

# ARMY TRANSPORTATION ASSOCIATION VIETNAM



4th Trans Cmd



5th Trans Cmd



124th Trans Cmd



125th Trans Cmd



8th Trans Grp

## THE PATCHES WE WORE



48th Trans Grp



500th Trans Grp



507th Trans Grp



U.S. Army, Vietnam



1st Log Cmd

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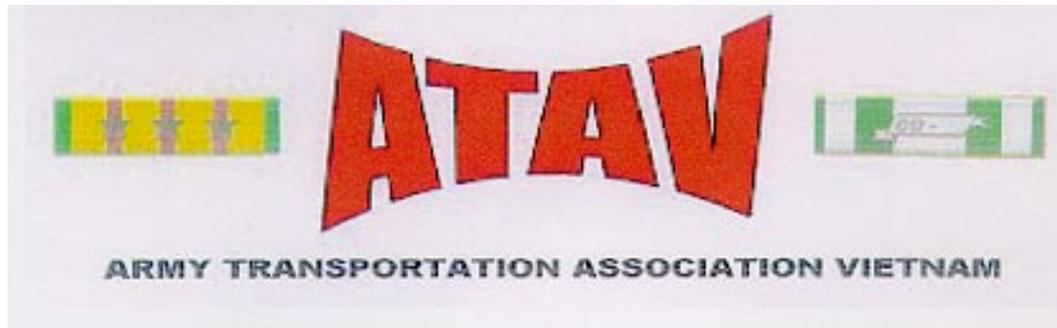
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WINTER 2003



DECEMBER, 2003

**ATAV MEMBERS,**

First, I want to wish all of our members, associate members and their families the gifts of health and success in the new year.

**THE ATAV IS EXTENDING ALL MEMBERSHIPS AN ADDITIONAL YEAR, TO ALL ACTIVE ASSOCIATES OF DECEMBER 31, 2003.**

It has been a long while since you received a Newsletter. There have been many problems internal and external and I'm happy to announce that all matters have been handled and successfully resolved. The process has been refined so that you will be getting all four newsletters per year from now on!

Our reunion for 2004 will take place in Colorado Springs, CO from July 7 - 11, at the Ramada Inn 3125 Sinton Road. You can begin making reservations after January 15 by calling them directly at 719-633-5541. The room cost is \$64.00 a night plus 8.5% tax and includes a complimentary daily hot breakfast buffet. Complimentary Airport Transportation is available from the hotel with a 48 hour advance notice. Rooms have been blocked off at the hotel for the same rate for those coming in early or staying later.

Bill Wandall, our treasurer, visited Colorado Springs, CO in August to complete all the details pertaining to our reunion at the Ramada Inn, including planning our dinner menu, business meeting room and Saturday evening festivities. He also planned events on a daily basis for us to take part in. An sampling of the tours available is printed on page 12 of this newsletter. A registration form and an activity form will included in the next newsletter for you to fill out and send back to Bill.

Joe Heath was recognized and presented with an award by the ATAV. He also has been honored with the Vice President's position, after our former VP resigned.

Once again all active members as of 12/31/03 will have an additional year added to their current renewal date. Please change your membership card to reflect the additional year.

*Sincerely,  
Richard L. Phillips -*

PRESIDENT  
125th TRANS CMD  
SAIGON 1966-1967

# Army Transportation Association Vietnam

## Application for Membership

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**Please Print Clearly:**

**New** \_\_\_\_\_ **Renewal** \_\_\_\_\_ **Associate** \_\_\_\_\_

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Date:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Address:** \_\_\_\_\_

**City, State, ZIP:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Phone Number:** \_\_\_\_\_ (include area code)

**Email:** \_\_\_\_\_ (to add or change your email)

Address please contact Webmaster Ralph Grambo at [gramborw@uofs.edu](mailto:gramborw@uofs.edu) )

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**Your unit(s) while in Vietnam:**

**Dates you were in Vietnam:**

**What is your present occupation?**

Yes, \_\_\_\_\_ I want to join the ATAV for \_\_\_\_\_ years

Yes, \_\_\_\_\_ Please renew my membership for \_\_\_\_\_ years

(New memberships of two or more years will receive a complimentary ATAV pin)

Please make checks payable to: Army Transportation Association, Vietnam

Mail checks to: Bill Wandall, 307 Adair Street, H-6 Decatur, GA30030

### Membership.

#### Rates:

1 year: \$15.00

2 years: \$23.00

3 years: \$32.00

4 years \$41.00

5 years \$50.00

Here is some additional information about me while in Vietnam

**Don't forget our web site: WWW.ATAV.US**

**Join us on the ATAV Group on Yahoo**



## COMMANDER'S MAIL BOX



Dear Sir,

I'm writing to you to request your help. My name is Stuart Beeney and I'm a vietnam re-enactor and vehicle owner from England. For details on what we do and who we are please visit [www.rolling-thunder.org.uk](http://www.rolling-thunder.org.uk) I have been in contact with a number of your members who have helped me with my M-54 truck. They have also helped other friends with their vehicles. Unfortunately, my computer crashed and I lost my email address book. I would request that anyone who remembers me or would like to help me please contact me at [hochiminh@vietnam.fsnet.co.uk](mailto:hochiminh@vietnam.fsnet.co.uk) . I would like to get my contacts up to date again. I am looking forward to renewing old friendships and making new ones.

Dear Sir,

The purpose of my inquiry is to find out as much as I can about my old outfit- the 155<sup>th</sup> Transportation Co. (Terminal Service) and thought that some of your members might be able to help with first hand stories or be able to point me in another direction.

