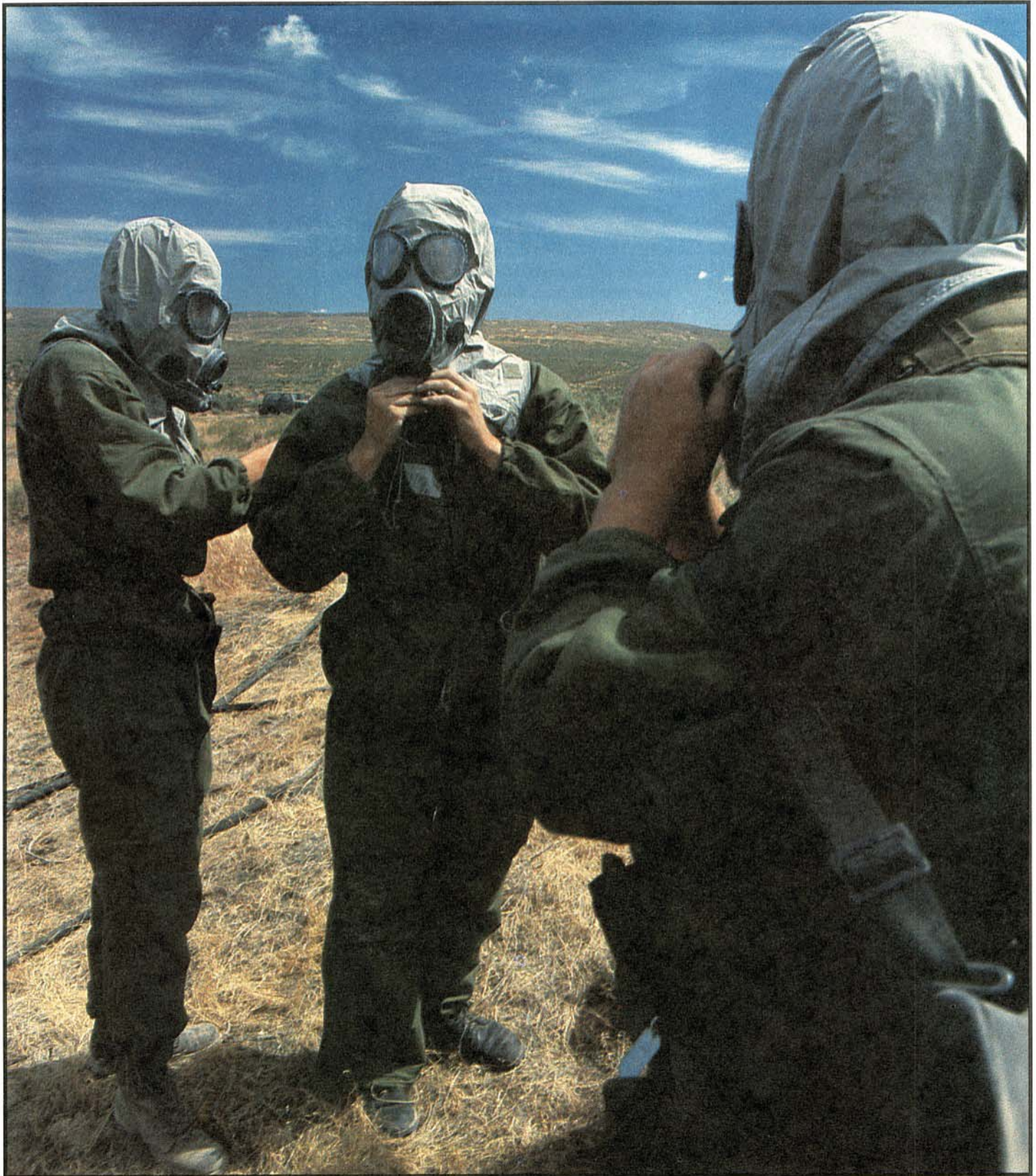


# EVERGREEN



Chemical warfare: will you be the quick? Or the dead. (See page 9)



August 1989, Washington Army and Air National Guard

Photo by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

## This Apple took a shine to his trainees

by Maj. Don C. Brunell

Whenever I hear sergeants major extol the virtues of NCOs, my mind drifts back to basic training at Fort Knox.

I think of my drill instructor (DI) — Staff Sgt. John Apple.

He was a tough, wiry character from Philadelphia's rougher side.

Apple was a career Army soldier and had nine kids. "Momma," as he called his wife, stayed in Philly raising their tribe while he herded gaggles of recruits.

Apple cared about his troops and combined Richard Pryor's wit, Freud's logic and the wisdom of Confucius to pound leadership and survival skills into our heads.

He taught teamwork long before high-priced consultants started peddling teambuilding seminars to corporate executives.

### Ol' Donut Face

I didn't fully appreciate Apple until I got to Advanced Individual Training. By contrast, my platoon sergeant was a career E-6 who'd been putting in time since the day he enlisted.

I can't remember his name, but he was out of shape and built like a pear. We nicknamed him Donut Face.

During physical training, he strutted through the ranks cracking fannies with his swagger stick and barking instructions. Exercise to him was lifting a coffee mug, getting out of his car and swallowing pastries.

Apple was into fitness long before health clubs became popular. He led the daily dozen and then ran up and down the formation making sure no one dropped out of the runs.

He conducted night training if we had trouble learning the materials presented that day. If we didn't ace military stakes and PT tests, Apple took it as a personal failure.

Donut Face's only concern was that we didn't get his rear in a sling by skipping class.

### Unrest in the '60s

A DI's job is never easy but in the late '60s civil unrest over the Vietnam

War made it especially difficult.

Many young men openly cremated draft cards and torched American flags, while some moved to Canada to avoid induction. Servicemen returning from Vietnam were exiled and labeled as babykillers.

Pride in the uniform sank to an all-time low.

### Apple's draftees

Recruits at Fort Knox were mostly draftees. Many had barely finished high school and hailed directly from the streets of Chicago, Detroit and Philadelphia and the backwoods of Kentucky, West Virginia and Tennessee.

A few couldn't read or write, while some of us were college grad students who had lost our deferments.

Apple had served a tour in Vietnam and could see the anxiety in our eyes. Images of the fierce fighting during the Tet Offensive and the siege of Khe Sanh were fresh, and frozen in our minds.

He took charge and broke down his band of renegades and dissidents into shells of humanity. Then Apple molded us into a lean, mean fighting team.

### Usual Army harassment

Apple dispensed the usual Army goading to recruits — racing up and down stairs with loaded dufflebags, trips to the barbershop when none of us had hair to cut and footlocker inspections at midnight.

He got a charge out of watching us stumble, fumble and bumble.

When he was off duty, Apple frequented the NCO club, where he had lots of friends. Some nights he'd overtrain but the next morning he was at formation raring to go. Apple gave new meaning to the term stamina.

### Simple lessons of life

Apple's lessons were simple. He captured our undivided attention from 4 a.m. to midnight with a repertoire of stories and funny sayings.

"I'm your daddy, mommy, brother and Aunt Susie. . . You're mine and don't



Maj. Don C. Brunell

you forget it!" he'd say with conviction.

Then he'd add a little fatherly concern: "I'm not goin' to let ol' Charlie get your \_\_\_!" Apple wanted his troops coming home standing tall, not lying bullet-riddled in an aluminum box.


When we didn't listen, Apple would inform us that we were given two ears and one mouth for a purpose. We were supposed to listen twice as much as we talked. To reinforce his point, he'd drop us for a battery of pushups.

If we got too big for our fatigues, Apple cut us down to size with a deft slice of his sharp tongue, and if we were lower than low, he'd pick us up with a clever one-liner.

### High esprit de corps

Our basic training outfit developed a high esprit de corps. There was no question that our platoon would be best in the company and our company would be tops in the battalion when basic ended.

Over the years, I've realized that Apple had whipped more sense into me in eight weeks than schooling had done in 17 years.

I've lost track of Apple, but I'll never forget his axioms on leadership and life. He's one sergeant who really "made it happen" for me! 

*Editor's note: Maj. Don C. Brunell, of the Washington State Public Affairs Office, is an 18-year Guard veteran.*



**COVER PHOTO:** For these 81st Brigade soldiers, donning MOPP gear fast could make them winners in a deadly race against the clock.

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5



**BLACK POWDER OR WHITE?** Guard launches random-test attack on drug users.

7



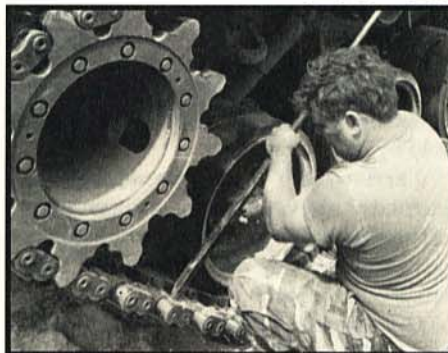
**COBRA HELICOPTERS** entering here at McChord AFB will next see daylight in Canada.

9



**SOME TROOPS HAVE** all the fun: Decon training under the broiling Yakima sun.

10-11



**BROKEN PARTS** were the real enemy this year for some tankers.

14-15



**AND THEY'RE OFF!** Mixed bag of Pre-Rep trainees lurches toward another formation.

18-20



**PICTURESQUE FORT Vancouver** boasts a host of historic and eye-pleasing sites.

## Enhance your mid-life crisis with an over-40 physical

### Story and photo

by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

With 40 winters under the ol' belt, life for some takes on a different meaning.

Sadly, at about this point in life your body begins going to pot. Hiking out to the mailbox may now be considered a long walk. Real physical exertion is lugging in groceries. If you're a man (as in "dirty old man"), watching young female joggers invites cardiac arrest. For females, Tupperware parties are akin to aerobics.

The National Guard keeps tabs on this magical age barrier. Once you hit 40, you need a physical screening before submitting to their annual torture trial, usually referred to as the APFT, or Army Physical Fitness Test. This test is just the latest in a series which gets changed as often as most folks switch undies.

Yup, suddenly waking up on a fine morning, only to discover one foot in the grave, can be a time of travail for some folks.

But cheer up. That's the good part of hitting the four-decade mark. A day at Troop Medical Clinic 1 (TMC-1), on Fort Lewis, can make your over-the-hill trauma pale by comparison.

I arrived at 0700 as ordered, and soon learned that even the grass doesn't grow at that hour. Business starts at 0730; the extra half hour is probably dialed in because most people are late.

Once inside, I followed signs directing me to "Physical." At the last minute signs petered out, much like a road which runs off a map. But military doggies who've hit 40 can find their way anywhere, right?

Hurry up and wait, that basic tenet of military life, is alive and well at TMC-1. I waited. And waited. Just as I was about to set a magazine on fire to get some attention, my turn came.

We filled out a self-evaluation form, giving our impression of how well our lives were in order. I was honest about my past life style, which indicates I should've been dead three years ago.

The brief eye check revealed that my peepers are about as good as can be expected for a 49-year-old. Which isn't all that good.

The group I'd joined next filed into the hearing test vault and put on headphones. It's natural to strain to hear the low-level sounds they pipe into these phones; people sort of lean forward and furrow their brows in concentration.

Someone outside the booth then connected a wire wrong, and a mega-decibel

squawk blew through every phone. Eight people bolted upright like they'd been hit with lightning, bumping heads and kinking necks. The actual test showed that I've suffered some hearing loss; I figure perhaps 50 percent of it was at 0815 hours, 22 May 1989.

