



CHINA-BURMA-INDIA
VIETNAM
GRENADA



75TH RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION INC

PO BOX 670174 MARIETTA GA 30066

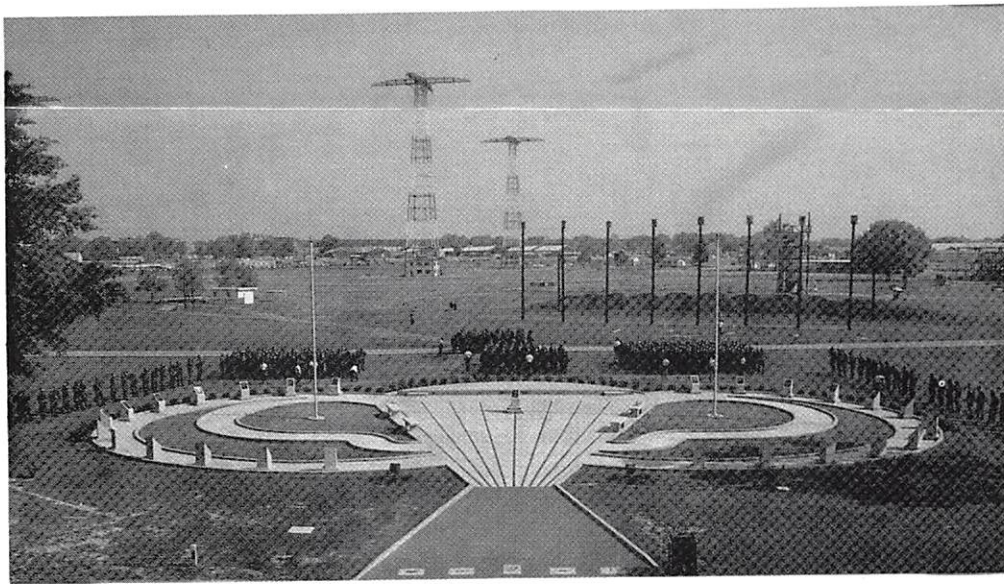


PATROLLING

MARCH 1989

VOLUME 3

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The "Airborne Walk" is dedicated to the Airborne Soldiers. Located at Fort Benning, the monument was constructed in the form of a Trooper's wings. Granite markers with brass inscription plates are arranged along the perimeter to honor past and present Airborne units.

Salute to Papa Company

Camp Red Devil VN: Infamous VC Killed in U.S. Ambush

A small unit, Papa Company, like all LRRP, LRP, and 75th Ranger units made the Vietcong and North Vietnamese Army pay in spades for whatever they inflicted upon their own countrymen.

The most wanted Vietcong leader in Quang Tri Province was killed in an ambush about eight miles South of Quang Tri City when he walked into the killing zone set up by Rangers of Company P, 75th. The guerrilla Nguyen Quyet had operated widely in the Province with his band of G's for approximately six years, spreading death and destruction.

After being inserted on a ridgeline South of a small stream the Ranger team laid its ambush in the Ba Long valley and waited. A team member saw movement

then observed a man walking rapidly along the creek bank carrying an American M-16 rifle. Nguyen, wearing U.S. web gear and fatigue jacket, approached the ambush site hunched over and with his collar turned up and cap pulled down.

At twenty meters the team opened fire. The Ranger team did not realize their prize until, upon examining the body, they noticed the little finger of his right hand was missing. Later that day positive identification was made by villagers of Nhu Le, where Nguyen routinely operated from. For six years Nguyen was known to have committed sabotage in addition to murdering numerous Vietnamese civilians. Xin Loi!

Music to Sooth the Savage Beast?

Fats Domino made the song "Blueberry Hill" famous during the 1950s, but the Rangers from P/75th carried the tune a bit further. North of Con Thien, near the Demilitarized Zone, NVA infiltrating South moved through the jungle. Above a long burst from an M-16, the blam of Claymores, and whump of grenades, Ranger Team 18 from P/75th compounds the enemy's confusion by belting out the lyrics of "Blueberry Hill."

Sgt. Steve Prince, the team leader, advises the singing and yelling after five days of whispering relieved tension and confused the enemy. Primarily a recon element the five to six man team would ambush targets of opportunity of up to 30 NVA provided they had enough Claymores and other firepower.

On one mission, team member Finch spotted five well armed NVA coming up the trail. Sgt. Prince allowed them to pass, believing they were part of a larger element - they were. The point man for the main body stopped directly in front of the Claymores and began to break through elephant grass, time for "Blueberry Hill." Following the ambush, the team quickly searched the dead enemy as AK-47 fires began to search for the team. Suspecting a larger force at hand Prince called for extraction of the team.

