

## THE BATTLE BEFORE JALIBAH

A Bradley Platoon Leader's Reflections  
on Leading Soldiers in the  
Persian Gulf War.

CPT Robert Keck

IOAC 1-93

## THE BATTLE BEFORE JALIBAH

The imperatives of the AirLand Battle doctrine demands we know the effect of combat on soldiers, units, and ourselves. During Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm, I found that meeting the challenge of simultaneously caring for wounded comrades and leading healthy soldiers is an issue worth every commanders' examination.

Soldiers know that injury and death are a very possible result of combat. However, when war stories are told, the audacious and heroic acts are what people clamor to hear. Treating and evacuating casualties is not the kind of story that endears the speaker to his audience, nor is it something soldiers wish to dwell on before the battle. Nevertheless, soldiers need to hear and know the plan to be able to face the dangers of war as well as to continue to press the fight when their friends become casualties.

Iraq invaded Kuwait on August 2, 1990. This resulted in Saddam Hussein controlling 40% of the world's known oil deposits. The United States responded by deploying the XVIII Airborne Corps to Saudi Arabia to halt further military expansion into other oil- rich neighbors. The 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized) is the heavy component of the Rapid Deployment Force (RDF). I served in the 24th ID as the 1st Platoon Leader of Company C, 3-15th Infantry (Bradley). We arrived in Saudi Arabia on 24 Aug 90, and over the next six months, our unit occupied a number of defensive positions that successively brought us closer to the Iraqi border as the expansion of forces continued.

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In a surprising display of unity, the United Nations (UN) overwhelmingly condemned this invasion and demanded the withdrawal of Iraqi forces. The UN backed up its words with action and deployed a multi-national coalition of soldiers to face the threat and imposed sanctions to compel Iraq to end its occupation of Kuwait. On January 15, 1991, after numerous negotiations had failed and the UN build-up was complete, the coalition forces began the airstrike that ushered in the final stages of the Persian Gulf War.

The air war continued unabated for 39 days until the battle was joined by UN ground forces. The 24th ID was the left flank of the coalition and was assigned the mission of assaulting deep into Iraq to block the escape route along the Euphrates River used by Iraqi forces attempting to withdraw from Kuwait (Appendix A). Task Force 1-64th Armor was the left flank of the 24th ID and was assigned to secure the Division's flank from Iraqi forces that may attempt to counter-attack. Co C, 3-15 IN was cross-attached to TF 1-64 AR and served as the right flank of the "TF Diamond," the movement technique used by us throughout the war. The 1st Plt's responsibility was to lead and maintain the company's position in the diamond (Appendix B).

My platoon was as prepared as it was going to be before crossing the line of departure (LD). Each crew had been stable for over a year and had qualified in at least two gunneries before the deployment and one during our time in Saudi Arabia. Also, all four crews were certified in the U-COFT. I was confident that if my men could see the enemy -- they could kill the enemy. All Bradley commanders (BCs) had been trained in mounted navigation and both dismount squad leaders were extremely competent. All my leaders had earned the respect and confidence of my men.

I knew the capabilities and limitations of each of my men and was confident I could exploit their talents. Further, I strongly believed that the men trusted my judgment and would act confidently to carry out my orders and accomplish the mission. Maps and graphics were available well before LD, and I took three occasions to brief the plan to my soldiers. The movement was an unheard of 280km assault into Iraq. This was to be accomplished by seizing several intermediary objectives (suspected enemy positions) and then setting up a hasty defense in the Euphrates River Valley to block and fix the expected retreat of the Hammarabi Division (Republican Guards) and allow VII Corps to attack into its flank.

Almost thirty maps were carefully arranged on the gentle slope of a wadi so that the soldiers could understand the magnitude of the mission. This would be their only formal OPOD for the war. Any changes to this plan would come as FRAGOs. The men understood the operation, the political situation, and why they were fighting. My soldiers understood the very possible, personal consequences of this conflict. The number of casualties was expected to be high. If the plan went to hell in a hand basket, they would be friendless -- 280km inside hostile territory. The wounded would be evacuated by twenty dedicated helicopters.

Several important changes took place less than a week before crossing the LD. Personnel shortages (a problem in all the infantry units) were still being filled as late as days before LD time. My platoon sergeant (PSG) had been a Staff Sergeant for the last eighteen months. One could not have asked for a better man than SSG Rivera. He was intelligent and well-respected by the men. He had helped me develop SOPs and prepare the platoon for war. He was an integral part of my team.

Days before crossing the LD, a new PSG, SFC McKinnon, arrived at 3-15th Inf and was sent to me to fill what battalion believed to be a shortage. Battalion also relieved the Company First Sergeant due to his continuing conflict with the new Company Commander.

These were substantial changes to a unit on the verge of going into battle. One half of my combat power was now controlled by a man who was an unknown. He could have been NCO of the Year, and it would have been irrelevant. He did not know the unit's SOPs or the other things a PSG must know about his men. I had to break up a certified crew and put a distinguished Squad Leader inside a Bradley. This was no way to reward his great work.

The men had not formed an opinion about SFC McKinnon yet, but they knew that what had been done to SSG Rivera had been unjust. Once again, a man who had helped form the team and led it for eighteen months was being brushed aside at the moment the platoon needed him most. Dissension had to be stopped quickly.

I protested vainly against the timing of this change even as we attempted to indoctrinate the new PSG as best we could. He had a good driver and gunner, and I trusted them to assist the new PSG. Beyond that, I had to assume that SFC McKinnon's experience would carry the section through anything else. Soldiers do what they're told -- but they like to complain about it. The blame for the change was given to battalion. It seemed safe to direct the men's frustration to unnamed people in a different task force.

My platoon was part of a screening force on the Iraqi border at the time of this change. Only days later, on 23 Feb 90, we moved across the border and began to screen into Iraq. When the ground war was launched, the next day, the Company came forward and linked-up with us.

Over the next two days, we found that enemy positions had been evacuated before we arrived at any of our objectives. Some enemy prisoners of war (EPW) were captured along our route. They were only too glad to surrender to the Americans rather than face the unforgiving desert. A logistical nightmare was developing for those folks responsible for caring for the rapidly increasing number of EPWs.

On the morning of February 27, 1991, we finally faced an enemy who was willing to stand and fight. Jalibah Airfield was the base that Iraq was using to stage its aircraft operating in southeast Iraq. Later, it was used as part of the escape route for Iraqi fighters flying to Iran. Its proximity to the Euphrates River also made it a strategic location for severing the escape of the Iraqi Army trying to retreat from Kuwait.