I was with the 155<sup>th</sup> Trans. Co. from February 1959 to February 1962. We were known as the Arctic Kings back then. When I left the company it was assigned to the 14<sup>th</sup> transportation Battalion at Fort Story, VA. I learned that the company deployed to Cam Ranh Bay on June 4, 1965 until June 27<sup>1972</sup> and was assigned to the 124<sup>th</sup> Transportation Command (Terminal). I can not seem to find out anything after that date. I would really like to know what the current status is.

Thank you for your consideration and help. If there is any way that I can support the ATAV, please let me know. Even though the years have passing quickly I still have a soft spot in my heart for the Army Transportation Corps.

Darrell Myers      [darlin@pikenet.net](mailto:darlin@pikenet.net)

I'm Dan Onell, I was posted with the 36th Transportation Group in the 442. I was stationed in Cam Ranh Bay. I was given the task by my commanding officer to build a special gun truck to provide convoy support. I took a 5 ton put armour plate on it, a custom passenger side 50 caliber turret with M-60 on each corner of the cargo area. I also attached two California style trucking mirrors to the very front grill so when you looked thru the front protective slits you could easily see rear traffic. On the front hood I had painted three yellow racing stripes, in flowing script on the armored sides was "The FLYING DUTCHMAN" and on the tail gate was a picture of 2 sets of Ace's and a Deuce. I was in Nam from 68 to 69 and have incredible memories of that time with my "Bro's". Unfortunately that is all I have since all the photos of my truck that I cherished went up in flames many years ago, in a house fire. A friend just recently found this website which has rekindled many memories and hope that maybe someone remembers my truck and me . I would be so

grateful if any of my former buddies has photos and remeberances of that time especially of my truck. I live in Bartlett, New Hampshire (P.O. Box 107-03812) where I specialize in refurbishing old "Harleys" and "Indians"

(Editor Note: return email address lost in transport through the Yahoo Groups)

Welcome BG Walter Pudlowski

We are honored to have the Commanding General of the 28th Infantry Division (Mech), Pennsylvania National Guard join our association. The General was a platoon leader in the 264th Transportation Company (TS) .

(Editors Note: My replacement??? having been a platoon leader in that company in 1966.)

ARMY TRANSPORTATION ASSOCIATION, VIETNAM

FINANCIAL STATUS AS OF 30 JUNE 2003

Membership as of 30 June 2003:	419 (deleted 46 members who did not renew from 2002)	
Cash on hand in WACHOVIA Saving Account as of 30 June 2002: .....	\$	8,211.70
Deposits from 1 July 2002 to 30 June 2003:		
Dues received from current and new members: .....		4,690.00
Reunion 2002 (dinners and registration) .....		300.00
T-Shirts and cap sales: .....		1,138.00
Interest received from Saving Account: .....		<u>26.61</u>
Total Deposits: .....	\$	14,366.31
Withdrawals from Savings Account from 1 July 2002 to 30 June 2003:		
Reunion 2002 (dinners and misc): .....	\$	1,040.57
Reunion 2002 (Refund - dinner cancellation) .....		60.00
Reunion 2002 (Table decorations - Rick) .....		31.44
Reunion 2002 (Awards for Assn Officers - Rick): .....		306.96
Reunion 2002 (Fuel for Bill Parker's truck to and from reunion): ....		500.00
Video tape (Army tugs in Vietnam - Rick): .....		24.45
Association T-Shirts (Rick): .....		543.34
Flag Pins (100 each - Rick) .....		106.99
Award for Joe Heath (Rick) .....		67.05
Association signs for Bill Parker's truck: .....		84.80
Association caps and postage: .....		790.15
Association Membership pins (200 each): .....		341.00
Association Newsletters (copies, postage, & software): .....		1,358.32
Membership dues check returned - not payable: .....		45.00
Saving Account service charge - returned check: .....		<u>7.50</u>
Sub - Total: .....	\$	5,307.57
Office Supplies:		
Stamps, envelopes, copies (Bill): .....		373.69
Labels for Newsletters: .....		10.60
Computer ink cartages(Rick): .....		157.63
Envelopes and copies (Rick): .....		36.37
Association labels: (Rick): .....		71.34
Postage 2002 - 2003 (Rick): .....		<u>197.80</u>
Sub - Total: .....	\$	847.42
Total Withdrawals: .....	\$	<u>6,154.99</u>
Cash on hand in Savings Account as of 30 June 2003: .....	\$	<u>8,211.32</u>
WACHOVIA Bank Statements as of 30 June 2003 available from Association Treasurer		

# REMEMBERING THE AN KHE PASS FROM A HARD RIDE ON THE DUCE IS WILD

by Bill Sims

The Duce is Wild was tail-end Charlie one early morning on a convoy to Quin Nhon with a mission from god to pick up more material for the war. That's right - a mission from God. Who else would send so many with so little to pick up so much from so far away? God, of course! So, once again, our gun crew found itself out on the highway that morning for another hard ride on the top of Duce is Wild; making heavy metal thunder, looking for adventure and wherever came our way. We were loaded for bear, and traveling with a fast and empty convoy towards the Port.

Right there, at the bottom of the An Khe Pass, on the right side of QL-19A, as you are eastbound to Quin Nhon, is a little POL pumping station guarded by an APC/Mech platoon. You remember that unlike the Mang Yang pump station, the An Khe pump station at the bottom of the pass is a tidy little compound with the APC positions sand-bagged in around the perimeter wire. The station even had a fancy painted sign out front that declared the exact function to Charlie and to everyone else who drove by.

