



2nd Missile Battalion, 71st Artillery (Taiwan) Association

271 Shady Oak Drive
New Market, AL 35761



Volume 3

Newsletter 4

December 1999

From the Editor

The first page of this newsletter is being written and printed before the rest of the newsletter to take advantage of a holiday special color printing offer. I plan to include Father John Dalheimer's Christmas newsletter of 1959 and his letter to **Jim Telford** in 1961. If Father John's newsletter will reproduce clearly, it will be attached to this newsletter, otherwise it will be retyped.



New Membership Card

One of our members asked if he could have a membership card. At that time we did not have a membership card. Today we do, thanks to the work of **Dave O'Connell**, who designed and printed the membership card. The card front is shown below. The back will have the member's name and year of membership. If you are a paid up member, your card should be included with this newsletter. If we made a mistake, and you did not get a membership card, please let us know so that we can make the correction. If you are not a current member, please send in your \$15 dues to cover the cost of printing and mailing the newsletter.



New Decal

The 823 Badge of Honor Association USA has developed a decal for your car or truck window for those who received or are eligible for the 823 Badge of Honor from the Republic of China (Taiwan). Those of you with e-mail are kept up to speed by Lloyd Evans, Chairman of the 823 Badge of Honor Association USA. For those of you not on Lloyd's e-mail list, the following e-mail from Lloyd explains the decal and how you can get one.



"Members and Associates:

The BOH decal is in. This is an outside decal for your automobile's back window. It measures 5" in diameter and while you're unable to see it's blazing like the sun characteristics, believe me it does - when the sunlight hits it, it's an attention grabber. (A 5" gold circle with other circles surrounding the actual BOH, with black lettering on a red circled background - "8-23 Badge of Honor, Taiwan Vets.

ROC”).

It too evidences your service and to those sneaking up on your rear bumper and others that walk past your car in the VFW, AL, AmVets, VVOA service club parking lot, or at the VA; it will surely generate a “Who’s the Badge of Honor Taiwan Vet that owns that blue Chevrolet outside?” We should be able to gather some new members from all of us displaying this decal. The cost for two decals is \$7.00 and \$5.00 for one - postage is included. They cost two and a quarter each to produce; the Association earns a few dollars to defer it’s no dues, toll free fax and all other association costs as they relate to Newsletters, new member contact mailings etc.

Make your check payable to BOHAUSA and mail to BOHAUSA, 639 Page Av., Lyndhurst NJ 07071. (Thanks to **Dave O’Connell**, Army 2/71, for making the attachment available to us.)”



New Members

The following troops have joined the 2/71 (Taiwan) Assn. since the October newsletter:

Jerry Haase (D Btry), Chicago, IL; e-mail <jhaase101@aol.com>

Jim Nelson, (A Btry), Troy, OH

Leroy Schuchardt, (B Btry), Waterloo, IL

Warren Esperson, (Signal Det), Zion, IL

John Pohlman, (178 Ord), Perrysburg, OH

Gil Vela, (178 Ord), Santa Maria, TX;

<gfvla@earthlink.net>

Jerome Decker, (C Btry), Grand Forks, ND

Joe Landoni, (B Btry), Walla Walla, WA;

<landoni@BMI.net>

Vic Evans, (C Btry), Colmesniel, TX;

<ladybug@pnx.com>



Membership Status

We have 92 paid up members of the Association, and 27 more whose membership has expired (through 31 December 1999). Our newsletter goes out to 279 members of 2/71 and support units. That leaves 160 who have never joined the Association. Some of those have procrastinated, but intend to help out by joining; others could care less; while a few

would like to join but feel there is no way they can afford \$15 for membership. If you fall into the latter category, read the next paragraph.



Can’t Afford Membership?

If you would like to become a member of the 2/71 (Taiwan) Association, but have financial problems that prevent your payment of \$15 for dues, we have a solution. **Dave O’Connell** recently renewed his membership and included additional money to be used for those men who really wanted to be included in the Association, but could not afford it. Other members have sent in money, above the cost of dues, to be used as we see fit. So if money is a problem, and you want to join, just send the 2/71 (Taiwan) Assn. a note and request membership. You do not have to give any explanation of your problems, but you should state that you can not afford to pay at this time. If we get more requests than we can handle financially, then we have a problem to work on. We will keep you posted.



Association Board of Directors

The Executive Committee selected four additional members to the 2nd Missile Bn, 71st Artillery (Taiwan) Association in accordance with our Association Bylaws. The seven member board now consists of: **Bob Mackintosh** (President), **Dave O’Connell**, **Charlie Trost**, **Sam Grant**, **Walt (Chuck) Lapsley**, **Frank Serpico**, and **John Spegele**.

Association officers and committee chairmen will be elected by the Board of Directors at the General Membership Meeting, or at a special meeting. We will try and conduct special meetings using the Internet, but this has not yet been worked out.



