

November 22, 1998

Greetings:

November 22, 1963; a day which I will never forget! I was a Junior in High School, at Hunterdon Central in Flemington, New Jersey. As a prelude to taking our SAT's in the Spring, we had taken our PSAT's in September. On this day, the 22nd, it was a Friday, we Juniors were to meet in the auditorium at the end of the day to get our scores. I was in class when the news that President Kennedy had been shot came over the public address system. When we were sitting in that auditorium, the news came over the system that the President was dead. A quiet murmur, mingled with crying filled the auditorium. We were stunned!

School closed early. We shuffled toward the busses in a state of shock. Living in the country between Grinbaum's chicken farm and Wielenta's dairy farm meant a long circuitous ride on the bus, and I was at the tail end of the route, about an hour from school. I was dropped at Wielentas and walked the mile to our house. We didn't have a farm, just an old house built in the 1700's, with not much heat except for a kerosene stove in the kitchen. As I walked into the yard through the hole in the fence, I encountered Mrs. Hopkins, who was our tenant in a chicken coop converted into a cottage. Stuttering and crying, I told her that President Kennedy had been killed, as I walked past her and into the house. I went to the living room and turned on the radio. You see, we didn't have a television set that worked. Sometime in the early 60's, our television had crapped out, and my parents wouldn't fix it, saying that I would read more and get better grades. Well, I didn't read more. What I did though was fall in love with the radio, an AM/FM radio. That's where I got my news of the Assassination and the subsequent events that followed. I never saw Lee Harvey Oswald get shot until about 20 years later, when I saw it on a special program somewhere. I didn't see the funeral. I heard it and used my imagination to visualize it. A few months later, I didn't see the Beatles on the Ed Sullivan Show. But, I heard the music. We lived close to Princeton, NJ, and I was able to pick up the Princeton University radio station WPRB. I never saw Bill Bradley play basketball until he was with the Knicks, but I heard some fascinating games on the radio, including those heartbreaking games in the NCAA's when Dom Perno of UCONN beat Princeton at the buzzer, and Bill Bradley fouled out as Michigan and Cazzie Russell came back from a big deficit to beat Princeton. That broken TV was partially responsible for me ending up in Vietnam. When I got to Heidelberg College in Tiffin, Ohio in the fall of 65, they had CABLE in the lounge! We got stations from Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo, and Detroit/Windsor, Ontario (CKLW w/Strohs Bohemian Beer?). I was glued to that thing, watching all of those neat shows and then cramming all night for my exams. I was able to hang on in College for two years before I flunked out. Since I was a German major, I figured that if I volunteered for the Draft, I would be sent to Germany. Wrong! Out of the 120 guys at basic in Fort Dix in the Fall of 67, 13 of us went to Advanced Infantry Training at Fort Jackson, SC. All 13 of us were COLLEGE DROPOUTS! Oh, the memories!

Now, per our Angry Skipper Website at: <http://pages.prodigy.com/AIRCAV/html4.htm>

#### REUNION 99, ST. LOUIS

The 1999 reunion is set for May 13-16, 1999 at the Westport Holiday Inn in St. Louis, MO. Room rates from the 12th (Wednesday) till May 17th (Monday) will be \$45.00 per night. The number to call for reservations is 314-434-0100 and tell them you're with the "Angry Skipper" D 2/8 reunion. They will accept reservations at this rate until 4-14-99, so don't wait until the last minute. Larry Hempfling is the host of this reunion, so we know it will be another great one.

#### 1999 LAS VEGAS MINI REUNION SET

We will be having another mini reunion at the Holiday Inn in Las Vegas, NV Feb 11-15, 1999. We have 15 rooms set aside at a special rate. The rates for Fri & Sat will be \$89.00, and Thur, Sun, and Mon will be \$79.00. Call 1-800-732-7889. Tell them you're with "Angry Skipper."

To all former D 2/8 Cavalry Veterans: Our unit is in Bosnia and will be there until after Christmas this year. If you'd like to send the troops something for Christmas, here is the info and mailing address; c/o 1st SGT, D 2/8, 1st Cavalry Division, Camp Bedrock, Operation Joint Forge, APO AE 09789. For packages, a Form 2976A, "customs declaration and dispatch note" must be attached. I'm sure these troops would appreciate a card or package to lift their spirits during the holidays. For more information, contact Gordon Jennings, the coordinator of this project at; jenn5CAV@aol.com or visit this website; [http://www.metronet.com/~harryb/1st\\_team/1st\\_assn/support/](http://www.metronet.com/~harryb/1st_team/1st_assn/support/) (Editors note: I think I'll send them past copies of this newsletter. It should provide them with some interesting reading.....yeah, right! )

I hope you enjoy the newsletter.....Range One India

### **GOLF**

Need an idea how many are interested in order to make reservations.

