

THE MILITARY POLICE IN DESERT STORM
745 MILITARY POLICE COMPANY
1990 - 1991

By Jim Heitmeyer

~WARNING~

This book is based on fiction & non-fictional information & events. Some language may be strong and coarse in content and statements may not have been said as exactly as they occurred. Member's names & certain geographical locations have been changed for security reasons. Any statements made regarding the military or as related were my own views, observations, and opinions as true or fiction. The military is not responsible or liable for any content in this book.

~DEDICATION~

This book is dedicated to the 745 Military Police Company, and to all the other brave men and women who served during Operation Desert Storm. I salute our brave troops who are now serving in Iraq & Afghanistan. Most information in this book is true or otherwise fiction to the best of my memory and research.

Special thanks to my friend Jim Stewart of "The Ghosts of Vietnam." He helped me edit my work.

~FORWARD~

Jim was born in Phoenix, Arizona and raised in Paradise Valley. Jim joined the United States Marine Corps and completed his service to our country. Jim later joined the Oklahoma Army National Guard's 745 Military Police Company. Jim served during the "Just Cause" war in Panama and Operations Desert Shield & Desert Storm. He now lives in Del City, Oklahoma with his wife Sue.

CHAPTER I

~ THE MILITARY POLICE IN DESERT STORM ~

745 MILITARY POLICE COMPANY

1969 - 1996

"THE LOBDICKERS"



The 745 Military Police Company was formed in 1969 and served Oklahoma and the United States to 1996. The unit was then disbanded. The 745 then became part of a mechanized unit.

2 August 1990, Iraq attacks Kuwait. This was a year that would change the lives of many households in America. A dictator, Saddam Hussein, attacked the country of Kuwait with a devastating force that over ran the country and any opposition it may have had.

The United States military was activated immediately. There was some prior speculation that Hussein Saddam was going to attack this country soon with his forces but it wasn't known until it was too late.

Soon after, the Iraqi military invaded the country and went on an all out killing spree, committing some of the most vicious acts known to man. The Iraqi soldiers raped women, dragged people kicking and screaming down streets while

tied behind a speeding vehicle, burned the eyes out of some villagers and hung men and women on the city's light poles.

These acts of inhumane evil were reported immediately to the Saudi government by people fortunate enough to have escaped the country's slaughter binge. The Saudi government was alarmed by the invasion, the threat of being attacked too. They contacted the U.S. National Security Council and the United States for military assistance to stop Hussein's army.

The United States acted quickly in preparing for a possible war against this earthly menace. It was known before hand that Saddam Hussein had a large arsenal of chemical and biological weapons that he had used once before on the Iranian military and it's people.

The threat was real and Saddam Hussein had to be stopped fast!

It was during this time the United States military activated special forces groups to go over in advance to observe the enemy and report what was going on with the Iraqi military.

It didn't take long before reports of mass killings and tortures were confirmed and that all the reports were true. Some of our troops were dropped behind enemy lines in Iraq to survey the size of forces generated and the type of actions their military were performing.

In the meantime, the United States had issued a top secret conference for military commanders to attend. Plans and strategies were discussed to determine the most effective way to deploy our troops and equipment safely, the best location for staging and processing.

Once the meeting was over it wasn't long before all commanders and units received their orders for active duty in the Gulf. Soldiers reported to their armories, stations and bases to begin loading their supplies and saying their good-byes to love ones, families and friends.

All of our soldiers knew of Hussein's stockpile of chemical and biological weapons. Many feared the fact that some of our soldiers would not be coming back home after the war. Few soldiers knew where they were going or what lay ahead.

Trucks and equipment were loaded quickly for deployment and all soldiers received their necessary overseas vaccines. Large musters were formed to insure all soldiers were present as activated. All soldiers' 201 files were checked for updated information. New dog tags were issued with name, religion and blood type.

Some troops were transported by buses to their assigned duty bases for the necessary training in NBC (nuclear, biological and chemical) warfare and tactics. Everyone was present and accounted for and ready for transport to their newly assigned staging point.

Some members of the 745 Military Police Company were activated in October of 1990. At 0400 hours on 28 November 1990 I was called to report to the capital hill armory off 44th and Pennsylvania Street. The remainder of our unit had been activated. We were told to report to the armory with all our gear. Being activated must have affected Vietnam vets in a similar manner when they were called to war.

All members of our unit knew we would probably be activated for war. Most of us were ready to go and others were not. We were assigned to one of three PACs.

~ The Operation Desert Shield/Desert Storm Timeline ~

- Iraq invades Kuwait, Aug. 2, 1990.
- Operation Desert Shield begins, Aug. 7.
- First U.S. forces (F-15 Eagle fighters from Langley Air Force Base, Va.) arrive in Saudi Arabia, Aug. 7.
- First Operation Desert Shield-related U.S. death, Aug. 12.
- President George Bush authorizes first call-up of Selected Reservists to active duty for 90 days, by executive order, Aug. 22. (Call-up widened in subsequent authorizations; period of service extended to 180 days on Nov. 12 by executive order.)
- Operation Desert Storm and air war phase begins, 3 a.m., Jan. 17, 1991 (Jan. 16, 7 p.m. Eastern time).
- Iraq attacks Israel with seven Scud missiles, Jan. 17.
- U.S. Patriot missile successfully intercepts first Scud, over Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, Jan. 17.
- President Bush authorizes the call-up of up to 1 million National Guardsmen and Reservist for up to two years, Jan. 18.
- DoD announces deployment of Europe-based Patriot missiles and crews to Israel, Jan. 19.
- Iraq creates massive oil slick in gulf, Jan. 25.
- Iraqis attack Khafji, Saudi Arabia, Jan. 29.
- Iraq captures first U.S. female prisoner of war, Jan. 31.
- Award of the National Defense Service Medal authorized, Feb. 21.
- Iraqis ignite estimate 700 oil wells in Kuwait, Feb. 23.
- Allied ground assault begins, 4 a.m., Feb 24 (Feb. 23, 8 p.m. Eastern time).
- Iraqi Scud destroys U.S. barracks in Dhahran, killing 28 U.S. soldiers, Feb. 25.
- Cessation of hostilities declared, 8:01 a.m., Feb. 28 (12:01 a.m. Eastern).
- Cease-fire terms negotiated in Safwan, Iraq, March 1.
- DoD announces first troop redeployment home, March 17 (24th Infantry Division, Fort Stewart, Ga.)
- Award of the Southwest Asia Service medal authorized, March 13.
- President Bush announces U.S. relief supply airdrops to Kurdish refugees in Turkey and northern Iraq, April 5.
- Iraq officially accepts cease-fire terms, April 6.
- Task Force Provide Comfort forms and deploys, April 6.
- U.S. transports deliver 72,000 pounds of supplies in first six Operation Provide Comfort missions, April 7.

- Cease-fire takes effect, April 11.
- Construction of first Provide Comfort tent city begins near Zakhu, Iraq, April 20.
- U.N. commission assumes responsibility for Kurdish refugees, June 7.
(From the 1991 "Defense Almanac.")

CHAPTER II

~ REPORTING FOR DUTY ~

0400 hours came early and most of us were half dressed, or sleepy eyed when arriving at the armory. I was separated from my wife and heart broken leaving my children behind. I knew they would never understand why I had to go.

My son Bradley was just learning how to drive and to my daughter Katie, her world was me. Most of us arrived with our families to say our final goodbyes. I grabbed my duffel bag and walked into the armory looking for my close friends SSG Bill Danes, Sgt Ron Beller, and SSG Dave Ramsey.

Ron and I went way back together. We had joined the guard about the same time in 1973. Ron was a funny guy who I valued very much as a friend, he always seemed to make me laugh or pick my spirits up when I was around him. In the distance, one Sergeant could be heard shouting orders at his people to "load this or carry that."

Everybody was running around the armory either visiting one another, or working, yawning, or trying to find some coffee. Our women soldiers gathered in their usual group of friends. A large deuce and a half (M35A2) was parked inside the armory in preparations for loading. Some of the exhaust fumes were still present and smelled strong. SGT Richard Pix walked into the armory and yelled loudly, "somebody in a red Chevy pickup left their lights on."

I didn't see Ron anywhere so I walked down to motor pool to see if anyone had arrived from my section. When opening the door to the motor pool I observed SSG Bill Danes walking out the back door. Bill and I worked at the Bojac county jail together. Bill was also my section leader over motorpool. "Hey Bill" I yelled. Bill turned around and said in his normal voice, "where in the hell have you been?"

Get your little ass in here and give me a hand." I replied, "where have I been? Where do you think I've been?" Bill laughed, and told me to start loading up the back room.

While working I asked Bill what he thought about going overseas. He replied "it will sure as hell get me away from here for awhile." I busted out laughing.

After loading up the truck with tarps, compressors, tools, and office supplies needed for dispatching and vehicle reports Bill and I scrounged up a cup of hot coffee.

We were sitting in the armory's firing range area when SSG Jay Pilpher walked up.

Jay worked in our section and asked Bill what he wanted him to do and Bill told him he could sit down. Jay said "hello Hackleberry," a name he found fitting for my real name Heitmeyer. He asked me *what I had been up to* and I replied "nothing much." He asked Bill where everybody was at and Bill told him, "how in the hell should I know, I've been working."

Jay was always one to ask questions. Bill stood up and stretched and told us it was time to get back to work. I walked to motor pool and completed loading everything needed from our section. I walked outside and lit up a cigarette while I had some time. The rest of our gang arrived and was now time to fall in formation for roll call.

We all fell in formation waiting for our 1st sergeant to appear. While standing in formation several unit members were allowed to skip formation and continue working.

"Platoons, attennnnntion!" Boomed the 1st sergeant. "Platoon sergeants, take your reports!" The platoon sergeants made an about face and took reports from their squad leaders. "First squad, all present!"

"Second squad all present!"..... "Third squad one man absent." The 1st Sergeant and our company commander gave all of us a briefing during formation. They basically explained we were activated and what would be expected from all of us from this point on.

Eventually we finished formation and were allowed to fall out. A total of five people were missing during formation but showed up shortly after. I'm thinking to myself, *I don't want to go*. I'm sure there were others just like me who didn't either.

SSG Don Keimer was our AST (full-time Guard), he walked out and screamed "first platoon, over here!" All eyes opened widely wondering what was going on now. Keimer continued spreading our unit throughout the large range area. He told us to form a single file. "Count off!"

Everybody began sounding off... "one Sgt,... two Sgt,... three Sgt." You get the idea. He told all even number people to walk over to the west wall and the odd number people to the east wall. He then said, "take a good look at the man or woman standing across from you." Some of you may not be coming back."

Well, that was encouraging news. So I get to eyeball a man with hairy legs to figure this out? War doesn't usually leave everybody alive and it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure that no-brainer out.

Keimer yelled, "*starting at motor pool, you will report to the people I have assigned in each room, they will tell you what to load.* Everybody understand?" We answered "Yes Sgt!" One soldier asked "*why we had to go to war, we are suppose to be National Guard?*"

I told him it was because the National Guard has 65% of all the combat arms in our nation's military, *he replied* grudgingly "*oh, I see.*"

Danes, Pilpher, Beller and I arrived at the arms room after taking a short cut, it was closer and we didn't have to stand in line. The others walked down to the motor pool as ordered.

We chuckled and thought it was kind of funny that we were the only ones in the arms room while the remainder of our unit was down the hall.

SSG Eddie Wilson walked in and had a weird smile on his face after seeing what we did. We heard someone in the arms vault holler, "in here!" A female, Pfc. Regina White was walking out of the vault with some rifle bolts.

SSG Steve Chance was taking the m-16 rifles off of the rifle racks to make them lighter to carry. He pointed over to the racks and told us to start there. We began carrying them out of the arms room and out to the deuce truck. "Damn these are heavy," I said. My partner Ron laughed, and remarked "*the Army must think we are weight lifters.*"

Throughout the day we continued to load & unload. I was in great shape, running ten miles a week and 2 two milers during the week. I loved running and exercising.

Did I mention I was much younger too? We would load something one moment and be told to unload it later and move it to a different truck. Ha. It was a workout.

We were ordered to fall in formation. "*What now?*" *we thought?* Our commander walked out and told us we were going over to the military department. *Military department?*

Buses began arriving outside.

We were told to board the buses after securing our gear and throwing everything into one big pile. What a mess that was going to be when we got back. Ever try to find your green duffel bag amongst 120 others? My thoughts would turn to the soldiers who served before us.

We had several Vietnam veterans in our unit and activation was no stranger to them. They took it seriously and with good reason. In their war they lost buddies

close and dear to them and they were determined to keep their new brothers and sisters alive from their previous war experiences and lessons learned.

During this time I thought about Keith Bodine, a close friend of mine who lived in Texas. He was a door gunner aboard a Huey "D" model helicopter. He served with the 1st Cav "A" Co. / 229th AHB / 1966. During the Vietnam War he saved numerous lives.

We owe our Vietnam veterans so much for the sacrifices they made during that difficult time.

CHAPTER II

~ OKLAHOMA MILITARY DEPARTMENT ~

We arrived at the military department and piled off the buses and into another formation. Roll call was taken and everybody was present. We then got new dog tags, our records checked and some shots. CW4 John Segress supervised the operation.

I had worked for him years earlier in the finance section and was always impressed by him. He seemed to be the only one at the military department that knew what was going on. He never seemed to miss a thing.

I remember looking at John and thinking by his demeanor that he had been one hell of a soldier in his earlier days and still setting a great example. John did everything by the Army doctrine, the Army way, and never wavered. I visited a bit with him through the process and enjoyed seeing him again.