Comments on Bobbie Ratliff's Death

"I was saddened to hear of **Bobbie Ratliff's** death. He was in my section in the launcher platoon in Charlie Battery. He was the kind of guy who none of us thought we could outlive him. I never let him forget the time he cooked one off at me when I was bringing his relief on guard one cold, wet, miserable, God forsaken night when we first arrived over there. All the troops in the launcher platoon were on two hours and off four hours guard for ever how long it was. It seemed like forever. He always said, after the fact, that he wanted me to turn him in as crazy so he could go home. I told him that we were all crazy for having that RA in front of our serial number. He was quick to assure me that his read US. Good kid. He will be missed by all who had the privilege to know, and to love, that San Saba, Texas great redneck who was always laughing, and who kept the morale high just by the way he bitched at everything. He wasn't bitching, he was keeping some of us sane. I would not object if somehow we started a fund to defray the cost of notification of a death from within our ranks. I would be glad to notify by email, or landline, all the known surviving members of Charlie Battery. Keep me in the loop, **Norris Hodge**"



More Deceased Troops & Family Members

Mrs. **Charles Lucy** sent an e-mail advising that her husband Charles (MSG, Hqs & Hqs Btry) had passed away 5 March 1998 and that she has moved from El Paso, TX to live with her daughter in San Antonio. Her daughter's e-mail address: "Roger & Angela McMahan" mcmahanr@flash.net.

Don Bull wrote about the death of his lovely wife, D.Zay, to Lloyd Evans. I hope that Don will not mind it being repeated here. Many of you served with Don in Taiwan, while 190 of you met and enjoyed the Bulls at the El Paso reunion.

"17 December 1999

Retired Major **DON BULL**, U.S. Army, 2/71 lost his wife last Tuesday. You'll recall that we recently wished Don a happy 78th. birthday. Don is well known to many of this membership and I know that he would like each of us to know. A card, or note of condolences in order - it's usually us guys that proceed our wives. Take care men and make it a good day, LLOYD (Evans)

Don can be reached at: 149 E. Side Dr.,#175, Concord NH 03301-5465 (I do not have a telephone number but I do have an e-mail address: **Don Bull** at: DZBULL@juno.com

Don e-mailed me the following:

Lloyd I have some very sad news. My wife D.Zay passed away Tuesday at 9AM by an unfortunate accident. We were eating out Sat. night and a piece of steak got caught in her throat; 5 years ago she had cancer in the throat, operated on and had several radiation treatments. A year ago she was declared free of all symptoms, but a slight swelling of the esophagus. Several times during the past few years I have had to do the Heimlich maneuver on her and was successful but Last Saturday night we ran out of steam. By the time the Medics got there she had been unconscious for about 15 minutes. The Dr. said 8 minutes was the critical point. She was finally breathing on her own late Sat night and all Sunday. On Monday the Dr. again said there was no hope. Myself and our two boys decided to remove all supports. About 1PM all supports removed. Her vital stats were extremely strong, all through the night, finally on Tues. morning. She just ran out of steam, the Dr. and nurses could not believe that she would survive as long as she did. Our Youngest son, Michael will be here until Sat AM, Syracuse NY. Then David our oldest will come up from Tobyhanna, PA and take me back thereto spend the holiday with them and the 3 grandchildren. On the 26 or 27 he will bring me to Syracuse, and then Michael will bring me home and stay a couple of days. I will be okay because of the tremendous support of about 270 residents here will take over.D.Zay was cremated this morning (Thur). We both have a Living Will and both indicated no heroics. A burial Mass will be conducted at Grace Episcopal Church, Concord, NH..11 AM. Then at 1PM, we will have "Celebration of Life" at Heritage Heights, Concord NH. This is the way D.Zay wanted it, a party and no mourning. This one of the sad parts of my life but D.Zay would be unhappy if I did not carry on and complete our mission on earth. I know she is in a happy place as the Lord was dear to her heart. She made a better Episcopalian than I did, [I] having [come] from the Methodist Faith. I met D.Zay 50 years ago at Ft. Sam Houston. She and another nurse friend were the first two nurses to be commissioned from civilian life into the newly formed US Air Force Branch of Service. DZay a 1st Lt, andthe other nurse a 2nd Lt. On March 4th we would have married 50 wonderful and happy years."



More E-mail from Lloyd Evans

From: **N. C. Hodge**, 2/71 BOH '98 :
Reminisces of **Don Bull** (2/71):
Lloyd.

A while ago (minutes) I sent **Don Bull** a birthday greeting, along with a confession of a crime I committed during the Taiwan years. I didn't "Copy To" anyone. If he wants to share it, it's up to him. I think he will. **Don Bull** was an inspiration to me during my military formative years as a young NCO. He could make light of the most serious of situations, and a big deal out of things that would result in a smile to all of his troops. Thank God for the **Don Bulls** of the world, and hopefully each generation of soldier will have the opportunity to serve under someone of his ilk. He turned crap to "peanut butter".

Keep up the good work. Each day when I open my box and hear, "Welcome to CompuServe. You have mail." I hope it's from you, or anybody from the 2nd of the 71st. Everyone else thinks the same thing, I figure. Ding how!! **Norris "Nick" Hodge**

Ed.(Lloyd Evans) Reply: This speaks for itself - this man Don Bull comes across as well even in e-mail. Trust you enjoyed your 78th. birthday in good fashion Don, "your" troops think the world of you.