### **DINNER ON FRIDAY**

Shall we go to Hooter's again or go to Charlie Gitto's, one of the most famous restaurants in Downtown St. Louis? This will also provide us with the opportunity to see some of the sights Downtown that evening.

### **GRANT'S FARM**

The Busch family estate is on property once owned by Ulysses S. Grant. Grant's Farm is a 281 acre wildlife preserve and historical site. The Farm takes its name from our 18th President, Ulysses S. Grant. In the 1850's, Ulysses S. Grant farmed a portion of the 281 acres. Grant's Cabin was completed in 1856 and remains today as the only structure hand built by an American president. The fence across from the cabin was constructed from 2,563 rifle barrels from the Civil War.

The tour includes animals, and bird and elephant shows, petting area and a tram ride through the wildlife preserve. Admission is free and parking is \$5.00 per bus and \$3.00 per car. My suggestion is we go as a group and rent a bus.

### **ST. CHARLES**

Located on the banks of the Missouri River, this historic community was the state's first capital. The South Main St. is lined with redbrick streets and gaslights. There are shops, restaurants, and cafes along with 58 historic buildings.

Terri plans to take whoever desires to go on Friday and free transportation will be provided.

### **HANNIBAL, MO.**

Just two hours upriver from St. Louis, Hannibal, Missouri delivers visitors into the 1800's at Mark Twain's historic boyhood home. Visitors can tour Mark Twain Cave, take a guided trolley tour or a riverboat cruise for an overall view of the town where young Sam Clemens lived. Also you can tour Becky's home, the Clemens law office, Grant's Drug Store and the 30-room Rockcliffe Mansion river estate.

This particular trip will realistically take up an entire day.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE  
by PATRICK CAMUNES

"REFLECTIONS OF THE VIETNAM WALL

If you've ever seen the painting "Reflections" of the Vietnam Wall in Washington, you've seen the man standing there with his hand on the wall, mourning his dead father or brother who was killed.

What he doesn't see is the reflection from the other side showing that relative with HIS hand on the wall, touching the hand of his survivor. That painting inspired this story.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE  
by PATRICK CAMUNES

At first there was no place for us to go until someone put up that Black Granite Wall. Now, everyday, and night, my Brothers and my Sisters wait to see the many people from places afar file in front of this Wall. Many stopping briefly and many for hours and some that come on a regular basis. It was hard at first, not that it's gotten any easier, but it seems that many of the attitudes towards the war that we were involved in have changed. I can only pray that the ones on the other side have learned something and more Walls as this one needn't be built.

Several members of my unit and many that I did not recognize have called me to the Wall by touching my name that is engraved upon it. The tears aren't necessary but are hard even for me to hold back. Don't feel guilty for not being with me, my Brothers. This was my destiny as it is yours, to be on that side of the Wall. Touch the Wall, my Brothers, so that we can share in the memories that we had. I have learned to put the bad memories aside and remember only the pleasant times that we had together.

Tell our other Brothers out there to come and visit me, not to say Good Bye but to say Hello and be together again, even for a short time and to ease that pain of loss that we all share. Today an irresistible and loving call comes from the Wall. As I approach I can see an elderly lady and as I get closer I recognize Her....

It's Momma! As much as I have looked forward to this day, I have also dreaded it because I didn't know what reaction I would have. Next to her, I suddenly see my wife and immediately think how hard it must have been for her to come to this place and my mind floods with the pleasant memories of 30 years past. There's a young man in a military uniform standing with his arm around her.. My God! It's... it has to be my son. Look at him trying to be the man without a tear in his eye. I yearn to tell him how proud I am, seeing him standing tall, straight and proud in his uniform.