Once everybody completed all the stations we returned to the buses. Everybody was joking around and making fun of the shots they got or making fun of somebody else, a natural thing for our unit. We had a motto....*only the strong survive!*

On the way back to the armory some of the guys yelled wolf calls out the bus window or would stick their tongue out at every woman that drove by. Animals they were! We laughed and had a great time knowing this might be the last time to enjoy ourselves for awhile.

I told a nearby friend jokingly, "*settle down young man or you will not be able to ride this bus anymore.*" The women would be talking or giggling about some guy they dated or went out with before being activated. We laughed and began talking about this war thing we were headed for and what we thought about it.

We finally arrived back at the armory and acted like little kids getting off the school bus. Just about everybody at the same time lit up a cigarette. Everybody had their own thoughts going on, and chain smoking at the same time.

Personally, my thoughts were about Saddam Hussein's stockpile of chemical and biological weapons.

We knew he had everything from nerve gas to sarin. Any break in a chemical suit the size of a pinhole would mean certain death. I'm thinking to myself, what kind of a nut would want to use nuclear, chemical or biological weapons on anyone? *Ah, a mad man!*

Just as I and others were about to finish our cigarettes, the 1SG. Dan Wilkerson hollered at us to come into the armory for formation.

"Formation again?" We mumbled. We kind of dragged our feet on the way back to formation as if we were old men.

Formation took place and roll call was conducted. All present again. "Goody!" We were told to fall out and stay in the armory. Beller remarked, *"what are they doing?"* Trying to harass us so we will be glad to leave? Ha," we laughed.

I told Ron, "Hell Beller, let's get out of here and go outside for a smoke, maybe they won't yell for formation again for awhile." Beller agreed. We walked outside and lit up.

Beller and I talked about the time we were at Ft. Sill on an overnight bivouac. I had forgotten to take my blankets or I was too lazy to, and that night became very cold.

Beller and I snuggled up in the same blankets shivering our asses off through the night. The next morning I had all the blankets around me and Ron looked snow white from frost.

We never forgot how funny that was and everytime we bivouacked after that Ron would make sure I brought my blankets.

"Hey Bell, loan me a quarter, I'm going to get a coke." Beller pulled out a quarter and handed it to me. I added what change I had and got a diet-coke. A lot of us stood in a line for a long time waiting to use the payphone that night to make some last minute calls. The big dogs used the free phones in the offices.

The women in our unit were taking the activation pretty good. I don't believe I heard one complain the whole time we were at the armory. They enjoyed being in the military and as members of our great big family.

Some of us spent our time polishing boots, getting our gear organized in our duffel bags after the long search to find our own bag in the pile.

My duffel bag consisted of (2) blankets, (1) poncho, (1) field jacket w/liner, (3) pair of military socks, (4) pair of underwear, (3) undershirts, (2) camouflage uniforms, (1) m17a1 gas mask, (1) pup tent, (3) tent pegs, (1) tent rope, (1) laundry bag, (1) alicepack w/frame and some snacks.

Shortly after getting my bag organized just the way I liked it, orders came down as to how we would pack our bags to include (1) NBC-MOPP suit. Wonderful. Fine time to change everything. The new change pissed off a lot of people including me. I asked "Can't anyone make up their rabbit ass minds around here?"

We were mustered up again for a formation. We were issued cots for the night.

Our women were housed together with a guard posted. I guess it was because the Army didn't think we men could control ourselves.

Morning arrived and our duffel bags were piled up. We began loading them. Last minute checks were made to insure everything was loaded properly according to the Army's loading list. We were finally pulling out. SSG Keimer yelled at me, "Heitmeyer!" We need a bus license made up for a driver." I replied "What? A license now?" He answered sharply "Yes!"

Well here I go again. Change 99. My paperwork was buried under a bunch of military stuff in the back of a deuce truck. After digging through a shit load of military gear and supplies, sweating my fat ass off I finally found my 348s and dispatch log.

I grabbed my paperwork and looked for a vacant room. Finding one, I made a license up and logged the license in. I searched for Keimer and gave him the license. Now to load everything back up. What a pain. I'm thinking again, *"is this a sign of things to come? GOD, I hope not."*

28 November 1990, we fell in formation for roll call and some last minute information.

We loaded up early in the morning for our trip to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. Coffee and eggs was cooked up for our last armory meal and tasted great!

Afterwards, we loaded a few more last minute items. It helped digest our food.

We boarded the buses wearing a helmet, liner, web gear, ammo pouch, first-aid pouch (I used for a cigarette pack holder). Some of us were issued a case of rations to add to our comfort.

When boarding I yelled, "I got dibs on the back seat!" Before I could get back to the rear seats, bumping my way back against the bus seats with a case of rations tucked under my arm, some members already took the seats. Pissed me off.

"Okay!" I seen an empty seat next to SSG Dave Ramsey. "Hi Dave, is this seat taken?" On the way to Ft. Sill some of us started singing Willie Nelson's song, "on the road again." That was until one of the platoon sergeants yelled at us to knock it off.

"Whew, finally some time to rest until we arrive and have to start unloading this shit," were my thoughts.

CHAPTER III

~ FT. SILL, OKLAHOMA ~

We arrived at Ft. Sill and could see the guard building as we passed. Our barracks were assigned already. The buses were unloaded and we were all assigned rooms. It was always nice being on post again. The trees were a beautiful green, the grass was manicured and the barracks clean and squared away.

We unloaded our gear, and quickly checked one of our vehicles out. We drove over to the motor pool building we would be assigned too. It was a huge wood crafted building that would house just about anything. We walked around the building and were assigned areas we would be working.

My primary specialty (MOS) was Military Policeman and secondary was PLL (prescribed load list) specialist. We knew for a fact that our days here were going to be plenty busy. We returned to our living quarters and got settled for the evening. 0400 hours would come early tomorrow.

A pizza was ordered from the nearby town of Lawton and we preferred it over our military MREs (made ready to eat) meals. 0400 hours arrived and everybody was awake. Sgt Ray Simpson was the CQ (command quarters) orderly. He made his rounds waking everybody up as scheduled.

First thing I was going to do was find a hot cup of coffee and meditate about waking up. I'm sure everybody else had the same idea. Sleeping in a bunk instead of a bed all night kind of makes your muscles stiff or sore if you haven't done that for awhile. Beds are much more comfortable.

The chow hall wouldn't be open for another hour. So everybody went to the latrine. Some of us showered, shaved and brushed our teeth for a good start. It wasn't long before we found out SGT Josh Winters was a shower stall singer. Winters would sing some German song he learned while stationed in Germany. Every morning thereafter our unit would hear Winters singing his soap away.

~ CLEANING DAY ~

Every day in the military our soldiers are required to sweep and mop their living areas and all places assigned to them. We made our bunks, swept our areas and then mopped.

We were now ready to go to chow. Orders were passed around to report to the dayroom at 0530. A few of us walked around the barracks area to see where everybody's rooms were.

The women's quarters were located near the CQ room on the bottom floor where a careful watch on the women could be made. It was off limits to all the men. I found Ron Bellers and Dave Ramsey. They were housed together.

I broke the silence, "Hi guys, sleep well?" Ramsey replied, "I sure did." He then added, "*after Ron quit snoring.*"

We broke out laughing. I knew from the past how Bell snored, we spent a lot of time together as privates and were usually assigned the same rooms or bivouac area. Bell and I use to be the 745 Military Police Company's favorite KPs (kitchen police) or *shit birds* for any detail nobody else wanted.

Ron and I must have cleaned the capital armory up a hundred times in our career. Need something done, assign Beller and Hack. If we heard the unit was going to find volunteers then, we would get elected. Never failed. We would laugh about it now but didn't during that time.

0530 arrived and we all reported to the dayroom. 1SG Dan Wilkerson came through the door as everybody stood up. He told us to have a seat.

1SG Wilkerson began telling us we would have to march as a platoon, a squad or file depending on how many people were walking anywhere.

He went on to say we were now on a military base on active duty and that we had to follow their rules now. "Any questions?" he asked.

One smart ass, Pvt. Pete Smith seated in the back of the room asked how many people would be considered a file or how many a squad?

1SG Wilkerson snapped back quickly with a reply, "a file would be like going to the brig with two or three guards for not obeying military rules, a squad would be the size of 11 or more soldiers kicking your smart ass for not knowing the difference.

Any questions?" Absolute silence."Well then, dismissed, go to *chow*!"

I whispered to Beller, "Damn, marching here and marching there could cause a man to lose his appetite or learn how to stay in step". Laughter broke out loudly between us and was warned to knock off the noise and go to chow.

Several of us wandered outside and scratched our heads on this one. "Who's going to be the squad leader marching us?" I asked.

Nearby laughter could be overheard from others that were having their own fun with it. "I'm hungry guys and I'm leaving with you or without you," said Sgt. Keith Rally ruefully.

We formed a file of 5. "File"... Sgt. Rally took charge... "forwardddd march!"

He began marching us and chanting cadence, "left, left, left right left," and so on until we arrived at the chow hall. We never laughed so loud in a formation while marching.

It would have made a Kodak moment in anyone's scrapbook. Ducks could have waddled in a single file better than we did.

We formed a line behind an already existing one till we got our food. The chow looked great, bacon, eggs, toast and jelly.

This is the way to start every day we thought. We finished eating and cleaned up our table and deposited our food trays in a food rack. Once outside again, we placed our hats on and formed a file again.

This time I volunteered to be the squad leader marching us back. "Ok everybody, *ahh attention!*"

"*Right face. March!*" Quietly I told the guys ... "*keep marching and find your own damn way back to the barracks but to stay in a file.*" Everybody busted out laughing.

We made it back in one piece with busted bladders from laughing so hard. This was just another funny chapter to add to our memories. In the evenings our unit would spend a lot of time eating ordered out pizza or watching sports on the big TV set in the dayroom area.

I suggested, "Hey Beller, let's check a truck out and go to the PX." Off we went to the PX. We bought snacks, Desert Shield postcards, writing paper, envelopes, pins, and anything looking patriotic. We also bought other items for our family.

It was kind of nice to get away. Military Police are usually always working at a guard post, on patrol, guarding ammo or finance runs, directing traffic, making arrests or squaring away their areas of operation and living. I was doing neither right now and it felt great!

~ WORK ASSIGNMENTS BEGIN ~

SSG Bill Danes rounded us up and drove us to our motor pool. Bill was a mechanic from way back and knew the mating call for any carburetor screw known to man. He could break a car engine down in no time flat.

One summer camp year, we were about to leave by convoy to camp when Bill removed his Volkswagen engine and had it mounted on the rear end of a deuce truck before pulling out.

He over hauled the engine at camp and managed to get it back home to the armory after camp. Before leaving the armory that night to go home, he put his engine back together in the Volkswagen and drove it home.

Work was no stranger to Danes. Sometimes I would watch him work from sun up to sun down and not sure he even slept. He would always work like a horse and was an example for others.

SSG Danes was also responsible for my promotion to sergeant E-5. I learned so much from this man when serving under him.

Danes assigned us to different areas of the motor pool building. The mechanics would work here, dispatching and PLL (Prescribed Load List) specialist work would be done in this office over there and so on.

Everybody had an assigned area to work.

My job was keeping records on all class #3 items ordered for the unit's needs, to dispatch our vehicles out to assigned drivers of the platoons, and to keep a daily record on all maintenance actions and status. I had to insure all drivers filled out the required PMCS (preventive, maintenance, checks and services) trip ticket form when they checked a vehicle out. All actions had to be logged.

One problem here. Being a PLL specialist required two weeks training at Ft. Carson, Colorado. We were at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. We were going to war and would need a qualified PLL specialist to order the required combat MTOE. Some serious midnight oil was being burned during this time.

The Army took care of that problem, they sent two instructors down from Carson to Sill to give me a two week crash course in one weekend. I felt like a Britannica encyclopedia after they were done teaching me.

SSG Danes would check up on me often and offer any assistance he could to help. Jay would be humming to himself tinkering with the vehicles. I would call Jay (pops).

Jay had been in the military for so many years he couldn't keep count.

Now it was up to me to get busy ordering the necessary supplies we would need for war. This requires first a knowledge of what you are doing. Peace time and combat allows two different capacities or authorizations for table of equipment standards and procedures.

For instance, in peacetime a metal hatchet wouldn't be authorized, in wartime it would. Now to figure all this madness out, I had to learn designator codes and registration codes, and codes for this and codes for that. I felt like a code.

17 hour work days were not uncommon during this time. I was now a psycho of various codes who had lost his mind in the process of learning them and from working long hours.

During my time working at motor pool, a mouse appeared one early morning and continued thereafter each day when working late hours. I nick named it *Snuffy*. I would ask Snuffy if he knew how do paperwork and of course the answer was always no. One day when showing up for work he disappeared. That's a mouse for you.

We spent somewhere from 28 November, 1990 to 11 January, 1991 at Ft. Sill. Yes, you guessed it. Christmas and New Years at the old post. The post got old after a awhile and especially when nobody looked like Santa Claus.

I think by this time I could have told you where every bargain was on the post and recite the history of Geronimo.

All of our vehicles had been changed from forest green to desert sand colors. Before they were easily concealed against a green tree line. The new sand look and color, we wouldn't be detected as easily. What didn't set well, was the fact our uniforms remained green cammo.

Hmmm, something weird here I thought. We will look real good standing out in the sand in green when we get over to wherever we are going. It was now time to get all of our vehicles and our one water trailer camouflaged. My hand was cramping from writing so much. I had nearly ordered a warehouse full of equipment and supplies we needed.