I had one of those little Kodak wind-up cameras that used the 110 cartridge film and I was using the slide version (which I have since converted to photos thanks to some financial help from Captain Allen over at Battalion HQ\*. I don't know what prompted me to take a series of photos of the intact pump station compound that morning as the empty convoy screamed out of the dusty mist of the An Khe Pass at top speed, but click, click, click and we were gone down the road.

Robert Mason, a Huey helicopter pilot, writing his bestseller "Chicken Hawk" about his tour of duty, described what happened at the pump station after we passed by that morning.

Coming back late that hot afternoon, as I surveyed the road ahead for possible ambush positions and movement from behind one of my M-60", I saw the pall of destruction coming up out of what was left of the POL pumping station. As we drove by I was able to take another series of photos. But this time it was the rubble in the aftermath of the station's destruction.

Naturally, for the combat line haulers, events like this bring with it the very real prospect everyday of more of the same, and it puts a rictus in your grim determination to make it through and out of the infamous AnKhe Pass alive.

The grade steepened as we passed the smoking rubble of what used to be the POL Pump Station, and our driver, SP4 Rick Shaddix, downshifts for a little more power. I can feel the sway of the Gun truck as Shaddix, well aware of the human and deadly cargo, used every skill to keep our weapons platform running smooth on the best part of the road. SGT Swartz makes the radio call to the Area Tactical Operations Command that shows us as Tail-end Charlie, now clear of the Pump Station. He slings a bandoleer of M-79 rounds and loads a HE round into the launcher and takes a forward position off to one side overlooking the cab and the convoy.

Up ahead I can see the downshift diesel smoke belching from the convoy's exhaust stacks, and you can feel the slow drag of the AnKhe Pass's awesome power as it sucked the higher going up; different than it was this morning when we were traveling empty, fast and light to the port; trailers and bobtails bouncing along at best speed. Now, we are fully loaded, with everything that makes this part of the war deadly and dangerous: trailer after trailer of flat beds loaded to capacity with high explosives and white phosphorous artillery rounds, tankers full of JP-4 and more. There is no milk on this run today.

The hairs on the back of my neck stand up as they do everytime we pass through this Valley in the Shadow of Death, which has been damn near everyday lately. As I continue to search the sides of the road ahead for ambush points and movement, I can see the intervals start to fail as our combat line haul drivers make determined and heroic efforts to coax fully loaded and worn out machines and each other up the road and towards the sheer granite walls at the heart of the pass.

One of the older tanker trucks up ahead in the first half of the convoy is failing and losing power as the grade continues to steepen. I can feel the convoy loosing more speed. Our combat line haul drivers have said many times that keeping interval inside the AnKhe Pass is a near impossible goal and a single RPG round will turn the sheer walls of the Pass into a giant luau barbecue pit. It feels like that now in the tropical heat of the late afternoon as the sun bakes our way. You can see the hot fog of war hanging like a shroud over this combat convoy today even though I'm riding M-60's on top of the 8<sup>th</sup> Group's Orient Express. It must be twice as hot for the combat drivers inside the

truck cabs. These are the real heroes in this war. This is no stroll in the woods.

I think again about the rubble of the destroyed pump station that we had passed just a few minutes ago. The only thing that Charlie left standing was that fancy sign out front. There had to be a message in that. Christ, now even Alice couldn't live here anymore.

I take one of the M-60's off of its mount so that I can elevate it enough to cover the tops of the sheer granite walls as we pass under them. It won't do to have Charlie shooting straight down on us like fish in a barrel. Gunner Tom Cross is pulling rear guard with the M-2 fifty caliber. That Duce is a beautiful thing to see, and SP4 Cross has a fine touch for it. Cross is one of the four reasons that a ride on Ma's Duce Is Wild!

Time slows to a hot screaming crawl and drags you along with it into the granite heart of the AnKhe Pass. The front bumper of the truck behind slowly meets the rear bumper of the failing old tanker ahead or it in a heroic assist. I can see the smoke belching from the exhaust stacks as both combat drivers split-shift to synchronize their hard ride into history as the roaring convoy crawls up the road in low gear and around the hairpin turn to the right on the final push to the top of the pass. The choking, dusty heat and hot diesel fumes hang heavy as the convoy continues its slow move between the sheer granite walls. Engines scream as everyone strains for the top. This is one of the hardest, deadliest rides you will ever make.

Finally, we top out of the Pass and into the clean fresh air of the Plateau. SGT Swartz radios the Tactical Operations Command that we are now clear of the Pass. Tensions ease. Up ahead, parked on the side of the road with the gunner covering the bushes behind him with the pedestal mounted M-60, the LT has been standing up in Duce's Babysan, the armored gun Jeep assigned for the Convoy commander's

ride, and making sure everyone is aware that he wants them back at the proper interval as we head up the road the AnKhe. He then speeds off to take up the convoy lead again. I also admired him for taking the lead position on these convoys, because his C&C jeep gave us good fire power at the front and I never heard of Charlie springing an ambush on the front of a convoy. So the LT had maneuverability, an M-60 gunner and M-79 capability and could provide better control in case of an attack. Just as I thought, Duce Is Wild did a better job riding drag at the Tail-end Charlie spot, dropping back to pull security for the breakdowns with the wrecker and the spare tire truck. It was a lonely vigil but somebody had to do it.

Tonight we will RON at AnKhe before pushing on to Pleiku in the morning for the final leg of this mission.