Momma comes closer and touches the Wall and I feel the soft and gentle touch I had not felt in so many years. Dad has crossed to this side of the Wall and through our touch, I try to convey to her that Dad is doing fine and is no longer suffering or feeling pain. I see my wife's courage building as she sees Momma touch the Wall and she approaches and lays her hand on my waiting hand. All the emotions, feelings and memories of three decades past flash between our touch and I tell her that it's all right. Carry on with your life and don't worry about me... I can see as I look into her eyes that she hears and understands me and a big burden has been lifted from her. I watch as they lay flowers and other memories of my past. My lucky charm that was taken from me and sent to her by my CO, a tattered and worn teddy bear that I can barely remember having as I grew up as a child and several medals that I had earned and were presented to my wife. One of them is the Combat Infantry Badge that I am very proud of and I notice that my son is also wearing this medal. I had earned mine in the jungles of Vietnam and he had probably earned his in the deserts of Irag.

I can tell that they are preparing to leave and I try to take a mental picture of them together, because I don't know when I will see them again. I wouldn't blame them if they were not to return and can only thank them that I was not forgotten. My wife and Momma near the Wall for one final touch and so many years of indecision, fear and sorrow are let go. As they turn to leave I feel my tears that had not flowed for so many years, form as if dew drops on the other side of the Wall. They slowly move away with only a glance over their shoulder. My son suddenly stops and slowly returns. He stands straight and proud in front of me and snaps a salute. Something makes him move to the Wall and he puts his hand upon the Wall and touches my tears that had formed on the face of the Wall and I can tell that he senses my presence there and the pride and the love that I have for him. He falls to his knees and the tears flow from his eyes and I try my best to reassure him that it's all right and the tears do not make him any less of a man. As he moves back wiping the tears from his eyes, he silently mouths, God Bless you, Dad....

God Bless YOU, Son.... We WILL meet someday but in the meanwhile, go on your way.. There is no hurry... There is no hurry at all. As I see them walk off in the distance, I yell out to THEM and EVERYONE there today, as loud as I can.... THANKS FOR REMEMBERING and as others on this side of the Wall join in, I notice that the US Flag that so proudly flies in front of us everyday, is snapping and standing proudly straight out in the wind today....

THANK YOU ALL FOR REMEMBERING...