At the lab downstairs, Dracula's uncle extracted maybe two pints of blood for testing. Staff Sgt. Fitzgerald smiled as the best part of me flowed into three glass vials. I had it better, though, than the woman whose vials had been accidentally dropped and broken.

Back upstairs after the urine test, we waited again. The doctor is late, sorry, but we'll be with you as soon as we can.


Just as moss began covering my body, Doc Parisi whipped in and set up shop. He recently retired from the Washington Army National Guard, and bounced across the street to pursue the same line of work.

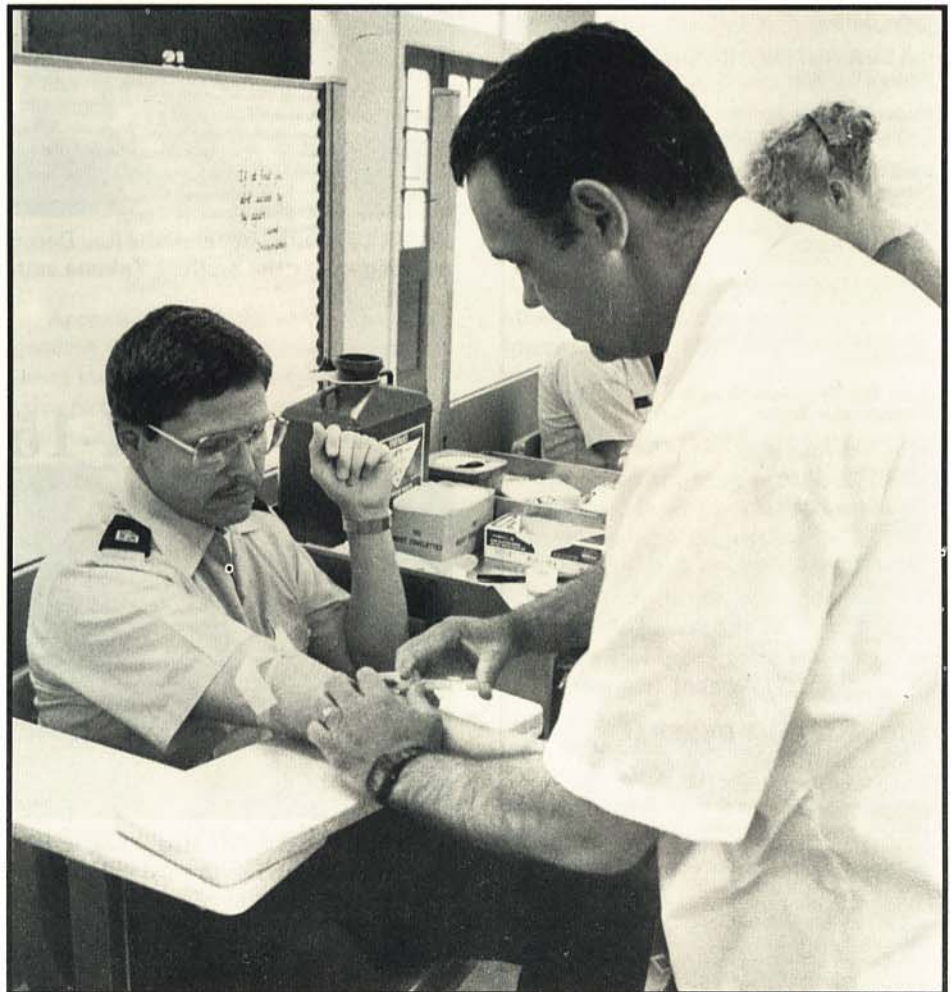
Many questions, some observations

about my lifestyle, then a check of my inner plumbing for prostrate trouble. It felt like I'd given birth to an Edsel, or at the very least a refrigerator. Parisi's hands are not what one would call small and delicate.

No stress EKG was in the cards today, though I'd requested one when making my appointment. Parisi tried setting one up at Madigan, but only full-time Guard soldiers are eligible; not enough personnel to get everyone EKG'd, because money is short. It makes you wonder when the military blows billions of bucks on gee-whiz toys which don't work right, if at all, yet an EKG is too expensive.

Almost as soon as it started, my six hours of fun ended. I can't wait to do it again in four years.

For your own thrilling visit to TMC-1, a real complement to your over-40 age crisis, ask your unit administrator to set you up. 



Your over-40 physical exam offers you, ya lucky devil, the chance to donate about two pints of blood to a friendly lab technician.



**DRUGS:** Bad ammo for today's Army. (Photo illustration by Staff. Sgt. Don Green)

## DRUGS: Guard launches random drug testing

by Staff Sgt. Don Green

Random drug testing for Army Guard personnel will begin in late June or early July, according to Capt. Janet Bates, occupational health nurse for the State Area Command.

"Teams will perform tests for marijuana, cocaine and amphetamine use. Having battalion-level teams will result in better quality control and less time spent on training. And it will involve fewer people. Random names will be selected by computer. Under this program, unit commanders will be alerted one week prior to drill that personnel in their unit have been selected by computer for testing," said Bates.

Each unit commander has the option of screening at any time.

"There is an Army requirement to do the testing and we are now writing the procedures for our units," added Bates.

According to Army regulation, the essence of a drug prevention program is to improve readiness, improve individual health and get the individual back into the utilized force.

"What National Guard Bureau is telling us and what General Eggen wants is — on the first confirmed offense, an officer or E-5 or above is out of the Guard. Enlisted E-4 and below, whether the individual gets a second chance is up to the judgment of the unit commander," said Bates.

"We've had drugs in the system for a long time. We saw the effect in Vietnam. The morale and effectiveness of the military was affected with devastating results," said Maj. Gen. Keith Eggen, the adjutant general.

"How do we deal with drug usage in the National Guard?" asked Gen. Eggen. "Who can we turn to to give us help?"

"On the civilian side and in the active Army, there are resources available. If he's a Guardsman, we don't have the authority to insist that he go to a treatment facility. That doesn't mean I'm not compassionate about what we should do about it, it's just a problem we can't deal with.

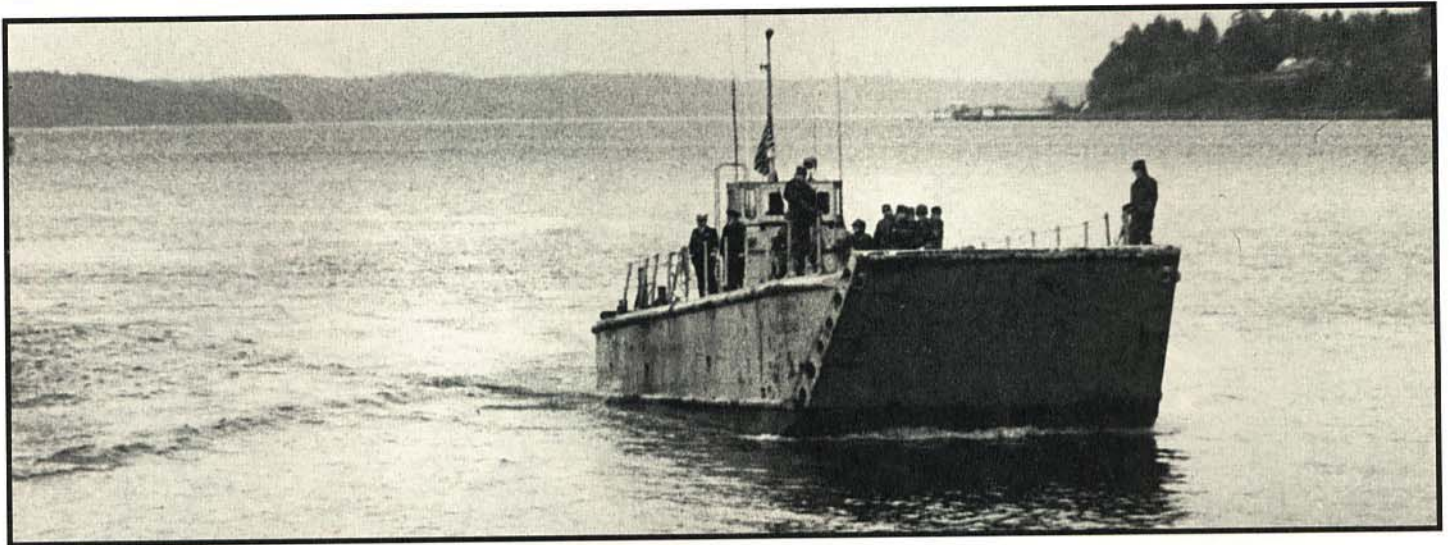
"What's the alternative? Do you really want someone in the Guard who's on drugs and in a key position who could

jeopardize the lives of our soldiers? That bothers me," Eggen continued. "We're in a dangerous business already. When we go to annual training, I count my blessings that we don't kill someone. On the other hand, what would be the fatality rate if we didn't have a strong policy about drug use?"

"As we look at individuals who are on the range or running a tank, we are having those soldiers operate some very dangerous equipment. I feel it is incumbent upon me to do the absolute best I can to have a drug-free force in the National Guard," Eggen said.

"Under Department of Defense directives, rehabilitation is mandatory. It doesn't work for the Guard because we don't have the budget or resources to send people to a rehab center," said Bates. "For Guard people, any rehabilitation is at the individual's expense.

"The goal of the program is to enhance and ensure mobilization readiness so that commanders will know their people are fit to go out and defend the country," concluded Bates. 🏠



Exxon will shell out \$126,000 per month to lease Washington Army National Guard landing craft. (File photo)

## Guard boats leased for Exxon's Alaska cleanup

by Sgt. Rich Bartell

PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, Alaska — Sea-going Washington State Guardsmen and landing craft (LCMs or mike boats) of the 1118th Transportation Company joined the fray in cleaning up the sludge-encrusted mess that has been billed as America's worst oil spill.

Twenty Army Guard sailors and eight 'Mike' boats were contracted by Lossie Pacific, a Kirkland, Wash., firm in late May to help haul cleanup workers and equipment in oil-befouled waters here. Lossie was contracted by Exxon Corp.

According to Lt. Col. Jerry Miles, logistics officer for U.S. Property and Fiscal Office (USP&FO), the cleanup firm has contracted the boats for a period not to ex-


ceed nine months at the cost of slightly more than \$126,000 per month. This money will go into the state military budget. Additionally, the crew members will be paid up to \$6,000 a month as civilian contract employees of Lossie.

"Lossie is getting a good deal on this equipment — really almost dirt cheap. The equipment is in good condition and they are drawing on a pool of trained professionals to operate the boats," Miles said.

Miles added that Lossie placed a surety bond on the boats for more than \$1.5 million at Fort Lewis in May.

Staff Sgt. Vic White, spokesman for the 1118th, said the Guardsmen hired by Lossie Pacific would be able to perform

weekend training with an Alaska National Guard unit, and as an added bonus, Exxon will fly the Guardsmen back to Washington state to attend annual training.

Lt. Col. Mike Beard, systems analyst for USP&FO, said LCMs are well suited for use in a clean-up effort of the magnitude of the **Exxon Valdez** spill. He explained the boats are used tactically to transport troops and equipment from ship-to-shore, and from shore-to-ship. The boats can hold one M-60 tank or more than 50 fully equipped troops. With a cruising range of 271 nautical miles, the LCMs will provide a broad operations base and mobility to the clean-up effort, Beard said. 

