

**SOUTH DAKOTA
FALLEN HERO**



*Your
Memory
lives on in
our hearts.*



In Loving Memory

CW2 Scott A. Saboe



Willow Lake, SD

US Army

11-12-1970 to 11-15-2003

Iraq

Scott Saboe was born and raised in Willow Lake, SD. He was a typical boy into sports, riding horse, hunting and fishing. He broke his own POA Cimarron when he was 9 years old. He loved fishing with his family. And hunting with his dog Brutus. He loved going goose hunting with his dad. He was active in all sports and FFA in High School. As an Eight grader he played football in the Dakota Dome for the 9B title. As a senior he ran the 2-mile relay at the State Track Meet. He worked for the neighbor down the road when he turned 16. Even helping Floyd out when he came home on leave from the Army.

His family and friends have fond memories of Scott. He once called his parents with numbers and asked what they thought they meant. He was calling to them his flight number and when to pick him up from the airport. He drove straight through twice to SD, once from NC and the other from KY. Either walking into the gas station his parents owned or calling and talking to his Dad on the phone and pounding on the door to be let in. He was a Kansas Jayhawks and Green Bay Packers Fan. He was call and talk to his Dad for hours about the games even when he was overseas.

He chose to go into the US Army on September 11, 1989. He served in various places Ft Dix, NJ, Ft Ramstien, Germany, Ft Bragg, NC, and an Army recruiter in Boise, ID, before deciding to become a pilot. He took his kid sister's first salute when she was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant because no one else could do it better. He also joked about it being the last time he would give her a salute. He chose to be a Blackhawk pilot for their veracity. He graduated with top honors. He wanted to look back at his Army career and know he DID something. He was stationed at Ft Stanley, Korea, flying over the DMV when our nation was attacked on 9-11-2001. From there he went to Ft Campbell, KY, and was assigned to Alpha Company, 4th Battalion, 101st Aviation Regiment, "The Commancheros". The Commancheros area an Assault Helicopter Company in the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault). The 101st ABN DIV (AA) is the only Air Assault division in the world and specializes rapidly executed in long-range attacks deep into enemy territory. Their infantry soldiers don't walk, parachute, or ride into battle; the worlds best helicopter pilots fly them to the objective.

CW2 Saboe took great pride in being an Army aviator and an Assault Helicopter Pilot. His dedication and technical proficiency as a Warrant Officer and Blackhawk Helicopter Pilot allowed him to be selected for two of the toughest jobs in the battalion as Flight Lead and Night Vision Goggle Unit Trainer. As Command Flight Lead he was responsible for all technical planning and executions of all air assaults.



As Flight Lead, it was his job to plan missions, fly lead helicopter, and lead the rest to achieve a perfect mission. During Operation Iraqi Freedom, CW2 Saboe was responsible for planning, advising, and executing majority of all flights in the company. A quiet young man of Willow Lake grew into one of the best Blackhawk Pilots of the 101st Airborne Division. He trained newly assigned and less experienced pilots. He was the backbone of the Unit's skill level and mission success. He was the Pilot In Command and Flight Lead in the longest and largest air assault in the history of the United States Army. He trained all soldiers in the use of Night Vision Goggles. He was one of the best and will be missed by all who knew, loved, and flew with him. Scott's first love was his son Dustin. For Good Luck, he flew with Dustin's dinosaur, a picture of Dustin and himself, and a picture of his dad, Arlo, a Vietnam Veteran. Most of us go through our whole lives and don't really accomplish anything and some of us only live to be 33 and we're heroes. He died doing what he loved, Flying.



When you look into this banner, you may see a young pilot. He was wise beyond his years. Scott was someone you wanted to be like. Someone you wanted to serve with, go to battle with, and know that he always had your back. He was a son, a father, a big brother, and a great mentor for all soldiers and friends. He didn't do this for the glory or because our nation was under attack. He did it because he was an American Soldier and it was his job.