This required finding drivers, and filling out paperwork correctly. I had to authorize and fill out each document per vehicle with a series of codes, nomenclatures and descriptions and numbers. My eye sight was blurry and eyes half way crossed by now. What a pain in the ass that was. Long hours do strange things to the mind.

We had (3) 2 ½ ton M35A2 deuce trucks, (19) M1009 CUCV ½ ton pickups, (1) water trailer, and (3) M1008 ¾ ton pickup trucks.

Keep in mind my numbers may be turned around. You get the point. Now getting them all over to the base paint shop was fun and time consuming.

At the end of the day we would all get together and manage to find some beer. Beer was a tradition with some of us in the 745th. SSG Bobby Jacobs was our unit's beer master. He could come up with beer when there was no beer to be found.

We knew being activated wasn't going to be any exception to Bob's ability in finding it. The interesting thing about Bob was that he knew more about military discipline, doctrine and regulations than most soldiers would ever learn.

~ TRAINING DAY BEGINS ~

M17A1 PROTECTIVE (GAS) MASK

DECEMBER 1990

Today was a nice day for NBC (nuclear, biological & chemical) training. Learning the proper way to check your mask filters for a M17A1 protective (gas) mask.

How to detect bad filters, how to replace them by learning to tear the mask apart to it's simplest frame and put it all back together again.

We learned how to dawn our mask in 7 seconds and secure it in it's carrier. We trained over and over again, hour after hour until we could do it in our sleep or until our eyes were the size of the mask's inlets. We learned this and that regarding situations and tactics to use. Now we were ready.

~ WEAPONS TRAINING AND QUALIFICATIONS ~

The next day we went to the firing range freezing our ass off. Winter had definitely arrived. We literally had to qualify with our gloves on or our fingers would have froze off.

We qualified with several weapons we would be using if war occurred. Everybody qualified and was ready to do just about anything to get off post or go to war.

We were all issued M-16s by assigned names. Only to be issued & carried when we began our flight overseas. Until that time our weapons would be secured.

~ DEPLOYMENT DAY AT LAST ~

Deployment day finally arrived and we were ready. Our weapons had been issued to us without ammo. It was hell loading everything up that morning because of the cold wind blowing up our ass. When we completed our loading the buses arrived. Formation was called and all of our people were present. We boarded the buses and cheered as we drove out the front gate at Ft. Sill.

We were now going to Altus Air Force base for transport overseas. I think some of our people were thinking about the trip ahead. I had thoughts of large

sand dunes, people dressed like Lawrence of Arabia and riding on camels. Thinking to myself these people overseas probably haven't seen a plane before.

The noise on the bus was deafening. It seemed everybody went crazy. Some wanted to yell, joke around and wave their arms out of the bus window while we drove down the highway. I wasn't too crazy about flying either. I felt I had flown enough in my life already and another flight would be pushing my luck.

A loud yell rang out from one of our guys, *Altus Air Force base ahead!* While looking out the windows we could see the flight control tower in the distance. I became excited for some reason when seeing the air base. Once the bus stopped everybody got off and fell into formation. Roll call was taken...*all present.*

We were marched over to the mess hall for our last meal before taking off. Personally at this point and time I was thinking of being back in the city working my job and just how good that place seemed to me right now compared to the unknown that lay ahead for us. The flight, a possible war, chemical & biological warfare and dying was beginning to cloud my thoughts. I think reality was materializing.

I quickly snapped out of my day dreaming and began listening to my friend's conversations and jokes. This seemed to help relieve my worries. It was kind of weird. Everybody seemed to pal up a bit and talk to each other in ways not known before. It was like some of the guys who had problems with each other in the unit before were getting along now.

Somebody I remember walked up to our table from our unit and announced we were flying out on a C-141 military plane. Time passed by and we eventually got the word to move out. Onto the tarmac we went. In the distance was a giant plane with a wing span that nearly touched the ground as it taxied towards us.

I looked at that plane and said loudly, *"Damn, look at that! That son-of-a-bitch could haul a house."* The only military planes I had flown in before were C-130 cargo planes. I never realized just how large this bird was.

The giant eagle came to a stop and we were ordered to stand fast until the loading door opened and one of the crew members stepped out to give us the ok to board.

The engines roared loudly before cycling down to a normal noisy hum. Crewman came out and talked with our commander and first shirt.

First Sergeant Wilkerson ordered us to march over to the plane in a single file. We boarded. When boarding and walking back into the plane I noticed *one* M35A2 deuce 2 ½ ton truck loaded with gear, *one* CUCV pickup truck and *one* water trailer parked and strapped down in the middle of the cargo area.

One clown jokingly asked, “where in the hell are the parachutes? Who’s flying this plane anyway?” Those remarks just made my skin crawl. I wasn’t feeling real well and when hearing that I about puked.

Thinking to myself, “*Damn I wish somebody would shut him up.*” I began adjusting myself in my lawn chair seat preparing for the take off. I don’t know why but remember feeling nervous. Some time went by before hearing the engines increase to a roar and the feeling of a strong vibration shaking the plane. We were moving now.

It seemed scary when seeing the vehicles aboard. There were compartment doors everywhere. We began our trip taxiing down the runway until making a large turn.

The C-141 thundered down the runway and soared upwards before leveling off into a calm smooth flight. My eyes were glued on all that extra weight and on the loadmaster seated at the rear of the plane.

The guy sitting next to me commented it only took one bird flying into the engine to bring the plane down. “Great! I’m seated next to a nut and if this is what the rest of the trip is going to be like, I’ll be a basket case before we land.”

We landed at Ft.Dix, New Jersey. We were allowed to get off the plane long enough to get something to eat. Some of us were trying to figure out where we were. It was foggy outside or it was air pollution, not sure. I got me a diet coke and began drinking it quickly before having to board the plane again.

We were ordered back to the plane again. We taxied down the run way and made a few turns before hearing the familiar roar of the engines forcing the plane upwards into the sky again. Lift off.

We were airborne again. Everybody cheered when the plane lifted. I was still nervous but calming down some. I just wanted to get where we were going and to get it over with in order to come back home.

I don’t remember who was seated on one side or the other by me but do remember I began talking to take my mind off of the flight. I’m thinking...*do birds fly at night? Do birds fly this far out on the ocean? Can birds fly this*

high? When thinking back now I find it funny picturing myself in that predicament.

The C-141 leveled off and the flight was running smooth again. "Great! Now if we can just keep it this way." I began looking around the plane at the chained down vehicles and the expressions on everyone's face.

I definitely kept my eyes on the load master. Word has it when the load master begins to show signs of worry then everybody else had better hold their ass!

CHAPTER IV

~ AIR TURBULANCE OVER THE ATLANTIC ~

About two hours into the flight we ran into a large storm. The plane was shaking violently, my eyes were growing the size of silver dollars and my thoughts were, "I'm going to die." The chains securing vehicles were bouncing up and down as if to snap at any moment, the load master didn't look too thrilled either. *Hmmm, the Atlantic is a lot of water and I don't think I can tread that much!*

My thoughts rapidly changed to my children and how much I loved and missed them. I was worried and praying strongly at the same time for all to be forgiven as the plane continued to shake rattle and drop.

It was during this time I braved a trip to the pisser (restroom). I could hear the loud roar of the engines outside of the restroom's walls making it difficult to go. I made it back to my seat again, alive. Ha.

The storm lasted about two and a half hours and my ass felt like it was seated on a trampoline when the shaking and bouncing was going on. To this day I thank GOD he got us through it ok. When looking around at everybody I could see expressions of shock, fear & amazement. My expression at this time probably looked like all three.

I was shocked that the plane was still flying after carrying so much weight and bouncing around so violently. I kept thinking to myself, "*what in the hell is holding this plane up?*" Everybody was pretty shaken by the event. I would stare at my weapon and the floor.

My mind was scrambled for the moment and my thoughts were worldwide, but I was continuously thinking about my children and how much I loved them. My heart was still pounding with fear and excitement. *Why did I have to fly? Now I'm already thinking about flying back. I don't want to. I don't want to come back on a ship either. How do I get back home without having to fly or take a ship?* Eventually we made it through the storm ok.

The load master got up and walked past all of us on his way to the cock pit. He was talking through a microphone to somebody. The microphone was attached to his headset.

I tried looking out the window but couldn't see anything but total darkness. "Where the hell are we now I wonder?" Daylight arrived and the sun peered through the windows on the one side of the plane. The load master returned and

said we were nearing Spain. "WOW! Spain!" I thought. We made a circle or two before landing on a country air strip

Spain had beautiful manicured trees, kind of looked like the landscape of Italy. We were allowed to get off of the plane and stretch our legs. "Damn, that felt good." We walked to a nearby building and entered. It seemed like nobody was home and we were hungry. A lady appeared and escorted us to the back room of a section in the building.

We all sat down. I ordered some coffee. It wasn't long after we were aboard the plane again headed for an unknown destination. After flying a bit the load master announced loudly we were approaching the boot of Italy. Some of us were fortunate enough to see Italy from the cockpit. I was one of them. It was so cool. We were flying about 30,000 feet when going over Italy.

The crew and pilots flying the big bird were really nice. I was thankful we were flying with the best pilots when going through the previous storm. They were life savers.

CHAPTER V

~ ARRIVING AT DHAHRAN ~

(Saudi Arabia)

11 January 1991

11 January 1991 at approximately 2300 hours we arrived at the Dhahran airport. Dhahran airport was located approximately four to five miles away from the Gulf coast. The pilot announced for everybody to remain seated until told to get off. Our weapons were secured. We finally got the word to exit the side door in an orderly file. I could hear that familiar voice outside yelling orders before getting off. It was our 1st Sgt. yelling at our unit to fall into formation.

We were to fall into formation when getting off the plane. Some of the crew walked out from the cockpit to greet us and thank us for our service. That made us feel 10 feet tall. Somebody appreciated us. It was raining down hard. This was a rare event for a country that only receives 2 % rainfall annually.

History and tradition always followed us anywhere we went. The 45th thunderbirds always ran into rain and so did we. I began looking around while standing in formation expecting to see sheiks with long barreled rifles and big noses riding around on camels. Instead, the whole area was alive with activity, other troops arriving with incoming flights and loud roars of outgoing ones.

Forklifts were moving pallets of equipment & supplies that were being removed from nearby planes. The area was continuous with noises heard from everywhere. Through the rain and mist it was difficult to see anything clearly. The sight of everything amazed me.

I had no idea just how modern Saudi Arabia was. I put my weapon under my poncho to keep it dry. "Awesome!" was the only words that came to my mind when watching this show at work. During this time we were all getting soaked. I muttered to myself, "Come on Sgt, let's go, standing in this rain is bullshit!" We were finally dismissed after getting a directive to march over to a quansin hut building across the lot. Some of us were ordered to remain.

They would help unload the plane. "Yea, I wasn't one of the ones picked to unload!" Through the rain we marched. We hurriedly marched. Upon arrival to the hut we could see a mountain of duffel bags stacked on each other. "Jesus, are we going to get anytime to rest or sleep?"

Call it jet lag or whatever you like, we were tired and worn out. We dragged our low riding asses over to the pile of duffel bags. "What a cluster fuck!" I eventually found my bag and property after tripping over a few. "Thank GOD!" Just after finding my bag a loud ear deafening roar from a jet flew over the

quansin hut shaking everything. I nearly dove to the floor with fear. All you could hear was jet sorties taking off and landing. They must be doing some serious ass kicking! I thought. It was hard to see anything clearly around the base due to poor visibility from the rain. Who would ever believe that I went to Saudi Arabia & to a possible war at my age? Guardsman don't go to war.

Boy was I wrong! It seemed like yesterday I was back home in the states mowing my yard and doing as I pleased. Why would I want to go to war and lose all that freedom? I had no choice. That's why! "Wow, this place is really busy." Everybody hustling around in the rain like mad men. I had never seen so many forklifts, planes and military on goings as I was witnessing now.

The 1st.shirt walked in and announced to our unit, "everybody grab your shit and follow me!" We followed the leader into darkness, through mud holes splashing anything nearby, around boxes, piles of equipment and finally to a small tent. "Grab your water and follow me" barked the 1st shirt again. Try carrying your weapon, duffel bag, field gear and *two* water bottles at one time with everybody yelling shit to one another during a down pour of rain.

Finally we could see where we were being led. In the distance were several bearded sheiks dressed in their custom skirts and rag bandannas and buses parked behind them. Instantly I understood these locals didn't speak English very well when over hearing *ah..shiish*, *Amed*, *Allah* and who knows what else. They talked with hair lip words I couldn't decipher or comprehend. On the buses were Arabic signs with scribble marks all over them.

I don't know, maybe it was a doctor's signature. I jokingly commented to Beller, "I wonder if these guys use tide detergent soap with the falling rain to keep their robes looking so white and clean. How do they do it with all the sand blowing around? Hell their assholes have to be sand blasted by now!"

We laughed our asses off after my remark and it seemed to ease our minds a bit. I muttered to myself, "Oh boy, formation time again folks. I can feel it coming." The sky was covered with rain drops, a yellowish mist and the stars were missing. Sure enough and no sooner said, 1st Sgt. Wilkerson began barking orders, "745 MP Company, fall in!"

We scrambled together the best we could in the dark to the position of attention. 1st shirt Dan Wilkerson was a Vietnam veteran and as rugged as anyone could imagine. He was one of my squad leaders when I first joined the guard. He announced "Ok you guys and gals, we are going to begin boarding these buses and I don't want anyone talking till we get where we are going, understand?"

We answered in a loud "Yes 1st Sgt!" Not that he heard us real well through the pouring rain. He told us to fall out and board the buses in a single file. I looked at

one of my buddies standing next to me and said, “after you sir as I waved my arms in a way he was royalty or something. “Smart ass, you go first Heitmeyer.” We laughed and the way we went to the buses. My attitude wasn’t one to be considered gung ho.