## Americans, Japanese train together at Yama Sakura

by Staff Sgt. Bob Rosenburgh,  
66th Aviation Brigade

SAPPORO, Japan — Washington National Guardsmen from the 81st Infantry and 66th Aviation Brigades participated recently in the annual command post exercise Yama Sakura here.

They were part of a force of 1,600 American soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines and 1,600 soldiers of the Japanese Northern Army of the island of Hokkaido.

The training took place at Camp Higasi-Chitose, and followed a wargame scenario involving joint defense of Hokkaido. Using computers, battle boards and the basic rules of 'First Battle — Battalion Through Corps,' the players and controllers conducted the simulated at-

tacks within classified tactical operations centers and exercise cells.

The Japanese Northern Army, commanded by Lt. Gen. Atushi Shima, is a major element of the Japan Self Defense Force because it secures Hokkaido. Lt. Col. Mitsiyoshi Ozu, a Northern Army umpire during Yama Sakura XV, explained the significance.


"We can see the border of the U.S.S.R. from Hokkaido. Since it is only 40 kilometers away, we must keep a strong force here for deterrence." Ozu also noted that if Hokkaido were invaded, it could be used to launch attacks against the rest of Japan.

"This is one reason why Japan is grateful for the strong friendship and joint training with our American allies," Ozu

said.

Before the wargame started, some time was made available between classes for U.S. personnel to see Japan. Many of the soldiers had "get acquainted" parties with their Japanese counterparts and glasses clinked to toasts of "Kampe!" in the evenings.

A program of home visits was initiated by the Japanese to allow local families to treat their American guests to oriental cuisine, culture and hospitality. A special honor, the exchange of gifts, was especially appreciated by Americans and Japanese alike.

As the two weeks of intensive wargaming drew to a close, strong alliances were reinforced and the friendship of two nations grew stronger. 

# Cobra strikes support Canadians

by Sgt. 1st Class Doris Nelson

CAMP WAINWRIGHT, Alberta — Helicopters attacking tanks! That's a kill.

That was the mission of the 1st Battalion, 168th Aviation (Atk Hel) as they combined with Canadian forces during Rendezvous 89.

Rendezvous 89 is a Canadian-sponsored joint Canadian and U.S. Army exercise. The exercise pits two Canadian brigades against a U.S. Army separate armor brigade (Fort Knox, Ky.), and tests the ability of the Canadians to form and fight as a division.

The Canadians do not have attack helicopters. So, it was the mission of the 1-168 Avn Bn to provide both an armor-defeating mechanism and the opportunity to work with U.S. Army (National Guard) attack helicopters. Executive officer Maj. James E. Kelly had stated: "This year's annual training will be the most challenging event this unit has ever undertaken."

The battalion deployed in two separate movements. Seventeen carloads of unit equipment (including everything on wheels) were loaded on rails. The second movement was on May 20th, when the unit's main body flew on a C5A out of McChord Air Force Base. Eleven Cobras (AH-1F) and 12 Scouts (OH-58) were also loaded. Three Hueys (UH-1H) and one Cobra flew up.

An advance party set up tents for the rest of the battalion. Fourteen men deployed on May 15 via helicopters, arriving in Edmonton May 17 as another group left McChord on a C141. Both groups joined up in Edmonton.

Staff Sgt. Kevin Gausepohl, unit training NCO, said the advance party was met with 30-mile-per-hour winds, rain and a dusting of snow. "It was a tough time putting up tents," said Gausepohl.

Gausepohl credits two people for a successful deployment — Chief Warrant Officer 3 David Frost, who coordinated the rail movement, and 1st Lt. Julio Lopez, who coordinated the air movement.

The battalion's mission was to attack "killer" tanks. "The Cobras did that with vengeance," Gausepohl said. They had to



**Cobras disappear into the yawning maw of a C5A at McChord Air Force Base, enroute to Rendezvous '89 in Canada. (Photo by Spec. Bill Gregersen-Morash)**

coordinate with the Canadians, who were not familiar with the attack helicopter.

They also had to coordinate with the U.S. Air Force, who participated with tank killer planes (A-10s), and with the Joint Air Attack Team (JAAT) to make sure they were not getting in each other's way. "It was a really good exercise, doing JAAT operations," said Gausepohl.

"Everyone in the unit received valuable training. It took a massive effort in order to pull it off," said Gausepohl.

"The bottom line," he continued, "is that the unit proved it's deployable and can hit the ground running as it's supposed to do." The only slowdown was waiting on the rails. Otherwise, the helicopters came off the C5A ready to fly.

In an area smaller than the Yakima Firing Center were 15,000 soldiers. "They were out in the middle of nowhere, 15 miles south of the cantonment area," said Gausepohl.

The exercise ran for seven days from sunup to sundown. Only tanks and convoys could move during the night.

"They play war for real," said Gausepohl. If they said tanks were in an area, they were there and moving. None of this "supposed to be" thing.

Fortunately, the weather changed during the war games with temperatures in the mid 70s during the day, but quite cold at night. The Canadians provided the bat-

talion tactical operations center with a weather team. The pilots and crew were often on "strip alerts," where they had to be in their aircraft. And others were in a holding area with the engines running ready for their mission at any time.

The overall mission of the 1-168 Avn Bn was a success. Gausepohl said there was a low percentage of kills on their aircraft which he credits to the skills of the pilots and crews. "We lost only five or six aircraft during the whole war," said Gausepohl.

Sgt. 1st Class Richard Marshall, headquarters maintenance NCO, increased morale and made life a little easier for everyone during annual training. "If we needed anything, he was almost like 'Mr. Mom.' He would help anybody with whatever they needed. A real asset to the unit," said Gausepohl.

The war came to an end on May 30, and the Canadians threw a big barbecue. Everyone had the opportunity to exchange hats, patches, plaques, etc. "There was a lot of camaraderie between the Canadian and American troops," said Gausepohl.

Battalion members stayed their final night in Edmonton and enjoyed the world's largest shopping mall.

A successful mission and a good time. What more could they ask of annual training? 🏠



Medevac crewmen hustle an injured Guardsman to an ambulance waiting nearby. Twenty minutes earlier, miles away in the desert, he'd fallen off a tank and hurt his back.

## DUST-OFF: Waiting is hardest part . . .

### Story and photo

by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

YAKIMA FIRING CENTER—Low-level tension sizzles 'round the clock in a building just across the street from a couple of helipads.

It's not the sort of atmosphere which leaps up and grabs a visitor. But sit around with the guys there for awhile and this strange uptight feeling sort of oozes from the walls.

You know *something* is different, even though everyone is cool as a glacier on the surface. Just as it seems your mind is playing tricks on you, a warning horn slices the stillness. Tranquility takes a holiday. The world turns topsy-turvy in a heartbeat.

Welcome to "Dust-Off," the on-again, off-again world of Spokane's 841st Medical Detachment during Annual Training '89. Another mission is coming down.

Somewhere out near Cold Creek Can-

yon, a tanker from the 1st Battalion, 803rd Armor has hurt his back. The victim is 20 miles away across the sage-studded hills, maybe an hour by ground travel.

When Dust-Off is called, medics don't know how serious an injury is until they get there and check vital signs. Every second could mean the difference between life and death.

A moment ago, the crew had been lolling around watching TV, awaiting their turn for a mission. Now it's butt-bustin' time for Warrant Officer 1 Mike Schneider, pilot of the Huey chopper; Chief Warrant Officer 4 Dean Morehouse, copilot; Staff Sgt. Bob Davis, crew chief; and Sgt. Jeff Butler, medic.

Within three minutes their chopper is a dark speck in the sun-dazed sky. Back at Dust-Off, the brief burst of frenzied activity has eased tension somewhat for the other crew. You can read it in their faces: "Hey, we hate to get called because it

means someone is hurt. But that's what we're here for, and the toughest part is waiting for the phone to ring."

Things return to normal. Someone boils water for cocoa. Another lies down for a catnap. The lawn chair out front cradles a crew chief's weary carcass. The phone is manned by a medic.

The copilot calls in for an ambulance to take the back injury from the helipad at YFC to St. Elizabeth's hospital in Yakima. Only critical cases are dropped directly there, because this ties up a rescue chopper longer.

Two birds are on tap to help save several thousand soldiers in the field—every one a potential accident victim. The equipment they work with is dangerous. There's nothing soft or forgiving about a tank or APC. And troops on the go for 36 hours without much sleep, if any, seem to find every possible sharp edge.

Only 30 minutes after the call came in, the rescue bird is settling onto the helipad. Swirling sand is shotgunned into every nook and cranny of the Dust-Off building, until someone leaps up and slams the door. Excitement builds again.

Butler and Davis slide their patient from the chopper while the blades still turn, just as an Army ambulance rolls up. The patient is on the ground maybe 45 seconds before he rolls off towards the hospital. Tension takes a down-swing.


Spend a few hours with these dedicated professionals and you wonder how their blood pressure stays under 200. It must be like standing in front of a firing squad, blindfolded, waiting for the impact you know is coming—but you don't know when.

Dust-Off flew several missions a day during AT '89, at all hours around the clock. Most were minor injuries, the typical sprains and squashed fingers which seem to haunt field training.

One frantic Saturday evening call was from the Washington State Patrol, at the scene of a multi-car accident on the freeway near Ellensburg. There were "many injuries," said the caller, making it overdrive time for the medevac people.

"This is nerve-wracking," agreed Butler, a fireman and emergency medical technician in civilian life. "But I really get satisfaction from being able to help out like this."

We didn't get to talk further. Someone's finger was in the wrong place when a tank's hatch fell.

Once again, tranquility had gone to hell in a handcart. 

# Is there a portable sauna in your future?

## Story and photo

by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

YAKIMA FIRING CENTER—"Russian troops use the real thing when they train for chemical warfare," explains Maj. Richard Watts. "The agents are diluted, but this offers very realistic training."

Watts is the 81st Brigade's chemical officer. He gets animated just talking about chemical warfare. He gestures, and his voice carries with it an overtone of hope—hope that his message isn't wasted on a bunch of complacent dimwits with a death wish.

We're standing in a hellish little gully near YFC's Range 19, toasting nicely on a Friday morning at AT '89. But we're not nearly as warm as a dozen of his decontamination specialists decked out in MOPP gear (Translation: **M**ission **O**riented **P**rotective **P**osture, using a heavy rubberized suit to protect humans from toxic agents).

The hot troops are learning the latest decon methods from Fort Lewis soldiers of the 9th Chemical Company. Their platoon leader, 2nd Lt. Michael Demos, is happy to help pound a dose of reality into this oft-neglected part of reserve training.

The Guard troops are from Detachment 1, Headquarters and Headquarters Company, based in Spokane. The unit is authorized 33 people, but only 12 currently fill slots. It's a low-glamor job, missing the Rambo-like glory of bashing a tank through the sagebrush.

"But these people have a very critical job," says Watts. "It's likely that we'll come up against lethal chemicals if we fight the Soviet Bloc. They have immense stockpiles of toxic agents, many times larger than we have, and more ways to deliver them."

We tiptoe through dust-covered meadow muffins, Ma Nature's little booby traps, over to where a newfangled piece of Army decon equipment is being fired up. It sounds like a Huey burping, but then the burner lights and roars.