Enroute to the base following their extraction, three days standdown and a few beers, Prince reflected on another mission. His team was set up ten yards off a trail when 240 NVA soldiers passed by. Deciding they lacked the proper "sound equipment," and that the NVA would not appreciate their music without it, the Team declined to perform "Blueberry Hill" that day. Moi!

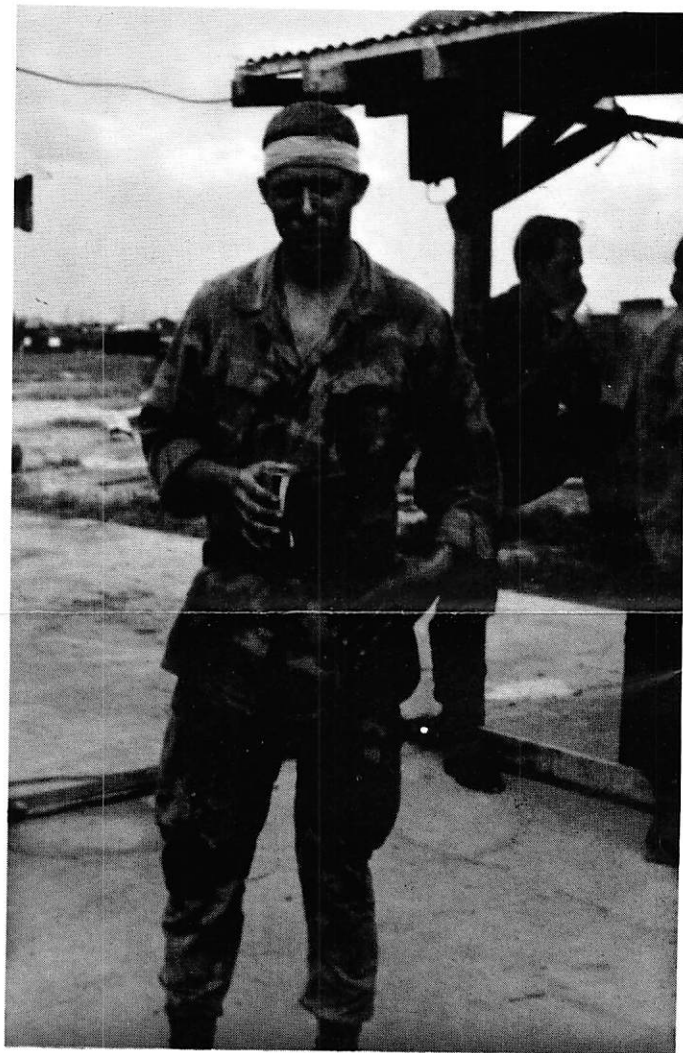
Member Spotlight

Al Bartz, aka "Skinny Freddie and Fat Frederick", is on line and firing up the AO. A former P/75 and L/75 alumni, who did a tremendous job of raising funds this past year to assist a former Ranger buddy who was in need of medical care is off and running again, for the Association this time.

Immediately after the reunion, Al, who accepted responsibility for contacting and locating P/75 members and LURPS who preceeded them, ran ads in some local (New York) and national publications. The response overwhelmed him. You have to understand this is an area where redundancy is a good thing. We have run ads in these same periodicals earlier, but Al's success is worth telling. He has located numerous members unaware of our existence and hooked them up.

As a result of one of his ads, he came in contact with the brother of LURP Steve Smock, who is now deceased. Brother Tom is trying to locate those who served with Steve because Steve's son is now 17 and asking questions that only they can answer. See the item entitled "Alert . . . Alert," elsewhere in this issue.

If you haven't met Al, he's a recreation specialist



Mitch Brown, E-4 Team Leader from Tupelo, Mississippi. Flash and pride of P/75th. Mitch is now a Major with 20th Special Forces in Mississippi.

in Avon, NY, who manages various football teams, tends bar at Fat Sam's, keeps you holding your sides at his antics, and has been known to duke it out with REMFs who present themselves as former LURPS and Rangers.

Skinny Freddie reports Dustoff 913 pilot Fred Behrens and his lady came up for a visit one weekend during November 1988, and the three of them went over to the home of Buffalo Bill's quarterback Jim Kelly, who is a personal friend of Fred Behrens.

Where's the Prez

Association President Billy Nix attended a function at Ft. Benning December 17, 1988, with the Regimental Headquarters and the 3rd Ranger Battalion. Other than change of command invitations this was the first for the Association's new leadership, and we are looking to interact more often with the current generation of 75th Rangers.

New Intell

We are constantly learning about new units we had never heard of from Vietnam that were organized, usually, as provisional or TDA type units. Another surfaced recently from the 25th Infantry Division Vietnam.

Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol units were assigned to Delta Troop, 3rd Squadron, 4th Cavalry, 25th Infantry Division, and we thank Charles F. Rose of the unit for providing documentation to that end. Rose was decorated for actions with that unit on January 31, and February 1, 1967.