## D 2/8 HONOR ROLL

RANK	NAME & HOMETOWN	DOB	DOD	LOCATION ON WALL	
SGT	Richard Arthur Coffey, Los Angeles, CA	21Oct41	04Nov65	3E	17
PFC	Wright Bartwyn Hamill, Albany, OR	26Aug46	04Nov65	3E	17
CPL	Eddie Lee Hill, Jr., Mobile, AL	07Jul40	04Nov65	3E	18
SP4	Terry Allen Rippy, Hammond, OR	30Sep42	22Apr66	6E	128
SGT	Paul William Malec, Summerdale, AL	24Jan37	14May66	7E	59
PFC	Fermin Saldana, Jr., San Antonio, TX	10Feb46	23May66	7E	106
2LT	Michael Douglas Derosier, Fort Walton Beach, FL	16Apr43	19Sep66	10E	117
SSG	Paul Edward Floyd, Jr., Clinton, MA	08May34	14Oct66	11E	73
CPL	Peter Joseph Keller, Jr., Detroit, MI	31Jan45	28Jan67	14E	91
CPL	Donald Francis Yates, Round Lake, NY	12Sep46	28Jan67	14E	94
SGT	William Burton, Jr., Hopkins, SC	02Jan45	01Mar67	15E	125
CPL	Robert Edward Johnson, Highland, NY	14Nov46	01Mar67	15E	128
PFC	Robert Lester Van Gieson, Van Nuys, CA	21May47	12Mar67	16E	71
SP4	Clayton Middleton, Cincinnati, OH	26Sep45	18Mar67	16E	103
SSG	John Henry Willis, Philadelphia, PA	02Nov42	18Mar67	16E	105
PFC	Michael Neal Johnson, Brentwood, MD	19Nov47	18Mar67	16E	105
PFC	Ralph Traylor Woodall, Jr., Jesup, GA	14Apr44	18Mar67	16E	108
PFC	Vance George Williams, Dallas, TX	21Nov46	02Apr67	17E	94
PFC	Daniel Ivan Nelson, Rutledge, MN	19Oct47	30May67	21E	18
PFC	George Steven Sutt, Indianapolis, IN	04Aug47	30May67	21E	19
PFC	Charles William Krueger, Menasha, WI	13Jul47	31May67	21E	23
SP4	Terry Russell McComb, Lapeer, MI	01Nov46	05Jun67	21E	59
SP4	Allan Eugene Follett, Independence, MO	13Nov44	11Dec67	31E	79
SP4	John Paul Paulson, Jr., Neenah, WI	15Aug47	11Dec67	31E	82
SGT	Wyatt Cecil Gordon, Lawrence, IN	03Apr48	31Jan68	36E	4
SP4	Robert Eugene Gardner, Sylacauga, AL	22Sep42	19Apr68	50E	46
CPL	Richard Allan Carlson, San Francisco, CA	30Mar48	24May68	67E	5
SP4	Larry Dean Novak, Platte Center, NE	17Mar48	24May68	68E	5
SGT	Jacob Robinson Weldin, Wilmington, DE	18Aug46	06Jun68	59W	17
PFC	Brian Carl Winner, Detroit, MI	08Sep47	07Jun68	58W	1
			(MIA 04Jun68)		
SGT	Robert James Ross, Charlotte, NC	01Jul47	01Jul68	54W	32
1LT	Harrison E. Woehmker, Jr., Minneapolis, MN	07Jul43	18Jul68	51W	9
			(WIA 24May68)		
CPL	Stanley Lloyd Grunstad, Everett, WA	21Apr47	19Jul68	51W	10
PFC	Roger Theodore Fast, Butterfield, MN	14Jan48	19Aug68	48W	54
SP4	Ronald Duane Golden, Superior, WI	22Jul44	20Aug68	47W	7
PFC	Michael John Cromie, Harperwoods, MI	06Apr48	18Nov68	38W	6
SP4	Raymond Joseph Ahern, Jr., Philadelphia, PA	14Jan48	26Nov68	38W	63
SP4	Willie Gerald Jones, Fort Lauderdale, FL	15Nov47	04Dec68	37W	40
SP4	Donald Robert Stoltz, Milwaukee, WI	17Jan48	04Dec68	37W	42
SSG	William Charles Williams, Horton, MS	15Oct46	04Dec68	37W	44
SP4	Elliot Velez-Rodriguez, Vega Baja, PR	29May47	21Jan69	34W	54
CPL	Warren Reed Eskridge, Tangier, VA	09Sep47	28Jan69	33W	7
SP4	Carl Dale Pipher, Canton, OH	31Mar49	28Jan69	33W	11
CPL	James Edmonds, Burlington, NC	12Jul48	05Feb69	33W	62
SP4	Chester Jon Kmit, Williamsburg, MA	11Apr45	05Feb69	33W	65
PFC	Neil Shipp Brown, Salt Lake City, UT	07Aug44	02May69	26W	97
CPL	George Arthur Brown, Whaleyville, VA	19Jan48	12May69	25W	62
CPL	Wayne Eric Garven, Mt Vernon, OH	04Feb48	25May69	24W	102
1LT	John Preston Karr, Kenner, LA	14Jun47	25May69	24W	104
CPL	Richard Neal White, Golden Valley, NM	30Jul46	25May69	24W	109
CPL	Michael Dennis Muse, Garland, TX	07Jan48	16Aug69	19W	51
CPL	William John Anderson, Jr., Lorain, OH	05Jun48	24Aug69	19W	105
SP4	Hugh Henry Sarah, Plymouth, MI	05Aug45	23Sep69	17W	1
CPL	Albert Harold Altizer, Squire, WV	11Apr49	08Oct69	17W	49
PFC	Joseph Henning Benson, Coram, MT	16Feb49	08Oct69	17W	49

