

I was born and raised in Harlem, N.Y. where I pretty much got the urge to be a paratrooper. After all, I did play on rooftops and jumped the buildings tops over alleyways.

At 18 I pushed my draft up to go to jump school and to fight in Vietnam. It was 1966 when I arrived at Ton Son Nhut by a welcoming committee of mortar fire. Great way to start the year! I was assigned to Support Battalion because I raised my hand when asked who knew how to drive a truck (I learned never to raise my hand again). I went on a few ops and decided I would much rather be in the jungle so I transferred to Fourth Battalion, Charlie Company when they arrived. I became a grunt and fired the .50 when we were at Da Nang. In 1967 I was wounded and awarded a purple heart; I came home to New York City but it was a trying time in my life, being dumped on the streets when the war was not very popular. I floated for awhile, went to school in CA, came back to the East and found a place in NJ. I had no contact with any other vet until New York City finally threw a parade for Vietnam Vets. Soon after, I went to the wall in Washington and had a complete revival. I searched for a Gold Star mother to tell her that her son died peacefully and with honor, with her name his last word to be spoken.

I went to my first meeting of Chapter II and asked them what they were doing to help vets, their families, and the mothers who lost their sons.

Because of that one question I was elected President and held that office for 11 years until I moved. During my time in office Chapter II instituted many programs that were adopted by National and are still in use today. I was granted and assigned the distinction of Distinguished Member of the 503rd Infantry Regiment for the work Chapter II accomplished.

I am 63 now and a semi-retired photographer, having spent the last 40 years shooting high-end fashion, commercial, and finally, my passion, architectural photography around the world.

My architectural photography has been published in dozens of magazines and a few books. I've been well-seasoned and well-traveled, and now I'm in Brandon VT, which I just love. My wife, Carrie, grew up in Brandon and after the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, 2001, she (strongly) suggested we move back to her hometown. She didn't want to stay in the city and I was ready for change as well.

I am proud to have served with the 173d Airborne Brigade (Sep) and hold my fellow brothers close to my heart. Since arriving to this tiny New England town I have located two brothers of the Brigade.

AIRBORNE, ALL THE WAY!!



Anthony P. Albarello

C/4/503 1966-1967