It was very piss poor at this time and place. I’m thinking, *I didn’t lose a thing over here and I sure as hell don’t know anyone here! From what I have already been through, I’m ready to go back home. Oh well, war’s hell* I thought. The rain was coming down pretty good by now soaking everything. We loaded the buses and relieved to get out of the rain for awhile.

Staring at the driver, *I wondered if he was one of Hussein’s boys? I thought, did anyone check these drivers out for a driver’s license before allowing them to transport us to wherever?* Lots of questions were going through my mind. The driver would look at some of our women oddly. I guess because our women didn’t have the traditional scarves over their faces.

The driver closed the bus door with the funny handle muffling all the outside noise going on, adjusted his seat before putting the bus in gear. We were talking and had forgotten our 1st Sgt.’s directives to be quiet while riding on the bus. Imagine that.

CHAPTER VI

~ KHOBAR TOWERS ~

After the bus driver got us lost a couple of times on the way to Khobar, running his wipers to rid the raindrops pouring on his window, we could see bright lights showering the guard post entry way into the towers area. Khobar Towers was a series of seven story buildings that were ordered built by the king for his own troops years ago.

His soldiers decided to live in the desert instead. All these vacant buildings were used for our military housing. Tired, sleepy, and worn out we managed to arrive and unload everything off of the buses and onto the ground. The buses left.

The buildings towered over our unit like the concrete monsters they were. Some members from our advance party greeted all of us and told us we would be living on the 7th floor, the elevators didn't work and there was no running water in the buildings.

"*Wow, that's great news,*" thinking to myself sarcastically. Looking up I knew what was coming next. "Alright people, quit eye fucking the area and find your shit, get it upstairs and then come right back down for formation. Move!" barked our first shirt.

This is going to be fun. Shits and giggles all the way. I felt helpless in a sea of darkness, rain and chaos with everyone moving around looking for their shit and bumping into people during the process that were just as mixed up as I was.

I didn't have a clue where to look with everything spread out on the ground in boxes, bags, and in some of the vehicles that help haul our junk over here with. I managed to worm my way through the crowd to see a deuce truck loaded with duffel bags.

Some soldier was grabbing the bags and throwing them off the truck and onto the ground. *No sweat off his ass, the bags aren't his* I thought.

Finally somebody with a flashlight got smart. He began grabbing the bags and yelling the names out on the tags. He called "Steinburg, *Keimer, Ramsey, Danes, Moore*" and so on. This cut down some time and confusion a lot.

Welcome to beautiful downtown Dhahran I thought to myself amusingly. *No welcome, no dancing girls with reefs to hang around our necks?* Time went by until my name was called to retrieve my duffel bag. I grabbed it and ran for the building while holding my head down.

I realize rain hasn't made anyone melt yet but it was the idea of getting drenched I wasn't crazy about. Inside I could see wet pecker tracks throughout the dirty floor where everybody was tracking mud and water from the rain.

The elevator had a warning sign posted on it. "OUT OF SERVICE!" I seen the stairway nearby with soldiers I knew and those I didn't. They were walking or running up and down the stairs. Most soldiers looked as exhausted as I felt. I then began lugging my heavy bag and ass up the stairs dodging people passing me going up or those coming down.

Seven flights of stairs later and dragging my ass like a rhino in a mud pit, I arrived.

I felt like a drenched cat coming out of the rain. "Over here Jim," said Bill Danes. "We will be staying in here." I noticed carpet on the floor and how great it looked.

I walked over to the room feeling my cramped muscles in my legs from the stairway experience. Inside the room, I observed numerous duffel bags scattered about, food stuff, empty MRE ration boxes and a window overlooking the north side of the building. I looked at the floor and fell down on it relaxing a moment.

Downstairs we went. Dodging the hordes of traffic and getting to the bottom of the building alive. Soldiers were coming in out of the rain with their wet ponchos on and rifles strapped to their shoulders.

"Damn, it's a mess out there," exclaimed one soldier walking in.

"No shit genius!" remarked a nearby soldier wearing a soaked poncho. I made a wild dash out into the rain towards formation after adjusting my poncho. After formation, it was determined we were missing three people. Questions were asked as to when the last time anyone seen them. Everybody remembered seeing them board a separate bus.

We were told to fall out and finish unloading the vehicles. Flashlights were shining all over the place and voices heard from one direction or another, "*Grab this, get that, where's Johnson at?*" I approached a squad leader SSG John Clout.

I asked him where they needed help. He pointed over to some trucks that supplies were being unloaded. There were numerous boxes of MREs, a safe, some duffel bags and other equipment. Once we unloaded everything for the morning, it was about 0300 hours. I don't believe anyone got any sleep that night.

Our balcony was a popular gathering point. Standing, you could see a Patriot missile battery to the left, our motor pool below, the city of Dhahran and the airport off in the distance. The sun came up and the day appeared very warm, and hazy. It looked like dirt or sand was in the air.

The city came to life when somebody later that morning began singing the Muslim blues from a nearby mosque. Ahhh ey ahhhhh...something like that. We cracked some jokes about the rag head singing and prepared for work.

We worked the remainder of the day squaring our rooms up, starching our desert storm boonie hats, asking questions about the automatic asshole spray faucet attached to the toilet, never seen anything like it. I think that was what that extra squirt was after flushing. I know my ass hole was wet.

I remember we would have to go out and fire up the generators to insure they were working ok or to fuel them up. We didn't want problems later.

Three days had gone by before locating our missing people. Allegedly they boarded a bus going to Military city and had been staying with another unit as assigned.

I didn't get all the details on this boo boo. We were thankful nothing happened to them. We also found out nobody knew our unit was in country for the first three days.

We would walk around the towers to see where everything was at. The Khobar Towers complex was huge, high rise buildings as far as the eye could see. Each building housed troops from numerous states with active duty, reserves and National Guard components. The one thing missing here was our very own car.

Most operations like the PX store was very popular to the troops. We walked around the PX for about 30 minutes. I bought more post cards, snacks & canned meals. We continued on, we also found the dining facility, telephone center, clothing store, & the embroider shops.

Getting on the telephone or going to the PX was an adventure altogether. Long lines would form sometimes two blocks long. Then you would be directed by a soldier as to what phones were available at the phone center.

Everyone was allowed 3 minutes for phone time. After the long wait, few had very little to say or had forgotten what they were calling about. Security was at its best when speaking into the phone. There was a delay factor on every conversation.

Nobody was allowed to discuss anything militarily like location, activities and so forth. There was a giant tower that was located in the center of Khobar Towers. Its function is still a mystery to me.

When everyone was through working for the day we would squabble over the MREs. I always managed to get stuck with the chicken meal

We used the MREs for snacking and ate camel meat burgers from the local snack trucks or fought our way through the food lines to the chow hall.

It wasn't long after eating these camel burgers I developed a taste for them. They had a distinct odor to them at first and turned my stomach a bit when adjusting to the new food change. Most of us enjoyed the break after working our asses off the previous days.

15 January 1991 was my birthday. During the day I discovered SSG Keimer's birthday was the same as mine. We celebrated eating crackers we got out of some MRE packages.

We got to joking about having our birthdays in rag land.

16 January 1991. We noticed the regular street traffic was down and most of the local people seemed to have disappeared. That was odd. Any other time they would be all over the place with their car horns honking. Oh well, maybe they are getting ready for their *Ramadan holidays*.

17 January 1991. 0300 hours. While sleeping in our cramped up room a loud explosion woke all of us up. "*What the hell was that?*" We asked in the dark. "*That was a bomb!*" One soldier said. We jumped up quickly, feeling our way through the dark.

We were bumping into each other trying to find our NBC shit. Our duffel bags were on the floor and locked up with a padlock.

Panic was filling the air, loud shouts of fear were heard. Somebody yelled "get your MOPP gear on fast!" I yelled "MOPP gear, I can't even see what the hell I am doing or where my duffel bag is damn it!" My mind went numb with panic.

My combination on my padlock was relatively new and that I hadn't quite memorized the number yet. Everybody was yelling with severe alarm, and *me?* Brain dead. Finally, I found my bag and remembered I didn't lock my padlock. I began digging into my bag feeling around hoping I could figure out what I was grabbing. Time was short here and we all knew it.

Air raid sirens began going off. I yelled, "Oh great! I'm half naked and a bomb is going to come singing up my ass." Everybody was scrambling to get their MOPP gear to level 4.

I felt somebody behind me fiddling with my MOPP jacket, it was Bill checking my suit for a tight seal, openings or damage that would be critical if exposed to nerve gas or other biological chemicals.

I turned and checked him out. Ever try looking or talking through a gas mask. Vision is limited, & everything sounds muffled when speaking.

Being in the dark with a bunch of screaming, yelling, and cursing soldiers...priceless.

Somebody yelled "look at that," while pointing at the sky. We all piled out on the balcony and looked up. SSG. Bobby Jacobs was watching his miniature TV while everything was going on and listening to the CNN news reporter.

We saw what appeared to be a small aircraft of some kind. The sirens seemed to be getting louder as we stood outside on the balcony. A loud noise drew our attention to our left, a patriot missile roared skyward towards the object we were looking at.

"BOOM! BOOM!" Two explosions were heard echoing across the darkened sky above when the patriot struck the flying object later to be known as a scud missile. We knew that we were in for some shit. "Did you see that?" remarked a soldier. "WOW somebody remarked, and a big cheer from all the guys who witnessed it."

We answered "yea, and we also know that thing is coming down somewhere." We all ran inside through the patio door and some of us almost got stuck going through the door at the same time like a *Laurel and Hardy* movie.

Now we were holding our breath, listening to whatever made a noise. No noise, no thud, nothing.

We ran back outside until the siren gave the all clear sound. Talk about some people being shook up...me being a big one. This experience scared the living hell out of me and forced me to praying! Somebody said that Hussein had 8 conventional nuclear bombs in his arsenal.

That set well. Now I was praying even harder. I was now asking forgiveness for everything I did since kicking my dog as a child. Scared? Petrified, was a better word to use here. SSG Steve Chance was blindly hanging up chemical strips as fast as he could for chemical detection. We were still under blackout conditions when the sirens went off again.

“Great, practice makes perfect,” thinking to myself fearfully.

“Everybody down stairs now!” Yelled first shirt. Now this was a cluster fuck if I ever seen one.

Everybody and their uncle went scrambling downstairs at the same time. Seven stories of push, shove, and stampeding until getting to the ground floor.

Try doing this in total darkness, with limited vision, fear, sweat pouring in your eyes from wearing the gas mask since the second scud attack, and with people smashing your feet trying to run around or over you, not to overlook getting goosed in your ass with a soldier’s M-16 rifle barrel.

We all ran outside like Darth Vader lookalikes.

Nobody knew who the other soldier was, but I do remember looking up in the sky for a star ship. It was kind of comical even though no one was laughing.

I could hear my heavy breathing in my mask, heat on my forehead and feel my eyes burning. I was trying so hard to see what the hell was going on around me.

Everybody had their weapons. Somebody yelled, “lock and load!” I’m thinking “what? Do they expect us to shoot these scuds out of the air with our rifles?”

Who in the hell gave that order anyway? I don’t even have any rounds and probably couldn’t see who I was shooting at if I did have ammo.”

I didn’t rule out the possibility of being attacked by a small group of fanatics.

Finally somebody yelled, “clear your weapons!” I seem to recall seeing another scud getting knocked out of the air by one of our patriot missiles again during this time.

One day while Bobby Jacobs, Don Keimer and I were sitting against a wall in the dayroom, Bobby said the Iraqis would continue scudding us while we lounged around in the lobby (dayroom) dicking around. He said, “that’s what happens when you go to war with a bunch of *lobdickers*!” Thus, the name *Lobdickers* was born.

One night about 2230 hours the air-raid sirens went to wailing loudly and as we stood out on the balcony, we observed a Patriot missile launch. It started flying upward until it was about level with our balcony, it suddenly banked towards our direction at full speed.

“Shittttt! That son-of-a-bitch is flying toward us!” We ran inside and when turning around we could see the Patriot missile fly past our balcony. It struck

something on the far side of the towers barely missing the roof tops. "BOOM, BOOM!" The explosion echoed throughout the complex. "That was too close!"

A total of 11 scuds were fired at us for a period of three or four days. 2 went on to the Gulf, and 9 of the others were knocked out by a nearby patriot missile battery. Truthfully, I was about scudded out. I will always be thankful for those people firing the Patriots.

We were also approaching their sacred Ramadan holidays.

~ RAMADAN HOLIDAYS ~

The *Ramadan holidays* would generally start in mid-January and last a month. *Ramadan* means different things to Muslims depending on where they live. Fasting is recommended for healthy Muslims, but wasn't mandatory for their sick or crazy people.

Each day of *Ramadan* starts at sun up to sun down. No smoking, cursing, evil of any kind can be practiced during this time period. Some of us had a field day with this thing. I would be driving and smoking when a sheik would begin to pass me on the highway.

The passenger would look at me and start shaking his finger at me angrily.

I flipped him off and continued driving. Our women pissed the Saudis off by not wearing the traditional scarves and head ware. Our women didn't give a shit how many people it pissed off.

They often found it funny. The men in our unit respected our women very much because of their outstanding will to help out, their grit, sticking it out and becoming one of the guys. There was a lot of talk that our women might have to wear scarves and head ware so it wouldn't piss the country off.

Politician's were worried about offending the rag heads here, we didn't give a shit what they thought at the time because we were in the firing zone. The orders never came down for our women to do so. After surviving all the scary & deadly experiences, it brought us closer together as a unit and as friends. The 745 Military Police made it safely through the first round of the war.