SP4	Anthony Jack Carlucci, New York, NY	22May49	20Nov69	16W	98
CPL	Peter Karl Matthei, St. Louis, MO	06Sep45	20Nov69	16W	101
PFC	Kenneth Frierson, Alcolu, SC	09Nov49	25Jan70	14W	64
SSG	William Joseph Montague, Valley Stream, NY	10Apr42	12Feb70	13W	2
			(Listed on 29Oct67 Roster)		
PFC	Tony Rava, Mt. Angel, OR	30Aug49	18Feb70	13W	31
CPL	Kenneth Michael Flashner, New Orleans, LA	21Nov46	28Feb70	13W	68
CPL	Francis Louis Ware III, Youngstown, OH	10Sep49	06Mar70	13W	89
SSG	James Cooney, New York, NY	01Jul47	09Apr70	12W	112
			(Listed on 29Oct67 Roster)		
CPL	Kenneth Walter Gonder, New Brunswick, NJ	03May47	19May70	10W	64
CPL	Craig Thomas Waterman, Rockwell City, IA	30Sep49	03Sep70	7W	37
PVT	James Lee Getter, West Helena, AR	18Aug51	16Mar71	4W	52
CPL	James Melvin Cardwell, Castro Valley, CA	26Jun50	20Apr71	4W	135
CPL	Danny George Drinkard, Ferndale, MI	15Oct50	20Apr71	4W	135
CPL	Joseph Lindsey Hall, Little Rock, AR	05Apr51	20Apr71	4W	136
CPL	Stanton Gerald Sargent, Grenada, MS	15Jan50	21Apr71	3W	1
SP4	Charles W. Roberts, Jr., Atlanta, GA	13Nov49	18Jul71	3W	110
SGT	Mike John Aguilar, Compton, CA	24Jun46	10May72	1W	15
SP4	Oscar Aguilar, Fairfield, CA	05Apr51	10May72	1W	15
SGT	William Arvel Boatright, Abbott, AR	28Dec49	10May72	1W	16
PFC	Steven Edward Bowersock, Lima, OH	25Sep51	10May72	1W	16
SGT	Edward Denzel Burnett, Jay, OK	06Dec51	10May72	1W	16
PFC	Clint Edwin Carr, Alexandria, LA	02Mar53	10May72	1W	16
SP4	Dennis Gyman Dunning, Raymond, MS	11Aug53	10May72	1W	17
SP4	David Cruz Flores, Agana, GM	20Aug52	10May72	1W	17
SGT	Dieter Kuno Freitag, Ft. Dix, NJ	10Sep46	10May72	1W	17
PVT	James Douglas Groves, Maysville, KY	06Jul53	10May72	1W	17
PFC	Dale Lamont Hayes, Detroit, MI	07Mar52	10May72	1W	18
SP4	William Frederic Henaghan, Bethpage, NY	25Nov51	10May72	1W	18
SP4	Frank Theodore Henson, Massapequa, NY	06Oct51	10May72	1W	18
SP4	Donald Edward Howell, Los Angeles, CA	14Nov47	10May72	1W	19
SP4	Freddie Jackson, Cocoa, FL	14Feb44	10May72	1W	19
SP4	Thomas Allan Lahner, Eau Claire, WI	18Jun51	10May72	1W	19
CPT	Kenneth Rosenberg, New York, NY	25Oct42	10May72	1W	19
PFC	David Allen Lydic, Johnstown, PA	08Sep53	10May72	1W	20
SP4	Gary Robert Monteleone, Saugus, CA	27Jul52	10May72	1W	20
PFC	Dean Anthony Phillips, Tiro, OH	14Nov51	10May72	1W	20
SGT	James Christian Jensen, Elsinore, UT	21Jun51	10May72	1W	21
PVT	Jackie Ray, Jackson, MI	19Apr49	10May72	1W	21
SP4	Richard Ridgeway, Bloomington, IL	13Aug51	10May72	1W	21
PVT	Efrain Rivera-Agosto, Sabana Grande, PR	13Jan53	10May72	1W	21
PFC	John Tenerio Sablan, Agana, GM	03Jun53	10May72	1W	21
SP4	Clarence L. Saulsberry, Jr., Chicago, IL	31Dec51	10May72	1W	22
SP4	Raymond Joseph Shiko, Kingston, PA	02Aug53	10May72	1W	22
SP4	David Wesley Sulser, Galion, OH	28Oct51	10May72	1W	22
PFC	Thomas Eugene Wood, Tacoma, WA	16Aug53	10May72	1W	22

On July 11, the remains of Michael Joseph Blassie, the pilot who was shot down near Anloc in 1972, were buried at Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery here in St. Louis.

I wanted to attend this ceremony, but I was scheduled to work that Saturday. I visited his grave that evening. There were many Vietnam Vets that did attend and I wanted to share some of the comments that left an impression on me. One man said his 11 year old had a difficult time understanding what the Vietnam War was all about, so he took him to this ceremony. After attending this solemn event his son had a better understanding. I have a 10 year old son who I'm proud to say understands as much as a 10 year old can about the war. I believe he understood better when he attended the 1997 Reunion here in St. Louis.

A second Vietnam Vet simply said he was there to honor and thank a man who as a pilot, had provided air support to the grunts. That comment hit home because we all know how important that air support was to us.