THE SHARE, THE CONFESSION, passed onto us by **Don Bull** (10/19):

From: **Donald E Bull**
To: LLOYD
Sent: Tuesday, October 19, 1999 1:58 PM
Subject: HAPPY BIRTHDAY to Great Btry CO from the Mysterious Rock Chunker
From: **N.C. Hodge**, to; **Don Bull**:
Subject: HAPPY BIRTHDAY to Great Btry CO from the Mysterious Rock Chunker
Date: Sun, 17 Oct 1999 19:20:24 EDT

Lloyd: I am sure that you are curious as to what **Nick Hodge** revealed to me about the prank he participated in while in Okinawa. I have not told anyone else about this, and it doesn't matter to me if you want to reveal it, but you might want to check with Nick first. I have not come up with a proper sentence to impose on him for probably he was the instigator. I will think up something wild and crazier than what he did. I will let you know. "

"Dear "**CPT**" **Bull** I don't remember what the highest rank you ever achieved in the US Army, because you were "CPT" to me on Taiwan, and "CPT" you shall remain, with

all due respect to any later rank attained. I think enough time has past, and any statute of limitations for the crimes I might have committed in my youth have long since been forgiven, I think it is time to confess a deed so dastardly horrible that I have lived with it all these years and have had a very difficult time living with such a guilty conscience, I think that this day, being your birthday, would be a proper time to make my confession to the person who was on the receiving end of my criminal act. As I feel sure that you, and all the rest of the guys of old Charlie Btry of the 2nd of the 71st, remember the dark, dreary, wet, cold, and otherwise miserable days and nights of our "tent city" at the very beginning of our confinement on top of that nameless red clay mountain we all called home for the while, so long ago.

Be patient now, this has taken 40 something years for me to gather my courage to finally pen my confession. Our tents were situated right in the biggest mud hole anyone could possibly find. Our tents were, as someone said at the time, just a stones throw from the furthestmost to the nearest. Morale was at an all time low (mine anyway). Something needed to be done, and quick! As I remember it, your tent was only one row away from my own, and you, or someone else, had scrounged a rather large steel missile warhead container. With the top cut off, it made for a very large trash can. As it turned out, the solid steelness of the thing also made a sort of gong, or bell sound, I never really figured which. The thing I do remember was the great gong, bellish sound it made when a rock approximately the size and weight of a frag grenade happened to find its way to it in the middle of the night. I cherish the memory of the first sergeant screaming at the entire unit at the morning formations in the rain, that whoever it was had better quit hitting the "bell". He said a guard would be posted to detect the guilty one. Little did he know that my tent was blocked from view of your tent by a whole row of innocent tents. If the Top had been more familiar with the personnel files of those in his charge, he would have seen instantly that this troop had trained as a 105mm Cannon Cocker at Ft Sill. It wasn't difficult to figure the trajectory of such a small round at such a short distance.

CPT Bull, nobody has known the answer to this mystery for all these years. On this the 17th of October 1999, I hereby confess to my crime and will accept any punishment thought suitable by you at this time. I wanted to confess this in El Paso last year, but the right moment never presented itself. Hereon find my confession, and I throw myself on the mercy of your conscience.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY AND HOPE YOU HAVE MANY MORE. Everyone who ever served with you shares this with me. **Norris "Nick" Hodge"**



Missing Information

Several of you have sent in a check for this years dues without the information form from the newsletter. The check is great, but we need the information on the form, such as your telephone number, e-mail address, if you have one, whether you plan to attend the next reunion, or go to Taiwan.



Missing Members

The October newsletter to **Jerry Ailshie**, D Btry, was returned without a forwarding address. If anyone knows Jerry's new address, please let us know. He was living in Martinsburg, WV.



Reunion Update

Plans for the 12-15 October 2000 reunion in St. Charles, Missouri are going well. We will give more detailed information in the next newsletter. So far, eighty-nine members and family members have indicated that they plan to attend the next reunion. Those who sent in a check for their dues, without the reunion/Taiwan trip form, are not counted as planning to attend. So when you send in your dues, please let us know your tentative plans for attending the reunion in 2000 and the Taiwan trip in 2001.



Taiwan Trip Update

We have not had a formal response from the Washington TECO about our request for support of the Taiwan trip in April 2001. They were contacted by phone and we were told that our request had been forwarded to Taipei.

To date, we have 55-60 people who say that they are interested in going on this trip to Taiwan. That is a fantastic number if it holds up. We realize that it is still early, and plans may change. It is still great considering the number who have responded to the survey with their dues payment.



Comments from Members

Ken Johnson (B Btry) writes: "Helen and I enjoyed the reunion last year and are looking forward to another great one in 2000."

John and Wilma Provost (Hq & Hq Btry) write: "We are looking forward to attending the next reunion. The last one was so great we wouldn't miss it."

Benjamin Seeley, C & Hq Btrys, writes: "I am sure glad to finally have some help in getting the recognition that we need to get the government to let go of all the info about our battalion and what we did. I have tried to get anything I could but no help.

I have tried to get the documentary that was taken for the T.V. show The Big Picture with no response.

Have been in a VA Hospital 72 & 74 and have been going around ever since.

I finally got in the VFW in 1997 in Caliente, Nevada. They tried to help me with some info with no help.