Living at Khobar Towers wasn't our idea of being safe, instead we all felt like sitting targets in a seven story building with no elevator. We asked ourselves, "When are we moving out to the desert?"

Any given day when walking around Khobar, you would over hear some regular army soldiers talking badly about the National Guard. This didn't make us feel

very good. We figured the day would come and we would be saving one of their asses. If you were out walking by yourself, you were basically on your own.

Any place would be safer than here right now and especially after some CNN reporter was announcing over the TV where the scud was or what it did.

I would see mid-Eastern soldiers walking around in our uniforms. One day I just had to ask, "you are not American are you?" The man replied, "No, I am from Kuwait, I fight with you against this terrible man!" Mystery solved.

All Saddam Hussein had to do was watch TV and adjust his fire. We continuously cursed that reporter whoever he was. I kept wearing my MOPP 4 gear and would even wear it to bed. I wasn't going to be caught without it again and especially after all the scud actions we were encountering.

One afternoon, when I was suited up, a smart ass asked me if I was trying out for the MOPP award? Every unit has their own clown. I replied with my muffled voice, "kiss my ass!"

Beller and I heard about some embroidery shop in the towers that would design anything you wanted on a boonie hat.

So, we walked down there to the shop, stood in line for an hour or longer until it was our turn to get our hats done.

I had a palm tree with cross swords embroidered on mine with letters.. *745 Military Police...Desert Storm....Never again*. I don't remember what Ron put on his. We starched them up real good. They looked outstanding when we finished sprucing them up. It wasn't long before a majority of our unit did the same thing to their hats.

SSG Melvin Kelby would visit with me once in awhile. Mel had served with the 101st airborne Division during the Vietnam War. We would get together and tell jokes and shoot the shit as long as we could without being interrupted by a SCUD attack or a formation call.

Mel looked like the poster soldier you would see at a recruiter's office. Uniform was always creased and starched. He always looked sharp and hard as nails. One year, we were doing summer camp at the McAlester ammo depot in Oklahoma.

SSG Kelby buried his old jump boots there and we all gave his boots a proper farewell. The 745 Military Police always managed to find some time for fun regardless of where we were.

We often laughed about his boots and the story behind them. Nine days had went by in Khobar and I was already spent. Our unit was always hard working and a unit that always succeeded at whatever they did. We were a family and most of us went way back.

Everybody missed their family back home and there was talk that Americans back home were hanging up yellow ribbons as a special tribute to us. That was cool. It seemed our women soldiers' Regina, Carol and Tracy always managed to find good deals in town.

The support was known by all and it was one of many reasons that kept us going other than the most important fact, we wanted to get back home to our husbands & wives, children and friends we loved and missed so much.

We finally got word we would be moving out into the desert soon. That was the best news I had heard in awhile. In fact, it seemed to ease my fears and the poor attitude I was getting. At last, we will no longer be a sitting target for SCUD practice.

As the news spread tensions and tempers were reduced. I cannot express the words properly that would describe the joy we were feeling from the good news. The *Lobdickers* would prevail! Our women were troopers too. They kept the moral up and were nice to talk with. It was good to be able to talk with a woman now and then. I'm' sure they felt the same way about the men.

CHAPTER VII

~ 745 MILITARY POLICE....LOAD UP SO WE CAN MOVE OUT! ~

Geographical locations will not be included in this book for security reasons, though some information will be provided as to what occurred in these places.

If anyone ever wanted to see some fast moving they would have had to be there to see it. We were hauling everything downstairs by hand, and out the windows by cable until all was moved out. Everything loaded. Vehicles were now lined up for departure.

“Thank GOD,” we are about to pull out. Order finally came down to move out. The engines accelerated and the way we went. The drivers properly distanced themselves behind one another for safety and regulation reasons as we moved out.

Moving out to the desert where this great war was to take place brought a whole new question to our minds, “ Will the ground war be more dangerous than the SCUD threat?”

Our company commander was in the lead vehicle of our convoy. He raised his arm and motioned for everyone to move out. All drivers began spacing themselves the proper distance apart when moving forward. At last, we were going to leave Khobar and go to our assigned duty area in the desert.

We drove through a clear check point on the way out of Khobar and waved our goodbyes to the guards at the gate. They signaled back and some waved their helmets at us. They had a pretty good idea where we were going, north! Our ground forces were still waiting for the word to attack at this time.

We had left Khobar Towers sometime when the sun was still up & shining and arrived at our assigned camp that night. All was pitch dark. It was late, we were under blackout conditions and didn't have a clue where we were at. One hint was the white sand dunes surrounding us. We unloaded the generators and priority equipment to get our camp going.

We worked through the night or early morning hours until some of us managed to catch a wink or two by sleeping on the ground or on a vehicle somewhere. We had no idea if we were in a hostile area or to the rear. Our unit didn't take any chances. We posted guards to walk the perimeter.

The sun came up this morning and we could clearly see a new world had formed around us. It looked like we had just survived a storm or something.

Soldiers could be seen sleeping on the hoods of vehicles, or scattered throughout the area wherever they found a place to lay down. I cannot remember if we had our command tent up yet.

Our first sergeant came out of nowhere and ordered everybody up and at em. He directed our unit to start unloading everything we had. We started with numerous work details. Setting up the generators, unloading our equipment & supplies, setting up a command post, supply tent for our arms & ammo, digging fox holes, loading sand bags and fetching water.

It was a busy day from sun up to sun down. It went on like this for a day or two. Some members of our unit were sent to the 401st Military Police Battalion's EPW camp on a nearby hill to help them out. Most people can tell you who have been to war, there are ways of finding things when they are needed. Our unit was no exception.

SSG Don Keimer, SSG Galen Johns, & a few others drove into camp with a shit load of tents. They managed to come up with enough tents to house our troops.

The Army's CID section even tried to accuse our unit for taking a German vehicle from Khobar Towers when we left there. Hell, we were the ones who found it and turned it into CID.

No questions were asked when good things appeared in camp. Orders were immediately passed down to unload all the vehicles with the tents and to get them set up quickly.

We spent most of the day setting up the camp. Now we had an idea where to move everything scattered about. Our section began digging holes for the generators that would power the troop tents with light. We set up a large 5 KW generator for more electricity throughout the camp. Life saving equipment.

After a few days our camp and soldiers were squared away. We had managed to set up the command tent, supply, motor pool & platoon areas. Platoon sergeants and section heads lined out their troops. We were still assisting the 401st MP EPW camp. EPW duties consisted of walking guard around the compound, stringing wire, filling sand bags and making errands.

I was given my own tent. It was located behind our company's living areas. My duties were numerous. I would have to sign out a vehicle to each driver every morning and insure they wrote down the proper information on their driver's report. I would have to tell the drivers to perform PMCS before starting a vehicle, and other things the driver would be required to do. They would be told to record the vehicle's beginning mileage and ending mileage, oil used, and where the vehicle's destination was going to be.

One day a major sand storm hit and believe me it was a big one. It blew down some tents and had me hanging onto my tent poles and my ass. I never seen so much sand at one time. It blew for hours. After it was all over, some of my paperwork had blown away. Our green tents were sandblasted white. Great place to open up an hour glass store.

During this monster of a storm I had to go out and fill up some of the generators, that was fun. After finishing that detail I knew why sand and gas can give you a headache. There was only one choice....to breathe it all in.

In this land it was impossible to stay clean. Sand got into everything and I mean EVERYTHING! It would get in our vehicles, weapons, tents, clothing, ears, mouths, eyes and all over. This is where I learned rag bathing. Rag bathing was taking water out of your rationed water bottle and pouring it onto a wash cloth. Then you scrubbed your face, ears & private areas.

This would allow you to at least feel clean until a couple of hours later. The process would have to be repeated. I think they called this procedure hygiene. Water in the bottle was used for coffee mix, drinking, shaving, & cleaning. You learned how to stretch and limit your water supply. Each soldier was given *two* (2) litre bottles of water a day. Try living on that for awhile.

When time would allow me, I would often think back home to my children. I would think how much I missed and loved them. I wondered if Bradley had wrecked my truck yet while learning to drive or if my daughter was doing ok with my absence. These were thoughts I'm sure our whole unit had about their own family one time or another.

New units were moving into our community by the day. Members of the 403rd Military Police Bn., the 21st Military Police and many others. "WOW I thought to myself, this place is getting popular." Green tents complimented the white sands. Days were filled with 5 ton transportation trucks driving back and forth , road graders building new roads through our camp area, troops being transported back and forth to their campsite. This war business was growing. I didn't feel so isolated anymore. More people in the area made us all feel better too.

Word was going around that we were going to build a new EPW camp. The 401st Battalion was closing their camp for whatever reasons. The 403rd Battalion would be responsible for building and running the new camp. Well, if anyone can help do the job the *Lobdickers* certainly could.

The Military Police were always known to be infantry, garrison and whatever else the military wanted us to be. In short, the Military Police could always be counted on in getting any job done! During the Vietnam War, our Military Police proved that!

The 403rd Military Police and our own people wasted no time getting the camp going. Heavy equipment was brought in to build high walls of sand around the EPW compound area. All unit commanders in the area were gathered together for meetings and planning. The EPW compound was located about one mile north of our camp. Light sets were set up for overnight operations.

A strong rain hit one day. Sand and water drenched everything and made one hell of a slippery mixture. Soldiers could barely walk on it without slipping and falling down, driving on this slick was nearly impossible.

I found out I was the only qualified PLL specialist in the area. You guessed it. I ordered supplies for 6 other units when I wasn't ordering for my own. It definitely kept me busy. I couldn't believe there wasn't other PLL people for the other units. I guess they didn't need them, they had the 403rd people and me. They helped me find rare critical parts or would pick something up for me when they made a mission run.

Everyday consisted of assigning vehicles and personnel to the EPW camp night and day. Teams were working hard to get the EPW compound up and running. The compound's size ranged approximately one mile long by about a half mile wide. One hell of a project.

I was given orders to report to Dhahran for a security meeting. I checked my vehicle out, said my goodbyes, and managed to find some rounds for my M-16 rifle. Off to the city I went. Now you have to understand being in the middle of nowhere in a land where there are very few traffic signs for directions if any, a person can get lost quick.

You got it. I'm lost. All I can see is a nice paved highway, no traffic to speak of, and some camels in the distance staring at me. I remember seeing several turn offs on the way from where I had driven, I must have taken the wrong turn. There is absolutely nothing out here but sand, camels, truck and me.

Thinking, I'm in a foreign land by myself, dressed as an American soldier and lost. Not good. At least I had my M-16 and two magazines full of ammo. That did make me feel better. A vehicle was approaching from the opposite direction with two locals in it, maybe they will stop and give me some help. They drove by and gave me a go to hell look. Just as well.

"How in the hell can anyone live in this GOD forsaken place," I wondered. Thinking, and trying to figure out what I was going to do next was interrupted by a passing jet-roaring overhead.

My fuel gauge was still looking good. Maybe I should just continue driving the same direction I was going before stopping.

So, I continued on and drove through some small towns made of mud stone. I stopped at one town and found a store. I grabbed my M-16 and entered. I then walked towards the counter behind one or two men standing in line. As I was waiting a large mid-eastern man bumped me from behind with his stomach.

I turned and looked at him angrily. I turned back around. Bumppppp...he did it again and smiled. I pointed at my M-16 rifle and told him to back off from me in a threatening manner. He got the message and stepped back until I bought me a pack of merit cigarettes. I asked the clerk for some directions. I think I got his directions right. He spoke English like I did Arabic.

I kept my eyes open once leaving the store. I made up my mind if that guy in the line followed me out to my truck I was going to plug him. He didn't, thank GOD.

"Yea, I'm going the right direction and soon will find the main turn off leading back to Dhahran." Thinking to myself, I was wondering why every time I drove anywhere I was sent alone.

Hmmm, let's see now, "I'm living alone in my own tent, I work alone, and usually drive every where by myself. Are my people trying to tell me something here?"

"Ok, got it. I'm a loner!" Living out here in the wide-open spaces would make anyone feel alone! So I figured this was a good time to suck it up and get with the program. After awhile I finally found myself back in the city of Dhahran where civilization was abundant.

I stopped by a store and picked up some supplies my friends back at camp had requested. I also managed to find two cartons of merit cigarettes, and some cookies after searching a few stores in the area. *Man, I'm set now.* The clerk and I had haggled over how many denars equaled an American dollar until coming to a mutual agreement. Sometimes two denars equaled a dollar, and most often we agreed on three denars as a dollar.

My mission was to check into Khobar Towers and find me a room to stay in for the night. No information was given to me previously as to where to report to for a room. So, I went back to the building we all stayed in before leaving and checked in with a new unit there. No problem.

I visited some with the guys before calling it a night. O dark 30 comes early and so I got dressed, threw some water in my face. I packed my gear in the truck that morning after cleaning up. It was now time for the hunt. Finding the security meeting.

After getting lost a bit and finding more places from being lost than I would have if looking for them, I found my meeting place and on time too. Several

vehicles were parked & squeezed together. This must be a large meeting and after the day was over my suspicions had come true.

Ok, now I know some more about what is going on around here, people I can contact if needing help or assistance and much more. The meeting was cool and I learned a lot. It was now time to get this information back to my unit commander. I drove by Phisel's store to visit with him before going back. His store was always packed with American military women shoppers who loved him. At Phisel's store, a person could just about find anything they were looking for, or he would tell you where to go.

Rumor had it, that before Saddam Hussein attacked Kuwait, Saddam ordered one million sand bags from Phisel. Saddam paid up front for them. Phisel took the money and Saddam never got his merchandise. We got a big kick out of that.