"This is the new M17 'Senator' individual decon wash," explains Pfc. Dennis Pappalardo, "sort of a portable sauna." He recently trained at Fort McClellan, Ala., and knows the latest ways to keep warriors alive in a hostile environment.

"It's a Scandinavian design, and when the rubberized tank is filled it holds 1,500 gallons. The water is heated to about 105

degrees for bathing troops, but we can take it up to almost boiling for washing vehicles with the spray nozzles."

"We have to set up near a body of water or a stream," explains 2nd Lt. Rob Gibbs, assistant brigade chemical officer. "It can be supplied by truck, too, in a desert like this."

Watts starts talking chem warfare again as a squatty Hummer lurches up to the portable carwash area.

"The problem is that many Guard soldiers don't take NBC (Nuclear, Biological, Chemical) warfare seriously. It's that 'it'll never happen to me' thinking, the same way that most people don't wear seat belts. Accidents happen to the other guy.

"It's a real problem, because where we are right now a plane could fly over so high you'd never notice it. If toxic agents are dropped they'll diffuse over a huge

area and the ball game is over unless the right actions are taken. Even then, you just can't keep soldiers in MOPP gear forever, so they have to be decontaminated."

"Sure, we only have one weekend a month to train," he adds. "And it's really boring to spend part of that time in a hot suit. But NBC training is just as important as other soldier skills. A tank is useless if there's no one to drive and fire it."

Pappalardo added the clincher in this lesson, explaining how Norwegians train their troops to use the M17 Senator.

"The training film starts sort of boring, like the typical Army films we see. Then when you don't expect it, the camera settles on a couple of naked women getting into the decontamination bath. Boy, does that get everyone's attention!" 🏠



On-the-spot desert carwash steams chemical agents off vehicles and troops.

## 803rd tankers fight the war with wrenches

**Story and photos**  
by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

YAKIMA FIRING CENTER—Dawn slithered over the horizon Saturday, June 17, and promised a nice day. But like opening a gift-wrapped package to find a tiger inside, what looks good at first can turn out snarly.

This particular day turned into a real snarly one for Staff Sgt. Mark White, the maintenance sergeant of D Company, 1st Battalion, 803rd Armor. Already up to his ears in broken end connectors and thrown tracks, White was taking a coffee break at about 1100 hours.

Some 100 yards away, Staff Sgt. Gerald Korst's tank was being cranked up by its driver, Spec. Dan Meckelson. Sgt. Bob Valentine, a mechanic and recovery vehicle pilot, had just replaced an oil line which'd rubbed itself to death against a sharp edge. The grommet to prevent such failures had been left out by some clown in the past.

"Clear!" shouted Sgt. Henry Coic, the gunner, meaning it was safe to fire up the massive diesel. Nearly a thousand horsepower throbbled to life. Clouds of pungent smoke jetted out the grill doors. A check of the oil line showed no leaks, bringing smiles to weary faces.

Those faces also held a hint of mistrust. Theirs was a "jinxed" panzer, borrowed from another unit. Their own tank had gone to Korea for Team Spirit exer-

cises, and needed a complete check-up before field duty.

Their steed for AT '89, were it to show up on a local car lot, would be parked in back with the \$20 beaters. Just the night before it'd thrown a track while moving down a level road. No driver error here, just a 52-ton lump of steel with a mind of its own.

In just a few short days, the crew had also replaced enough track pads to build a whole new track, plus a slew of split end connectors. Until you've made repairs on a tank, you have no reference point for the term "hard work." It isn't like fixing a Timex. Even the smallest parts are King Kong size.

### Will it work?

Meckelson put 'er in gear, eased down the throttle and moved forward about four feet. "Looks like everything's OK," grinned Gorst, just as a metallic "Clank!" came from the rear. It was the sound \$10,000 worth of parts would make grinding together.

"I told ya something was screwed up back here," shouted Coic.

Valentine pulled an inspection plug, and mangled bits of gear teeth trickled out with the oil. It was ancient history for the final drive, and the end of Mark White's break.

White's job, of course, is to keep D Company's gear running. That's tough

when the unit takes its own tanks out, but for the past five days problems with these borrowed tanks bordered on ridiculous.

"Yesterday," said White, "we maneuvered up near Badger Gap — not that far away. Our tanks threw 62 track pads, and I don't know how many end connectors split and had to be replaced. We spent most of our time fixing things instead of maneuvering."

### Final drive?

Wiping out the final drive is dead-serious in battle. Without mobility the tank becomes a big target. In training, it's not life-threatening, just a hassle because replacement takes several men about 10 hours. That's if you can get the part.

Luckily, it took only an hour to find one. MATES (Mobilization and Training Equipment Site, the repair facility here) could deliver it in a few hours. Meanwhile, the bad drive's connections had to be loosened to speed the actual swap.

### Rest easy?

"It's a shame," said White. "This was supposed to be a rest-easy day, catch up on sleep, make a few little repairs, but the rest of our day is shot. We'll be lucky to finish this before it's time to start making war at midnight."

Valentine and his sidekick, Spec. William Ocho; went to work on Jinx Tank. Every nut or bolt had to be manhandled loose, taxing muscles to the limit. "They've all been painted over so many times they're frozen," explained Valentine.

Watch a tank undergoing repair, and you gotta marvel at its design. The civilian parallel would be having to take the whole front end, plus two wheels, off your car to reach the transmission.

One track had to be "broken" next — taken apart so the tank could be towed to level ground, riding on just road wheels on that side. This chore takes the proverbial three men and a boy, not to mention the better part of a hard hour's work.

Meanwhile, the morning's nice weather took a nasty turn. The infamous YFC wind kicked into afterburner, driving what felt like tons of lava dust into every eyeball and nose. "It doesn't get any better than this, guys," quipped a crewman.

"We don't really mind doing this," White explained later. "It makes good training in the mechanical part of armored warfare, but it sure cuts down on sleep and maneuver time."

*(Continued on Page 11)*



Getting down to ground level is the easiest way to work on a tank's Kong-sized track parts.



Sgt. Bob Valentine wrestles an end connector nut while Spec. William Ocho stands by to pry parts loose with a tank bar.

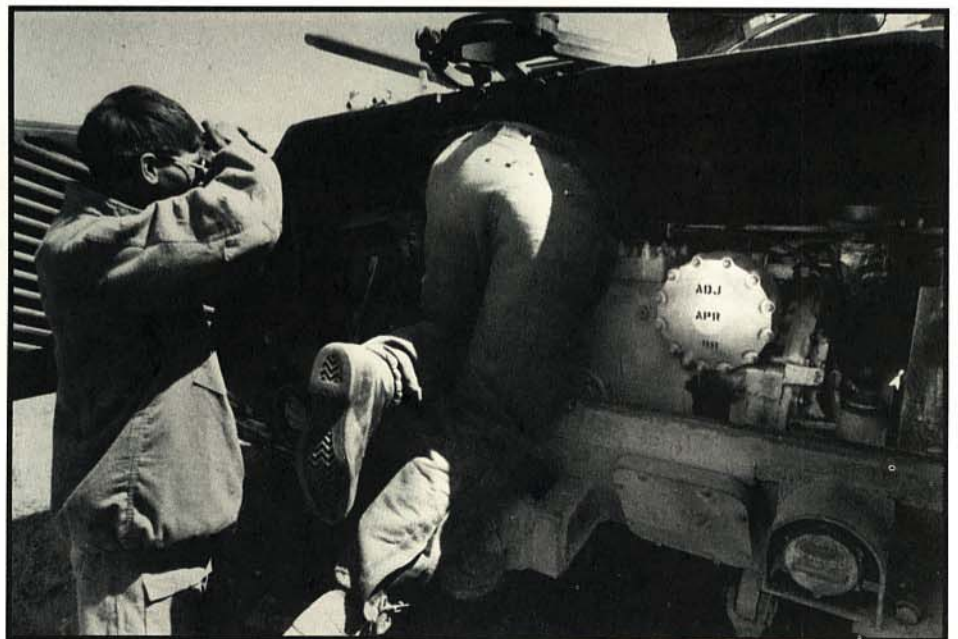
## Tankers

*(Continued from Page 10)*

The reason these tankers were losing sleep involves how the system for drawing equipment is set up. When a unit is done using a tank, they turn it into MATES with a DA Form 2404 (list of defects). If they're only training for a weekend, they may ignore little defects rather than fix them in the field and lose training time. MATES orders the parts needed, and the next unit to draw that tank gets stuck putting all those parts on.

"In a way this is bad, because you have guys missing out on maneuver training to fix things they didn't break. It's always better when a crew uses their own vehicle every time — they take pride in it, they keep it straight, and everyone's happy."

D Company got a lot of maintenance practice during AT '89. The medics, for example, had to replace 11 dead track pads on their APC (armored personnel



**Mechanics really get into their work, trying to make reluctant tanks last another day.**

carrier). Other units' behemoths out in the sagebrush had similar problems.

The men are willing, but it seems the machines are not. 🐞

## Desert battles test mettle of 81st Brigade

Story and photo  
by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

YAKIMA FIRING CENTER—Choking clouds of talc-like dust smothered the horizon. Horned toad mamas scurried their young 'uns to cover. Coyotes and rabbits were terrified into an uneasy truce. Audacious crows dodged clanking tracks to filch discarded tidbits.

YFC had once again turned hostile for a lot of unwary critters. For them, a careless move meant becoming a stain in the dirt.

This was Annual Training '89, and some 2,400 soldiers of the 81st Infantry Brigade (Mech) were using the rolling desert as a private playground.

As usual, this year's goal was to train hard in desert tactics. Brig. Gen. Greg Barlow, brigade commander, had a couple of secondary goals, too: use NCO leaders to the fullest extent (rather than let junior officers



**Tank-killing improved TOW vehicle takes a position on the back slope of a hill, where force from enemy armor sneaking in from the rear. (Photo by Staff Sgt. Dave Large)**



**Mortar crews from 3rd Battalion, 161st Mech. Infantry, fired many live missions during Annual Training '89.**

tote the load); and put safety foremost in every operation.

AT '89 was an ARTEP (Army Training and Evaluation Program) exercise, judging how the brigade met a number of challenges. On the agenda were a tactical road march, hasty defense, deliberate attack (both day and night), and a reorganization.

The brigade headed eastward on June 9, joined by a number of small units from the Washington Air National Guard, the Army's 9th Division (Fort Lewis), the Army Reserve and the Idaho Army National Guard.

The first week of their sagebrush sojourn, troops honed many skills they'd test during two large-scale running battles. This Two-Day War, slated to begin early Saturday, June 17, would range over many miles as the crow flies (or the track clacks).

First, however, individual units held mini-maneuvers. Mortar crews lofted 28-pound projectiles into the impact area. Infantry soldiers roared around in APCs (armored personnel carriers). Scouts practiced finding the enemy, or the best way around obstacles. Tanks thundered down dusty trails practicing road marches. The 286th Engineers built tank traps and cleared obstacles. Decontamination people learned

about chemical warfare.

The first week of AT '89 is devoted to



**In the dust, heat and confusion, mechanized units find the next objective. (Photo by Staff Sgt. Dave Large)**



...e its crew can protect the main assault  
(ent)

...many little tasks which, added together,  
...make up the brigade's ability to wage war on

a massive scale. While small in the grand scheme of things, most of these tasks are a bearcat.