Shaddix smoothly downshifts as he makes the right turn into the AnKhe compound and heads for the fuel point. I take out a quart bottle of diesel and a rag. I unload and field strip one of my M-60s for some 'PM' on its road dust; then reoil, reassemble it, remount it and reload it. Then I repeat the process with my other weapon. Then I wrap them both in waterproof covers before breaking open one of my favorite cans of C rations that Shaddix had cooking on the truck's engine. I get a cold drink out of the marmot can by the truck's radio and I chow down. It's been a long and deadly day. It sure feels good to finally sit down and rest my young weary bones after standing up all day long on the hard ride up from the port.

It was on one of these RON stops in AnKhe that Duce Is Wild happened to be at the bottom of the mountain that sits in the middle of the camp. You remember the one that had the 1<sup>st</sup> Cav patch logoed into the side of it that could be seen for miles. It was around mid night on New Years Eve '69-'70 that Robert Mason wrote about in his book "Chicken Hawk" that Charlie probed the perimeter and all hell broke loose. Duce Is Wild contributed her firepower that night.



***DUCE IS WILD in the motor pool.  
Note 'The Tennessean' on the  
armor plate in the rear***

# THE FIRE BASE BASTOGNE CONVOY 4/68

by Wayne Chalker  
585th Transportation Company

During the week of April 12, 1968 eight members of the 585<sup>th</sup> Transportation Co. (Medium Truck Cargo) 39<sup>th</sup> Transportation Battalion, volunteered for a mission to bring much needed ammunition and gun barrels into FB Bastogne from their base camp at Phu Bai. This is the story from three of the eight who took part in this convoy.

On January 14, 1968, headquarters, maintenance, and 2<sup>nd</sup> platoon of the 585<sup>th</sup> were loaded onto LST 551 in Qui Nhon harbor and sailed for Da Nang for ultimate relocation to Camp Eagle, 101<sup>st</sup> AB base camp, Phu Bai. The remainder of the 585<sup>th</sup> would join the lead elements sometime in March 1968 following the same procedure.

Prior to the 585<sup>th</sup>'s redeployment to Phu Bai in I Corps, the 585<sup>th</sup> was part of the 27<sup>th</sup> Trans Battalion running convoys to exotic places like An Khe, Pleiku, Dak To, Bong Son, Phu Cat, etc from their base camp at Phu Tai in II Corps.

The 585<sup>th</sup> was a 5ton tractor-trailer unit. Like most transportation companies in Vietnam, we were self sufficient and very mobile. We were a very close company and depended on each other very much.

In mid April 1968, Sgt. Edwards, our 1<sup>st</sup> Platoon Sgt., asked for volunteers for a convoy. Eight members volunteered to the best of our knowledge. Four of these volunteers were Wayne C Chalker, Marion Amos, Steve Plummer, and James McGrath.

Sgt. Edwards would not tell us where we were going, but told us to be ready the next morning. "Never before had we ever been asked to volunteer."1. "We were loaded with artillery projectiles and black powder at the Phu Bai ammo dump."2. At least two of us, Marion Amos and me, were loaded with 175mm howitzer barrels.

"The 101<sup>st</sup> guys seemed surprised that none of us had assistant drivers with us. I stated that our company was always under strength and that we always drove by ourselves. He told me that where you guys are going, you need to have someone riding shotgun with you, especially with black powder because 'Charlie' gets nervous when he sees this ammo coming toward him. I really didn't know what he meant at the time."3.

We were going to Fire Base Bastogne which was at the mouth of the A Shau Valley. FB Bastogne conducted fire support missions for units operating mostly in and around the A Shau Valley. FB Bastogne was located west of Phu Bai in Thua Thien Province. We were going to be the first convoy from our company to attempt a resupply of FB Bastogne.

"The eight tractor-trailers were lead from the ammo dump through Camp Eagle and into the countryside by a 101<sup>st</sup> AB jeep. The farther we drove, the heavier the jungle became. I thought it was unusual that there were no civilians in the area. We went around a bend in the road and met up with tanks and APC's that were interspersed with our trucks. I started to worry and put on my helmet and flak jacket."4.

The OIC of the armor advised us that we would have escort for the last mile or so into FB Bastogne. He stated the left side of the road was under 101<sup>st</sup> control, while the right side was not. The OIC also told us NOT to stop under any circumstances or we would simply be pushed off the road by the armor in back of that truck.

"The road was turning into a steep narrow path with jungle growing up to the edge of this so called road. In II Corp convoys through 'Ambush Alley', we were told to keep lots of space between trucks so to lessen the effects of an ambush. With this in mind, I dropped back from the APC in front of me. A soldier from the armor behind me ran up and said I was going to get all of our asses shot off if I didn't stay close to the other APC. It then struck me that our survival depended on firepower from the armor."5. This so-called road, which turned into a path through the jungle, had several steep hills before ending at Bastogne. "Because of the steepness on one hill and my overloaded trailer, I was pushed by a APC."6.

"Suddenly, all hell broke loose."7. The armor opened up with everything they had on the ride side of the road. "The noise was incredible. I started seeing red flashes flying over the hood of my truck and exploding on the other side of the road. I could also see small arms fire hitting hear me. I panicked and almost jumped from my truck into the jungle for cover. I'm sure this would have ended everything for those and me in the armor and trucks behind. The Army taught us that you always try and drive through an ambush. Somehow, I got down as low as I could behind the wheel and kept driving. Believing that I was about to die, I remember thinking about how bad my parents were going to feel, and I started to pray."8.