Well say Hello to **James Pannell** and **Bob Heilman**. They are two of my "C" Btry Boys. Bob and I got our PFC at the same time before I went to Hq. to work at the plotting center."

Ben also sent a picture of himself.

Fred Minery, A Btry, writes: "Thanks for a wonderful job that you are doing, and all the time everyone is giving to keep us up on things.

I had a wonderful time in El Paso and if God is willing we will see you all in MO for the next one. I hope to see a lot more from A Btry this time.

See you in MO next Oct."

Dan Kukowski, Hq Btry writes: "As you can see, I may want to go to Taiwan in 2001. Hope to know for sure by reunion next Oct. Mainly I am writing to try and get an address or phone No. for **Raymond E. Gradick**. All I have right now is Tyler, Texas.

By the time our next reunion gets here, I will have retired and hopefully a man of leisure. Ha.

See you all at the reunion in Oct if the good Lord willing."

John Spegele writes: "Your newsletter #3 was another good one. I'll try to come up with a "War Story" for the next

one.

Lewis E. Mize, 547th Ord Co, writes: "Please delete my name from your rolls, and newsletter. I have no desire to travel any more.

Best of luck to all in your endeavors."

Jerry Decker, C Btry, writes: "I was glad to get the 3rd newsletter from the 2nd Missile Battalion. After reading it, I was prompted to pull out four trays of slides and enjoy the memories. It was surprising how many names came back to memory.

Keep up the good work and if you need extra money to cover expenses let me know.

If you have a list of names and phone numbers for the C Btry I would appreciate it.

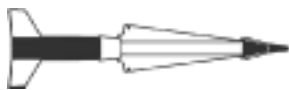
P.S. I talked to **Woody Rude** last night and we may come to the next annual Reunion."

Jim Nelson, (A Btry), writes that he had been in Taiwan nine years ago and didn't recognize anything.

James Telford (A Btry), wrote: "Thank you for the fine newsletter.

While going thru my old log books, I came across this letter and photo, that I had saved, from Father Dahlheimer. If you feel this letter may be of interest to print in one of your newsletters, you have my and I am sure Father Dahlheimer's permission.

Looking forward to the reunion of 2000."



Changed E-mail Addresses

Please send your current e-mail address to **Bob Mackintosh** <bmack@hiwaay.net>.



Price Changes

The Price of the After Action Report Price has been changed to \$15. If you sent in more and would like a refund, let us know.

The Memory Book price has been changed to \$11.



E-mail from BOHAUSA regarding decals

If you ordered a large badge and a lapel pin over the period of the last year, that's a total of a \$30. purchase. you may have 2 auto decals at no additional charge. If you have purchased the large replica and the goldtone lapel badge, you get the 2 auto decals at no additional cost. Notify: BOHAUSA 639 Page Av., Lyndhurst., NJ 07071 if you would like the auto decals.



Excerpt from the 2/71 After Action Report

Dated 15 August 1959

(This is an input from the MAAG.)

"CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF EVENTS LEADING TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF NIKE BATTALION ON TAIWAN

27 August 58: Department of Army advised Chief MAAG that a Nike Hercules Battalion stationed at Fort Bliss would be at a U.S. Port about 23 September 1958. The unit, manned by U.S. personnel, to be progressively turned over to the CHINATS. Site selection, radar survey and site preparation to commence immediately.

28 August 58: Chief MAAG was advised that the Nike Battalion will be self-sufficient in mission equipment and will be emplaced in a field type installation

29 August 58: a. Chief MAAG was advised by DA that the 178th Ordnance Det with 66 military personnel will accompany Nike Battalion.

b. Numerical designation of Nike Battalion - 2d Bn, 71st Artillery.

c. Deadline date - 25 October 58 - established as date battalion must be operational.

30 August 58: a. Chief MAAG asked for an advance party, Nike publications, and Engineer specifications to assist in site selection and layout.

b. Nike Battalion will be augmented by the 1st Signal Detachment (1 WO, 16 EM) and 31st Engineer Detachment (Field Maint (AD)0 having a strength of 1 WO and 18 EM.

31 August 58: Chief MAAG advised CINCUSARPAC that MAAG is completely lacking in field equipment and requested a unit medical detachment and one US Engineer construction Company.

2 September 58: Chief MAAG sent our G4 engineer representative, Major Barke, to Okinawa to inspect permanent type Nike site and obtain available drawings.

3 September 58: a. Arrangements made with MND to obtain land to be selected for Nike sites.

b. Survey completed by MAAG to determine material held by Chinese available for use by Engineer Construction Company.

c. Chief MAAG advised CINCUSARPAC of air defense priorities to be used as a basis for site selection.

5 September 58: a. Site selection team arrived.

b. DA message with info to MAAG announces the Nike Battalion with support elements will number 795 troops. Supplies, including T/O&E, missiles and 120 day supply of parts is estimated at 18,800 tons. Troops to load at Seattle on 23 September. Three ships scheduled to arrive Taiwan, 3, 5 and 6 October. (Later changed to 6, 8, and 10 October).