Moving a tactical operations center (TOC) over a ridge from one valley to the next, for example, sounds ho-hum to the folks at home.

"Can't be any tougher than pitching them tents at the KOA in Flagstaff that time, can it, Tommy?" says dear ol' Dad.

Wrong. It's like moving your entire household 10 blocks away in two hours, while being shot at and staying in touch by phone and radio with every one of your friends in the state.

During Week One the troops get pooped. Many unit moves are at night, much the same as in real war. Things break and take max effort to fix. Sleep is uncomfortable at best, and grabbed as time permits. Three hots and a cot don't apply in wartime.

For enlisted soldiers, there's KP, guard duty, latrine digging and a million other chores to take care of. Officers snort tons of dust enroute to endless briefings. They check maps, check equipment, check soldiers. And if they're junior leaders, they sweat what's coming, wondering if they'll make the right decisions in the frenzy of battle.

Although the "war" was to start in the predawn hours Saturday, that day was instead used for rest and regrouping.

"We decided to start early Sunday," explained Col. Gary Stone, deputy brigade commander. "They have today to catch up on sleep, so maneuvers will be safer. Tired

soldiers make more mistakes."

Things kicked off in the dark Sunday morning, with the 1st Battalion, 803rd Armor on the right, sweeping up the valley past "The Knuckles." The 3rd Battalion, 161st Mech Infantry took the left side in this combined arms team attack. The team was pitted against the 1st Battalion, 303rd Armor, dug in behind tank obstacles thrown up by the 286th Engineers.

Friendly fire support was by the 2nd Battalion, 146th Field Artillery, while scouting ahead of the front lines fell to Troop E, 303rd Armored Cavalry.

Many "friendlies" were clobbered in battle; their yellow lights flashed to prove it. MILES (Multiple Integrated Laser Engagement System) devices were affixed to tracked vehicles and individual soldiers alike, set to indicate "hits." With each unit was a MILES "fire marker" team to inflict damage or put a casualty back into action.

MILES allows changing the flow of battle by the minute, and is the most realistic way to practice war short of using real bullets. A tank company might charge with all their panzers, then Zap! two of 'em are gone. The others feel like nudists at a bumblebee convention. The commander is forced to react, make decisions in a hurry, or the rest of his unit goes down the drain. Just like genuine war.

The ebb and flow of battle was directed from a cluster of tents several ridges away. Col. Lee Legowik, chief controller, and a small crew of dedicated game players were in contact with all elements of the war: OPFOR (opposing forces); ARFOR (Army forces); Good Guys (81st Brigade); and the Fire Markers (MILES teams).

Sunday's dawn battle went to the 81st, which steamrolled the OPFOR back over several ridges. "Man, we really blew 'em away," crowed one dusty-faced tanker. The rest of that day was spent on reorganization, moving TOCs, cleaning gear, planning and resting.

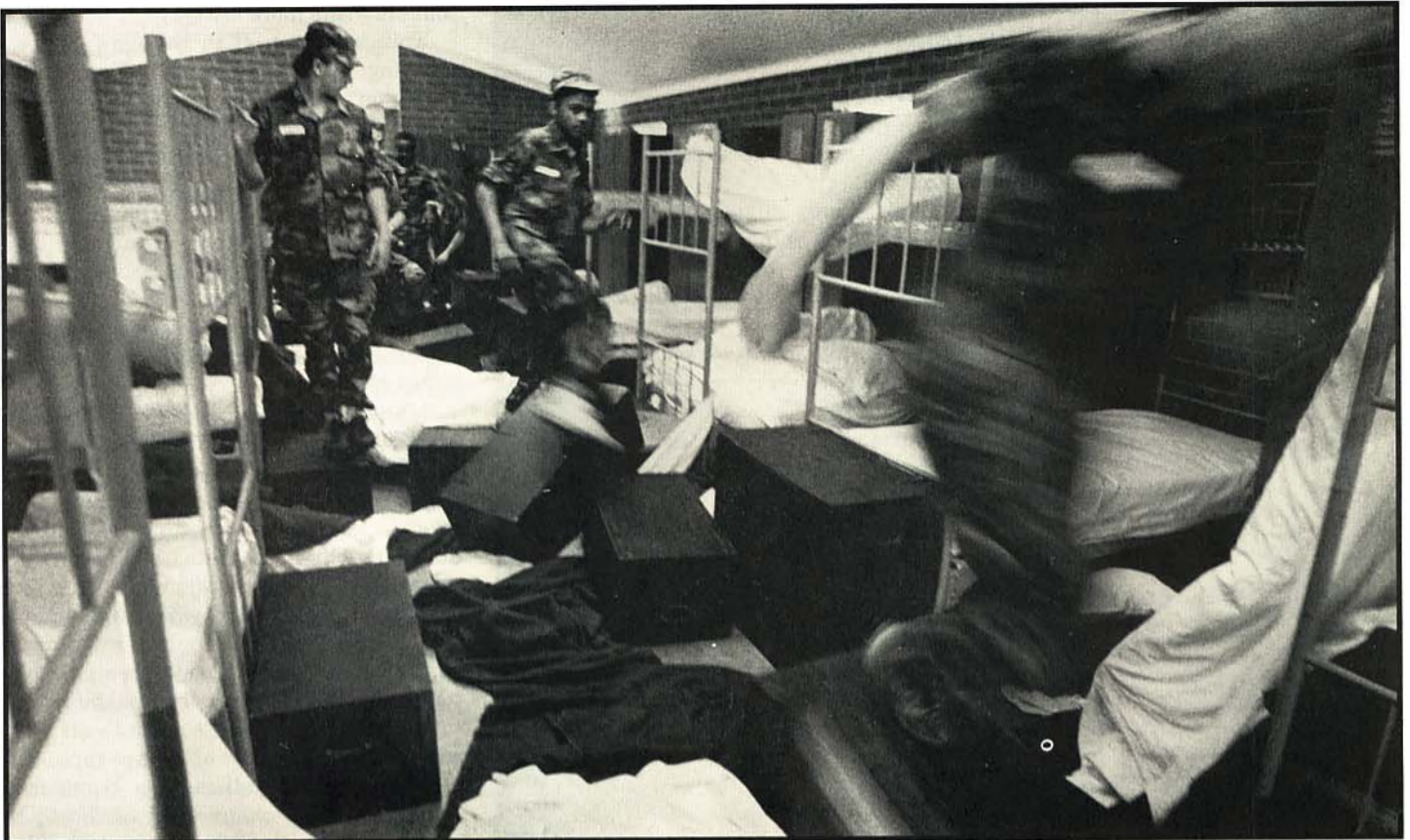
At about 0300 hours Monday, the 81st was again blitzing over the sere terrain, attacking an objective in the Badger Gap area, near YFC's northern boundary. But things didn't go as well this time.

"The engineers put up very good defenses," explained a weary Stone after the battle. "They slowed up that sector of our attack, channeled us just the way they wanted us to go. I'd say we got creamed this time. But that's how it goes — we're here to learn."

It was, all in all, a fine couple of days of war. And to think we actually get paid to do this . . . .



...ed infantry crewmen sometimes had to stop and look over the terrain to locate the  
(largent)



Trainees scurry about trying to put some order back into their barracks after it was "trashed" by drill sergeants.

## Reality hits hard during frantic Pre-Rep weekend

Story and photos  
by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

CAMP MURRAY – Reality leaped up and bit a big chunk out of some unusual military "trainees" on June 2, 1989.

Shortly after 7 p.m., a swaggering group of 21 inner-city teens bopped off the bus which'd whisked them from Seattle. As they stepped down onto the warm asphalt, these "at-risk" youngsters passed from one world into another.

—From low self-esteem into a system which builds self-worth.

—From a lifestyle where nothing much is demanded of them, into a swirling galaxy of Smokey the Bear types with sky-high expectations.

—From zero accountability to being nailed for every mistake.

—And from a world where hard exercise means changing TV channels, to one where pushups come by the mega-dozen.

This was the world of Pre-Rep program which gives enlistees a look at Basic Combat Training (BCT) before they get there. Held one weekend each month, Pre-Rep (short for Pre-Reporting) has so far helped thousands of young puppies get a handle on the rigors of BCT. A vastly

reduced wash-out rate proves the value of 48 short hours.

The teens in question, however, weren't aiming for leaf-patterned BDUs. Some were instead headed for the slammer, others to early pregnancies, school dropouts, drug abuse and a life chocked full of hassles.

This pilot program was a joint effort of Washington State University's 4-H Cooperative Extension Program, and the Washington Army National Guard. It was hatched by Brig. Gen. Greg Barlow, commanding officer of the 81st Infantry Brigade, and his long-time friend, John Little, 4-H program director at WSU. The "how" was left to Lt. Col. Aaron Dean, recruiting and retention officer.

The Seattle youngsters ranged in age from 13 to 18, with 11 females and 10 males. Five were referred by Seattle's Atlantic Street Counseling Center, while three had a choice of cooling their heels in a detention cell or going through Pre-Rep. Seven just wanted to come along and see what military life is like. And six were prospective youth leaders for various summer 4-H programs; their performance in Pre-Rep would make or break

their chances for a 30-hour per week summer job.

On arrival, the 4-H kids were treated no differently than the BCT-bound trainees. In fact, there was equal-opportunity terror for all, much to the amazement of those who'd never been screamed at. "Call me a cab, I'm ready to go home!" was the first hint that some 4-Hers weren't coping well. That earned a 15-year-old more pushups than he'd done in his life.

*(Continued on Page 15)*



Sgt. 1st Class Bob McPherson jumped right in trainees' faces when they slacked off during pushups.

## Guard house becomes jailhouse

by Spec. Frederick White

TACOMA — The Washington Army National Guard recently leased its armory here to Pierce County as a temporary jail for one year, beginning in July 1989.

The 83-year-old structure is located downtown near the County-City Building and permanent jail.

"We are always interested in helping provide support to solve our community's problems," said Maj. Joseph Jimenez, state public affairs officer.

Built to house 470 inmates, the Pierce County Jail currently averages 650 to 750 prisoners.

Under the lease, the Guard will receive about \$7 thousand a month for the armory's use.

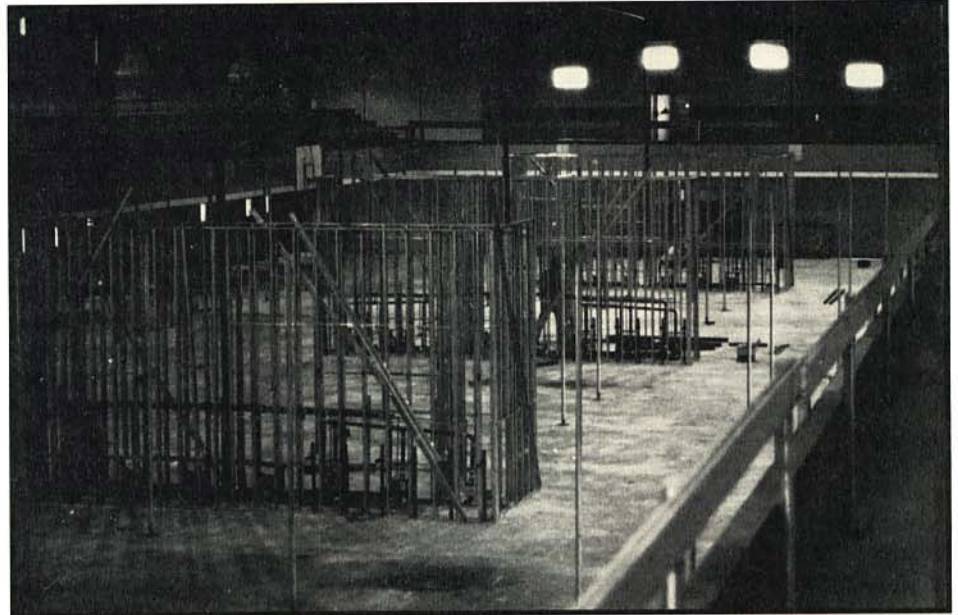
Constructed in 1908, the armory continues to play an important role in the community. "We want to help, but we also want to protect our investment and provide the best possible facility for our soldiers," said Jimenez.