As this whole scenario began to unfold weeks ago I had mixed emotions. I was happy for the Blassie family, but hoped that some day the remains of a soldier from the Vietnam War would again be placed in the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. I've thought that perhaps that was a selfish thought. I've thought that maybe it was just the recognition thing. The recognition we never really received when we got home except from our family and closest friends.

I don't know if it really means anything for the remains of another soldier from the Vietnam War to be placed in this sacred place. I only know how moved I was when I visited the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier for the first time on Veterans Day weekend 1996, and knew there was a soldier from the Vietnam War in the Tomb along with the Unknown Soldiers from the three other Wars.

I have enclosed an article sent to the St. Louis Post Dispatch newspaper by a soldier who had the honor of being one of the guards of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Your Brother, Larry Hempfling

My name is Dennis J. McMahon 111 from Pittsburgh, Pa. I have been in the U.S. Army since 1984 and am currently stationed in Japan. From 1986 to 1987 I had the privilege of guarding the Tomb of the Unknowns in Arlington Cemetery. Believe it or not. I got to 'know' the four unknowns. I spend countless hours guarding them and talking to them. To this day, it is not only a highlight of my military career, but one of the highlights of my life.

"I was glad to hear that they have identified your son, Michael. I have read some article saying that the tomb is above just a single family's sacrifice. It is in some ways, but it was right to make the decision to identify your loved one. He represented all of the remaining unknowns with honor and dignity.

"I know you are proud of your son. He made the ultimate sacrifice. I enjoyed spending time with him. I just want to let you know that I can guarantee you [that during] the time he spent in Arlington, he was constantly being taken care of, and even spoken to. Hopefully this closes an empty hole in your family. I'm sure you will continue to take care of him. May he rest in peace.

SFC Dennis J. McMahon 111  
500<sup>th</sup> MI Group  
Camp Zama, Japan

# Vietnamese Catholics flock to festival



AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE

olic pilgrims pray before a monument to the Virgin Mary at La Vang, nam. They are marking the 200th anniversary of an apparition of y said to have been witnessed at the site. More than 10 percent of nam's people are Catholic.

## The Virgin Mary appeared at site in 1798, they believe

### Many seek cure for their ills

#### THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

LA VANG, Vietnam — Some came to pray for an end to their ailments. Others had loftier goals in mind, like peace and prosperity for their families and communities.

Mostly they came because they believe.

Vietnam's biggest-ever Roman Catholic gathering got under way Thursday with 30,000 to 40,000 pilgrims on hand. Up to 150,000 are expected before the festival ends Saturday.

Nothing could keep them away from the 200th anniversary of an apparition of the Virgin Mary, they said — neither the steamy heat nor the rumors, spread by government officials and state news media, that they would face shortages of food, water and accommodations.

"When I first came here, I sat in front of that statue and tears rolled down my face," said Bui Quang Dong, 45. He was referring to a towering rendition of Mary holding the Christ child under three tall trees.

Dong came with his family from Dong Ngai province in part to pray for his undersized 10-year-old daughter to grow more rapidly.

The family arrived Monday and has been staying in a tent village set up behind the church, still battered a quarter-century after it suffered serious damage in some of the fiercest fighting of the Vietnam War.

The crowd heard a message from Pope John Paul II recalling the story of how the Virgin Mary appeared to a group of needy travelers 200 years ago, the only such apparition recorded in Southeast Asia.

"From that time when she appeared, she has given help to those who need it, despite the ups and downs in this place," the pope said in the message, which was read in Vietnamese to the crowd.

Buddhism is Vietnam's primary religion, but about 8 million of its 78 million people are Catholics.

With temperatures hitting nearly 100 degrees, virtually every bit of shade had been snatched up when the sun emerged just as a procession of more than 1,000 faithful signaled the festival's start.

The parade was an intriguing blend of Catholic and Vietnamese traditions.

Leading 150 black-frocked priests were groups of young women from each archdiocese, dressed in white ao dais, the traditional tunic-over-pants outfit that slowly is being replaced in today's culture by jeans and other Western wear.

Mixed in were men in brilliant red-and-gold outfits with matching conical hats and leggings, along with a few members of the Bana and Sedang ethnic minorities, wearing long strands of beads that clacked together as they walked.





ANGRY SKIPPER (D 2/8 1965-1972)  
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