6 September 58: a. Chief MAAG is designated Taiwan Army Commander. Nike unit to be under U.S. Army Command. Action requested of DA to place the Nike unit in the Army MAP program and for funds for administrative and logistical support.

b. Chief MAAG sent an Operational Immediate supply requisition to USARPAC for post, camp and station items. These items were urgently required to provide accommodations for the Nike Battalion and support elements.

10 September 58: Chief MMAG informed USARPAC that the Chinese Government has promised to make land areas available as required without delay.

11 September 58: a. OKED assumed responsibility for complete engineering and construction support. Funding problems still not resolved. Money is required to provide operational facilities in first phase and administrative and logistical support in second phase of construction.

b. Company "C", 809th Engineers alerted to supervise construction of "B" and "C" sites.

c. Signal personnel and equipment requirements to establish command control and intelligence circuits

for Nike Battalion forwarded to DA by Chief MAAG.

d. Site selection completed, land surveys under way. Contractor (Vinnell) to construct sites "A" and "D".

12 September 58: a. Construction started at Battery Sites.
Btry A & D Vinnell Corp
Btry B & C GRC Engr. Troops

b. Action taken for the prefabrication of 40 steel prefab buildings for use as semi-permanent housing on Nike sites.

16 September 58: a. Increased requirements for local for air transportation prompted a request to CINCPAC for one L-23D, three L-20s and one H190.

b. DA provided obligation authority for 1 million to cover initial construction costs for Nike sites.

c. Action taken to drill wells at Btry "D" sites, Bn Hq site and Btry B site.

17 September 58: Action taken to provide 15 tent frames, 16' x 32', at Linkou for Co "C", 809th Engr Bn.

19 September 58: Action taken to provide for installation of water distribution, piping and overhead water tower and construction of one infiltration gallery, pump station and flow line from pump to treatment plant, at Bn Hq.

20 September 58: a. Company "C", 809th Engr Construction Bn. Arrived on Taiwan and immediately started supervision of Chinese Construction troops on B & C sites.

b. Chief MAAG received an information copy of e message prepared by CINCUSARPAC and forwarded to DA which related to a message prepared by Col Vaughn, DA representative, while he was in Taipei. Many requirements for Nike support, both operational and administrative in nature, were recommended for disapproval action.

c. Action taken for the renovation of existing facilities Bn Hq area.

24 September 58: a. Chief MAAG in a message to USARPAC reaffirmed the stand taken for support personnel. It was stated that such items as a Laundry Detachment, Bath Detachment, Refrigeration Detachment are absolutely necessary here on Taiwan in the areas where the Nike Battalion will be operating.

b. Action taken for the construction of temporary tent cities at sites A, B, C & D (total of 80 tents).

c. Action taken to supply three phase

primary power and to supply secondary power to pump motors, Bn Hq area.

26 September 58: Action taken for the reconstruction of one 3.3KV line and other electrical distribution lines, Bn Hq.

30 September 58 a. Action taken for the fabrication and erection of 100 tent frames, 16' x 32', and 6 latrine wood boxes for 90 man gun battery.

b. Action taken for hauling and spreading gravel, Bn Hq area for temporary hardstands.

c. Action taken for fabrication of 20 aluminum buildings for VHF sites.

3 October 58: Action to provide additional facilities at Bn Hq.

1. Widening access road.
2. Installation of security wire for PX etc.
3. Bins and racks in warehouse.
4. Blackout all windows and doors in operational building.
5. Remove concrete beam over entrance to Bn Hq area.

4 October 58: Due to isolated locations selected for Nike launching sites and the meager road net to the sites, an urgent requirement exists for a total of four helicopters (H19-C) to provide liaison and freight carrying ability between the Nike Bn area and the launching sites. CINCUSARPAC advised.

7 October 58: The first of three ships carrying Nike equipment was unloaded at Keelung.

8 October 58: The Gen Breckenridge with Nike troops and equipment docked at Keelung. Troops and cargo were transported to the Battalion Headquarters Area. The movement from Keelung utilized over 100 trucks operated by a Chinese Army truck company. The support furnished by MND in areas of traffic control, stevedoring service, supply of material handling equipment and overall cooperation was outstanding.

10 October 58: The third ship carrying Nike cargo docked at Keelung and was unloaded.”



Expired Memberships

Association records show the following members have let their membership lapse. If this is in error, please let us know. Support the Association by renewing your member-

ship now.

Membership

<u>Expired Date</u>	<u>Name</u>
9/30/99	Clowe, Jr., John
9/30/99	Douglas, Robert
9/30/99	Hamrick, Greg
9/30/99	Havard, Alvin
9/30/99	Kolm, Karl (Bud)
9/30/99	Lane, Donald
9/30/99	Meadows, Earnest
9/30/99	Minick, Fletcher
9/30/99	Moody, Stuart
9/30/99	O'Brien, William
9/30/99	O'Neill, Ronald
9/30/99	Redman, Donald
9/30/99	Reid, Clayton
9/30/99	Sneckenberger, Donald
9/30/99	Trieglaff, Larry
10/30/99,	Drum, Connie
10/30/99	Filer, William
10/30/99	Harriford,Jr., Willie
10/30/99	Jeske, Richard
10/30/99	Petrick, Donald
10/30/99	Thurmond, Fred
11/30/99	Lewis, Nathaniel
12/30/99	Astin, John
12/30/99	Diedrich, David
12/30/99	Jackson, Donald
12/30/99	Olivares, Jr., Fidel
12/30/99	Saylor, Lloyd



Different Newsletter Versions

To save the association some money, paid up members, and recent members, will receive the color version of the newsletter; while others on the mailing list will receive a black and white version. We hope you understand that it costs money to print and mail a newsletter. We will continue to keep everyone on the mailing list, for the present time, as we are more interested in keeping and gaining members as long as our finances permit.