Faced with a housing shortage of its own, the Guard made it clear that, "we wanted this to be a short-term proposal because of our need to house the 144th Transportation Battalion," according to Jimenez.

The 144th is currently leasing facilities at the Port of Tacoma because the armory does not meet fire codes and has structural problems.

"Our inability to get funding to complete renovation of the armory has kept it vacant most of the time," said Jimenez.

"Troop Command, the higher head-



**Metal frames for prison dormitory bathrooms are erected on the drill floor once used by Guard members at the Tacoma Armory.**

quarters of the 144th, occupies a small portion of the building."

Total occupation of the armory by the 144th would solve various communication and storage problems. "Most of their work is administrative or logistics oriented, and the armory would offer better office space and storage," said Jimenez.

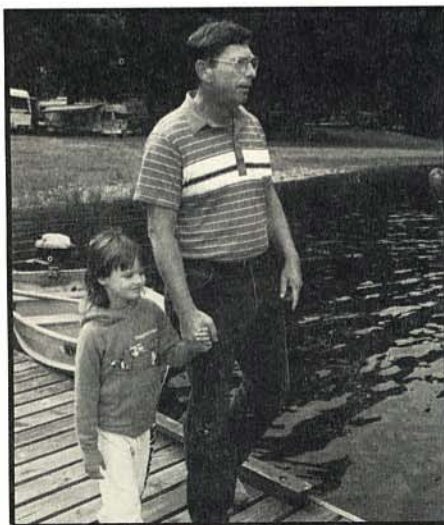
Recent state-funded work at the armory has completed outside structural repair. About \$1.5 million is needed to complete the inside.

Money requested to continue the renovation was included in the state's budget

submitted to the legislature. "We received a small amount for 'emergency repairs.' However, we intend to request funds for the armory in the upcoming legislative sessions until it is approved," Jimenez said.

Pierce County has an option for a second year on the lease, while they continue to seek additional sites to build a new medium-security jail.

"Our leaders are concerned about the separation of our units and ask that our people endure this a little longer," said Jimenez. "We intend to provide for them."



**Kids of all ages enjoy summer at Camp Murray Beach.**

## Camp Murray Beach opens

The Camp Murray Beach, located on American Lake, is ready and open for the season!

The facility features swimming, picnicking, boating and camping for all active and retired members of the National Guard and civilian employees of the military department.

The beach recreational area is not open to the general public, and is supported primarily through the fees charged for use.

Day use of the area is \$1.00 for a car and driver. Each additional person is 50 cents, with no charge for children under six. Boat launch fee is \$2.00 and moorage

costs \$2.00 after the first day, or free if you have a camp or RV site.

Camping fees range from \$4.00 to \$8.00 per night for full hookup, and \$24.00 to \$48.00 per week, according to rank. Campsites without hookup are half the cost.

No lifeguards are on duty, and those swimming do so at their own risk.

A special area at the facility can be reserved for group picnics at a set cost per group size. However, the swimming area is open to all users of the beach, not solely the group.

'Life's a beach' — so dive in and enjoy!

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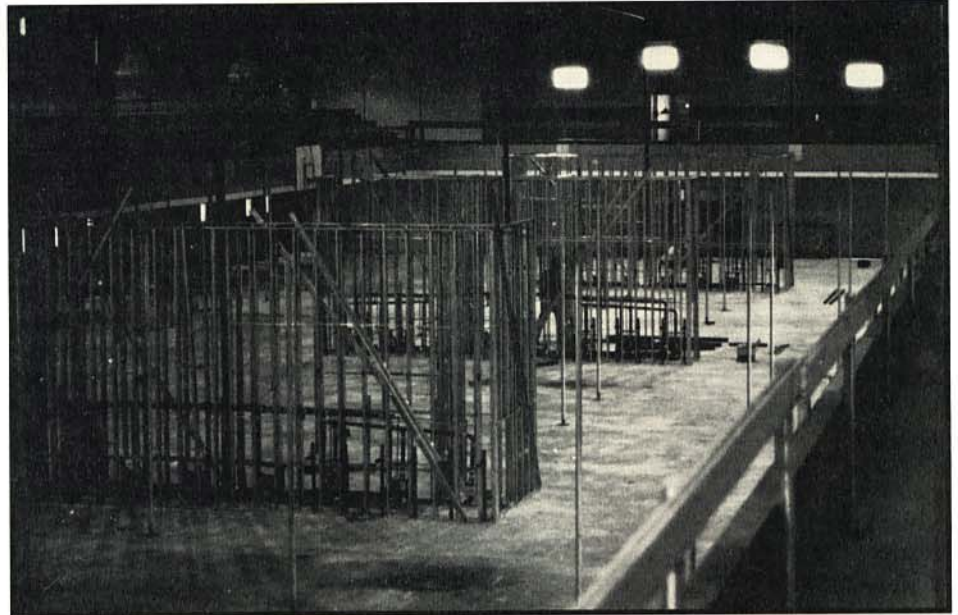
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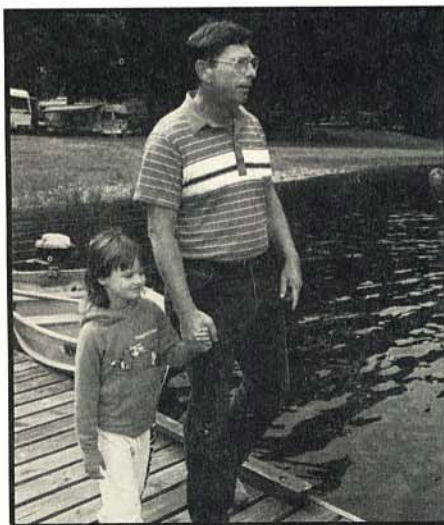
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'Life's a beach' — so dive in and enjoy!

## Crunch time – joint liaison officers come to rescue

by **Capt. Terry Thompson**

Picture this. A hurricane sweeps through the state of Washington and all hell breaks loose. Every state military asset conceivable is part of the battle. Trucks and boats. Planes and people. The bevy of resources the adjutant general can allocate is tasked to the maximum.

It's not enough.

Who ya gonna call?

The joint liaison officers!

Who are these guys? They're the right-hand men of Maj. Gen. Keith Eggen, the state adjutant general. In all cases, they're experts in their respective services. Col. John Gallucci represents the Army, Col. Warren Wilkins, the Air Force, Capt. Peter Cummings the Navy, and Capt. Mark Johnson the Coast Guard. This team is supported by Petty Officer 2nd Class Victoria Leighton and Sgt. Maj. Cecil McKenzie. All are reservists who at a moment's notice can make things happen for the adjutant general.

"Obviously the Coast Guard knows more about the Coast Guard than the Army does," emphasizes Gallucci. "If there's a disaster the TAG has used every reserve possible but still needs marine support, that's where Capt. Johnson comes into play.

"He'll contact his reserve and active duty counterparts at the Coast Guard, request the assets the adjutant general needs, and generally get what's needed," said Gallucci.

"The same thing goes for the Army, Navy and Air Force. If some thing is needed, we can usually deliver."

Being able to deliver is special in its own right. "You've got to know what resources you have," explained Warren. "Otherwise you won't be of any help."


In order to know, liaison officers continually meet with their branch's units and representatives. They must keep abreast of personnel, equipment and capabilities. They've also got to be skilled diplomats.

"If I'm going to request a Reserve unit to help the Guard out," explains Gallucci "believe me, it's going to happen a lot faster if the Reserve commander understands what has to be done and he supports that effort. That's why we spend a lot of time team-building. We like to think we're ambassadors to the other services. If the Guard wants help, we're there to speed things up."

There are joint liaison officers in every state. They have been working and help-

ing here since 1981.

"In every case," says Gallucci, "we all spend many hours planning, coordinating and executing mobilization plans. We also plan military support for civil defense and land defense for CONUS.

"The bottom line, though, is all the planning and all the team-building may some day become reality. Crunch time. And when it does, we'll be ready." Certainly the adjutant general will know who to call. 



**Liasion team members, from left, Capt. Mark Johnson, Col. John Gallucci, Sgt. Maj. Cecil McKenzie, Col. Warren Wilkins, Petty Officer 2nd Class Victoria Leighton and Capt. Peter Cummings. (Photo by Spec. Bill Gregersen-Morash)**


## Zambone takes top honors

by **Sgt. Rich Bartell**

Long-time **Evergreen** staffer Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone recently earned first place accolades in Department of the Army's 1988 Keith L. Ware journalism competition.

Zambone, known for his tongue-in-cheek column, **The Lighter Side** (see back page), took top honors for editorial writing in the annual contest, which recognizes the best broadcast and print journalists in both active and Reserve components. Additionally, Zambone nailed down second place in the Department of Defense Thomas Jefferson journalism competition, pitted against the top editorial writers from all branches of the U.S. military.

Joe is no stranger to the keyboard. He has published more than 1,200 paid articles in a variety of commercial magazines on subjects running the gamut from weaponry, management techniques and motorcycle travel to RV camping.

"I don't write to win awards — I write in order to do the best possible job I can. It's hard work. Sometimes I'll rewrite just one sentence a dozen times to get it perfect," Zambone said. 



**Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone. (Photo by Staff Sgt. Dave Largent)**

## Barracks routine just part of

**Story and photos  
by 1st Lt. Donna Bell**

VANCOUVER BARRACKS — Hawaiian Islanders shivered here in the unaccustomed damp cold, preparing meals for British gentlemen.

Here, on a peaceful Sunday morning, Gen. George C. Marshall's jeep careened madly across the parade ground so the general could greet some unexpected Russians.

Today, military routine continues, adding richness to the layers of history already in place. Guardsmen, Reservists and active duty soldiers wander into the modest post exchange and shopette or wait for a peek at vintage planes.

During the state's centennial, look again. Stay the day. Bring the family. Live the history.

### **Fort Vancouver**

It was a fort without soldiers in a wilderness at peace.

In the 1820s, the United States and Great Britain struggled for control of the Pacific Northwest. Britain's Hudson's Bay Company established a fur trading post at a strategic bend in the Columbia River to strengthen the British claim.

The "fort" was manned by clerks, accountants, bakers, cooks, a doctor. It was visited by Indians, French voyageurs, missionaries. Though a bastion with cannons was added to the northwest corner in 1845, never a shot was fired in anger. Interested only in trade, Hudson's Bay Company employees coexisted peacefully with the native Americans.