The headgear issued to that unit through at least 1967 was similar to the hats worn by Gurka soldiers.

Vietnam LRRP, LRP, and Rangers wore a variety of headgear or headbands to the dismay and distress of parade ground addicts who insist upon uniformity in an outfit that demands individuality. As an example you will see elsewhere in this issue a photo of former SP4 Mitch Brown P/75th with a very practical headband on to keep the sweat out of his eyes in the jungle.

The Gurka headgear gave way to the camouflaged berets for the 25th Division LRRP, however, the issue "boonie" hat was used on patrol. During September 1967 the old LRRP Detachment was enlarged and placed under the HQ Troop, 3/4th Cav.

If experience is any teacher, we understand the constant switching from unit to unit for the reconnaissance elements. No one understood how to employ them and from the input we receive today they still don't. Not the Cavalry and not the Military Intelligence battalions to whom the Long Range Surveillance units are currently assigned.

No Contact

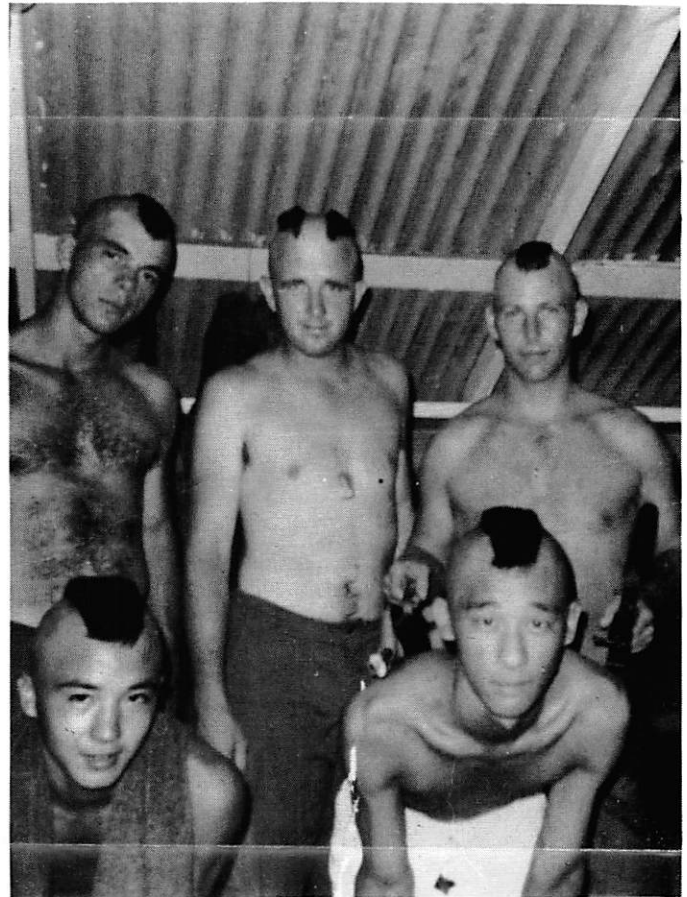
Ranger Ron Isom, 9th Division, showed up at the reunion and could only stay for the Hospitality Room exercise with his lady Sharon Overton. A former E/75th Ranger who is 100% disabled, Ron was looking for his team leader SSG Welton Wardell, also 100% disabled. Ron hung in there Saturday and Sunday and finally had to leave. No sooner had the door closed than Wardell rode in, in his sports car and boonie hat. Whaddaya mean did he have any other clothes on? Certainly!

Well, they missed each other, and have not been in personal contact since a shootout in a corner of a Mekong Delta rice paddy many moons ago. But, Roy Nelson, Dave Harris, Welton Wardell, Jim Norgaard, Ron Hiscox, et. al. from 9th Division LRRP, LRP, and Rangers, got it together for a few days at the Hilton.

Jim Norgaard, like many other Vietnam veterans, is involved with counseling or otherwise assisting other veterans. There seems to be a lot more helping coming from this generation of veterans than we've seen in other wars.

Reaching Old Friends

You might be able to locate an old friend who is retired by contacting the U.S. Army Finance and Accounting, Retired Pay Operations, Department 94, Indianapolis, Indiana 46249-0001. Enclose a short letter to the individual whom you wish to contact. Leave the letter open, put a stamp on it, the individual's name, and your return address. Finance will fill in the address for you if they have it and forward the letter. You might want to provide the individual's home state, rank at retirement if known, approximate age, etc., and especially the SSN if known - all of that information will help locate an old friend.



Danny Jacks, top center, and team from G/75th.