American forces halted in their assault positions after driving for nearly three days straight. The Artillery prep was scheduled for 0600 hrs, then the ground forces would take the airfield. I have never been located so close to a firing artillery battery as I was that morning, and I am sure that many others were as surprised as I. We all knew when the prep would begin, but no one was ready for the deafening roar of those cannons or the trembling of the ground. The multiple rocket launchers behind our position gave the appearance that they were firing into our positions. The radios were flooded with the cries of scared men who thought they were being fired upon by friendly units. As loud and as earth-shaking as it was where we were, we were thankful to not be on the receiving end.

Three task forces were assigned to take the airfield (Appendix C). TF 1-64 AR was on the left and, after approaching Jalibah from the Southwest, was to set up a support by fire (SBF) position. TF 3-69 AR was on our right to do the same thing. Finally, TF 3-15 IN was

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to seize the objective from west to east. One road led across the desert to the airfield. It was used to guide onto the objective, as a control measure to keep the two SBF task forces separate, and as a restrictive fire line to keep each unit from firing into its adjacent unit's sector.

It was still dark as we left our assault position and advanced toward Jalibah. My Plt was leading the Company again, and my vehicle was leading the platoon. It was my practice to lead during periods of limited visibility. I guided off Co D, 1-64 AR, until after it was light enough to see unrestricted. My wingman (C-11) then took the point. The Company movement formation is at Appendix D.

TF 3-69 AR fell behind in the movement to the objective due to the more direct path taken by TF 1-64 AR in its movement. While trying feverishly to come on line with TF 1-64 AR, units began to come under direct and indirect fire and one company became mis-oriented [Interview, Barrett]. While using thermal sights, it incorrectly identified Co C, TF 1-64 AR, as enemy vehicles [Interview, Orsini].

Our Task Force also began to take light mortar fire. We continued forward, hoping to drive out from under the barrage. My hatch was in the "pop-up" position which was as far as I would ever button-up. I hated to rely on the periscopes. The objective was now only a couple of thousand meters away. We would be able to see the Iraqi prepared positions at any time.

Less than ten minutes after C-11 had taken the point and almost immediately after the mortar barrage began, the Bradley (C-11) took a 120mm sabot round through the back ramp that exited out the left side of the vehicle between two road wheels (Appendix E). As it

screamed through on its path of destruction, it severed the leg of PFC Hutto and set off an AT-4 that was strapped between the TOWs. From my position, to the right and rear of C-11, I saw the on board explosion, and SSG Memmer being catapulted out of the turret and over onto the back deck.

Being fired upon by live rounds was an entirely new experience for all of us. Though I saw the explosion, I was not able to identify what type of round was fired or the direction it came from. My driver, whose additional responsibility is to assist in locating targets and actually saw the round pass over our deck, did not realize what he had seen until later [interview, Sharp].

The speed at which the mind assembles and processes information is so incredible that at times of great stress it almost seems as if life has gone into slow-motion. C-11 was gliding to a stop as my vehicle began to overtake it. I reported the loss of the vehicle as I scanned the horizon for the smoke signature that would indicate where the enemy RPG round had been fired. Not only did I not think to look to my right rear to find the origin of the round, but I was prevented from doing so with my hatch in the pop-up.

In a mechanized unit, the wingman is to come to the assistance of a disabled vehicle. I had not given my driver the order to slow down (we were still taking mortar rounds), and we were able to witness the driver pulling the exterior fire suppression handles; the troop door opening with a plume of smoke; and SSG Memmer gesturing frantically for help as we drove past.

It was obvious that there must be casualties on board C-11 and that they must receive assistance. It was also obvious that whoever had killed C-11 could now kill my Bradley since I was now in someone's kill sac, and I still could not identify who had fired on C-11. Now, competing with my responsibility to lead was the very realistic fear that I could be dead a second from then. A dismounted squad is required to split in half and ride on two Bradleys. The dismount squad leader for the team of soldiers on C- 11 rode in the back of my vehicle. He had witnessed the explosion and was strongly voicing his objection to my continuing on with the mission over the intercom. It was good that he wasn't in the turret with me, for I'm sure he wouldn't have only been telling me to go back to C-11.

Failing to render aid to my own men could have destroyed the men's faith in me. Would the men consider me a cold and unfeeling bastard that cared less for them than in achieving glory in battle? Would they become desirous of teaching the lieutenant how it felt to be a casualty?

There were many reasons to continue with the mission, and all of these thoughts crossed my mind in no specific order and almost all at once:

- "We're going to die." My gunner later told me I said this over the intercom as if I was talking to myself. I admit I wanted to turn and run. My ability to make decisions was competing with my desire to be as far from that spot as possible. "Who would teach my daughter about her father and would my ex get custody of her?" "How would my wife of one day (I was a single parent until the day before we deployed) get along without me?" Many imagined and entirely unimportant crises were flooding my mind.

- As the lead vehicle, if I stopped - would the rest of the Company slow down or stop? It wasn't likely in the middle of a mortar barrage, but the confusion caused by vehicles stopping and bunching up in front of the formation might have caused more casualties.
- My PSG was following me, and I was still unsure of his abilities. I didn't know if I could trust him to lead the Company to the objective or even if he would continue if he saw me stop. If he stopped, then his wingman would have stopped, I would have had four stationary vehicles in someone's kill sac, and the Cdr would have lost a third of his combat power before even reaching the airfield.
- I had to kill the bastard that had shot us.

The decision I made was based on an experience I had during a platoon ARTEP eighteen months earlier. At one point in the exercise, I had two vehicles left due to maintenance problems, and I broke off the attack once my only other vehicle had been hit, and I needed to come to the aid of my wingman. It was in the open, with its yellow MILES kill light flashing, and I could not see who had killed him. I pulled up alongside of my only other Bradley on what I thought was the friendly side to shield my vehicle. I had no sooner stopped when my MILES light began to flash. I had killed the rest of my platoon.

The observer/controller (OC) on my lane had to point out the enemy positions. I had failed the mission and my men miserably. I printed his advice, "If you see a yellow light - GET THE F--- AWAY!" on a poster and hung it in my platoon CP. It became known as "Matyok's Maxim" after the OC who gave us the advice.

Among all the thoughts competing for dominance in my brain, none was as persuasive as "If you see a yellow light . . ." It is hard to emphasize how vividly I could see that poster from my CP as I was being shelled in the middle of a desert thousands of miles away. That poster saved a lot of lives that day.

I had to clear the battlefield to allow follow-on forces to treat and evacuate my casualties. C-11 had at least two men that I saw who could perform buddy aide. It would have to be enough.

The 3d Platoon Leader's vehicle stopped long enough to drop a company medic off to C-11 and then led his platoon to the objective [Interview, Hill]. The 2d Platoon, the trail platoon, was already short a vehicle. It was at the Unit Maintenance Collection Point (UMCP) before the Company had crossed into Iraq and had not caught back up with the unit. The Company trains were not far behind them, so the Platoon Leader ordered his platoon to bypass C-11 [Interview, Moore]. His PSG ignored the order and halted next to the vehicle. His wingman stopped also.

By this time, evacuation of C-11 was taking place, and I can only surmise that the horrible wounds suffered by the men aboard C- 11 was more than SFC Matsuura, the 2d PSG, could ignore. He disregarded 2LT Moore's instructions and stopped to render aid to C-11 (Unfortunately, TF 3-69 AR was still firing at our company).

What was happening in the sector to our right was that TF 3-69 AR had a longer route to take to get into position than did TF 1-64 AR. Once it crossed the road that was the boundary between the two TFs, it was to execute a left wheel to keep the mass of their combat power forward. The company on the right flank swung out too far during the wheel and then overcompensated when it tried to close the gap with company on its left [Interview, Barrett] (Appendix F).

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During the maneuver, they came under direct and indirect fire from the objective which caused them to button up and go to thermals. An Iraqi tank decoy was along the route, and the move to close the gap placed the decoy between them and Co C, TF 1-64 AR. The company engaged the decoy and then observed vehicles on the other side of the decoy at 2500 meters in an apparent retrograde [Interview, Orsini].

Before TF 3-69 AR realized it was firing at a friendly unit, it fired over twenty rounds -- killing two men, wounding several others, and destroying three Bradleys.

C-23 was the next vehicle hit. The first round passed through the turret, miraculously missing both the gunner and the BC, and exited on the left side of the vehicle behind the driver. The gunner's sight unit exploded in his face, and he was helped out of the top of the turret by SFC Matsuura. Both of them then tried to evacuate their driver [Interview, Duke] (Appendix G). A second round slammed into the right side of the vehicle and passed through the engine block to exit in front of the driver. The impact of that second round knocked SFC Matsuura, SGT Duke and their driver off the vehicle. Despite being almost blind from glass fragments and blood in his face and eyes, SGT Duke refused medical attention until after he was able to care for his driver and the medic could take over [Interview, Matsuura]. The dismounts were able to quickly evacuate the vehicle through the troop door.

C-22, SFC Matsuura's wingman, was struck by a tank round that passed through the engine block and tore out half the driver's chest before it exited out the left side of the vehicle (Appendix H). SPC Alaniz's death was mercifully instantaneous. SGT Kozakiewicz's broken wrist was the only injury suffered by the dismounts [Interview, Shisler].

Shortly after the loss of C-11, we reached the objective, and the direct fire battle ensued. We were taking fire from prepared positions around the airfield. Most of it was ineffectual except for some anti-aircraft guns that the Iraqis were using in direct fire. Most of the rounds ricocheted off the Bradleys, but afterward, we found a couple of holes from a .50 caliber. No one else in the platoon was injured.

For 1st platoon, the rest of the battle proved to be uneventful after the loss of C-11, except for the breach of the airfield perimeter. Because of a fear of mines, the company followed in the path of a tank that had just crashed through the fence. After passing through, my platoon got on line to SBF. The rest of the Company began to come on line, but some of the vehicles chose to take up positions between my vehicles.

I quickly lost command and control of my platoon. It was as if I was back in SIMNET, and all I could see was a dozen vehicles, but I could not identify a single one. To identify myself, I took out one of my gunnery flags (my gunner had been trying to throw them away for six months as useless) and placed it in the flag holder on top of my turret. I announced over the platoon radio net, "Green flag in effect, come on line with me." Immediately, my other two Bradleys detached themselves from the rest of the Company and positioned themselves to my flank.

The injuries to the soldiers on C-11 were extensive. PFC Hutto lost his leg to the sabot round that passed through the troop compartment. An AT-4 that was strapped to the two upright TOWs was detonated by the tank round and severed a leg from both SGT Walker, the dismount Team Leader, and SPC Smith. CPL Tangarakis received burns to his

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face and other areas of exposed skin. SGT Goolsby, the vehicle gunner, was in the troop compartment because the SGT Ranier, a Forward Observer, was in the turret with a laser rangefinder. He was struck in the back with a piece of shrapnel the size of a small fist. His flak jacket protected him from an otherwise fatal injury [Interview, Goolsby].

Buddy aid was rendered immediately and followed quickly by support from the company's medical personnel. Several of the wounds were life-threatening, and one of the soldiers died twice and was resuscitated while waiting for the evacuation helicopters. The other soldiers performed security of the area and witnessed the suffering of their comrades [Interview, Goolsby].

These events brought out two responses from the men. One group of men set to work cleaning up C-11 and making it mission capable again. The sabot round left two holes in the hull, but, unlike the two 2d Plt vehicles, it did not damage any of the vehicle's systems. The force of the AT-4's explosion imploded the turret, but the dent was pounded out with a sledge hammer to allow the turret to traverse. Damaged equipment was removed, and the carnage was cleaned up as best as possible. The Driver and BC were okay, and with soldiers from 2d Plt, they were ready to bring C-11 back into combat [Interview, Memmer]. As far as they were concerned, the mission was not over yet.

There was an almost two-hour wait for the evacuation helicopters after the airfield had been seized and resistance neutralized. This time was a nightmare for the wounded and the other group of soldiers who would later resist attempts to reunite them with their platoon. However, time and injury are relative to a person watching an accident. The injured person must deal with his condition. The onlooker tries to feel and/or share the pain. This is even more so when the victim is a loved one.

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Communication between the ground forces and the 498th Medical Company (Evac) was not taking place. LTC Frank Novier (former Cdr of the 34th Medical Bn) landed his helicopter at the 2d Bde TOC in the course of coordinating medical evacuation for the XVIII Airborne Corps. This was the first he heard of casualties at Jalibah. He immediately left for the airfield and arrived ten minutes later to find a UH-60 Blackhawk from the Aviation Bn on site with its crew configuring it to carry litters. One Medical evac bird arrived shortly after LTC Novier, but no other birds had received a call requesting assistance [interview, Hopkins].

To the soldiers on the ground, there seemed to be no reason for the delay, and the death of PFC Hutto was blamed on the wait. He died on the chopper enroute to the hospital. The soldiers were now obsessed with being killed by their own and/or the reliability of swift and adequate medical attention. In fact, the distances involved for medevac were huge, plus the field hospitals in Iraq were constantly on the move [Interview, Kern]. At one point, the 24th ID moved so far in such a short period of time that DSA-3 (one of the planned refuel sites for inside Iraq) never materialized. The site became unable to support the rapidly advancing forces even before it was established [interview, West].

A photographer from Newsweek was on LTC Novier's bird. Despite orders to stay on the chopper, this pressman defied the authority in his quest for a Pulitzer Prize. This sick bastard has to be restrained from climbing aboard C-22 to photograph what was left of SPC Alaniz's body that was splattered throughout the driver's compartment.

He had to be physically placed back on the bird so that the helicopter could proceed with its evacuation of the casualties already onboard [interview, Hopkins]. His infamous picture of an NCO on an Evac chopper crying about a slain comrade in the body bag next to

him will forever paint a picture of a defeated and suffering unit. All other acts by the men or the unit will always be negated by the emotion-provoking photo that one photographer thought was more important to get (and see published before the families of the men could be notified) than to get those same soldiers evacuated.

Lord Moran, in his classic study of soldiers and fear, states, "Fear is the response of the instinct of self-preservation to danger (emphasis added)." This is not to be confused with cowardice. "That is a label we reserve for something that a man does." The first group of soldiers channeled their fear and anxiety into reentering the battle. Despite the repulsive task of cleaning up their comrades' gore, they took places in the back of the Bradley surrounded by evidence of the destruction that had just taken place and reentered the war. They came forward to the Company consolidation point on the other side of the objective.

Many of the remaining soldiers were reluctant to rejoin their platoons. Incorporating these men back into their teams never became an issue because of the cessation of hostilities shortly after the capture of Jalibah.

It is the nature of the soldier to complete the mission. Becoming needlessly sidetracked is detrimental to the mission and the soldiers. In this case, it would have been fatal. General Moore discussed the needless loss of his junior officer leadership in Vietnam because platoon leaders were trying to evacuate casualties instead of leading men [Lecture, Moore].

Casualties are a reality of war. Death is a reality of war. Soldiers will follow their leader into battle despite this reality or they will not, based on the soldiers' own characters. It is the leader's job to lead. Support elements will support (medical, evacuation, etc) that

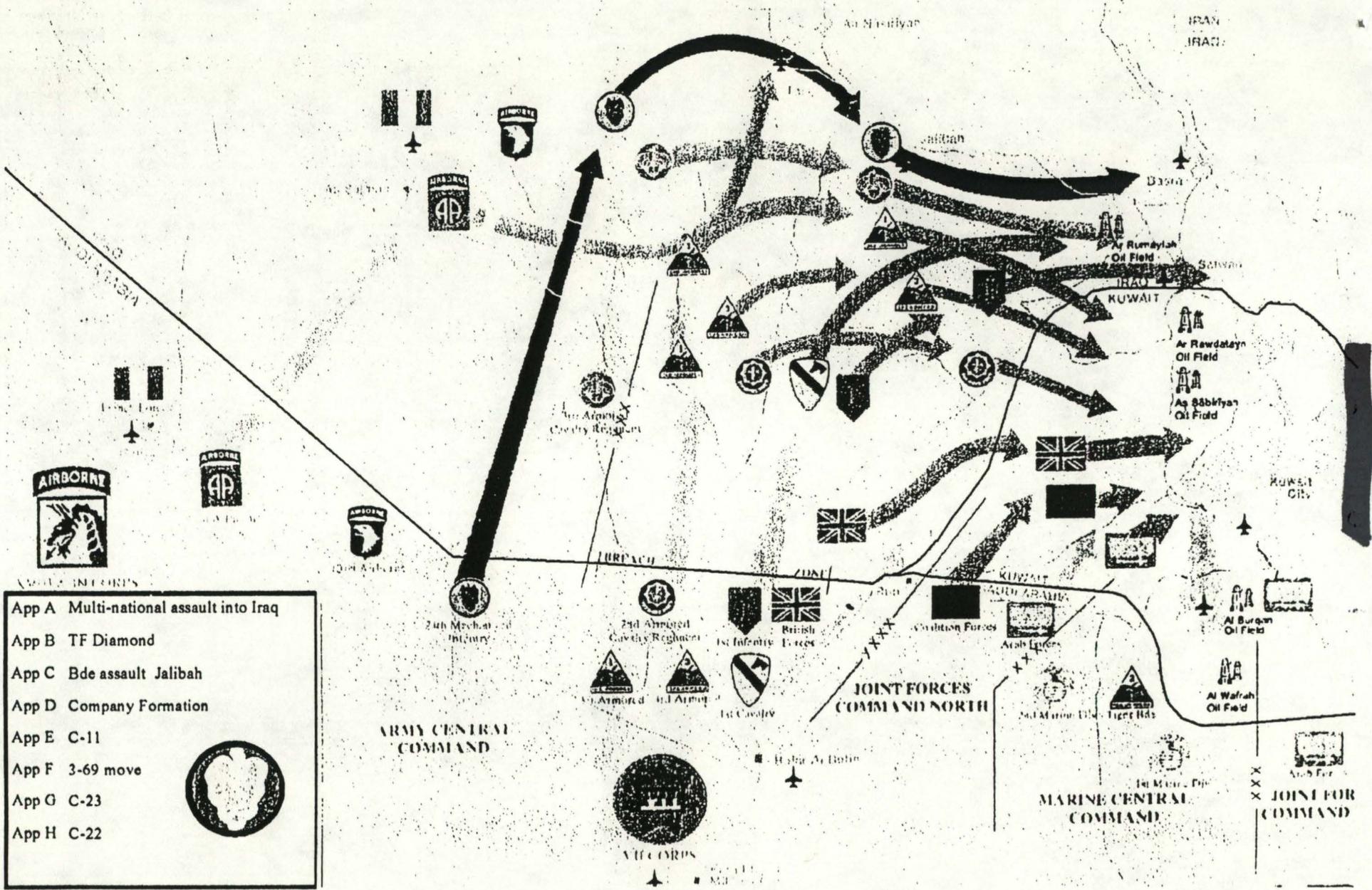
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leadership. A good leader will coordinate the support and disseminate the plan. He probably will not be able to assist in the execution of the plan and accomplish his mission at the same time (i.e. have a plan - accomplish the mission).



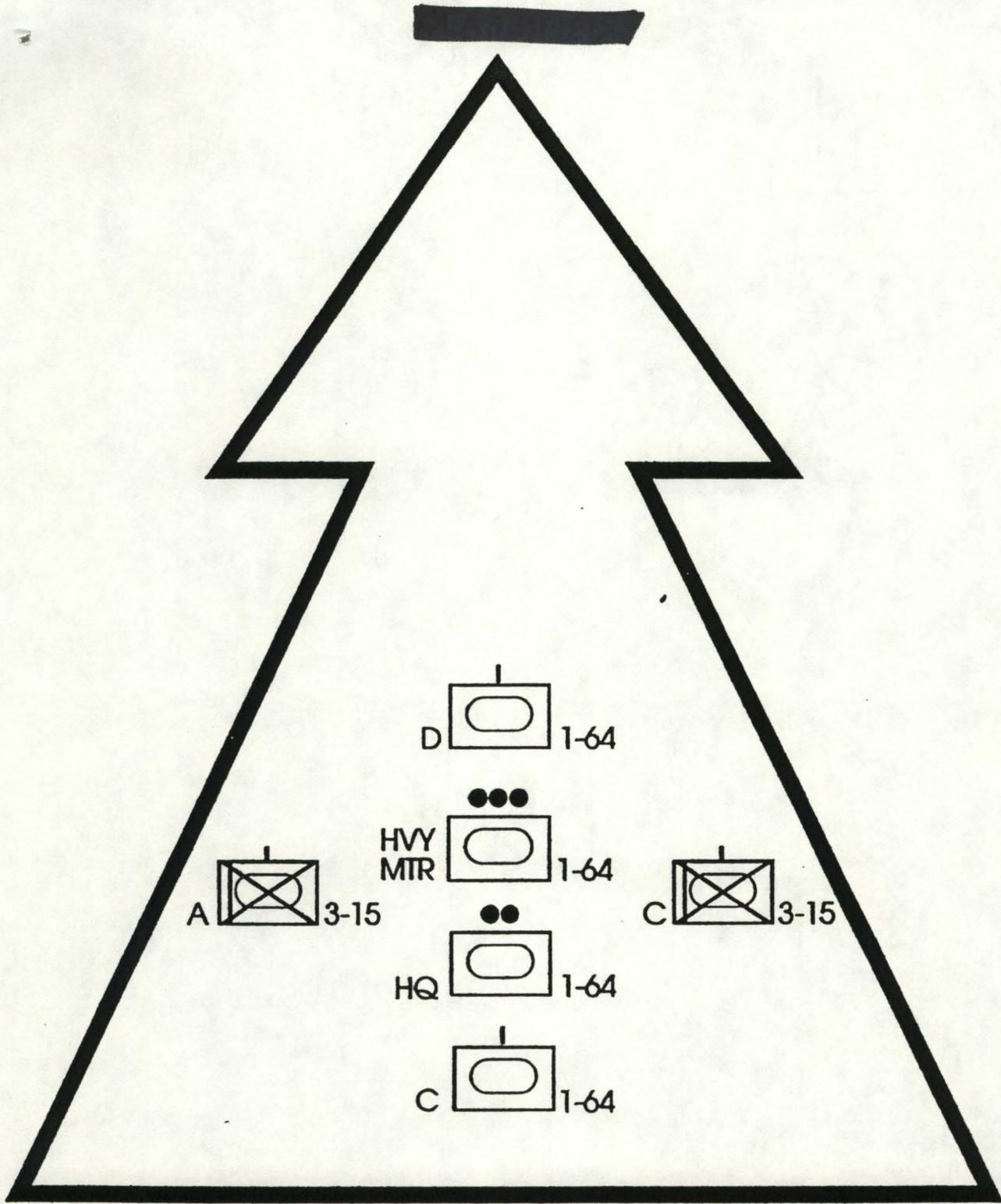
## LESSONS LEARNED

1. Fighting a war and learning how to fight a war are not necessarily exclusive. Good, hard training must simulate what will happen in battle -- not what battle will be like. Nothing can teach you that except war.
2. Battle Drills and SOPs give soldiers appropriate actions to take that can be counted on by others in the heat of battle.
3. Tragedy produces lessons that minimize future tragedies. It is important to take lessons from all experiences in combat. It can save lives.
4. Shit Happens. Fratricide, as well as other grave misfortunes of war, will always be present on the battlefield. Weapon systems are indiscriminate in their lethality. The 3-69th AR got sloppy with the basics. Battle conditions will degrade visibility. This does not relax the requirement for positive identification of enemy targets.
5. Avoid tunnelvision. If you can not see the signature of a signature producing weapon to your front -- It probably is not to your front.
6. The press is not necessarily your friend. It has an agenda that may not coincide with yours.
7. Mission First -- Men Always. Victory.



- App A Multi-national assault into Iraq
- App B TF Diamond
- App C Bde assault Jalibah
- App D Company Formation
- App E C-11
- App F 3-69 move
- App G C-23
- App H C-22





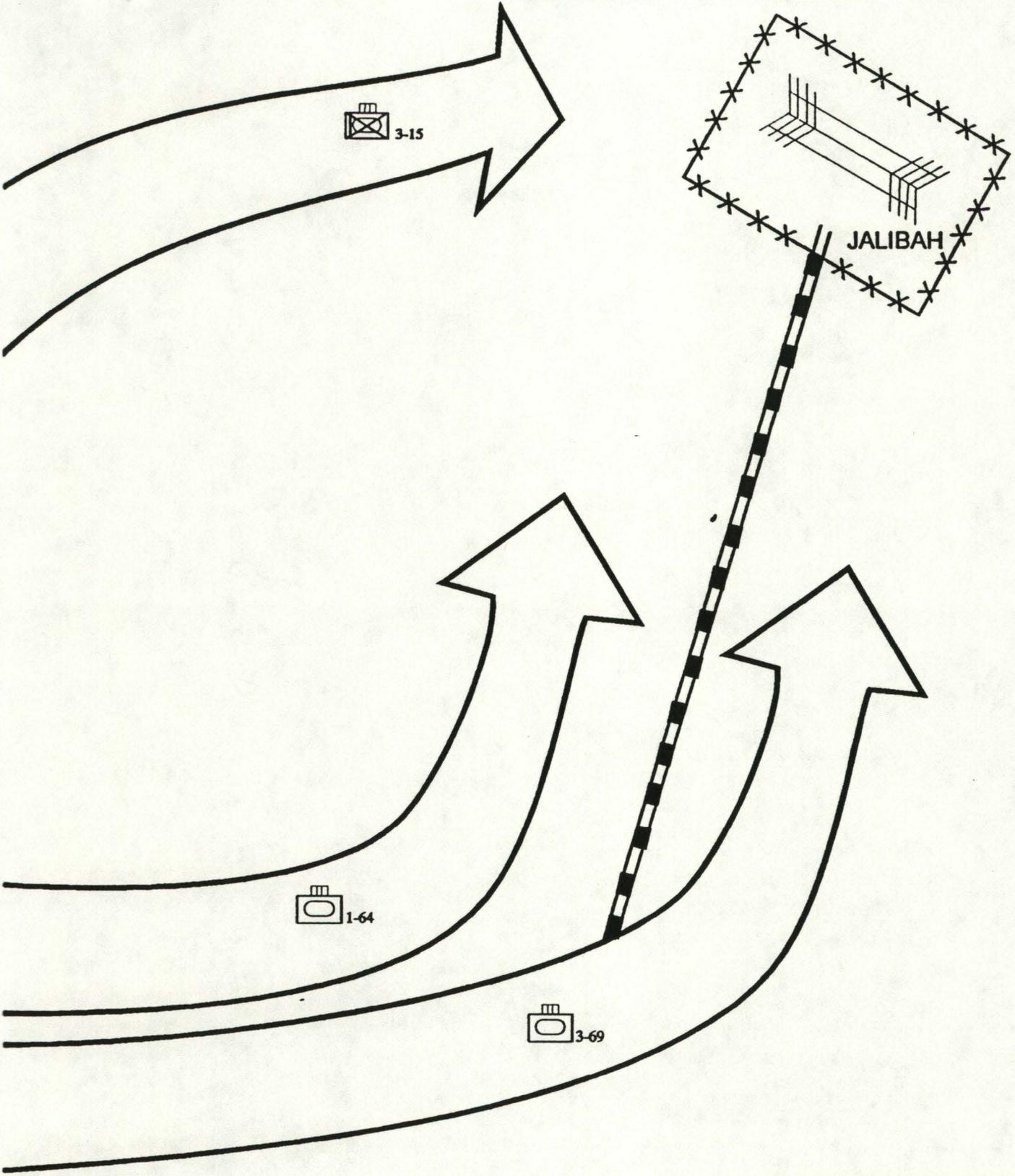
LEGEND

 Armor Company

 Bradley IFV Company

**TASK FORCE  
DIAMOND**

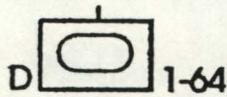
**APP B**



LEGEND

-  Armor Task Force
-  Bradley Infantry Task Force

**2D BDE  
PLAN FOR JALIBAH  
APP C**



☐ C-11 SSG MEMMER

☐ C-16 PL  
LT KECK

☐ C-13 PSG  
SFC McKINNON

☐ C-12 SSG RIVERA

☐ C-66 Cdr  
CPT HAIMOWITZ

☐ FSO

☐ C-21 PL  
LT MOORE

☐ C-23 PSG  
SFC MATSUURA

☐ C-22 SSG SHISLER

☐ C-36 PL  
LT HILL

☐ C-31 SGT STRAND

☐ C-65 XO  
LT HENSLEY

☐ C-33 PSG  
SFC ROLLINS

☐ C-32 SSG SCOTT

### LEGEND

☐ M2A1 Bradley IFV

☐ FIST Vehicle

**COMPANY  
FORMATION**

**APP D**

PFC EDWARDS

SGT RANIER (F.O.)

SSG MEMMER

SGT GOOLSBY

SPC SMITH

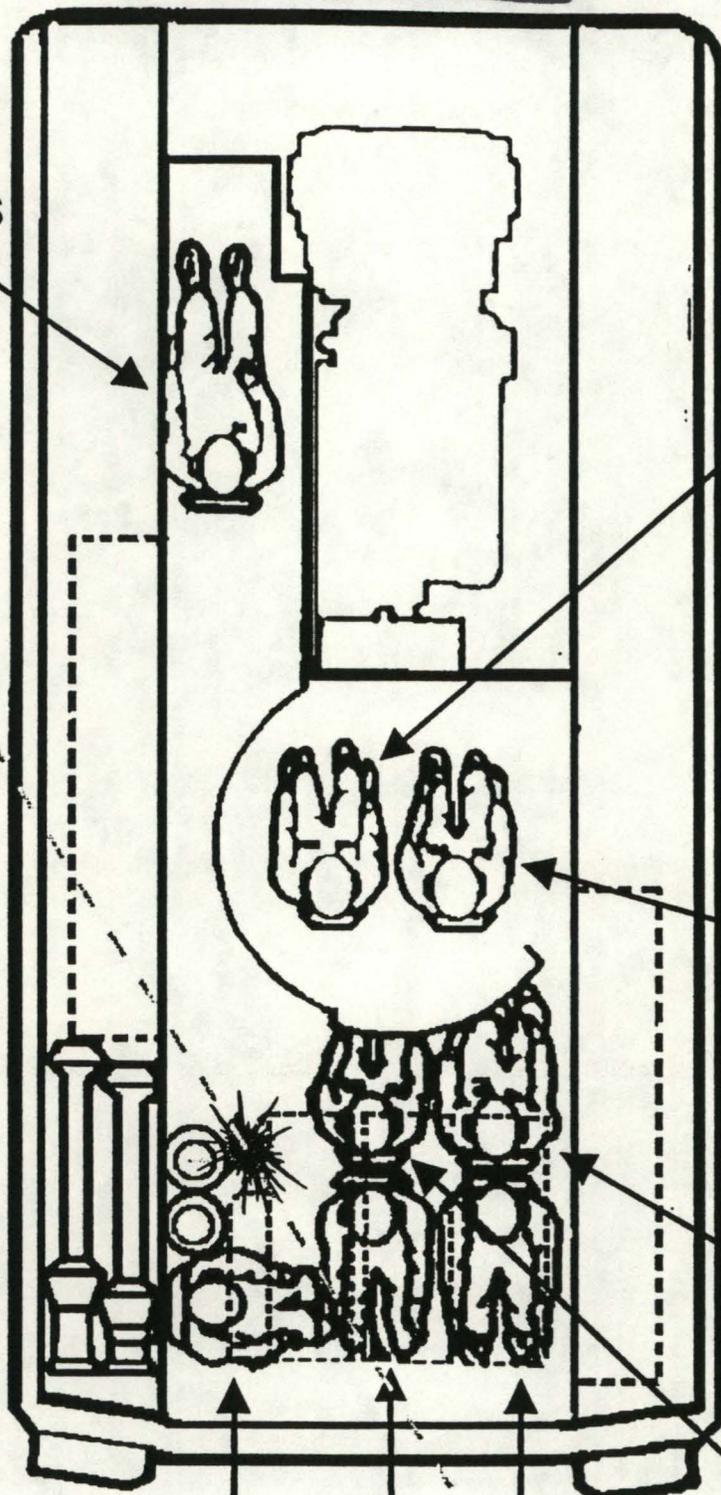
SGT  
WALKER

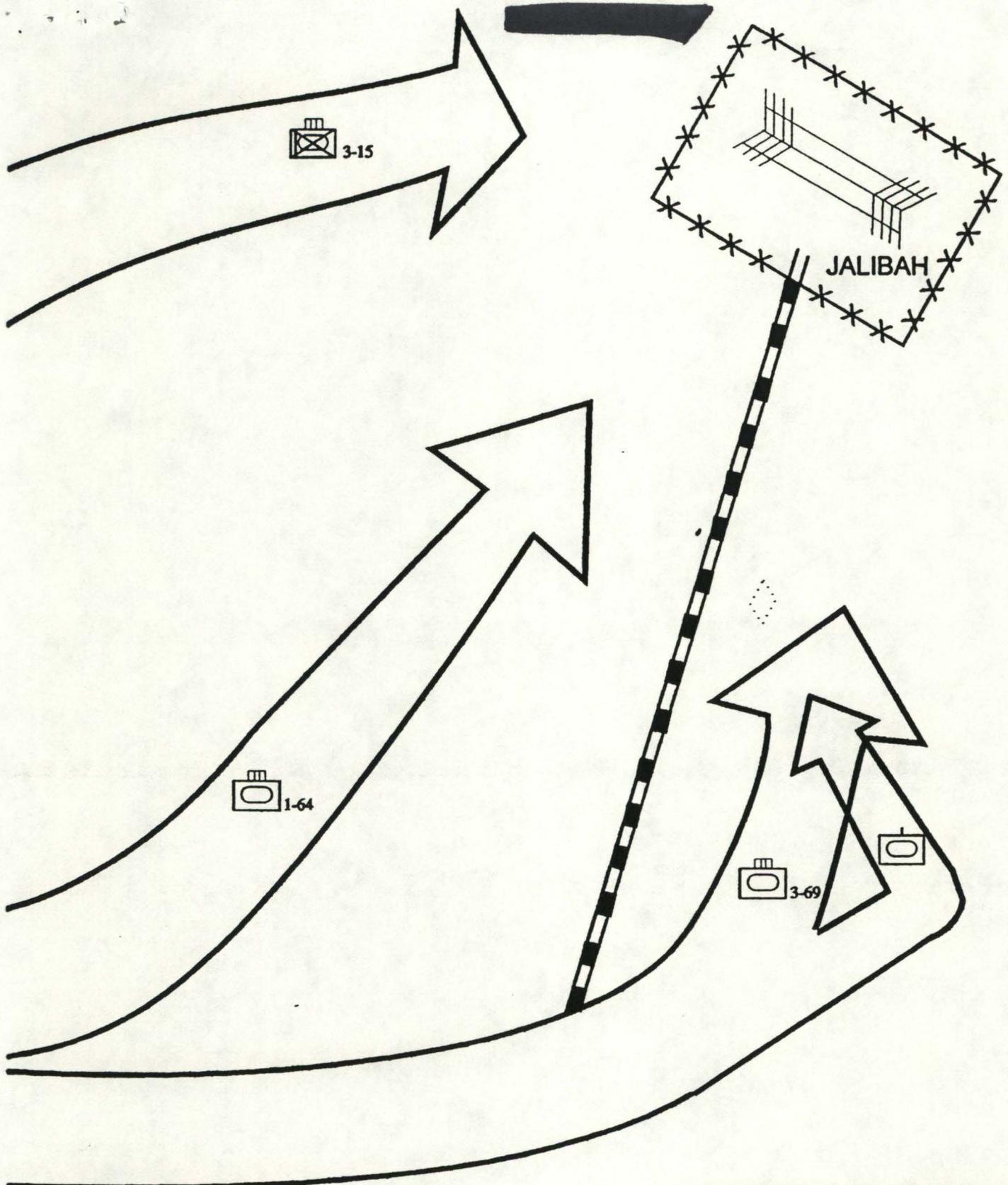
CPL  
TANGERAKIS

PFC HUTTO

C-11

APP E





**LEGEND**

 Armor Task Force

 Bradley Infantry Task Force

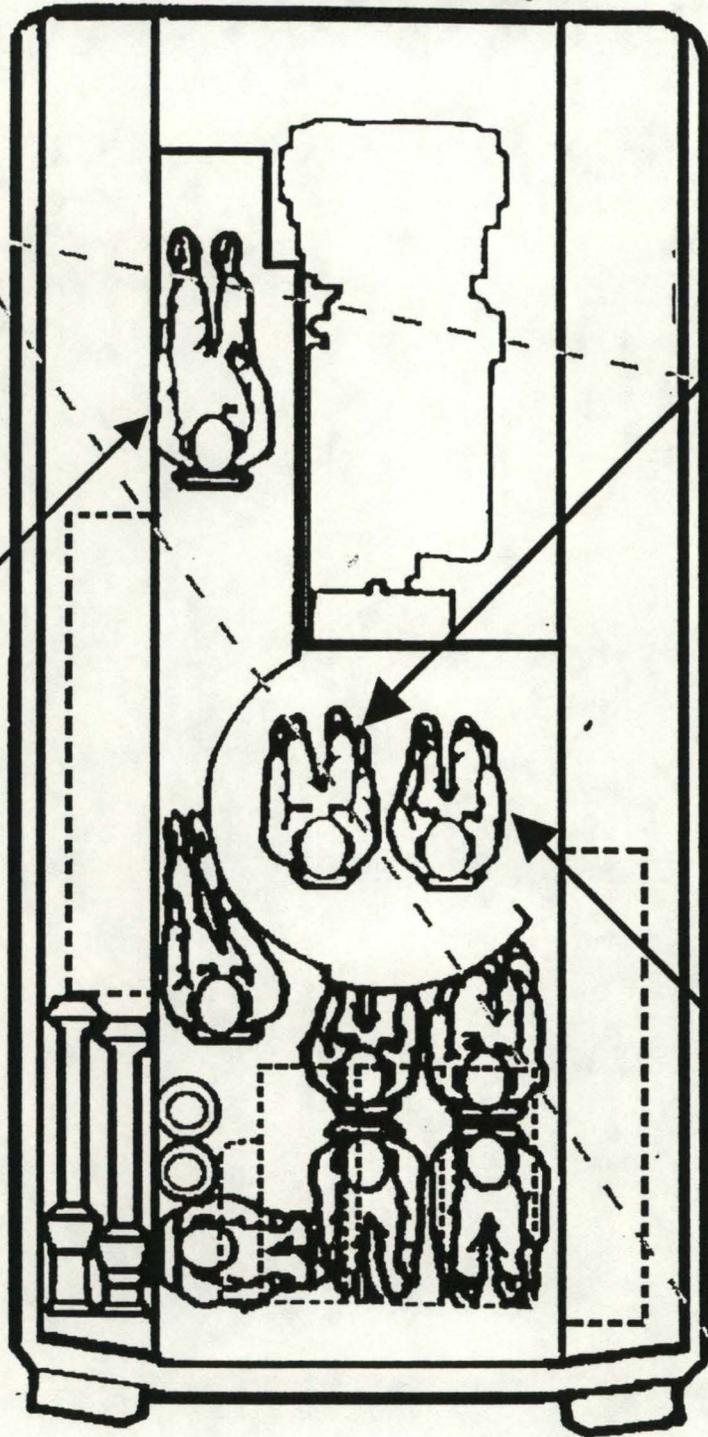
**TF 3-69 AR  
MANEUVER**

**APP F**

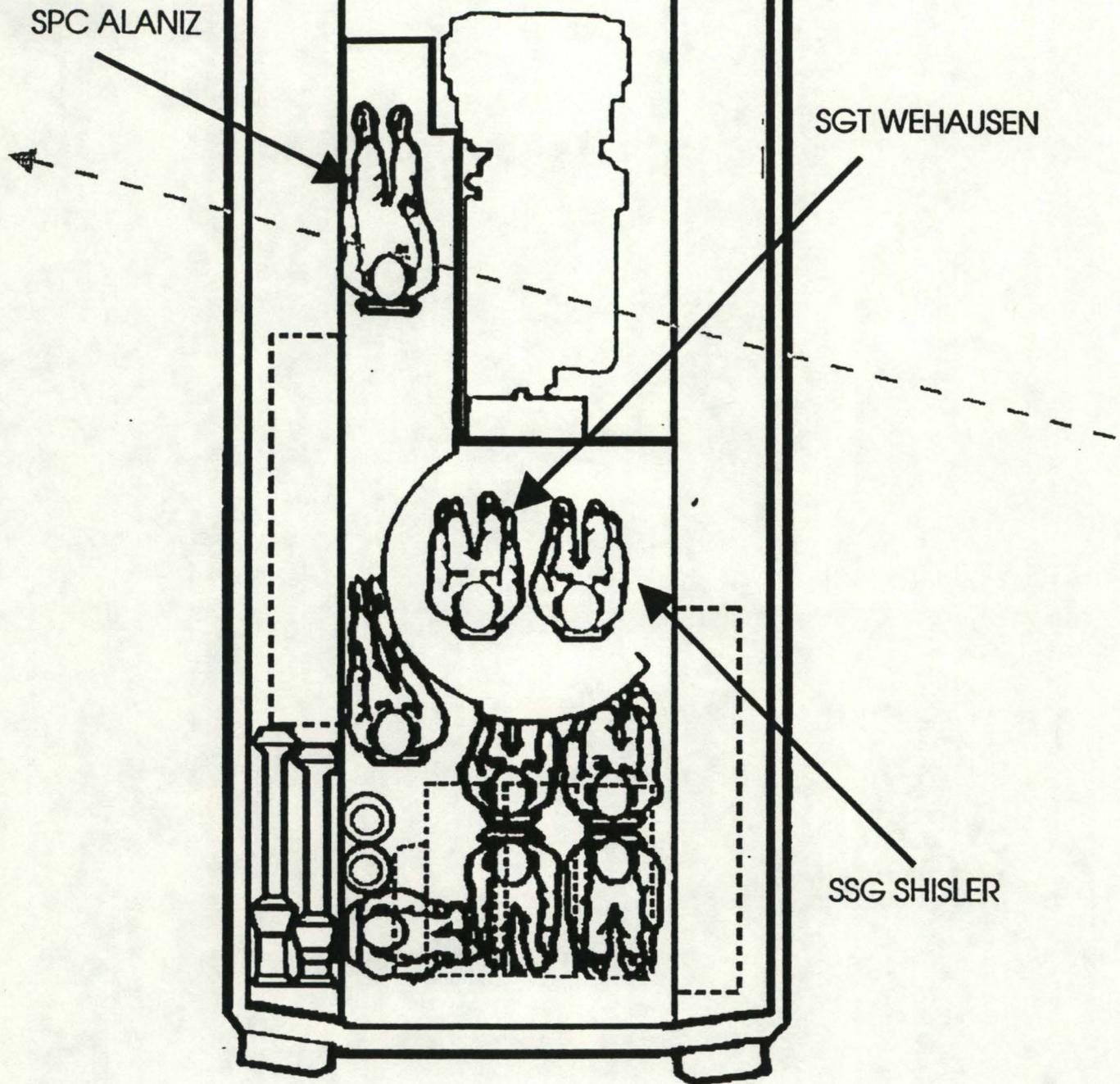
PFC JACOBSEN

SPC DUKE

SFC MATSUURA



C-23  
APP G



C-22  
APP H

**SOURCES**

**INTERVIEWS:**

BG Paul Kern (former Commander, 2d Bde, 24th ID)  
LTC Raymond Barrett (former Commander, 3-15th Inf)  
MAJ Johnny West (former S-3, 34th Med Bn)  
CPT Orsini (former Commander, Co C, 3-69th AR)  
1LT Pete Moore (former 2d Plt Ldr)  
1LT Gary Hill (former 3d Plt Ldr)  
SFC Shinidi Matsuura (former PSG, 2d Plt)  
SSG Roger Memmer (former Squad Ldr, 1st Plt)  
SSG William Shisler (former Squad Leader, 2d Plt)  
SGT James Goolsby (former Gunner, C-11)  
SPC Alexander Duke (former Gunner, C-23)  
SPC Dawn Hopkins (former Crewchief on LTC Novier's evac UH-60)  
SPC Shannon Sharp (former Driver, C-16)

**LECTURE:**

LTG (Ret) Harold G. Moore (author, We were Soldiers Once, and Young)

**BOOKS:**

Lord Moran, The Anatomy of Courage, Avery Publishing Group, Inc., Garden City Park, NY, 1987.