Inside the 15-foot-tall stockade walls, the era is easily imagined. Only the rumble of an occasional engine from nearby Pearson Airpark disturbs the serenity.

Visits to the kitchen, bakery, laundry, blacksmith shop and store emphasize the hard work necessary to establish a European civilization here. A visit to the chief

factor's home emphasizes the rewards of that struggle.

Dr. John McLoughlin, the company's main representative in the Northwest for more than 20 years, encouraged civilization and discipline. The house he built within the stockade and his later home in Oregon City were models toward which new settlers strove.

New settlers — Americans — poured down the Oregon Trail out of the Midwest at the rate of 3-4,000 a year. Though the British tried to maintain control, a peaceful settlement was finally reached in 1846. The British empire retreated north to the 49th parallel. But until 1860, Fort Vancouver and the Hudson's Bay Company remained smack dab in the middle of the new Yankee settlements. In 1866, the last traces of the fur trading post burned to the ground.

The current National Park historic site  
*(Continued on Page 19)*



Except to salute visitors, there was not much use for the cannons which guarded the British empire's Fort Vancouver.

# History

*(Continued from Page 18)*

is a reproduction. Museum hours for the summer are 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

## The Barracks

The first American soldiers arrived in May 1849 and camped near the Hudson's Bay Company's stockade. In June, they began building Camp Vancouver.

Beginning in 1852, many men whose names are still famous in U.S. military history marched through then-named Columbia Barracks on their way to fame: Lt. Col. B.L.E. Bonneville, Capt. George McClellan, Capt. U. S. Grant, Lt. Phil Sheridan.

Another name change in 1853 placed two Fort Vincouvers on the same site. The British and the American stood side by side, one serving the economy, the other attempting to ensure peaceful settlement of the Oregon Territory.

By 1879, soldiers from what was finally known as Vancouver Barracks had developed local roads (notably the early version of Interstate 5), fought the Indian Wars and explored Alaska.

During World War I, soldiers organized the "Spruce Production Division," with a huge sawmill that transformed Washington's and Oregon's Sitka spruce into lumber for war planes.

During World War II, shipbuilding boomed in the nearby city of Vancouver. And the Barracks processed thousands of soldiers through its own "boomtown," Camp Hathaway.

After the war, it looked as if the Barracks was destined to dust, like its British forerunner. It closed.

But not for long.

The "Timberwolf" Division (now the 124th Army Reserve Command) has called the Barracks home since October 1946. The Washington National Guard is represented by 2nd Battalion, 146th Field Artillery, and by a recruiting station.

And the active duty units here provide administrative and training facilities, command Camp Bonneville training center, and bear responsibility for a military cemetery here and one at Fort Stevens, Ore.

Many of the buildings on Vancouver Barracks have been designated national historical landmarks.

## Officers' Row

Elegant ease.



**The elegant ease of afternoon sunlight encourages relaxation at the Grant House Restaurant on Officers' Row.**

There is a beauty to this 21-acre national historic district that is unique. Officers' Row is the oldest neighborhood in the Pacific Northwest.

Of the original nine log officers' quarters, begun in 1849, only the Grant House survives. Its two stories, surrounded by verandas, offer views of the mighty Columbia River and majestic Mount Hood.

But Ulysses Simpson Grant never lived in it. In the 1850s, then-Brevet Capt. Grant was Barracks quartermaster. A

return visit by the retired president in 1879 prompted the name change.

Today, it is a restaurant open to the public.

The new Officers' Row was built between 1886 and 1907, beginning with what would eventually become the Marshall House. The Queen Anne style architecture provided the elegance necessary to entertain the ever-increasing numbers of rich and famous visitors to

*(Continued on Page 20)*

## Barracks history

(Continued from page 19)

this cultural center of the Northwest.

In the 1880s and '90s, military and civilian alike enjoyed the frequent Army garrison band concerts on the green lawns between the Row and the Columbia. The houses have hosted presidents, governors and senators for more than 100 years.

Now the governor of Washington and other officials have offices in the Marshall House. It, too, is open to the public, and offers a slide presentation on the history of the Row.

The other houses, now owned by the city of Vancouver, have been meticulously restored and renovated to provide offices and town houses.

### The Air Museum

About the time the Wright brothers were lifting off from Kitty Hawk, there was already an airfield here.

Pearson Airpark claims to be the oldest operating airfield in the country. Its first hangar, built in 1904, housed the U.S. Army's gas observation balloons. Part of the hangar still exists.

The first fixed-wing aircraft flight from Pearson occurred in 1910.

The aviation stories associated with this field are virtually endless. The likes of Amelia Earhart, Jimmy Doolittle and Charles Lindbergh thought well of the location.

But perhaps the most famous story is more well-known in Russia than it is here. In fact, it is said that Russian schoolchildren all know the name Vancouver, Wash.

On Sunday, June 10, 1937, the first transpolar flight, originating in Moscow, came to an end when the Russian-built ANT-25 glided to a halt here with its crew of three.

Gen. George C. Marshall, Barracks commander, knew of the flight. But he, as well as others, thought the Russians would pass on to land in Portland.

He was caught by surprise. No doubt, however, after a mad jeep ride, he arrived at the side of the ANT-25 with the dignity befitting his rank and the occasion.

The museum housing all the stories and bits of memorabilia (and a variety of antique planes, all of which are capable of flying even yet), reopened in July after remodeling.

In the tradition of its neighbors at Fort 20




**A Russian crew completed their country's first transpolar flight, landing at Pearson Airpark on June 20, 1937. This monument, near the Airpark, commemorates their success.**



**A national historic landmark, the headquarters building of Vancouver Barracks still serves as an active-duty workplace.**

Vancouver, Vancouver Barracks, and Officers' Row, the Pearson Airpark Historic

Society has far-reaching plans beyond the single hangar it now occupies. 

## Sponsors needed for centennial plaza

by Sgt. 1st Class Doris Nelson

CAMP MURRAY — As the centennial monument plaza nears completion here, sponsors are needed for the paved brick walk.

The plaza area will be landscaped with native vegetation around the F-101 Voodoo jet and the M-47 tank already in place.

There will be 1,768 paving bricks in the oval walk at the cost of \$25 per brick.

"The bricks are selling well," said Staff Sgt. Richard D. Bever, chairman of the fundraising subcommittee. "But I encourage everyone to buy the bricks as soon as possible. It doesn't only have to be Guard personnel. It can be wives, husbands, perhaps a loved one you wish to honor."

Sponsors may have their names or units stamped into the bricks they sponsor. They are limited to not more than two lines with not more than 15 characters or spaces per line.

There are many possibilities for artwork, special emblems, etc., but Bever cautioned that "the artwork must be ap-

proved for content and quality in advance by the Washington National Guard Centennial Committee."

The bricks will be replaced when they wear out. "In 100 years they should look as good as today," said Bever.

The centennial committee is trying to reconstruct the original crew of the tank and have their likenesses placed in the tank. Plans also call for the inside area to include washed-pebble concrete with permanent benches, a water fountain and trash receptacles on either side of the central area. Accent lights will illuminate the aircraft and tank.

At the road end of the center area of the plaza will be a monument honoring Guardsmen who served in World War II. At the other end will be a large western hemlock tree. In the center will be a time capsule, a large concrete vault with a bronze seal over the top. Spec. Frank White will be doing all the bronze work.

"It's a major undertaking, surpassing anything he's done in civilian life," said Bever.


The time capsule will be sealed at the

time of the dedication, Nov. 11, 1989. For a \$100 donation, sponsors can have their names and a statement of not more than 50 words put on a scroll and placed in the time capsule to be opened and read in the year 2089. "Words will be read and you'll be remembered," said Bever.

Any unit, business or individual who wishes to sponsor an item for the plaza may contact Col. (retired) John Murphy at 581-8464. Murphy, chairman of the Centennial Committee, is the master contact point for all plaza items.

All benches and the drinking fountain have already been sponsored. Thirteen accent lights at \$300 apiece are needed to highlight the aircraft and tank. "Any sponsor's name will be placed on a brass plaque on or near the item they sponsor," said Bever.


Voluntary contributions of \$50,000 are needed to finish the plaza. Any money left over would go toward developing the National Guard Museum which will be located in The Arsenal here.

For additional information, contact Bever at 581-8223 or Murphy. 



Many improvements are in store for this patriotic display at the entrance to Camp Murray, but donations are still needed.

## Take the family


You can now take mom, dad, brother or sister for a look through the Fort Lewis PX. Forms can be obtained at the check-in counter any day of the week, provided you present proof that your visitors are bonafide relatives. These are one-time, non-purchasing visits. Take the folks out and show them what a beautiful facility the post provides for your use. Sorry, McChord Air Force Base does not grant visitor passes. 

## Pay advice for surepay

All soldiers with the SUREPAY option should be receiving a 'Pay Advice' form at their home addresses each month, following deposit to their account.


In addition to the amount deposited, the 'Pay Advice' shows the soldier's account number and the name of the financial institution. The form is mailed to arrive at the soldier's home address on or before the deposit date.

Many forms are returned to the U.S. Army Finance and Accounting Center (USAFAC) because of an incorrect address. A soldier not receiving a 'Pay Advice' should submit the correct address to his or her personnel section, to be forwarded to SIDPERS Interface Branch, USAFAC.

In order for pay forms and other documents to reach the Guardsman, a change of address must be made to the unit to keep files updated. 

## Commissary privilege card

The new commissary privilege card printing has been delayed, and the implementation date has changed to Jan. 1, 1990. In the interim, a current ID card, along with a copy of orders, will still allow Guardsmen to use the facility.

In addition, anytime you are ordered to military training for one or more days, and have a copy of your orders on hand, you will be entitled to additional shopping days. This is in addition to the 'fixed' 12-day, year-round privilege. 


## Ribbons regs changed

A change has been announced in the display of the Army Reserve Overseas Training Ribbon (AROTR) and the NCO Professional Development Ribbon (NPDR).

As of March 30, 1989, numbers are now being used to denote subsequent awards to the AROTR. For example, the number "2" will be used to indicate a 2nd award, or a "3" for a third award.

In the case of a NPDR worn plain, it indicates the completion of Primary Leadership Development Course. When the number 2 is added, it indicates completion of Basic NCO Course. The number "3" signifies completion of Advance NCO Course. Graduates of the Sergeants Major Academy will wear the number "4" on their NPDR.

In addition, subsequent awards of the Air Medal and the Multinational Force and Observers Medal will also be shown with the numbers.


This change will be included in the next update of AR 672-5-1. The effective date of the change in policy was June 30, 1989. 

## Militia Ball 1989


National Guard members are cordially invited to attend the 1989 Militia Ball on November 11, 1989, at the Bicentennial Pavilion (Tacoma Sheraton).

The event will start at 5:30 p.m., and the cost is \$22.00 for E-5 and below and \$28.00 for E-6 and above. Tickets are available by contacting Kathy Wilcox at 581-8443 or Mark Perkins at 272-3144. Seating is limited and no tickets will be sold at the door.

The attire for the evening is formal (dress uniform or formal civilian attire).

For reservations at the Tacoma Sheraton call the hotel at 206-572-3200 or 1-800-325-3535. 

## Flying Space

Flying Space "A"? DD Form 1853, dated April 1984 is the ONLY version that military aviation agencies will accept if soldiers intend to fly "Space Available." Please don't show up at the terminal with an obsolete form; the agencies have no choice but to turn you away! 