中
華
民
國

馬
祖
列
島

SITUATION REPORT

Nan-kan, Matsu Complex
Fukien Province
Republic of China

Father John J. Dahlheimer, S. J.,
Immaculate Heart Residence,
40 Pei Ta Lu, Hsinchu, Taiwan,
Republic of China

Christmas - New Year 1959

While waiting to go down to the beach to begin the inbound flight from Matsu a few weeks ago, I had nothing better to do, so I wrenched the darts free from the board and from the adjacent pockmarked wall and fanned our a spread. My shots ran hot and true, walking up on the bullseye and bracketing it. No one was more surprised than I, for with few exceptions of knock 'em - sock 'em activities like football, soccer, and water polo, games of any kind leave me with all the quivering eagerness of a cold, cold ice cube in Thule.

However, breathing heavily on my fingernails and buffing them to a high gloss on my sleeve, I pointed to the shining rocket-shaped nameplate on my blouse and remarked airily (how I'd have hated to try to duplicate my feat the and there —): “Oh, it's really nothing: after all, we did protect Taiwan all during the crisis last year...”

The “we” in this case was the 2nd Missile Battalion (Nike-Hercules) of the 71st Artillery — God Bless 'em! During their tour of duty here, I was privileged to be the chaplain first of Delta Battery, which was closest to Hsinchu, and eventually of all the batteries. When things were really percolating, it meant starting our on Sunday morning at 0730, saying three Masses, jeeping up to the northern tip of Taiwan (a rough two hundred mile round trip), eating the first meal of the day — G.I sandwiches as, we came over the mountains behind Taipei, and finally pulling into Hsinchu about 2000. I loved it!!!

I first made the acquaintance of the battalion that was to keep the people on the other side of the Straits sitting pretty much on their hands the wet and foggy evening of the October day they landed. The men had disembarked in the morning wearing full battle gear. Now trucks carrying the birds were rolling in from Keelung where they were being off-loaded on a crash basis. As my jeep sped north along the port road, long convoys of empties red-balled it through Taipei traffic from the missile sites and swept past and ahead of us toward the harbor.

It wasn't a particularly cheery time. Our plane, the “Blue Goose”, had been missing for a week, and the bad boys of Asia were still unloading scrap iron and senseless suffering on Kinmen with brutal stupidity. I was on my way to Keelung to catch a Chinese Navy patrol craft out of Matsu before midnight. Those long lines of head and tail-lights reflecting from the rain slicked highway (from 2/71 vehicles) may have marked the turning point in the battle for Asia and the world. Everyone concerned, friend, foe, or uncommitted, knew exactly what it meant: the U.S. was not backing down and if anyone wanted to go for broke, well, we were ready willing, and of (oh) so, very, very able!

Two weeks later I met the men themselves when they came into Hsinchu — in a truck that seemed as big as the Diesel of the Super Chief — for the opening of the church. When the drum-thumping had started, they were really sent packing over here — thank God — and as a result, while the birds are very comfortably bedded down and groomed and generally pampered like the lovely sleek thoroughbreds they are, accommodations for the humans of the battery were just the least bit rocky, actually, muddy: a rich distinctive, unmistakable Yang-mei red mud. The good sisters who do the laundry must have wondered at the extra -and- bedraggled albs, alter linens, and vestments, but all I did was to offer the Holy Sacrifice in the mess tent. A genuflection or two and it looked like just about anything had happened.

Perched on top of a muddy wind-lashed hill, the men found few accommodations for any kind of decent recreation. So when mud gave place to duct, their thoughts turned toward hot-weather swimming. I began checking our likely beaches. The one here at Hsinchu, five miles from the church is o.k. until you hit the water at which time you are walking on shingle. Depending on the time of day, you'll walk quite a distance before your anklebones get wet. And once at the surf, gently, gently watch out for the sharks. Old uncle beady-eyes wants you!!!

One of the Fathers up the coast a bit tipped me off to a beach near his place, so after Mass while returning from the battery, I decided to go and have a bit of a look-see.

Like most of you, I've from time to time misplaced a fine variety of articles: an article of clothing, a pen or pencil, a paper, and worst of all, my breviary for a few tense hours. Shortly after turning off the main highway, I was sweating, oh how literally, the loss of an Army jeep (American) and the driver thereof (Chinese). Actually, it wasn't the jeep; that was lost, for I knew exactly where it was in relation to the highway, etc. The whole trouble was that neither the two men nor the chaplain knew where they were in relation to anything on the island of Taiwan except, perhaps, the Straits...