The city of Dhahran like most large cities had numerous architectural sculptures that would stand out. They would be colorful with fountains showering water from them. They were definitely great pieces of craftsmanship. The young people's idea of fun is to drive down the streets and honk their horns, they do it day in and day out.

There were large homes that looked like palaces....maybe they were. The town merchants were always hustling and haggling with Americans, or their own citizens wearing the traditional skirts and headwear. The shop owners would be scurrying back and forth to each other's shops, the streets would be packed with other shoppers headed for the large mall in Dhannam. There were great bargains there. The leading items that would sell there was gold, watches & perfume.

The market place was full of different vegetables and fruits, some I don't remember seeing before. The food also attracted large numbers of pesty flies.

It was getting late and knew it was time to start back. I began my long trip back to camp. On the way back a farm caught my eye in the distance that had the most beautiful green grass growing on sand. This was wild, it must have stretched a mile long. "How in the hell did they grow grass on the sand?" I wondered.

My mind would drift back and forth from my duty to my children. I prayed daily my children would be ok Suddenly it happened, "Oooops! I missed my turn off!"

I drove a ways further until finding a place to turn around and double back. Like I mentioned before it wasn't hard to get lost in this wilderness.

I broke open a small package of cookies. I chomped into a delicious looking cookie only to find out the Saudis' don't believe in sugar, "yuk yuk yuk!" I could

have done better eating cardboard. Cookies or pastries won't be on my list anymore.

I knew some people back at camp weren't going to be happy when they ate their cookies. I laughed when thinking how they would look when biting into that nice big cookie. Ha. The flies would certainly help them eat whatever they didn't like. The fly problem was worse than the Tarzan movies, they would even dive into your mouth for the food.

Insecticides were poured out on the ground everyday to kill the flies. No such luck. There would be just as many the next day. Since being in country, I bet I had killed 2000 flies one way or the other. I had driven over 900 miles. I was always driving to Dhahran or other locations for security interests or supplies.

Try looking for a fuel point at night when your fuel is running low. First of all you have to find a unit much less a fuel truck. Then you have to be careful when you don't know the passwords each unit uses. I ran into these experiences a few times and had rifles pointed at my head and threatening language that convinced me they meant business.

The only thing that saved my ass was my gift of bullshit. I would tell them I was under orders to get to a certain destination fast with some security information or all would pay. It Worked. They found me a fuel point. Other times, I would wait by the side of the road until a passing military vehicle came by to assist me. One rule to remember when your vehicle breaks down, don't leave your vehicle.

If left unattended, your vehicle would be found with supplies missing, stripped, or on its frame with the axles and wheels gone. The trick here was who did it? Our own military would find and salvage anything left lying around as well as the locals did.

I was learning fast about this place they called the gulf region. It was harsh, bare, sandy, desolate, dry, insensitive and hell on foreigners. I was getting the hang of some things here. Rules to remember. Rule one. Take extra water. Rule two. Take an extra fuel can. Rule three. Most of all know where you are and where you are going. The *last rule* was difficult for me to learn.

I knew further north our troops were experiencing extreme periods of boredom, having fits waiting for the command to come down for attack. Some soldiers had come over here in early August of 1990. Me? I was already bored of this place. I was ready to go home before getting here.

The 745 Military Police had a history of commendations and fame. We were members of the famed 45th Thunderbirds! When giving that some thought I felt better and very proud. Our unit always had outstanding members that excelled at anything they were assigned to do!

Being in the 745th wasn't easy. There were sacrifices everybody knew had to be made. Sometimes an emergency would arise in the middle of the night, a riot at a prison, rescuing people after a tornado struck or when flooding occurred, or in dedicating a new aviation center. We were there.

The United States sent 234, 000 soldiers here in preparation for a war. 200,000 additional troops were activated or placed on stand by. We were now ready for a war. A new colonel from another unit arrived and took charge of the overall operations going on in *Nowhere Valley* as it was called.

One day he would require everybody in all units to dress down to MOPP 1 level. Then he would change his mind and we would be at MOPP 3. Me? I dressed at MOPP2 so I could either add or take away the levels as changed

Whoever moved into our area with the most rank and seniority became the main man in charge of over all operations.

I finally arrived back home to my tent. I unloaded my supplies and was attacked by an eager mob (friends) looking for the stuff I brought back for them. Then they began asking me what I did and where I went. I told them I had to go out and get a pack of cigarettes while getting their orders filled.

I issued their stuff out and laid down on my cot. It was good being back. I knew it wouldn't be long before I would be sent somewhere else again. I also knew I had to get the security information to our commander. I rested a bit before delivering the information to the commander.

After that I walked around and visited some friends that weren't on any work detail. We would talk about home or what we thought our brass was up to. What would they volunteer us to do next? Several units were working night and day on the EPW compound. Light sets had to be put up so everybody could see what they were doing at night. The next day I put some sneakers and shorts on so I could go jogging.

I would normally run five miles a day and do my regular exercises. Running in the sand was harder to do, eventually my legs built up to the extra effort it took to do it. While jogging one day, I saw a horney toad running alongside of me. I got behind it and followed him a bit until he came to an abrupt stop.

What I previously thought was a toad turned into an ugly lizard. He turned and stood on his hind legs and hissed at me. I quickly seen two rows of miniature teeth. "My GOD, it's a demon from hell!" It was the ugliest lizard I ever laid eyes on. This thing scared the shit out of me. I kicked sand in its eyes but it didn't even faze him. I think if I had looked any closer at this lizard I would have seen red eyes from hell.

This thing lunged at me. I can only tell you I made record time getting back to camp. I don't believe I looked over my shoulder one time getting back to camp. Our camp was laid out pretty good. We could see just about anything that moved.

We had roving guards 24 hours a day. They would challenge anyone walking into our area and would keep a special watch on critical materials.

Helicopters and jets could be heard all hours of the day and night during their mission runs. The mornings were colddddd and chilled everything. It was a different kind of cold. The chill went directly to your bones.

We managed to find enough kerosene heaters to heat the tents up some. If you didn't fill your heater before hitting the sack, you would have to get up during the night and find some more kerosene for your heater while your bones rattled.

It was ok to cover up in your blanket with the heater going full blast, but when it was time to make a head call and make a run for the head which was about 75 yards from the company area you were in for some cold moments in your life.

On some days in the wee early morning hours a jet would fly over and scrape the camp. Anyone who has served in the military over seas has probably experienced this nightmare. You find yourself jumping to the ground as the engines grow louder and louder as they roar over the camp, soldiers heard cursing the pilot in one breath and thanking him in the other.

Our restrooms were made from wood. One for the men and one for the women. If you had to go in the middle of the night you took your flashlight since there was no lights in the head. If you forgot your flashlight you stumbled in the dark to the head. When entering you would yell "anyone home?"

That way you didn't sit on anyone or pee on anyone seated. People would answer, I'm on the third hole. This helped so you could find out which ones weren't being used. Then you kind of worked your way to the right one.

Some mornings the cooks would fire up the immersion heaters. They would be placed on 20 gallon trash cans full of water. They would heat up the water. Well, if you primed a heater with too much gas and dropped the fire stick down the hole, you would blow the stack and it would sound like a bomb going off.

Sometimes it would blow a stack 20 feet in the air. It would also have everyone running out of their tents with their M-16s thinking they were under attack. Too early for that shit, but funny.

Our radios were usually blaring 24/7, hoping to pick up some news about the ground war starting. When I wasn't working on PLL orders or dispatching vehicles, I was helping out in motor pool.

Everybody was ready to deploy and we were working our asses off to be ready when the time came. We had loaded the 50-caliber machine gun on the deuce truck. That wasn't an easy task either. I think we had to break out the instructions manual when we were putting it all together. There were definitely moments of laughter here.

"Heitmeyer, go check the generators out" barked SSG Danes. I answered "ok Sgt." I went and checked the 28 generators out in the holes and found four of them needing gas. I filled them up and logged the activity roster.

I returned and reported the information to my SGT Bill Danes. He told me to order some rear seals and filters for the CUCV series trucks. "Anything else Bill?" I asked.

He replied, "No Jim, that should do it." Pops walked up and asked me what I was doing? "Not much pops" I said. "I just finished fueling the generators." He asked me how everything else was going? "About as good as it gets I guess." Pops and Bill were the only ones that could tell when something was bothering me.

I was beginning to develop mood swings I couldn't explain. People and things didn't seem the same to me anymore. Being a joker by nature, it was apparent I was becoming more serious about things than making jokes about them. I found myself becoming upset easier than before.

Boredom was hell, I must have cleaned my rifle several times, made my rack up, cleaned my tent or walked around my tent in numerous circles. There were days I would wake up depressed.

Working and living alone all the time didn't help. I had become more isolated as time went by. I began staying in my tent more with the flaps rolled down. It would generate heat and few could not understand how I stayed in my tent. It helped too, when people would come by to say something or to find me, they would open my door flap and get a heat blast.

It wasn't long before people would just yell my name from the outside, "Jim, are you in there?" If I wanted to talk to them I would answer and if I didn't, I didn't. It just seemed I wasn't getting anytime off to re-cooperate. "Heitmeyer do this, Heitmeyer do that, go here and do that." Day after day, same thing.

So much for crying in my beer. I have an idea what our soldiers are going through in Operation Iraqi Freedom and how hard it must be to keep their heads

straight. Imagine walking patrol down a dark alley at night, with limited lighting and hearing hand grenades hit the road around you thrown by someone above you..or going house to house day after day, kicking in doors, and not knowing who is on the other side of the door. Thinking to yourself, is this place booby trapped, is Al Quida inside? That has to be mind boggling!

I ran into some cool guys that worked over at the 403rd MP Battalion. We became friends and things didn't seem so bad. I had some friends that accepted me as an equal. We would go on runs together and they showed me a lot. We would find things that other units couldn't. These guys cracked me up.

News came out over the radio that an Iraqi tank unit gave themselves up..They quickly changed their minds and turned on our troops and fired. They managed to surprise and trick our troops. That was a bad thing to do. It wasn't long afterward we began hearing a different story. Some ass kicking took place over that stunt.

There were days we would get time to play football. Some of the women would join in and talk about fun. Our women played pretty damn good and they were tough as nails too. Our women soldiers earned every bit of respect from their hard work and contributions to our unit. Any man in our unit will tell you the women went the extra mile in anything they did.

The days were warming up. Flies and bullshit was increasing. There is nothing close that can compare to a fly here. They bug you during the day and crawl around at night.

Flies were terrible in the out houses. You would have to grab your toilet paper in one hand and wave them away with the other hand. These demons would literally try to climb up your ass. Embarrassing. This Gulf war known as the "100 hour war" had other drawbacks for those soldiers who didn't have to fight.

I believe every soldier that went to the Gulf war suffered from something at one time or another.

CHAPTER VIII

~ MISSION NORTH ~

24 February 1991 the ground war kicked off. Everybody was glued to the radio reports. Our soldiers were kicking some serious ass. Reports were coming in, Iraqis giving up, throwing their weapons down and turning themselves in. We cheered our front line troops! The war was about over. Four days later, 28

February 1991, war was declared over. I think every unit in Saudi, Kuwait and Iraq celebrated our front line units and our coalition friends. It was surely a victory we were all proud of. Our EPW camp was loaded up with Iraqi prisoners when several of them arrived by every means of transportation known to man.

The prisoners were placed in fifty man circles in the sand with numerous guards posted. The Iraqis were eventually processed into our new camp. The process was a slow one due to security, classification and interpretations. We finally got them all housed. We guarded approximately 2200 to 2300 prisoners before handing them back over to the Saudi military. The Saudis took the Iraqis back to Iraq and set them free. I never did agree with that procedure.

It was time for me to find some parts that were shipped north. I drove through several checkpoints that were set up north and to the west. I ran into a few Army mechanized units and some Marine outfits during my search. I was able to gather some parts. Khaji was toast.

The telephone building got it and a few other buildings were signs of violence and damage. Three Iraqi tank divisions leveled the town out pretty good. I eventually entered Kuwait from the Khaji side. It was during this time I was nearly fired upon by a tank and shot by some Kuwaiti soldiers at the border. I was a nervous wreck. I continued down the highway of death.

The sky was dark and the air was filled with a strong odor of dust, smoke and something undefined. It was raining oil on my windshield. There were bombed out cars, pickups and craters in the highway. Some so bad you just had to steer around them.

Vehicles were upside down, or blown out to a sandy spot off the road. T-54 and T-61 Iraqi tanks were observed everywhere, they were burned up and destroyed. Artillery pieces scattered about and 8 mm shell casings everywhere.

Soldiers were observed cleaning up the areas. I will not elaborate on the bodies in the trenches, bunkers and in some of the vehicles or weaponry. It was a sad experience I could have lived without seeing. I finally managed to find some units who could help me with some parts needed.

Some Army unit I was trying to get some fuel from had a chemical alarm go off. Everyone in camp was put on high alert. I masked immediately as other soldiers did too, and prepared for whatever was taking place. About fifteen minutes later the NBC agent gave the unit an all clear sign. I don't know to this day what all that was about. I then fueled up and started back to camp.

On the way back I could see something that looked like a large piece of metal. I stopped and walked out to the area. When doing so a small wind began blowing up behind me scattering sand over my foot steps. I could see numerous oil fires in about every direction. The smoke was thick and breathing was difficult.

The sky was blackened with oil and soot. It was an awesome sight for anyone to see. There was the stench of death, mixed with other odors I was unable to define here. For all I know I could have crossed into a potentially hazardous area a dozen times a day when running my missions.