In my truck, I remember the intense firing, but I also remember that I had to get my truck up and over each hill in front of me. Survival, in my mind, was to stay close to the tank in front of me. As mentioned before, I was carrying 175mm howitzer barrels. The weight was far too heavy for my 5ton tractor. While going up one steep hill, I reached '1<sup>st</sup> under' in a very short time. Even at 1<sup>st</sup> under, I felt my Rpm's drop.

As I neared the crest of this hill, even over the firing, I knew something happened to my engine. The thought of

being pushed off the road by the APC behind me was frightening. I said a prayer and miraculously my engine held out to the top of the hill.

Not long after, all our trucks made it safely into FB Bastogne. "The guys who unloaded us at Bastogne seemed surprised we arrived intact. One asked me if I had any RPG's fired at me. I said I don't know, what are those? He said they would have been red flashes and explosions after they hit. I said yes, several and I wondered what those were. They also asked which side of the road the incoming fire came from. I said the left. They told me that the left side was supposed to be secure."8.

Having never been to a firebase like Bastogne before, I got a bad feeling about this place and was very anxious to get unloaded and back on the road again. The jungle came right up to the perimeter of the base. Sort of like an island in the middle of the Pacific.

We were hurrying to get unloaded and regroup for our fun drive back, when the Major (OIC) informed us the road back has been closed. Just prior to this, Steve remembered a small convoy of duce and a half's leaving Bastogne just after we arrived and escorted by the same armor that brought us in. It was rumored that this convoy was hit hard going down the same road we just came up.

The OIC told us to spread out our trucks in the firebase so we would be a smaller target. The Major also advised us to be ready to move out on 15-minute notice. We were to remain at Bastogne for the next six days waiting for the road to be re-secured by the 101<sup>st</sup>.

We were obviously unprepared for our unscheduled stopover at Bastogne. None of us had any change of clothes, food, personal hygiene items, or extra ammunition. During the week, we experienced what life was really like at a firebase. "Sitting and waiting all those days, I'd see jets dive and drop napalm near the perimeter or on the hill-sides."9.

We caught up on much needed sleep during this week. I remember pulling guard duty with a 101<sup>st</sup> guy and trading hand grenades with him. I had the newer, baseball type and he had the older oval style. (In addition to our personal issued weapons, 585<sup>th</sup> members carried hand grenades in their trucks). During the week, the base ammo dump blew. "We jumped into bunkers with the 101<sup>st</sup> people. The ammo was still going off when I saw at least four medics with stretchers running towards it. I think that was the bravest thing I ever saw. No one must have been hurt because when it was all over, they walked back."10.

On or about April 24<sup>th</sup>, the Major told us to pack up and get ready to move out in 15 minutes. Our stay at Bastogne was ending. We were happy to be leaving and getting back to base camp, but were fearful of what lies ahead. "Many of us were worried about the road back, and I remember some of us were saying good bye to our friends just in case."11.

The return convoy was set up similar to the one we came in with a week earlier, tank, truck, APC, truck, etc. I remember the Major asking us if we could assist his armor with suppression fire on the left side of the road. I thought this odd, as all of us know it is hard to shoot and drive at the same time.

Soon after leaving Bastogne, the firing commenced again. The intensity was the same as coming in the week before. I remember several explosions on the edge of the road to our left. I was doing my best to fire out the window and steer at the same time. I remember shell casings from my M-14 burning my left arm.

"We left the fire base and started driving down the mountain when all hell broke loose. The tanks and APC's opened fire and we started shooting to the left of the road. I had my rifle cradled in my left arm and I was shooting out the driver's side window. It was a real challenge shifting gears and shooting out the window and not running into the back of the APC in front of me. When one magazine emptied, I would put in another and keep firing."12.

"After checking my forward movement, I looked to the left, and continued to fire my weapon. This is when I thought the devil himself had just hit me between the eyes with his fist. My head jolted and snapped back. My black plastic rim glasses were shoved back and down into my nose. The pain of being hit between the eyes was excruciating. I thought my nose was broke. I wasn't sure what happened. So many things run through your mind. First, I thought I must have hit a pothole and bumped my head on the steering wheel. When I looked up, everything was black. I looked around and saw nothing but darkness. A few seconds passed and my vision returned. Everything happened so fast that I was in a state of confusion for a moment. After realizing I didn't hit a pothole, I gathered my thoughts, pushed my glasses back up on my nose and kept shooting and driving. The only thing on my mind again was to get out of that area as quick as we could."13.

Marion's truck was ahead of mine in the convoy back. As I previously mentioned, I remember several explosions just in front of my truck on the left edge of the road. One of these explosions would have been in line with the driver's side of Marion's truck. When we cleared the fire zone area, the armor pulled out and we pulled off and stopped to regroup. Marion came walking back to me and had blood streaming down his face from a hole in his forehead just

above the rim of his glasses.

He had obviously been hit with shrapnel and it had been deflected off the center portion of his glasses. This may have saved his live or at least prevented a more serious wound. I knew we had to get out of this area as quickly as possible. We were still in hostile territory without any armor or convoy protection.

I sat Marion down and bandaged him as best I could and asked him if he could drive. He said he could. I told him to stay in front of me so I could watch him until he arrived back at Phu Bai which was 10-15 miles away. In addition to no convoy protection, we had no radio and no OIC.

The convoy into Bastogne the week before began to take its toll on our trucks. "We all knew that this area was unsafe and everyone wanted out of there as fast as possible, but more trucks started breaking down. I think we may have had up to four trucks no longer running by the time we got back to Phu Bai. We came in pushing and pulling each other at about 5miles per hour. No one was left behind. We all came back together."4.