We stopped at the church to pick up our padre guide at 1400. He wasn't home, but one of the people told the driver how to get to the desired beach. I was talking to another padre and didn't hear these instructions. Off we went without a guide — mistake number one, and I didn't watch my landmarks closely, which was mistake number two. After this they piled up so fast that we didn't even bother numbering them.

We came to the end of the road, asked directions of people sitting in front of a store, backed up and angled off to the left. I was never to see that store, or those people, or that road again. The road jumped in around us so fast that there wasn't anything to do but keep on going because the bamboo along what was now a trail kept us on the straight and narrow surely and relentlessly as barbed wire. A bullet would have had more chance of stopping and turning around in the barrel once fired.

Finally the trail gave out and we bounced over a stretch of loose boulders and came upon the outpost, the name of which, today, I know. When I needed it most, I didn't have the faintest idea. We asked permission of the sentry to go to the beach. Being an old Matsu hand, I inquired about mine fields and after having received the word, we set out for the beach guided by the sound of the surf that couldn't have been more than fifty yards or so dead ahead. The trouble was, I think, we traveled too far parallel to it too long.

Just as we started out, a plane from the base in Hsinchu flew over us with a target sleeve which the crew proceeded to reel out for the triple-A batteries along the coast to whang at. He flew along the shore so we knew where the beach was. After more turns, dips and zigzags than I care to remember, plus a few hairy rice-paddy crossings, we hit the sea at a nice little beach — probably not the one the good Father had in mind. But recalling our route, we had to admit that we'd never get a busload of GIs anywhere near it. So in the late afternoon we wheeled about and started back to where we'd parked the jeep.

I knew something was wrong within the first five minutes of the return trip, for we started passing houses and people and on the way in we hadn't passed anything that didn't have roots. Within another sixty seconds, we were all fouled up and I began feeling as I had that horrible rain-swept midnight in Hiroshima when all the lights went out while I was groping my way back home in the boondocks after having missed the last bus. I know exactly how the first man to set foot on the moon is going to feel. The plan kept tracking back and forth and we seemed to be getting closer and closer to the firing guns.

Finally all roads, trails, ponds, trees, etc., looked the same: I'd never seen any of the blasted things before in my life. Only the kids spoke Mandarin. I must have drawn a dozen maps in the mud trying to find out where we are "here, right now." They all knew the landmarks I knifed in, but they could never quite finger our exact position. More walking, and all the time the target towing plane kept making passes over us, so I don't think we ever got out of the immediate area. We most surely trampled a very small section of Taiwan most thoroughly.

If by any happy chance I find myself for any number of reasons prowling around the Chinese mainland, I've got it made, for all I have to do is to do everything I did this time in reverse. It was getting late now and our prospects of sleeping out were excellent. Finally we found some soldiers by following a wire and thought we had found the jeep. No soap - or jeep, either. Lift 'em up and put 'em down; more maps, more questions, and finally we hit a landmark I recognized. By this time we'd abandoned the idea of finding the jeep and hit out for the church whence we'd try to re-trace our trip.

This was just what the doctor ordered, for the plane had called it a day, reeled in its kite, and gone home to supper. We started back headed for the now visible church — we were at least out of the bush — when a bus rolled up. We flagged him down (which normally just isn't done, but I guess we looked like we'd bailed out of a plane or something equally dramatic and desperate, so he reined in for us and we rode back in.

Once arrived, I popped over to the commanding officer of the area and had him phone around all the outposts to see if they had any extra white-starred jeeps rattling around. The padre who would have been our guide now zoomed off on his motorcycle with the catechist in tow to locate and retrieve our jeep. In the meantime, the all important outpost phoned in that the jeep was there, but, that the driver was out to lunch — we'd been afraid he'd panic when we didn't show up and spread the word we'd been snatched by sharks, blown up, etc. Instead he went in search of a bowl of noodles...

Finally we had a gloriously delicious re-union, and much as I love and covet the little battle-proved jeep, this was the first time I felt like kissing one.

With the exception of the shelling around April and the splashing of the Communist aircraft in July — both of which incidents were, I believe, of an entirely "accidental" nature and no part of a definite plan of action — things have been quiet in the Matsu complex. Flights have been routine, —low-level, and quite ordinary. I could be wrong — and I'll admit that I am very definitely prejudiced in this matter — but I've a very delicious feeling that thanks to all this extremely impressive hardware off-loaded so swiftly and with little attempt at secrecy here in Taiwan when it was most needed, i.e. the Nike missiles, the F-104 Starfighters, and the Marines, the Chinese Communist G-3 responsible for this "let's shake up a rumpus at Kinmen and see what they do" caper (certainly, at least, those far enough down the line to be cut off at the ankles easily) have been brain-washed long ago by being held head-down in a "made in Russia" Bendix and hung out to dry.

Not a missile had to be fired and none of the U.S. aircraft deployed had to tangle seriously with any unfriendly; not a single American life was lost in action against the enemy. It is clear now if it wasn't before: if we are willing to put up, the Communists can do nothing but shut up. Thanks to the men who lived here from September-October to August in the mud, and the cold, and the dust, the free world has won one of the most important — and least expensive — victories since the heart-break of Korea. Taiwan, 1958-1959, was a real victory, for a very real and a very deadly battle was fought.