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

As parents of the Officer Candidate pictured on the cover of the October, 1988, issue of **Evergreen**, we wish to express our pride in our son. We were pleased when at age 17 he took the first step by becoming a member of the Washington National Guard. Now, two years later, at age 19, he is assuming command of his destiny by taking the next steps towards becoming an officer in the service of his country. At the same time, he is carrying a full class load at the University of Washington as a sophomore.

Sincerely,

William F. Hagedorn  
Carolyn N. Hagedorn

Dear Editor:

I have just read the April 1989 issue of **Evergreen**. I was particularly interested in SPC Richard Rabe's article on the Washington State Guard.

About four or five years ago, I read an article in the **Army Times** about State Guard. I called Camp Murray and a few

days later received a call from a Washington State Guard officer. He more or less implied that because I wasn't an officer, they weren't interested in me.

About three or four months ago, I read an article in the **Army Times** again about State Guards. I again called Camp Murray and was told I would be contacted by a Washington State Guard representative. About a week later, an officer of the Washington State Guard called. My wife told him that I was at work, and he said that he would call back at 1800 hours that night. He never called back.

In your article, you quote Lt. Col. Morris of the Washington State Guard: "We're actively recruiting officers and enlisted men and women right now." My experiences would lead me to believe otherwise.

I would like to be placed on the mailing list for the **Evergreen**.

Yours truly,

Kent W. Bocia  
SFC USA (Ret)

## Shut that revolving door with the Golden Rule

by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

In the May issue of **National Guard Magazine**, Maj. Gen. Donald Burdick issued a 12-month "recruiting challenge" to Army Guard leaders around America.

For those who don't recognize the name, Burdick is director of the Army National Guard — the #1 man on our green-suited totem pole, so to speak. He's an enjoyable guy to speak with, a former college professor with a lot of savvy. We grew up at the same time in the same New Jersey farming town.

The thrust of Burdick's message? During the last few months of each year, Army Guard recruiters are run ragged trying to enlist enough troops to make up for losses during the year.

"This roller-coaster result must stop,"

said Burdick. "I need not tell you the many difficulties that this kind of 'feast-or-famine' growth causes."

As an example, between October 1, 1988, and January 1, 1989, Army Guard troop strength nationwide fell by 5,400. In order to meet strength goals targeted for June 30, 1989, recruiters will not only have to enlist the original goal of 2,100 soldiers, they'll also have to pull in an extra 5,400 replacements, for a total gain of 7,500.

Burdick hit upon **retention** as the best way to raise troop strength, rather than simply dragging fresh bodies in the front door.

"The secret to an effective retention program is command emphasis and chain of command involvement," he said.

But like it or not, this message comes across to some as just another institutional snow-job from the Big Puzzle Palace.

"That doesn't apply to me," some will mumble. "He must be talking about other Guard leaders, not me," others may retort.

And there are those who read it and nod their heads in agreement. "Yeh, he's right. Retention is the key to troop

strength. I wonder why those retention NCOs don't work harder?"

Let me explain the real message Burdick was trying to get across. He was being diplomatic, to avoid stepping on toes.

Retention is **not** a job classification given to certain NCOs who enjoy frustration. Instead, it is a way of thought and deed, based on the Golden Rule, that **every** soldier must follow.

The basic problem with retention messages aimed at Guard leaders is that most Guard soldiers don't think of themselves as leaders. But you don't have to wear chevrons or a set of railroad tracks to be a Guard leader. As long as you're in a position to help or advise, guide or comfort a fellow Guard soldier, you are indeed a leader of sorts.

As simple an act as helping a fellow troop fill out a form she's having trouble with makes **you** a Guard leader. Your help can make the difference between her filling out the form correctly, and gaining self-confidence, or screwing up the paperwork and getting chewed out, thus losing self-esteem.


Directing a new soldier to the office he's looking for makes you a Guard leader. Perhaps you had a tough time finding that office when you first joined, and no one helped you out. Resist the urge to make him find it on his own, just because you had to learn the hard way. No one wins with that line of thought, even though it's a favored form of "teaching" new recruits.

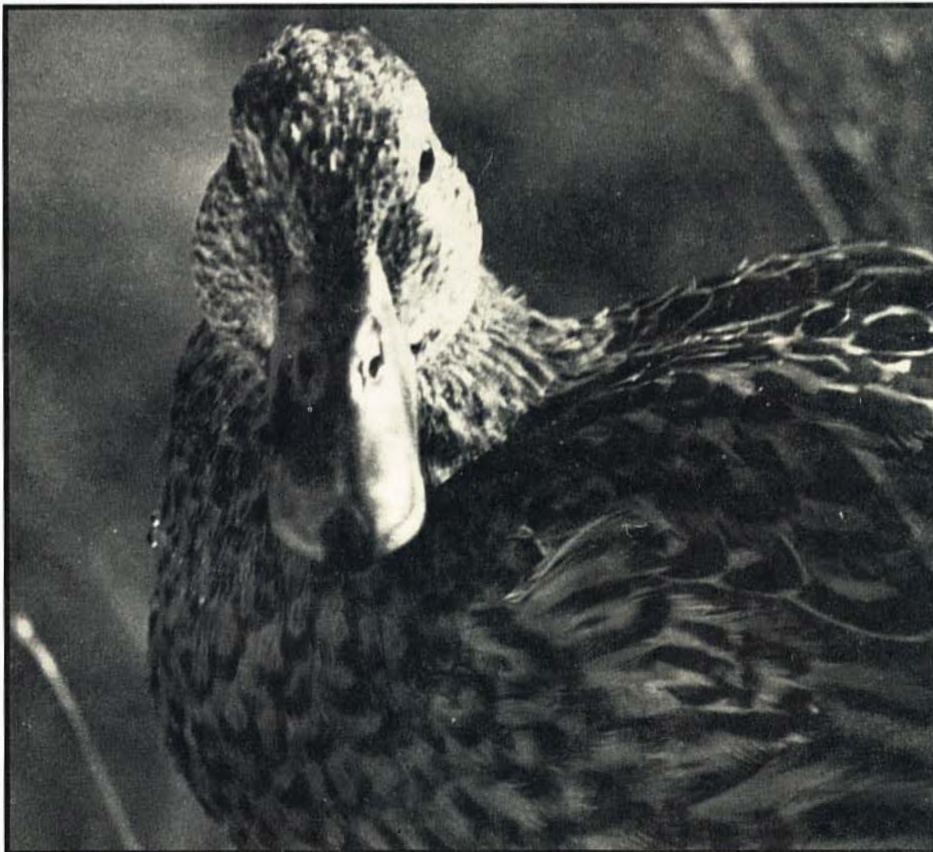
There are thousands of acts of kindness **you** can use in the retention business. A little care and concern for your fellow soldier also makes life easier for everybody — from commanders to privates.

That's because units turn into well-oiled machines when the same soldiers get the chance to know and work with each other. Constant turnover is hard on everyone, and lowers combat efficiency to the cannon-fodder level.

Think of a military unit as a nice lawn. If you replace 10 percent of the sod each week, the lawn ends up looking like hell because so many patches are in varying stages of growth. But if you start with a good lawn, then nurture and care for it, the end result is a nice plot of grass — and one which will stand up to hard wear.

In other words, treat everyone under you — and near you — the way you'd like to be treated. Your unit will "wear better" when the chips are down.

The Golden Rule. It's not a bad way to approach life in general. 



Some GIs "duck" responsibility when it comes to helping their fellow soldiers. (Photo by Staff Sgt. Don Green)

## Micro-Management for fun and profit

by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

Pssst!

Hey, you in the leafy suit.

Wanna dazzle your troops? Gain the upper hand and keep it? Be important? Get promoted fast?

Well, what you need, Bunky, is this crash course in Basic Micro-Management. Pay attention, OK?

Whatcha gotta do first is take a quick look at the ol' Inner Self. Some GIs just don't have what it takes to be Micro-Managers. No sense in spinning your wheels, right?

Lurking under that veneer of leadership, you need a healthy dose of poor self-esteem. If you see a jerk in the mirror, things are looking up.

It helps to lack confidence, too. Soldiers who believe they do things well make lousy nit-pickers. If you're not sure a starving platoon would follow you to the nearest McDuck's, you could be on a roll. . . .

And you gotta have a knack for doing things wrong. If you can foul up a two-car funeral, you definitely have what it takes.

Micro-Management is a way of controlling those who serve under you. There are no official guidelines, just time-tested pointers.

1. Arrive late 90 percent of the time at meetings you've called. This makes you the center of attention and raises your level of self-importance.

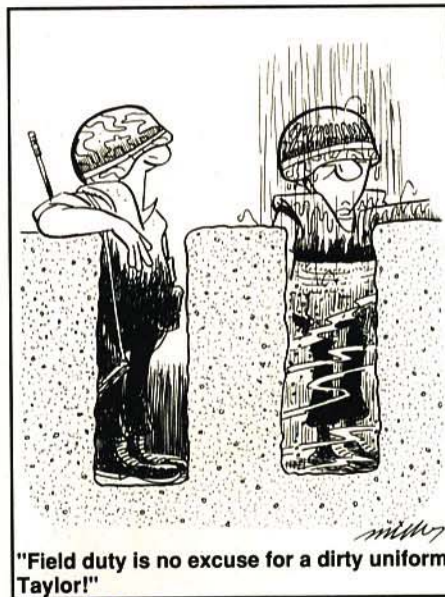
2. At 10 percent of meetings, arrive early. You can nab those clowns who, by now, have figured out that you're never on time. It's not necessary to say anything to late arrivals. A wounded silence will suffice.

3. Avoid clear-cut goals when assigning tasks. This leaves room to berate the taskee when you've had a rotten day. Eventually, your people will do twice as much as you've assigned, trying to cover every possible base and keep you happy.

Isn't this a keen way to get top performance from underlings?

4. Use tunnel vision to avoid seeing the overall picture. Sure, it's easy to inspect a hasty defense, for example, and tell a platoon leader he's done a fine job. But resist such praise because he'll soon slack off.

Instead, look at only the tiniest things, picking the job apart to show the troops they can't fool you. It takes only a few moments longer to look at the barbed wire in that defense, and point out that some stakes aren't precisely lined up.



Impressing peons with your savvy is a fine way to gain respect.

5. When assigning tasks, think of subordinates as people who have trouble getting a cement block to function correctly.

The solution is to check on 'em often, maybe every five minutes. Start 10 minutes after the task is assigned. Never let up. Never assume the job will come out right.

Ask for lots of written progress reports. Make sure every word is spelled correctly, every "t" is crossed and every "i" dotted. If not, send them back with a curt note about attention to detail.


6. Never give an answer which can be used against you in the future. Your career is safer when you're noncommittal.

7. Appoint spies to keep an eye on things while you're gone. You need to know which mice are playing when the cat's away, right?

8. Be inconsistent, even if it takes extra effort. Don't, for example, chew out the guy clocking 80 in his deuce-and-a-half. Instead, climb all over some slob with dirty tires.

9. Keep everyone in your unit off-guard, using the techniques above. When people don't know what to expect, aren't sure what you want, and are afraid to act on their own, you'll finally have the mouth-watering **Power** you've always dreamed about.

There's a down side to Micro-Management, however. In peacetime, your troops will regard you as a pain in the buns.

In combat, they may think of you as a target. 

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