence about them, yet their professionalism—their great courage—their willingness to sacrifice—their American ingenuity and never ending good humor, even in the face of adversity. I remember their devotion, not to the cause of a particular war, but to their obligation of manhood as Americans—and how they did live up to that! I remember those who served proudly and were delirious with joy as their DEROS date finally arrived—and we were happy for them. I remember those who served proudly and had to be evacuated, to bear the scars of battle the remainder of their lives—and I remember those Screaming Eagles who made the supreme sacrifice and have rendezvoused with the long, hallowed ranks of American patriots, patriots from Bunker Hill to the jungles of Vietnam whose sacrifices bear solemn witness to the high price paid towards fulfillment of the American dream.

Vietnam—Yes, but a moment in the passing parade of time and history. But a moment which cast its spell over our memories as participants for the remaining days of our lives: The challenges—the honors—the fears—the sacrifices—the horrors—the joys—the tears. Together, these will entwine our memories forever. PROUD memories-- 101st memories—but most important of all, memories of the Little Trooper who bore the brunt of the American commitment, and the one whom we all owe an everlasting debt, not just for the success of our brigades and divisions, but for the individual success of each of us who had the great privilege to lead him.

Reprinted with special permission from MG Fulwyler to our chapter, in part to honor outgoing Chapter Pres. Dick Nolte who commanded a recon platoon in the 101st ABN Division.

* May Meeting Special Date *

May 15th, 2011 7:00 pm

Petro Stopping Center

I-280 & Exit 1-B