I heard some faint yelling from the highway. "Minefield, Minefield!" Then it dawned on me. I broke the forbidden rule. *Never go anywhere until it has been cleared for mines.* When looking back for my footsteps, they were just about covered up with sand. I then walked softly back until reaching the truck and after getting my heart to start beating again.

It was up my ass the entire way back. "Damn that was stupid," and all for a souvenir. By now I am talking to myself. I throw the item in the truck bed and continue towards the border. When arriving I was challenged by some Kuwaiti soldiers.

They stuck their rifles in my face and chest. I didn't understand a word they were saying. They became more excited and began yelling loudly at me.

I feel like I am going to die here. The fear of GOD was racing through my entire body with a chill I have never experienced before. I could barely open my mouth to say anything. I saw another Kuwait soldier walk up and begin yelling at his comrades until they took their rifles off of me and waved me on.

I quickly got my happy ass back across the border and into Saudi Arabia. "Whew, that was a close one!" I thought. I was on my way back to camp. I drove through Khaji when observing a British helicopter gunship pacing me. I could clearly see the door gunner aiming his weapon at me. "Oh shit! Oh shit!" I screamed loudly as if anyone could hear me. "This son-of-a-bitch is going to blow my shit away!"

Then it dawned on me. I didn't have any aerial markings on my vehicle and that was a serious problem right now. The gunship continued to track me for a mile before banking off. I thought, "Ok Jim, you have nearly been killed four times already on this trip and only GOD could have saved you."

I was shaking like a naked man in a snowstorm from fear. Just about the time when getting my senses back two F-16s scraped me, flew in front of me and turned back my way. They lowered their altitude to about tree level headed directly at me. "I am definitely toast and dead now!" I thought.

I remember slowing my truck down either by fear or shock, when the jets hit their after burners disappearing behind me. I drove into a nearby sand bar off the road with my hands squeezing the steering wheel in total shock. A few minutes went by before I braved getting back on the road again.

I finally made it back to camp alive. I had been gone three days and my motor pool SGT was pissed. He began telling me how he felt, "Where in the hell have you been Heitmeyer! I have been doing your job since you were gone. Why didn't you tell anybody you would be gone so long? Well?"

From all I had just been through I didn't give a rat's shit if he killed me. I was mixed up, numb with fear, hatred and not sure what else. He then added, "I'm extremely disappointed in you Jim!"

I just wanted to cry and break down. I mumbled "Kuwait, I was in Kuwait." He replied, "what? What in the hell were you doing there?" I replied, "gathering parts." I could barely speak. I then walked off. He yelled at me to come back. I continued walking to my tent to collapse.

After entering my tent, I fell on my cot. brain dead I was, scared, exhausted and felt like somebody had pulled a giant plug out of my ass. I went into a deep sleep and drowned everything out of my mind the best I could.

I had a walkman cd player. I listened to it every chance I got. I had a cd of Bette Midler I played all the time. Her song, "Wind beneath my wings." Did I mention the volume was set on high? I enjoyed that song a lot.

After sleeping several hours I woke up to the noise of voices outside my tent. I got up and investigated. It was several members of my unit screwing off. Some guys got off for the day and didn't have to work the EPW camp, so some of them decided to walk around to kill the boredom that was present. I walked outside where they were. One of them said, "hello Sgt Heitmeyer!" I replied, "Hi guys."

I was proud of these young people. They always showed and gave respect, performed with grit and determination throughout their everyday routines and work assignments. Yes, these were our fine soldiers of today.

A few days passed by and I developed a lung disorder. I was coughing up some of the ugliest green gunk I ever saw. I could spit it out on cue and when it

did come out it looked like a large piece of putty. I could have mixed mud with it and made a house it was so thick. This shit scared the hell out of me.

Sick call was a funny deal. When you went to the medical company that was responsible for treating soldiers, you just about had to run the doctor down and tackle him. I found one and he put me on hold until I told him I wanted his services now not later. He then treated me. He gave me a shot in the ass that cleared it all up. I never did find out what this lung thing was. It was probably a combination of sand, mucous, insecticides, gas fumes, and other secret ingredients. I do know this, I don't want to catch it again.

My lung thing cleared up about a week later. I began breathing and feeling better. I was ready to get back to business. My paperwork was demanding and a daily ritual to say the least. The previous sand storms had blown away some of my driver's records so I had to call in the soldiers with the missing paperwork and make new records on them.

Our camp was somewhat laid back now after knowing the war was over. By now, we were receiving more supplies than we were able to get before the war kicked off. Our camp had set up a laundry, a movie place and some shower points. The showers got its water from a nearby artesian well. By wiring a 100 K generator to it we had electricity for it and the camp. Yes, our little community was building up fast. A brick building was built for the troops to use.

A Baskin Robbins ice cream truck appeared one day. Has anyone ever seen 300 to 400 soldiers mop an ice cream truck with ice cream orders? Talk about a long line and wait. This was a sight.

SUMMARY OF THE GULF WAR
Army Units Deployed
in
Operation Desert Shield/Storm

III Corps Artillery	Fort Sill, OK
VII Corps Artillery	Augsburg, Germany
XVIII Airborne Corps Artillery	Fort Bragg, NC
1st Armored Division	Ansbach, Germany
1st Cavalry Division	Fort Hood, TX
1st Infantry Division (Mechanized)	Fort Riley, KS
2nd Armored Division	Fort Hood, TX
2nd Corps Support Command	Stuttgart, Germany
2nd Armored Division (Forward)	Garlstadt, Germany
2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment	Nuremberg, Germany
3rd Armored Division	Frankfurt, Germany
3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment	Fort Bliss, TX
3rd Arm. Div. Combat Aviation Brigade	Frankfurt, Germany
3rd Infantry Divisions	Wuerzburg Germany
7th Medical Command	Heidelberg, Germany
11th Air Defense Artillery Brigade	Fort Bliss, TX
43rd Air Defense Artillery	Fort Bliss, TX
11th Combat Aviation Brigade	Illesheim, Germany
12th Combat Aviation Brigade	Weisbaden, Germany
13th Corps Support Command	Fort Hood, TX
24th Infantry Division (Mechanized)	Fort Stewart, GA
82d Airborne Division	Fort Bragg, NC
101st Airborne Division (Air Assault)	Fort Campbell, KY
197th Inftry Brgde (Mecha.) (Separate)	Fort Benning, GA
HQ, Third U.S. Army	Fort McPherson, GA
HQ, VII Corps	Stuttgart, Germany
HQ, XVIII Airborne Corps	Fort Bragg, NC
7th Medical Command	Germany
5th Special Forces Group	Fort Campbell, KY
513th Military Intel. Brigade	Fort Monmouth, NJ
5th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital	Fort Bragg, NC
28th Combat Support Hospital	Fort Bragg, NC
44th Medical Brigade	Fort Bragg, NC
57th Medical Detachment (Air Ambulance)	Fort Bragg, NC
261st Medical Company	Fort Bragg, NC
257th Dental Detachment	Fort Bragg, NC
429th Ambulance Company	Fort Bragg, NC

SUMMARY OF THE GULF WAR
Army Units Deployed
in
Operation Desert Shield/Storm

4th Psychological Operations Group	Fort Bragg, NC
846th Transportation Unit	Salisbury, NC
346th M.P. Escort Guard (EPW)	Hutchinson, Kansas
144th Combat Support Hospital	Salt Lake City, Utah
14th MP Brigade (VII US Corp)	Stuttgart, Germany
1st Corps Support Command	Fort Bragg, NC
16th MP Brigade	Fort Bragg, NC
18th FA Brigade (XVIII Corps Arty)	Fort Bragg, NC
18th Avn. Brigade	Fort Bragg, NC
20th Engineer Brigade	Fort Bragg, NC
984th MP Company	Fort Carson
131st Engineer Co (CSE)	
227th Med Det(LD)	Fort Lewis, WA
105th Med Det(LC)	Fort Lewis, WA
73rd Med Det (Vet)	Fort Lewis, WA
49th Med Det (Medical Equip Maint)	Fort Lewis, WA
47th Combat Support Hospital	Fort Lewis, WA
427th Medical Company (Clearing)	Fort Lewis, WA
62nd Medical Group	Fort Lewis, WA

**U.S. ground forces have formed into three separate groups for Operation Desert Storm.*

First is the 18th Airborne Corps, composed of the 82nd Airborne, & the 101st Air Assault, and the 24th Mechanized Infantry. In addition, the 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment and French forces are attached to this command.

Marines make up the second force. The 1st and 2nd Marine Divisions are combined in NE Saudi Arabia. The 1st is composed of the 1st, 4th, and 7th Marine Expeditionary Brigades and the 2nd comprises the 5th Marine Expeditionary Brigade.

The main attack force is the 7th Corps, recently relocated from Europe. The 7th is composed of the 1st and 2nd U.S. Armored Divisions, the 1st Mechanized Infantry Division and the 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment. In addition, British tank units are attached to this force.

Army Guard and Reserve Units activated as part of Operation Desert Shield/Storm

Major Combat Units

1st Bn, 108th Armor	Georgia
1st Bn, 121st Infantry (Mechanized)	Georgia
1st Bn, 141st Field Artillery	Louisiana
1st Bn, 156th Armor	Louisiana
1st Bn, 198th Armor	Mississippi
1st Bn, 230th Field Artillery	Georgia
2nd Bn, 121st Infantry (Mechanized)	Georgia
2nd Bn, 156th Infantry (Mechanized)	Louisiana
2nd Bn, 198th Armor	Mississippi
3rd Bn, 141st Infantry (Mechanized)	Texas
3rd Bn, 156th Infantry (Mechanized)	Louisiana
48th Infantry Brigade (Mechanized)	Georgia
1st Bn, 142 Field Artillery Bde.	Arkansas
2nd Bn, 142 Field Artillery Bde.	Arkansas
142d Field Artillery Brigade	Arkansas
148th PAD	Idaho
152d Armored Bn	Alabama
155th Armored Brigade	Mississippi
256th Infantry Brigade (Mechanized)	Louisiana
E Troop, 348 Armored Cavalry Regiment	Georgia

Some units listed did not have the type of units they were. Example; reserve, national guard, & so on. I took a lucky guess on my part as to what they may have been, any errors found, please accept my apologies. I am always looking for new units to add. Contact me if you would like me to add your unit. Jimspolice@yahoo.com

ALABAMA

1241 Adjutant General Co.	Guard
1207th Quartermaster Co.	Guard
1207th U.S. Army Hospital	Reserve
314th Public Affairs Det.	Reserve
322nd Mil. History Det.	Reserve
318th Chemical Co.	Reserve
907th Chemical Det.	Reserve
123rd Combat Support Co.	Guard
715th Combat Support Co.	Guard
1208th Quartermaster Co.	Guard
1659th Transportation Det.	Guard
490th Chemical Det.	Reserve
851st Combat Support Group	Reserve
173rd JAG Det.	Reserve
81st Transportation Det.	Reserve
287th Transportation Co.	Reserve
1167th Transportation Det.	Guard
731st Combat Support Bn	Guard
226th Combat Support Co.	Guard
778th Combat Support Co.	Guard
638th Ordinance Co.	Guard
1128th Transportation Co.	Guard
377th QM Co (POL OPS)	USAR
781st TRANS Co	USAR
1208th QM Co (Water Pur)	NGR (Lineville)
129th Clearing Co.	Guard
109th Evacuation Hospital	Guard
440th Ordinance BN	Guard (disbanded)
1135th QM Supply Company	Guard

ARKANSAS

148th Evacuation Hospital	Guard
299th Engineer Co.	Reserve
296th Medical Co.	Guard
374th Medical Co.	Reserve
1122nd Transportation Co.	Guard

ARIZONA

348th Transportation Co.	Reserve
2221st Quartermaster Co.	Guard
2220th Transportation Co.	Guard
855th MP Company	Guard
222 Transportation Co	Guard
2222 Transportation Co.	Guard
403rd Combat Support Hospital	Reserve

CALIFORNIA

419th Quartermaster Bn.	Reserve
316th Quartermaster Co.	Reserve
2668th Transportation Co.	Guard
224th Transportation Det.	Guard
1113th Transportation Co.	Guard
343rd Medical Detachment (RA)	Reserve
270th M.P. Company	Guard

COLORADO

1157th Transportation Det.	Guard
1158th Transportation Det.	Guard
HHC 43rd CSG	Ft. Carson
517th Medical Company	Guard
759th M.P. Battalion	Ft. Carson

CONNECTICUT

142nd Medical Company	Guard
344th Military Police Co.	Reserve
1205th Railroad Unit	Reserve

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

207th JAG Det.	Reserve
547th Transportation Co.	Guard
380th Combat Support Co.	Guard
372nd Military Police Bn.	Guard

DELAWARE

736th Supply Services Battalion HQ	Guard
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FLORIDA

3220th U.S. Army Garrison	Reserve
337th MI. Bn.	Reserve
160th Military Police Bn.	Reserve
351st Military Police Co.	Reserve
810th Military Police Co.	Reserve
351st Adjutant General Co.	Reserve
320th Military Police Co.	Reserve
146th Transportation Det.	Reserve
322nd Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
138th Aerial Surveillance Co.	Reserve
743rd Combat Support Co.	Guard
325th Combat Support Co.	Guard
873rd Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
347th Medical Det.	Reserve
348th Med Det	Reserve

GEORGIA

461st Adjutant General Co.	Reserve
3299th Dental Det.	Reserve
Operations Center Augmentation	Reserve
3297th Army Hospital	Reserve
433rd Chemical Det.	Reserve
337th MI Bn	Reserve
1015th Combat Support Co.	Reserve
145th Medical Det.	Reserve
190th Military Police Co.	Guard
1148th Transportation Co.	Guard
988th Combat Support Co.	Reserve
Third U.S. Army	Reserve
165th Quartermaster Co.	Guard
48th Armored Brigade	Guard

ILLINOIS

1138th Military Police Co.	Guard
419th Transportation Det.	Reserve
416th Engineer Command Det.	Reserve
300th Adjutant General Det.	Reserve
1544th Transportation Co.	Guard
339th Transportation Det.	Reserve
1244th Transportation Co.	Guard
724th Transportation Co.	Reserve
387th QM BN (POL TERM OPS)	USAR Danville
1644th Transportation Co.	Guard

INDIANA

838th Transportation Det.	Guard
209th Combat Support Co	Reserve

IOWA

1133rd Transportation Co.	Guard
4249th Military Police Det.	Reserve
915th Transportation Co.	Reserve

IOWA (CONTINUED)

209th Medical Company (Clearing)	Guard
134th Medical Company (Ambulance)	Guard
134th S&S Company	Guard

KANSAS

170th Heavy Equip. Maint. Co.	Guard
13th Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
129th Transportation Co.	Reserve
842nd Quartermaster Co.	Reserve
475th Engineer Det	Reserve
467th Engineer Det.	Reserve
410th Evac Hospital (deactivated)	Reserve

KENTUCKY

3346th Dental Det.	Reserve
137th Transportation Det.	Guard
217th Quartermaster Det.	Guard
2123 Transportation Det.	Guard
133d (Mobile) Public Affairs Detachment	Guard
807th Surgical Hospital (MA)	Reserve
1st Bn 623d FA 8" SP	Guard
76th Heavy Equipment Co	Reserve

LOUISIANA

1086th Transportation Co.	Guard
872nd Medical Det.	Reserve
1190th Deployment Control	Reserve
1191st Transportation Terminal	Reserve
1192 Transportation Terminal	Reserve
1090th Transportation Det.	Guard
1093rd Transportation Co.	Guard
321st Logistics Center	Reserve
1083rd Transportation Co.	Guard
3673rd Comp. Service Co.	Guard
256th Infantry Brigade	Guard
Company A 527th Engineering Bn.	Guard

LOUISIANA (CONTINUED)

527th EN BN (Cbt Hvy)	Guard
258th Military Police Co	Guard
433rd Military Police Company	Reserve
344th Combat Support Co.	Reserve

MAINE

619th Transportation Co.	Reserve
3620th Transportation Det.	Guard

MARYLAND

372nd Military Police Co.	Reserve
352nd Civil Affairs Command	Fort Meade
417th Transportation Det.	Reserve
1176th Transportation Terminal	Reserve
200th Military Police Co.	Guard
290th Military Police Co.	Guard
400th Military Police Bn.	Reserve
200th Transportation Det.	Reserve
202nd Transportation Det.	Reserve

MASSACHUSETTES

46th JAG Det.	Reserve
704th Transportation Det.	Guard
324th Adjutant General	Reserve
1058th Transportation Co.	Guard
972 Military Police Company	Guard
91 OPCON 1st ID	Guard
772nd Military Police Company	Guard
181 Engineer Company	Guard

MICHIGAN

5064th U.S. Army Garrison	Guard
460th Combat Support Co.	Guard
1009th Transportation Det.	Guard
1461st Transportation Co.	Guard
180th Transportation Co.	Reserve
144th Military Police Co.	Guard
210th Military Police BN	Guard
1776th Military Police Co.	Guard
1073rd Maintenance Co	Guard
146th Military Police Battalion	Guard

MINNESOTA

109th Combat Support Co.	Guard
70th Military Police Company	Reserve

MISSISSIPPI

1181st Transportation Terminal	Reserve
114th Military Police Co.	Guard
365th Combat Support Det.	Reserve
479th Ordnance Co.	Reserve
193rd Transportation Bn.	Guard
162nd Military Police Co.	Guard
112th Military Police Bn.	Guard
386th Transportation Co.	Reserve
296th Transportation Co.	Reserve
173rd QM Co (POL OPS)	USAR Greenwood
786th Transportation Co.	NGR Greenwood

MISSOURI

624th Engineer Det.	Reserve
858th Combat Support Det.	Reserve
1138th Military Police Co.	Guard
93rd Evacuation Hospital	Ft. Leonard Wood
1221st Transportation Co.	Guard

MONTANA

370th Quartermaster Bn.	Reserve
159th Command Support Group	Reserve

NEBRASKA

1012th Combat Support Co.	Reserve
172nd Transportation Co.	Reserve
561st Support Group	Reserve
403 MP Bn. - EPW Camp	Reserve

NEW JERSEY

253rd Transportation Co.	Guard
328th Transportation Det.	Guard
144th Supply Company	Reserve
404th Civil Affairs Battalion	Reserve

NEW MEXICO

281st Transportation Co.	Reserve
52nd Engineer Battalion.	Reserve

NEW YORK

211th Military Intel. Co.	Reserve
1302nd Military Police Det.	Reserve
10th Transportation Det.	Guard
139th Transportation Det.	Reserve
142nd Transportation Det.	Reserve
423th Medical Det.	Reserve
318th Transportation Agency	Reserve
401st Civil Affairs Co.	Reserve
414th Civil Affairs Co.	Reserve
719th Transportation Co.	Guard
623rd Transportation Co.	Reserve
134th Maintenance. Co.	Guard
145th Maintenance. Co.	Guard
102nd Maintenance. Co.	Guard
206th Military Police Co.	Guard

NEW YORK (CONTINUED)

365th Evac	Guard
107th MP Co.	Guard
800th Military Police Brigade	Reserve

NORTH CAROLINA

991st Transportation Co.	Reserve
1450th Transportation Co.	Guard
540th Quartermaster Det.	Guard
121st Transportation Det.	Guard
1454 Transportation Co.	Guard
431st Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
805th Military Police co.	Reserve
211th Military Police Co.	Guard
398th Combat Support Co.	Guard
385th Transportation Det.	Reserve
315th Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
210th Military Police Co.	Guard
171st Combat Support Co.	Reserve
337th MI Bn.	Reserve
382nd Public Affairs Det.	Guard
3274th Army Hospital	Reserve
29th Transportation Det.	Reserve
95th RAOC	Guard
319th PAD	Guard
805th MP Company	Reserve

NORTH DAKOTA

132nd Quartermaster Co.	Guard
134th Quartermaster Det.	Guard
131st Quartermaster Det.	Guard
308th Engineer Det.	Reserve
311th Evacuation Hospital	Reserve

OHIO

2361 Mobile Signal Comm. Center	Reserve
79th Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
1001st Combat Support Co.	Reserve
758th Combat Support Co.	Reserve
828th Combat Support Co.	Reserve
837th Combat Support Det.	Reserve
870th Combat Support Det.	Reserve
342nd Military Police co.	Reserve
1487th Trans Company Ohio	Guard
350th Evacuation Hospital	Reserve
838th M.P. Company	Guard
324th M.P. Company	Guard
251 TT Co.	Guard
656th Trans Co.	Reserve

OKLAHOMA

2120th Combat Support Co.	Guard
1245th Transportation	Guard
1345th Transportation	Guard
1st BN 158 FA	Guard
120th Med. Bn	Guard
445th Military Police Bn	Guard
745 th Military Police Company	Guard – Disbanded 1996
44th Evac Hospital	Guard

OREGON

206th Transportation Det.	Guard
2186th Light Equipment Maintenance Co.	Guard

PENNSYLVANIA

1185th Transportation Terminal	Reserve
442nd Combat Support Co.	Reserve
635th Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
298th Transportation Co.	Reserve
228th Transportation Det.	Guard
475th Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
347th Quartermaster Co.	Reserve

PENNSYLVANIA (CONTINUED)

121st Transportation Co.	Guard
131st Transportation Co.	Guard
14th Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
3623rd Maintenance Co.	Guard
300th Field Hospital	Reserve
304th Civil Affairs Group	Reserve
402nd MP EPW CP	Reserve

PUERTO RICO

394th Quartermaster Bn	Reserve
311th Quartermaster Co.	Reserve
219th Quartermaster Det.	Guard
276th Combat Support Co.	Reserve
430th Combat Support Co.	Reserve

RHODE ISLAND

443rd Civil Affairs Co.	Reserve
115th MP Company	Guard
119th MP Company	Guard
118th MP Battalion	Guard

SOUTH CAROLINA

265th Quartermaster Det.	Guard
596th Transportation Det.	Reserve
3271st Army Hospital	Reserve
3273rd Army Hospital	Reserve
413th Chemical Co.	Reserve
187th JAG Det.	Reserve
32nd Military Police Co.	Guard
747th Transportation Det.	Guard
371st Chemical Co.	Reserve
450th Ordnance Co.	Reserve
941st Transportation Co.	Reserve
120th Rear Area Operation Center	Reserve
941st Transportation Co	USAR
251st Evacuation Hospital	Guard
1st Battalion 263d Armor	Guard

SOUTH DAKOTA

57th Transportation Det.	Guard
747th Transportation Det.	Guard
452 Ordnance Co.	Reserve
323 Chemical Company	Reserve
740th Transportation Company	Guard
1742nd Transportation Company	Guard
109th Engineer Group	Guard
730 Medical Company	Guard

TENNESSEE

130th Combat Support Ctr.	Guard
176th Combat Support Det.	Guard
3397th Army Garrison	Reserve
776th Combat Support Co.	Guard
251st Combat Support Co.	Guard
1175th Quartermaster Co.	Guard
360th Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
212th Engineer Co.	Guard
382 Medical Det.	Reserve
1032d Transportation Co	NGR Bristol
332nd Medical Brigade	Reserve
1174th Transportation (MTP)	Guard
401st MP EPW Camp	Reserve
844th Engineer Battalion (CBT HVY)	Reserve
155th Engineers	Guard
1st Bn 181st FA 8" SP	Reserve
176th Mt. Bn, HHD	Reserve
377th Combat Support Hospital	Reserve
118th Public Affairs Detachment	Guard

TEXAS

4005th Army Hospital	Reserve
327th Chemical Co.	Reserve
302nd Military Police Co.	Reserve
601st Transportation Det.	Reserve
541st Transportation Det.	Reserve
1104th Transportation Det.	Guard
340th Combat Support Co.	Reserve
383rd Quartermaster Co.	Reserve
149th Adjutant General Co.	Guard
15th Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
644th Transportation Co.	Reserve
217 Evac. Hosp.	Guard
114th Medic Hosp.	Reserve
89th Military Police Brigade	Guard

UTAH

120th Quartermaster Det.	Guard
142nd Military Intel. Bn.	Guard

Vermont

131st Engineer (CSE) CO.	Guard
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VIRGINIA

91st Transportation Det.	Reserve
145th Transportation Det.	Reserve
986th Medical Det.	Guard
1033rd Transportation Co.	Guard
229th Military Police Company	Guard
363 Military Police Company	Guard

WASHINGTON

144th Transportation Det.	Reserve
907th Engineer Platoon	Guard
50th General Hospital (1000 beds)	Reserve
513th Transportation Company	Reserve
22nd Transportation Detachment	Reserve
497th Transportation Company	Guard
80th Ordnance Battalion, HHC	Guard
542nd Maintenance Company	Guard

WEST VIRGINIA

328th Quartermaster Det.	Reserve
313th Military Police Det	Reserve
646th Quartermaster Co.	Reserve
388th Quartermaster Det.	Reserve

WISCONSIN

432nd Civil Affairs Group	Reserve
304th Transportation Det.	Reserve
343rd Transportation Det.	Reserve
826th Ordnance Co.	Reserve
107th Combat Support Co.	Guard
340th Transportation Det.	Guard
1122nd Transportation Det.	Reserve
890th Transportation Co.	Reserve
12th Medical Det (Prev Med)	Guard
32d Military Police	Guard
395th ORD CO DS/GS(WSNBAA)	Reserve

During Operation Desert Storm a total of 372 military deaths were recorded from battle and non-battle incidents. 19 soldiers were reported missing in action. Out of all the casualties reported, 16 American women died.

~TERMS AND DEFINITIONS~

1SG or FIRST SHIRT – 1st Sergeant

9 MM PISTOL – Small arms. Used for close quarters and combat.

.45 CALIBER PISTOL – Small arms. Used for close quarters and combat.

.50- CALIBER MACHINE GUN - Used for distance, penetration , against troops, armor or vehicles.

ABRAMS or BRADLEY – U.S. Tanks

BIVOUAC - Military location where troops are staged.

CO – Company Commander

CPL. - Military rank of corporal

EPW – Enemy Prisoner of War

LATRINE / HEAD – Restroom

M1008 or M1009 – Truck . ½ or ¾ ton vehicle

M-16A1 – Automatic rifle that fires a 5.56 mm round.

M-17A1 PROTECTIVE MASK – Used for NBC facial & breathing protection.

M35A2 – Truck / 2 ½ ton cargo / Used for hauling troops or supplies.

MOPP Gear – Military NBC (nuclear, biological & chemical) clothing, head ware & foot wear. Different levels of threat determine what items are worn at one time.

MRE – U.S. Military dehydrated meal, made ready to eat meal for soldiers.

PATRIOT – U.S. Missile fired against aircraft or incoming missiles.

PVT. / PFC – Military ranks of Private and Private First Class

SCUD – Russian made missile launched within a 500 mile area.

SGT. – Military rank of Sergeant

SSG. – Military rank of Staff Sergeant

T-54 or T61 – Russian made Iraqi tanks

TOW – U.S. tubular launched, optically tracked, & wire guided missile system used against armor, tanks & light vehicles.