As was to be expected, having been slapped down at Kinmen, the Communists sent up the balloon over Berlin; no dice and on to Laos, etc. We might just as well get used to reverting back to the Bowie knife and rawhide frontier life of America, but now on a world-wide scale. We can expect attacks continually, but they'll be probing attacks only just so long as they keep getting smashed flat. One weak spot, any indications of weakness, and they'll come boiling over for a national Little Big Horn. The formula for survival — for they are out to wipe us from the face of the earth — is clear, ready to work anywhere in the world: no threats, no bluff, no talks: move in the goods and set it up, and then take care of the taxpayers' investment. If a need arises, use it; if not, keep oiled, dry and ready to go. There is no absolutely no need for any translation whatsoever.

This Christmas, God so willing, if there is some sort of peace on earth even though all men are not of good will, give a little thought and prayer of thanks to the men who spent last Christmas here in Taiwan making this year's Christmas possible. With the turnover of the missiles to the First Missile Battalion of the Chinese Army, the 2nd Missile Battalion of the 71st Artillery, USA, fades into history. It was created precisely for the situation in Taiwan and today no longer exists. It did its work well, just how well, only history will prove. I was proud and privileged to be of some little service to the men who were protecting the two countries I love, the United States and China. And just as I began this little story of the missile men (the Twentieth Century's equivalent of the Minute Men), so let me conclude it: God bless 'em and thank God they came when we needed them! We in Taiwan are grateful.

All of you and all your loved ones will be remembered in all of my Masses on the birthday of the King of Peace. May he bless and protect all of you, now and in Eternity.

Father John J. Dahlheimer, S.J.,
Chaplain of the Matsu Complex, China



802566 (R01402) 8-98

Letter to Jim Telford (A Btry):

**IMMACULATE HEART RESIDENCE
40 PEI TA LU
HSINCHU, TAIWAN**

11 February 1961

Dear Jim and "nice little Polish Milwaukee gal":

You didn't tell me what your wife's name is!!! However, my father made a similar choice some years back and both he and I were very well satisfied with his selection, but I would like to know.

Much as I hate to pull away from Matsu each time at the end of a visit, there is always the possibility that a letter such as yours will be waiting for me when I finally touch down. Thanks a million for having remembered me as you did at Christmas and may God bless you for it. My chances are none the less warm for being a wee bit late, but it seems like the month after Christmas was just one great big long airplane trip. But I love it.

The enclosed photo will show that I manage to get around, sometimes faster, sometimes slower. You realize, of course, how nice it is to have the merchandise – and the stuff you fellows so thoughtfully packed for our little picnic a few years back – on the shelf, all cocked and ready to go, in case some customer wants to see if they really and truly do go "bang."

The week before Christmas was a little bit tight-jawed, for there wasn't much of anything moving our toward the islands, but finally hopped an LST and found myself, Christmas eve morning, hung up on a little guerrilla-held rock to the north of Matsu with a bunch of Marines. The prospects of staying there for from one to two days were very, very good – none of which fitted in with anyone's plans. Things were tight for a time, but then we managed to whistle up a PC and were soon foaming over the East China Sea with two Christmas trees in the forward gun tub. It was close, but I manage to land the marines, and what was more important, some, at least, of the American Christmas stuff towards the end of the afternoon of Christmas eve, more or less in time for the party we were throwing for the kids.

I can only hope and pray that our fellow-Americans realize that the men out on the offshore islands are buying time for the States and the rest of the world to wake up. If you're willing to go all out to be ready, willing, and able to kick the ChiComs' teeth right into their hip pocket, you very probably will not have to fight at all. I've got the picture of the bird and the patch before me s I write, so you know what I mean. I hug myself with glee every time I think of the boo-boo they pulled in 1958.

The others write now and then, and once again, our thanks for piling over here as you did back then when we needed you badly.

God bless and protect you and all your loved ones, now, and especially in Eternity.

Gratefully in the Sacred Heart,

Fr. John J. Dahlheimer, S.J.,
Chaplain of the Matsu Complex, China

Name: _____
Address (If changed recently): _____
E-mail address : _____
Telephone Number: _____

**Please Complete the following and return to the
2/71 Association (If you have not already):**

I would like to join the 2nd Missile Bn, 71st Artillery (Taiwan)
Association

Enclosed is \$15 for annual dues. _____

I plan to attend the next reunion in october 2000.

Yes _____ No _____

I would like to order:

Taiwan Medal (823 Campaign Badge of Honor)

exact replica* \$20 ea. _____

Taiwan Medal Lapel Pin* \$10 ea. _____

* *We will order these for you*

Memory Book \$11 ea. _____

After Action Report \$15 ea. _____

Reunion Baseball Cap \$7 ea. _____

ADA Magazine w/2/71 article \$1 ea. _____

VFW Mag. Cold War article \$1 ea. _____

If yes, how many persons would be attending?

Total enclosed (Dues and stuff above): _____

Are you interested in a **trip to Taiwan** in 2001?

Yes ___ No ___

If yes, how many would participate. _____

Names of ROC military you would like to see in Taipei and
the battery to which they were assigned:

2nd Missile Bn, 71st Artillery (Taiwan) Assn.
271 Shady Oak Drive
New Market, AL 35761

TO: