

James Knafel
5510 E 500 South
Columbia City, Indiana 46725-9263

USA: THE HOME OF THE FREE - BECAUSE OF THE BRAVE!

JUMPING MUSTANG BUGLE
1ST Battalion 8th Cavalry
1965 Airborne - Air Assault - Air Mobile 1971
Jumping Mustang Chapter of the 1st Cavalry Division

Volume Number 41

March 2021

Issue Number 1

The object of this chapter is to preserve in patriotic reverence the memory of those who served in the **JUMPING MUSTANG BATTALION** of the First Cavalry Division and its associates of the Vietnam War from 1965 - 1971; to support and enhance the fame and glory of the Battalion; to maintain and strengthen the bonds of comradeship which distinguished the men of the Battalion; to provide for the gathering and dissemination of information concerning these men; to provide for the patriotic assembly in local and national reunions, and to perpetuate the “**JUMPING MUSTANGS**” Drive On “All The Way” spirit as to heritage and tradition for future generations. Last but not the least, “**JUMPING MUSTANGS**” gather each year in reunion to participate in a memorial to those who have died and to the one man still listed as missing in action.

Without distinction as to creed or heritage we offer our united prayers in their behalf to our maker. We pray that their sacrifice may not have been in vain. We grieve for their loss as we would for our own sons and brothers.



8th Cavalry
Regiment

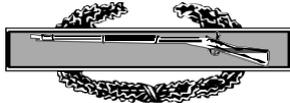
JUMPING MUSTANG BUGLE

1st Battalion, 8th Cavalry Division

March 2021



8th Cavalry
Regiment



Volume 41

Issue Number 1

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

I hope you all are safe and healthy and that the ones that want the Covid vaccine have gotten it or are on a list to get them. I got both of mine through the VA with very little reaction. My wife got both of hers through the Publix grocery store chain. We went to Palm Beach to get them. Now, I feel that we can travel to see our grand kids in TX.

The Jumping Mustang reunion is going to be held the first week of October Monday through Thursday in Gettysburg, PA. I hope all of you are planning to attend. There are lots of things to do and see in that area, with the big plus of seeing you all.

Six members from our group have died this last year:

Ricardo Stevenson	June 2020
Phil Simmons	9 Dec 2020
Bill Mozey	20 Dec 2020
Bob Speakman	1 Jan 2021
Fred Rynkowski	11 Jan 2021
Arthur Casale	14 Jan 2021

Remember all that have died during the Vietnam War and also the ones that have passed since we have gotten home.

Take care and see you in Gettysburg.

Honor and Courage
Rick Wagner

JUNE 2021 EDITION OF THE BUGLE

The Bugle is published and distributed each quarter to all members of the Jumping Mustangs. The quality of the Bugle, and the enjoyment received by the members, is based solely by the articles sent to me for publication. So, if you have information, memories or incidences you would like to share with all the other members, please submit them to me no later than **May 24, 2021**. Thank you for your involvement.

Any views expressed are those of the individual who wrote them, and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the Jumping Mustangs. Articles about memories of events and experiences are not checked for accuracy. The editor can make changes to articles so they are more readable, remove negative remarks about individuals, or to remove vulgar or offensive language.

Jerry Prater
WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Roger H. Bane
6878 S Chapparal Circle E.
Centennial CO 80016
707-310-9181
rjbane@aol.com
D Co 67-68

OLD MEMBER NEW ADDRESS

Don (Doc) Ferguson
6954 Lake Dr. SW
Navarre OH 44662

Charles Tombras
407 Lyons Head Dr.
Knoxville, TN 37919

William H. Stancer
3775 Modoc Rd. #212
Santa Barbara, CA 93105

Billie J. Hair
109 Yosemite Ln
Terrell, TX 75160

TAPS

Phil Simmons, A Company 65-66, passed away
December 9, 2020

Robert Earl Crocker, B Company 1968, passed away
November 4, 2020

LTC Bill Mozey, C Company 65-66, passed away
December 20, 2020

Robert E. Speakman, C Company 65-66, passed away
January 1, 2021

Fred Rynkowski, A Company 65-66, passed away
January 11, 2021

Arthur J. Casale, D Company 3/67-3/68. passed away on
January 14, 2021.

If you know of a member of the Jumping Mustangs that
has passed away, please notify Jim Knafel at
jknafel@gmail.com or Roger Talmadge at
rogertalmadge@cox.net as soon as possible.

2021 REUNION

The Jumping Mustangs will have a reunion in
October this year in Gettysburg, PA. The dates,
location, contact information and schedule of
events are listed on the attached reunion pay sheet.
Hope to see you there.

Jim Knafel

AIRPORTS TO GETTYSBURG REUNION

The 2021 Jumping Mustangs reunion will be held at
the Wyndham Gettysburg Hotel, which is located at
95 Presidential Cir, Gettysburg, PA 17325, the
intersection of RT-15 and RT-30 - York Rd. The
distances to the hotel from the four closest airports
are listed below.

1. **Harrisburg International Airport (MDT)** [Phone No.: (717) 948-3900]
Address: 1 Terminal Dr, Middletown, PA 17057
Mileage: Approx.: 50 mi.
2. **Baltimore Washington International Airport (BWI)** [Phone No.: (410) 859-7683]
Address: 7050 Friendship Rd., Baltimore, MD 21240
Mileage: Approx.: 72 mi.
3. **Dulles International Airport (IAD)** [Phone No.: (703) 572-2700]
Address: 1 Saarinen Cir, Dulles, VA 20166
Mileage: Approx.: 84 mi.
4. **Ronald Reagan Washington National Airport (DCA)** [Phone No.: (703) 417-8000]
Address: 1 Aviation Cir., Arlington, VA 22202
Mileage: Approx.: 92 mi.

Members should bring a little bit heavier jacket as the
evenings and mornings can get a bit chilly that time of
year as fall sets in. Days are plenty warm though.

Keith Heater

THE NEW KID

Reprinted in Memory of Arthur Casale

A new kid was assigned to Delta Company during the
early summer of 1967 and he did everything wrong from
day one. When he arrived at our location, Platoon
Sergeant Abbot put him in my fox hole with me. After
digging about half of the hole I was told I had to pull OP
duty that night with Garland, "Heavy", and Parker. I
told the new kid to finish digging the foxhole I had
started, and to dig it deep enough so we would be
protected from any incoming fire. After we had been

on OP duty for a short period of time and before it got dark, the platoon received incoming fire and we were told to return to the perimeter.

When I arrived back at my foxhole, I noticed that the new kid had not worked on it at all. We received sniper fire most of the night and, after the new kid fired several rounds, his M-16 jammed. I told him to crawl back to the CP to get help removing the jammed cartridge. Sergeant Abbot gave him LSA lubricant, which he lost while crawling back to the foxhole. A short time later, he threw a couple of hand grenades less than 10 feet in front of our position. I told him to throw them at least 7 yards outside the perimeter so he wouldn't kill anybody in the platoon.

A little later that evening, we called in "Puff the Magic Dragon". They opened up on the enemy positions and a short time later everything got very quiet.

One of the first things some of the guys, including myself noticed about him was that the new kid walked around with his rifle on full automatic, both while on patrol and when he was inside the perimeter. I told him that his rifle should be on safe at all times other than when he was going to fire the weapon.

A few weeks later, we air assaulted into a hot LZ in the Central Highlands and we had to jump out of the Hueys because the LZ was too hot for the choppers to land. When the new kid jumped, he landed on a limb of a fallen tree that ripped through his fatigues and penetrated up into his rectum. Even though we were receiving fire, Love and

Williams took out their machetes and Bowie knife to cut the limb from the fallen tree. Other members of the platoon, including Bryant, Goff, Kirk, Parker, Moody, Earles, Wagner, and "Heavy" returned fire while Doc West, our field medic, did all he could do while under fire. The kid had been making a terrifying scream and Doc West gave him a shot of morphine to reduce the unbearable pain.

Thanks to the chopper pilot who hovered over us, we were able to put the kid on the Huey, with the tree limb still attached to him. It was a horrifying experience for all concerned, and we were later informed that the kid was very lucky because he survived after several operations.

Arthur "Brooklyn" Casale

THE ENEMY FAUNA

Part of every grunt's preparation for Vietnam was a wealth of information about the hazards of creatures, other than North Vietnamese Army (NVA) soldiers, that we might encounter. We generally took such information seriously; after all, we would, unlike in our previous life, be walking through jungle and rice paddies both day and night, chasing our enemy into tunnels, and sleeping in a hole every night. However, we suspected the Army was using the same tactic as that used in VD warnings – maximize negative consequences to scare us into compliance. The direst warnings were about snakes, especially the little green "three-step snake," (bamboo viper) named for the time it takes its bite to kill you. The many other alien creatures were characterized as ranging from mere painful inconveniences (like scorpions) to disease carrying (like leeches – or maybe Vietnamese women), but potentially the latter were ones encountered more frequently than the more deadly crawling kind. Despite any suspicions about the Army's techniques or accuracy, most of us were genuinely impressed with the number and lethality of the non-human dangers.

Snakes – Little Green ones: Well, the Army did not lie about the existence of the little green bamboo viper; I saw three. As was most often the case, our information did prove to be both overly simplified and excessively alarming. There were actually several types of vipers of various lethality (none that killed in three steps) and they varied in color. I never saw a grunt or local bitten by one and the Army did not keep statistics about casualties from snake bite. Our often-substantiated doubts about the information we received did not remove our alarm when we encountered the little critters.

Most of such encounters were passing and left little impression on us, but there was one exception. The platoon was walking across a rice paddy dike on one of its routine patrols when the point man spotted the little green snake. He and the three men behind him were all on the same dike. I, as usual, was behind the point squad, but had a good view of events since we were in an open rice paddy. The point man passed back a request to kill the snake; I quickly concurred and moved forward to better observe the kill. He proceeded to shoot the snake in the head with his M-16; the high velocity round hit its mark and flipped the snake high in the air. The three men closest to the snake, fearing that the snake would land on them, all dived into the rice paddy. In all the excitement, no one saw where the snake landed, causing a mad scramble by the three wet grunts to get out of the paddy. We all vigilantly moved quickly past the area where we thought the snake might have landed. When we reached

safety on the other side of the paddy, we paused long enough to tell and re-tell the story to the grunts too far back in the formation to have known the whole story. We had a good laugh at the wet grunts. They responded with the expected sheepish grins, embarrassed but happy to have escaped sure death by green viper.

Snakes – Big Dark ones: We saw as many large snakes as we did small ones; being told that they were not poisonous did little to convince us that they were not dangerous. The prospect of a 10-foot snake crawling into your fox hole at night left a vivid and very scary impression.

The platoon had just fought its biggest battle, one that had lasted three days and left our platoon with only 18 grunts, many of whom, including me, had minor wounds deemed to be insufficient to interfere with normal duty. It was the day after the fight, and we were patrolling a relatively quiet area. The area was chosen to give us a chance to recover our energy and wait for a few replacements. Even though we were tired and experiencing a sense of loss about our wounded friends, we were satisfied that the platoon had performed well and killed a large number of NVA. We were also thankful that we had no reports that any of our evacuated wounded had died, unlike the other three platoons in the company.

As we started out on our patrol, I noticed that we had a low ridge to our right flank. It posed a potential danger, so I told Sargent S. to take his squad to the ridge and cover our right flank. He gave me a tired grin and replied, “yes sir” and started walking towards the ridge. I noticed that he was alone and remembered that he had lost his entire squad in the battle. I told my RTO to follow me and we joined my squad leader to walk flank.

The patrol was uneventful, along terrain that was alternating rice paddies, sparsely wooded villages, and cleared fields. After a couple of hours walking, I received a call from my point squad that they had surrounded a very large snake. I hurried up to join the squad and sure enough, a fat 10 foot snake was slowly crawling along open ground. The snake was surrounded by 6 or 7 grunts; the squad leader asked if it was ok to shoot the snake. I replied that “I sure don’t want that thing in the same country where I sleep.” That was all the encouragement he needed – the entire squad started shooting the snake with their M-16s. The fire seemingly had no effect on the snake; it simply started to crawl slowly away. The frustrated squad leader pulled his 45 pistol and shot the snake in the head and the larger slug did the job. As you would expect from a bunch of grunts, they stood in a line and lifted the snake for pictures to

confirm their impressive kill. I volunteered to take the pictures with their cameras, mostly because I, unknown to the grunts, was a bit squeamish about holding the snake, even when dead. The grunts all had the self-satisfied grins of successful big-game hunters.

My company commander called to ask what was going on since all the firing sounded like a serious fire fight. I responded that we had encountered and killed a huge VC snake. He was a bit derisive about my description of the snakes size and political affiliation, so we sent the carcass back to his headquarters for inspection – he was belatedly impressed.

Leeches – Better Off Dirty: My entire Battalion missed most of the early fighting during the 1968 Tet Offensive. A few days before Tet, we had been air assaulted onto a remote mountain top to establish a new base of operation. The good news was that we were not engaged in heavy combat like our fellow soldiers located at or near the major bases and cities where most of the major Tet attacks took place. The bad news was that those bases were where our daily supplies originated – so we went several days without resupply. Though happy to forego hot meals and most other supplies in exchange for avoiding enemy fire, a few problems did result. Foremost, being on a mountain top, we had no source of water. Daily patrols were required to leave the mountain to obtain enough water to drink – bathing was out of the question. We had not bathed for a week before Tet, had another week on the mountain, and then air assaulted off the new base to chase remnants of the enemy after their costly (to them physically – to us politically) offensive.

We had been chasing the VC and NVA for a few days, but had no more than fleeting encounters. To our delight, the point man spotted a medium-sized, fast-running, and clear river, the first water in nearly three weeks that offered enough volume for more than a drink. Three of the grunts were quickly granted permission to strip and bathe while we established a secure perimeter so the entire platoon could cycle through our long-awaited bath.

The second group stripped and waited for the first bathers to emerge. As they did, we noticed large black patches on their skin; closer inspection showed them to be squirming and attached to the bathers. These were not the first large leeches that we had encountered, but we did not expect them in a fast moving stream. They were easy enough to remove – took just a couple of squirts of good old army insect repellent (bug juice), reputed to kill about anything, including its user if used often enough. Just because they were easy to remove, that did not mean any of us wanted them attached, even briefly, to us.

Everyone dressed and we moved out, deciding that being dirty was much better than being covered in leeches.

Smallest Enemy – Bridge Guard Hazards: I am fairly certain that at some point every bridge in Vietnam had been destroyed; most were rebuilt with either a permanent structure or something more temporary, like a pontoon bridge. Once we fixed a bridge, we tried to protect it. For the larger bridges the protection usually consisted of a mini-compound on each end of the bridge, a helicopter-pad for resupply, and at least a platoon of soldiers. One method for giving a grunt unit some rest was to assign them for a few days as bridge guards.

After a few weeks in the field, our platoon was pleased to draw such an assignment. The compounds were well-established, with strong sand-bagged bunkers, latrines, and a near-by market where we could buy such luxury items as cokes, beer, and snacks. During the day there were also adults and groups of young girls and boys to offer a sense of normal relationships, hampered somewhat by language differences and a slightly heightened sense of distrust of any Vietnamese.

The problem with fixed compounds is that you inherit things from previous occupants. On the second day of our stay I was sitting in the little wooden latrine, looked down, and saw little dark specks on my crotch. I thought, “damn, I need to take a bath.” After a moment one of the specks moved and then another moved. I rushed to the medic (doc) and he, with a gleeful grin, told me I had crabs; it turns out that the whole platoon, including the doc, shared my fate.

Doc called the battalion fire-base and ordered medication to treat us for crabs, but it would be the next day before the medication would arrive. Well, I had never had crabs nor knew anyone who had them – the prospect of playing host to them for an entire day was unappealing. After discussing the dilemma with a few platoon members, we recalled that bug juice would kill about anything; the possibility of success made it worth a try.

A few of us applied the bug juice to our afflicted crotches; the results provided both good and bad news. The good was that the bug juice, once again, lived up to its reputation – it killed the crabs. The bad was that it lived up to its other reputation – it was lethal stuff. Our crotches burned and turned a bright red color. The doc offered us no reassurance and it was hours before we were again comfortable and of normal color. The doc would not assure us that we had no permanent damage but did explain that, at least in the near future, that part of our anatomy needed only meet the simplest of waste

removal functions and that was unlikely to be affected. In the long term, we may never need birth control. Once again, information from an Army source proved reasonably correct for the short term but was overly alarmist (perhaps) for the long term.

Dallas Owens

WORKING WITH THE 11th ARMORED CAVALRY REGIMENT

Shortly after LZ White was overrun in late March 1969, Co. D was sent back out to the field under strength. The Second Platoon was then tasked to work with the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment. This new assignment would last several weeks. What was different here is that it was just the Second Platoon that would ride the tanks and APCs.

As a grunt I appreciated not having to hump the boonies as I rode atop an APC. Some of us rode inside the APC but it was too confining and eventually we all rode atop. By the way, the 11th ACR will assault 1 to 2 bunker complexes or be ambushed on any given day. This can be nerve rattling.

It is no surprise every day was an adventure working with the tankers. Their mission and ours was to search and destroy the enemy bunker complexes somewhere in Tay Ninh province. It didn't take long for our first engagement. As we approached the bunker complex we dismounted the tanks & APCs. The armored columns then attacked the complex with 50 cal. machine guns blazing and cannon fire from the tanks! The sound of the battle was deafening! After the destruction, the grunts brought up the rear sweeping the bunkers for any enemy resistance. To our rear some APCs formed a makeshift LZ for their colonel to land his chopper. Now he could direct the battle firsthand.

As we patrolled the cleared territory we came across a bunker that still had live gooks in it. After some firing, we called **chu-hoi** and about 3-4 enemy surrendered. Later the ARVNs came in a chopper and took them away. While performing the sweep, a brush fire started due to all the incendiaries. I noticed a Chi Com claymore that was too close to the fire. One of our troopers took it away before it could ignite.

As a result of the assault on the bunker complex, the 11th Armored Cav destroyed approximately 12-15 occupied bunkers by firing the canon directly in the bunker. Probably at least as many enemy were killed as there were bunkers. We did have one KIA from the 11th ACR. That trooper died collecting a souvenir. We know never do this as the body (dead or alive) could be booby-trapped. Unfortunately the gook was still alive and shot the soldier dead. The gook met his final resting place courtesy of Uncle Sam!

That evening the tanks and APCs setup in a circle for a defensive perimeter. I guess that because our mission was a success we were rewarded with hot chow. The 11th ACR knows how to do things, logistics are no problem. A chinook dropped food canisters, cooks and servers for our meal. Another chinook arrived this time dropping several portable crappers! By comparison, infantry had an entrenching tool! I think the mess personnel stayed the night and were picked up in the morning. Thoroughly exhausted we pulled our share of guard duty but felt very secure with all the firepower surrounding us.

Expect to get ambushed when you go thru the jungle with the 11th ACR. They make a lot of noise. We were plowing down large trees in the woods making our own trail when we were ambushed. Typically while on this patrol, we had the company of the Hunter-Killer team flying above us. This team was comprised of an OH-6 Loach Helicopter for reconnaissance and a Bell UH-1 Huey Gunship for firepower working in tandem. As soon as the first enemy shots were fired, us grunts dismounted the APCs and took defensive positions. All the while we had gunship support suppressing enemy fire. The enemy was firing mainly small arms but also Rocket Propelled Grenades. This was a nasty ambush and we did take casualties WIAs. The 11th ACR set up a perimeter in the rear of the column so that a Medivac could ferry out the WIAs.

After a couple of weeks with the 11th ACR, I was glad to be humping the boonies again with the rest of Co. D! This the best I could recollect after 50+ years.

Art Drago
Former SSG 2-1 Co. D 1/8 Cav 69-70

COMPANY OF NVA

We were working off of LZ Tracy along, I believe, the Saigon River and were Combat Assaulted across the river to do search and destroy. I was in A Company 1/8 Cav, 1 Cav Division as the resident FO. We had been working along the border for several days. It was near a Pagoda on the border. We had set up for the night in a former rice paddy with a 3 foot berm on all 4 sides. B Company was to our north on the road, or near the road, and took a beating that night. We were flown in to their position to help with dead and wounded. There must have been 50 or more NVA dead in front of their position. That afternoon we were flown back to our position near the road.

Someone subsequently spotted NVA soldiers moving into South Vietnam. I took a look and saw about 150 NVA marching 4 abreast at sling arms coming down a road out of Cambodia. Division Artillery cranked up 3 battalions of 105mm artillery after I convinced them to do so. So I gave them a grid where they would pass and fired a round to adjust. When one round impacted I was watching the NVA and they kept marching, so I made an adjustment and waited for them to get to that location. When they began to pass the point of no return I got a fire for effect with a battalion 4 rounds VT. The rounds came in an exploded right over them. Those who survived squatted then got up and ran several hundred meters then stopped to rest. I shifted the artillery to them and got another battalion 4 round VT. That was 72 rounds VT. They were only 200 yard from us. Artillery had taken out most all of except for a few, and Nate, a company M60 man, jumped out of the berm and ran toward them with machine gun blasting away. He finished them off. It was a peaceful night, and the next morning we were flown back to LZ Tracy.

I was 22 years old then, and now at 75 it still seems like yesterday.

1LT Sam Ault
FO A 2/19th FA

D-COMPANY VET REVIVES PULP ACTION PUBLICATIONS

This diatribe is certainly self-serving and probably not of interest to many folks. But, having a bit of time on my hands during this Red China virus epidemic, I thought I'd share.

Although it seems like it was a century ago, my time during 1965-66 in D Company, First Battalion (Airborne), Eighth Cavalry still rumbles around in my head, now and then erupting into my current life and endeavors. As a newspaper editorial cartoonist in the '80s and '90s, one could find touches of my jungle-earned beliefs in my handling of a variety of topics, such as how I perceived President Clinton's friendly relations with Communist Vietnam, and the political activities of Hanoi Jane and her just-as-traitorous ex-husband Tom Hayden, among others.

After a long career of battling political claptrap as a cartoonist, editor and, late in the game, government flack, I now spend my time writing and illustrating escapist pulp adventures. And, in those storylines, I still find an occasional use for knowledge of jungle survival, military tactics and the beliefs of not-in-any-way-naive veterans.

Many infantry 1/8th Viet-vets might recall some of the areas and behavior involved in my novelette, "Jungle Rot," which first appeared some years back in *Heater* mystery magazine and is now available in Kindle format. But my pulp novels, available in paperback and Kindle editions, also contain bits and pieces relevant to our time in the jungle and our mission. In my rather out-there, late-1930s-period pulp, "Cave of the Blood Demons," the characters spend a bit of time in Indochina, beginning in Saigon and eventually battling evil around Pleiku. Throughout my Hollywood Cowboy Detectives and Man of the Mist pulp books, a variety of villains appear that are relevant to their time as well as to today. National Socialists, Soviet Socialists and even radical Muslim terrorists were as violent and evil last century as they are today. One only needs to research the Moro Rebellion (1902 – 1913) to see that Islamic terrorism isn't a new problem for American soldiers. The Klan has been a terror organization since the end of the Civil War, while National Socialists have engaged in violent protests since the 1930s. Bolsheviks were blowing up businesses and civilians in America in the early 20th Century, and continue today under Socialist, Communist and other more progressive (spin doctored) banners.

Certainly my work is fantasy oriented, containing ghosts, mad scientists and unique weapons – all the things that the wonderful Saturday matinee serials contained in the '30s, '40s and '50s. But the storylines also mirror some of the craziness that we currently read about in our newspapers and see on television news. I guess a big part of the fantasy element is that, like in the B-westerns of yesterday, the good guys fight for what's

right, no matter the odds, to achieve justice. And you all know that's exactly what we were doing back in the day.

Here are a few recent reviews of my work:

"If you enjoy pulpy entertainment, check out Darryle Purcell's novels. At a time when many of us need a mental vacation from pandemic news and blues, they're your tickets out." – **Bob Deis, MensPulpMags.com**

"Reading a new Darryle Purcell book is like having your favorite sweet dessert.... Once again, Purcell invites his readers along displaying a genuine love of his characters, both real and fictional, and his understanding of the times. 'Mystery of the American Yeti,' is a rootin-tootin' gem." – **Ron Fortier, Pulp Fiction Reviews.**

"Darryle Purcell has carved out a niche for his unique brand of pulp fiction, based in pre-WWII Hollywood and beyond, with plenty of throwbacks to the Silent era.... The 'mystery' component is well crafted. Plus, there are so many historical and film lore details sprinkled throughout, I was tempted to stop and Google everything, just to be certain what was real and what was fiction. Purcell's knowledge of, and love for, the period is evident throughout – catching the reader up and immersing us in a B-movie-style page-turner." – **Patrick Dorn, author, theatre critic.**

My latest paperback is "Mystery of the Cowboy Summit." And, coming soon in Kindle format, will be "Mystery of Satan's Corona."

For anyone who is interested, these books can be found at: amazon.com/author/darrylepurcell
If anyone has questions, my email is: purcells@citlink.net

Darryle Purcell
D-Company, 1st of the 8th Cav 1965-66

CONTACT INFORMATION

Jumping Mustang President – Rick Wagner, 13950 Lake Mahogany Blvd. #1212, Fort Myers, FL 33907; email bwagner@wyoming.com or phone 239-337-2557.

Jumping Mustang Treasurer - Jim Knafel, 5510 East, 500 South, Columbia City, IN 46725; email jjknafel@gmail.com or phone 260-244-3864.

Bugle Editor - Jerry Prater. 143 Killarney Lake Road, Ardmore, OK 73401; email jerryprater1018@yahoo.com; or phone 214-263-4567

**JUMPING MUSTANG
35th ANNUAL REUNION**

GETTYSBURG PA OCT 4 TO OCT 7, 2021

Sign up Now for the 35th Annual Reunion. Make your Registration Fees Payable to the 'Jumping Mustangs.' Mail to James Knafel, 5510 E. 500 South, Columbia City, IN 46725. Be sure to include the number and names of those in your party. Please **DO NOT SEND ANY after September 20** as Jim Knafel will be in-route. Bring it with you to the Reunion. **If you are not attending, please use this page to send your annual dues to Jim.**

For Hotel Reservations, Call Wyndham Gettysburg at **717-339-0020 Extension 0** between 8:00 am and 5:00 pm Eastern Time Monday through Friday. In order to get the special rate, just tell the reservationist you are with the Jumping Mustangs. **DO NOT** use any other means of reservation. Daily room rates are \$124 plus tax, which **DOES NOT** include breakfast. The deadline for the reservations is September 4, and this price is valid from October 1 through October 10. The Hotel address is 95 Presidential Circle, Gettysburg PA 17325

The Hospitality Room will open at 10:00 a.m. on the 4th and at 8:30 on the 5th 6th and 7th and a continental breakfast will be provided

DUES FOR 2021 YEAR (MBRS AND ASSOCIATE MEMBERS ONLY) @ \$10. \$ _____

ICEBREAKER (Tuesday, Oct 5)

Number attending _____ @ \$40 ea \$ _____

ENTERTAINMENT NIGHT (Wednesday, Oct 6)

Number attending _____ @ 40 ea \$ _____

MEMORIAL DINNER (Thursday, Oct 7)

Number attending _____ @ 40 ea \$ _____

TOTAL AMOUNT SUBMITTED: Renew Membership even if not attending. \$ _____

Menu might depend on corvid directives

NAME OF MEMBER AND GUEST(s) for name tag preparation: _____

Assigned to Company _____ 1st of 8th during the following years: _____

If this is your first Jumping Mustang Reunion, check here _____

Questions to Keith Heater at 610-850-5529, or email coldheart79@comcast.net