When we arrived back at Phu Bai, I escorted Marion to an aid station. The medic examined him, re bandaged him and told him to go back to work. Several days later, Marion experienced severe headaches and returned to a Maine aid station. There he was re examined and some shrapnel was removed from his forehead.

Marion, to this day, carries a small piece of shrapnel in his head from that day.

Nothing more was ever said to the eight from that convoy. We all went back to work the next day hauling to Camp Evans, Quang Tri, Dong Ha etc. No one, to our knowledge, ever received any award or commendation for our volunteer mission into Bastogne.

Marion never received a Purple Heart. It may be that we were not deserving of any recognition, but Marion should have his Purple Heart.

After 34years, the three of us have found each other thanks to the Internet and ATAV! We are still searching for the other members of the 'Bastogne Convoy'. God willing, someday we will find them and learn even more about that week in April 1968.

Marion is making attempts to get his military medical records for his Purple Heart and health care, which he never received, from the VA. All of us have submitted applications for corrections of military records for consideration for any awards we may have been denied.

Marion lives in Colorado and works for Coors, Steve lives

in Minnesota and works for the Postal Service, and I live in Maine and work for the Bureau of Customs and Border Protection.

The above story is as accurate as our collective memories will allow. All three of us recognize the heroic acts of many, many others truckers in Vietnam and the supreme sacrifice many combat truckers made during the course of that war. Our story pales in comparison to the hundreds more trucker stories during that conflict.

Wayne C Chalker

1. Steve Plummer, personal account
2. Ibid.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid.
8. Ibid.
9. Ibid.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid.
12. Marion Amos, personal account
13. Ibid.
14. Ibid.

Some of the 1st Platoon, 585th Trans. Co taken at our base in Phu Bai in the Spring of 1968

Left to right - standing:

Jerry Plummer, Wayne Chakler,  
Ed Shriber

Left to right squatting:

Tim Smith, Marion Amos, Randy Baker

Sitting:

James Magrath

(Photo from the personal collection of Jerv Plummer)





## ***NEW MEMBERS SINCE LAST NEWSLETTER***

<b>Tony Barbour</b>	<b>HHD 6<sup>th</sup> Trans Bn</b>	<b>Jul69-Oct70</b>	<b>Raleigh, NC</b>
<b>Kenneth W. Buckley</b>	<b>402<sup>nd</sup> Trans Co</b>	<b>Jan69-Jan70</b>	<b>Poplarsville,MS</b>
<b>Rocco R. Carangi</b>	<b>285<sup>th</sup> Trans Co (TS)</b>	<b>Jul66-Jul67</b>	<b>Philadelphia, PA</b>
<b>Jimmy D. Cox</b>	<b>HHC 4<sup>th</sup> &amp; 5<sup>th</sup> Trans Cmd</b>	<b>Jul65-Jul66</b>	<b>Danville, VA</b>
	<b>264<sup>th</sup> TC/670<sup>th</sup>TC</b>		
<b>Mark A. Cox Sr.</b>	<b>363<sup>rd</sup> TC</b>	<b>Mar.71-June71</b>	<b>Lawton,OK</b>
<b>Robert Dalton</b>	<b>61<sup>st</sup> TC/360<sup>th</sup> TC</b>	<b>Jul66-Mar68</b>	<b>Tacoma,WA</b>
<b>Steven Fairfield</b>	<b>303<sup>rd</sup>/388<sup>th</sup>/611<sup>th</sup> TC</b>	<b>Sept68-May70</b>	<b>Woodstock,CT</b>
<b>David E. Fairweather</b>	<b>MMAV Det.1 FMS</b>	<b>Aug.67-July68</b>	<b>Riverside, CA</b>
<b>Peter J. Higgins</b>	<b>360<sup>th</sup>TC</b>	<b>Sept71-Nov71</b>	<b>Chicago,IL</b>
<b>William C. Jacobs</b>	<b>528<sup>th</sup>TC Det</b>	<b>Aug67-Aug68</b>	<b>Fernandina Beach,FL</b>
	<b>355<sup>th</sup>TC Det</b>	<b>Mar71-Jan72</b>	
<b>Steven M. James</b>	<b>MMAV Det 1 FMS</b>	<b>Feb66-Feb67</b>	<b>Bellingham, WA</b>
<b>Jimmie Johnson</b>	<b>155<sup>th</sup>TC (TS)</b>	<b>Jul66-Jul67</b>	<b>Richmond,IN</b>
<b>Joseph M. Jones</b>	<b>57<sup>th</sup>TC &amp; 669<sup>th</sup>TC</b>	<b>Nov67-Nov68</b>	<b>Murfreesboro,TN</b>
<b>William D. Landau</b>	<b>HHC 507<sup>th</sup> Trans Gp</b>	<b>Jan70-Nov70</b>	<b>Patomac, MD</b>
<b>Jim Molnar</b>	<b>545<sup>th</sup> TC</b>	<b>1966</b>	<b>Edgewater Park, NJ</b>
<b>Robert L. Nicosia</b>	<b>545<sup>th</sup>TC/500<sup>th</sup>Trans Gp</b>	<b>Oct66-Oct67</b>	<b>North Troy, VT</b>
<b>BG Walter Pudlowski</b>	<b>264<sup>th</sup> TC(TS)</b>	<b>Aug.67-Aug.68</b>	<b>Grantville, PA</b>
<b>Terrence A. Retzer</b>	<b>515<sup>th</sup>/347<sup>th</sup>/253<sup>rd</sup>TC</b>	<b>Jan66-Feb67</b>	<b>Wintersville,OH</b>
<b>Bill R. Sims</b>	<b>541<sup>st</sup>TC</b>	<b>Apr69-Mar70</b>	<b>Iowa Park,TX</b>
<b>James E. Smith</b>	<b>597<sup>th</sup>TC</b>	<b>Jul69-Jul70</b>	<b>Petersburg, VA</b>
<b>Kenneth L. Spiess</b>	<b>4<sup>th</sup> TC</b>	<b>Mar66-Mar67</b>	<b>Cumming, GA</b>
<b>Joe Sokola</b>	<b>Associate</b>		<b>West Hartford, CT</b>
<b>Ronald E. Teck</b>	<b>669<sup>th</sup> TC</b>	<b>Jun.68-Jun.69</b>	<b>Kent, OH</b>
<b>Jerry Tewell</b>	<b>360<sup>th</sup> TC</b>	<b>Jun.69-Sept.70</b>	<b>Idaho Falls, ID</b>
<b>Tom Throne</b>	<b>359<sup>th</sup>TC</b>	<b>1970-1971</b>	<b>Bunker Hill,IL</b>

Sadly, we must report the passing of member Norman W. Boskind on August 6, 2003. He was killed while riding on his motorcycle in a driving rain storm that obscured the highway marking lines. He had served with the 163rd Trans Co in Long Binh. He was with us at the last reunion in New Orleans. If you wish to do something in Norman's memory, the following two organizations were important to him.

VVA Chapter 588  
c/o American Legion Post 39  
500 N. Hickory Avenue  
Bel Air, MD 21014

Perry Point Veterans  
DAV Chapter 30  
For Transportation Network  
P.O. Box 443  
Bel Air, MD 21014

**ARMY TRANSPORTATION ASSOCIATION OF VIETNAM REUNION  
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO  
July 7<sup>th</sup>- July 11<sup>th</sup>, 2004**

**GROUP TOURS BY COACH**

*These tours have been designed for your enjoyment in Colorado Springs. Pre-registration is required for most activities. Cancellation with refund requires 72 hours notice. For additional information please contact The Association Registration, or Conference Touring 719-338-9565.*

**Thursday, July 8, 2004      10:00 AM – 3:00 PM      \$28.00**

**United States Air Force Academy, Lunch in the Officers Club, and Garden of the Gods**  
See the prestigious Air Force Academy, bordered by densely wooded foothills that surround the 18,000-acre facility. See Falcon Stadium, the Cadet Glider port and other key facilities. Explore the \$3.8 million Visitor's Center (funded entirely by donations) and the internationally know 17-spired Cadet Chapel. Lunch is served at the Officers Club, then we are off to explore one of the most photographed natural wonders in the US, the *Garden of the Gods*. This 1,350-acre park is nestled at the foot of Pikes Peak, and features majestic shaped sandstone formations.  
**(Expect to pay additional \$8.00 for lunch at the Officer's Club)**

**Friday, July 9, 2004      5:30 PM – 10:00 PM      \$42.00**

**FLYING W RANCH CHUCKWAGON SUPPER AND WESTERN SHOW**  
Originated in 1953, this working ranch began inviting the public for supper, and it grew to seating for over 1,400 people outside or inside, depending on the weather. We will arrive at the Ranch a little early to enjoy the old western town of over a dozen completely restored buildings. Supper includes tender slices of beef in their special mild Bar BQ sauce, foil wrapped potatoes, Flying W beans, chunky applesauce, old fashioned spice cake, served with biscuits, hot coffee, lemonade or ice tea. Following dinner, The Flying W Wranglers perform their famous western stage show, a traditional brand of western entertainment. *(Pre-Registration is a MUST!)*

**Saturday, July 10, 2004      10:00 AM– 1:00 PM      \$27.00**

**VAN BRIGGLE POTTERY, SHOPPING IN OLD COLORADO CITY**  
Come; experience a tour through the famous Van Briggles Art Pottery factory, established nearly 100 years ago. It is one of the oldest, active art potteries remaining in the US. You will see some of the pottery displayed in the world's most famous museums, and hear the love story of Artis and Ann Van Briggles. Next we will venture into Old Colorado City where you can stroll along the brick sidewalks, and shop in the unique boutiques and antique shops in some of the 100-year-old buildings. (Does not include lunch)

*Conference Touring will offer a Hospitality Desk on Site in the mornings, to allow for last minute sign-ups for the tours that are not full. We require a minimum of 25 persons on each tour.*

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## **Favorite Bumper Sticker of 2003**

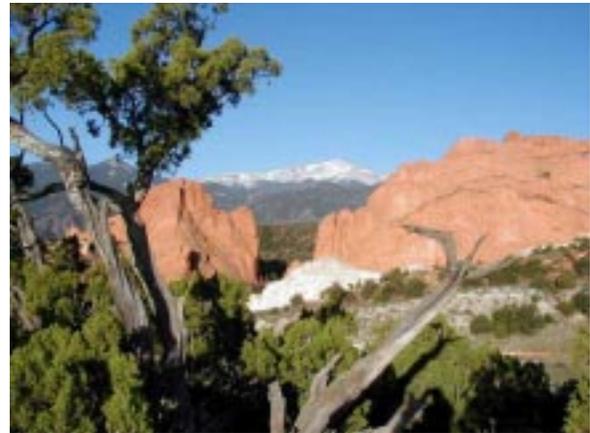
**If you can read this, thank a teacher...**

**If you can read this in English, thank a soldier!**

# REUNION JULY 7 - 11, 2004

RAMADA INN NORTH  
3125 SINTON ROAD  
COLORADO SPRINGS, CO 80907  
PHONE 719 633-5541  
FAX 719 633-3870

RATE \$64.00 PER NIGHT PLUS 8.5% TAX  
INCLUDES COMPLIMENTARY HOT BREAKFAST BUFFET  
RESERVATIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED BY THE HOTEL  
AFTER JANUARY 15, 2004



At the Ramada Inn North in Colorado Springs, you will discover quality accommodations and amenities in a location that puts you close to all there is to see and do in Colorado Springs. Situated only 12 miles from the Colorado Springs Airport, our hotel offers easy access to Pikes Peak, the incredible Garden of the Gods, the acclaimed U.S. Air Force Academy and everything in between. For business or for pleasure, Ramada Inn North is the place to stay

The European Crystal located in the Ramada Inn North is a unique restaurant offering the finest of European and American Cuisine at an affordable price. Our restaurant also offers an unforgettable setting with plenty of mountain views, soft candle light, classical music, and always plenty of great smells and flavors to excite all of your senses. Our restaurant features imported European Crystal lighting fixtures, European hardwood furniture, and a beautiful white oak parquet floor also from Europe. All of the food prepared in our restaurant is made from scratch, never from a mix, by expert chefs from around the world special recipes that give a one of a kind flavor to every dish. As you will see from our menu and pictures below, the European Crystal is a restaurant that can not be duplicated anywhere. One visit to our fine restaurant and you will agree the European Crystal is the place to eat no matter what you are craving.



Imagine towering sandstone rock formations against a backdrop of snow-capped Pikes Peak and brilliant blue skies. That's the view from the beautiful Garden of the Gods Visitor & Nature Center terrace. This free center is the gateway to Garden of the Gods City Park. Here, the geology, ecology and cultural history of the area spring to life through hands-on exhibits



# ATAV GEAR

As authorized at the 2002 Reunion and commissioned just for you in limited quantity.

## T-Shirt

100% cotton, stonewashed green  
ATAV logo in full color  
Full back screening  
Sizes: Medium, Large, Extra Large, XX Large  
Cost: \$19.00 (XXL add \$2.50)  
Shipping and Handling included



## Caps

Sandwich bill with metal grommets  
Fully adjustable  
ATAV logo in full color embroidery  
Cost: \$20.00  
Shipping and Handling included



## Combo Special

Cost: \$34.50 (XXL add \$2.50)

Make check payable to **ATAV**

Mail order and check to:

[William Wandall, 307 Adair Street, H-6, Decatur, GA 30030](#)

## Please send me

Shirts: \_\_\_\_\_M, \_\_\_\_\_L, \_\_\_XL, @ \$19.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_XXL @ \$21.50= \_\_\_\_\_

Caps: (**\$20.00**) \_\_\_\_\_ **COMBO @ \$34.50** \_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL:** \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ (Just in case!)



**A bad photo of a bad detail!**  
(Can you still remember the odor??)

## Honey Detail

The end product of  
That outhouse ornate,  
Mixed, stirred and lit  
By luckless roster numbers  
Picked by cruel fate,  
Honey Detail, Oh, Sarge, put me on point,  
Take all my money,  
But please don't make me  
Burn that honey.

Randy Cribbs,  
St. Augustine, Fla

(American Legion Magazine, September 2003)

### Editors Note:

**Please accept my apology for the delay in getting out the newsletter. If I was a basketball player I would claim to have been under a 'full court press' for the past year. I think that the road ahead is clear and I will commit to getting the next four issues out on time. Thank you for your understanding.**

**As the Editor my position is that this newsletter defines us - the Vietnam Transporter. We deserve to record our accomplishments in the best medium that we can get. Along with our web site it is our method of communicating to all who we were, what we did, and how we did it.**

**To do this I need your help. I am counting on your input. We all have memories - the good and the bad, the happy and the sad, the funny, the stupid and some we just don't really want to think about any more. Many of us have photos - mostly yellowing snapshots with curled edges and 35 mm slides. Please take a few minutes to share some of these things with us for publication. Just take a moment or two and jot down a few thoughts about you experiences too. As you can see from this edition, if you send it to me I'll print it.**

**Of course, I would prefer to get items in dogits form but I recognize that it can be a burden to convert these old items. I promise to return any originals within one week. I'll scan them and immediately return them with a digital copy for you too.**

**Please send anything to our email address - ATAVNEWS@AOL.COM . If you want to send originals or copies please contact me and I'll give you an address.**

**Our next issue will have a feature on the four LARC-V units (165th, 344th, 347th and 458th Transportation Companies (LA). I also want to do future pieces on 'Mike boats', U-boats, tugs, the FMS, Goers (remember them - ever hear of them?) stevedores and so much more. How about unit patches or spare tire art or ...?**

**The quality of this publication depends on you. With your help we will get better and better.**

**Joe Heath  
Humble Scrivener**



**USNS Seay (T-AKR 302)**

**Named in honor of Sgt William “Bill” Seay who was a member of the 62nd Transportation Company (Med Trk), 7th Transportation Battalion, 48th Transportation Group when he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for conspicuous gallantry.**

**The USNS Seay is 950 feet in length, 105 feet abeam and is designed to quickly load/unload up to 1000 helicopters, tanks and other rolling stock. It has 380,000 square feet of cargo space and can sustain speeds of up to 24 knots.**

**The home port of this ship was recently changed to Philadelphia, PA.**