Alert . . . Alert

The family of the late SP4 Steve Smock, a LURP with HQ Co, 2nd Bde, 4th Infantry Division, is seeking information about Steve when he served in Vietnam. He died approximately one year after returning from Vietnam and has a 17 year old son who is asking questions and seeking information concerning his father. Our intell says the 2nd Bde LRRP was absorbed by K/75th Ranger. Anyone who may recall Steve Smock please contact his brother Tom Smock, 1905 DeForest Lane, Hanover Park, IL 60103. For additional information contact Bob Gilbert, (404) 689-3595.



Print signed by reunion attendees.

MIA Update: Ranger Champion

Teammate of James A. Champion and fellow Ranger Fred Karnes is now commander of Special Forces Detachment ODA-065, Company C, 2nd Bn, 10th SFG, Ft. Devens, Mass. In April 1971 he was a sergeant on his first mission with L/75th after being reassigned from 5th SF which was leaving for the States - that mission ended with one Ranger MIA (Champion) and one POW (Malo), who was returned in 1973.

Karnes was apparently the only team member not wounded (to the best of our current knowledge), and was able to provide sufficient detail, as a trained, observer to confirm or refute a great deal of information or misinformation proliferated over the years concerning the mission.

His knowledge was invaluable in getting the DIA to reopen the file and begin asking questions of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam (SRV) concerning the whereabouts of James A. Champion.

Team Leader Bill Vodden, of Winnipeg Canada, provided additional long lost information concerning the mission. The astounding part of it was that virtually no one was debriefed who was knowledgeable of the mission.

Vodden, now a hard rock miner in Canada, married a sweet thing who convinced him to contact the Association last year. He not only did that, he made a significant contribution to the plaque fund.

POW/MIA Update

Association members, their friends, and others, are encouraged to increase interest in the POW/MIA issue by writing a letter to ABC's Ted Koppel. The idea is to convince ABC and Ted Koppel to air a series of programs on the issue as part of "Nightline."

You can support this effort by writing a letter similar to the following (recopy it in your own handwriting, or type it), and mailing it to Mr. Ted Koppel, ABC News "Nightline," 234 Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023.

Dear Mr. Koppel:

More than thirteen years have passed since the end of the Vietnam War, and it was a war - despite the armchair strategists of the U.S. Department of State. Our nation is still plagued by the POW/MIA issue. I believe the evidence is overwhelming that there are still live prisoners of that war in Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam.

One of our Rangers, James A. Champion, has been missing in action since April 24, 1971. He was declared missing while evading enemy forces that overwhelmed his Ranger Team and reinforcements from Air Cavalry and Infantry units.

The evidence put together over a period of twenty-two months by a member of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association during 1988 was sufficient enough for the Defense Intelligence Agency to pull Champion's file and take a fresh look at the events and people involved.

The Government has a responsibility too all of its people, POWs and MIAs included. I believe that if Americans knew the facts, now obscured by Department of State and DIA stonewalling on an issue they wish would go away, there would be some definitive action.

Their consistent alluding to "delicate negotiations" to keep the American people in the dark . . . the mushroom treatment . . . is a sham. Only the media constantly pounding the Government for answers will shed light on these issues haunting many families and friends of the POWs and MIAs.

Please devote an entire week of your "Nightline" program to help resolve this issue. **You can make the difference.**

Thank you, signature, name, address, telephone.

Do it now . . . please!

The National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia operates a 24 hour a day update line on the POW/MIA issue: 202-659-0133.

Letters

From SMSGT Carl Cain, USAF (Air Horse) (Retired)
Hurray for you. Just read your **Static Line** column and like the way you gave those that never had first hand knowledge of the Rangers hell.

I was a forward air controller (FAC) assigned to the Rangers and 187th Airborne RCT in Korea, and after RECONDO School at Nha Trang went with First Mobile Force Guerrillas and ran four missions with RT Cobra, CCN-SOG. I've been shot at and hit.

Thanks for giving them hell at the top of the list. I may not be a Ranger, but I've been trained by them, and to the "ass in the grass GI," that is better than a second helping of LURP rations.

NOTE (Bob Gilbert): For those unaware of it, the 75th Regiment has a team from the USAF permanently attached to them. All are jumpers, some are free-fall and/or HALO qualified, and some have attended Army Ranger School. A good team to have along. But, remember, don't put the Rangers on the gun-target line . . . bring those birds in perpendicular to the Rangers . . . across their front . . . not up their rear.

The American Advisors of Team 162 who were assigned to the Vietnamese Airborne Division are in the process of writing its photo/history. Request all former "Red Hats" to give assistance in putting the book together. Please contact the Society of the Vietnamese Airborne Division, Team 162, P.O. Box 35665, Fayetteville, NC 28303-0665.

Sincerely, Michael N. George

Happy New Year

Just before the holidays I was pushing a U-Haul from San Bernadino, California to Georgia. As a result I was unable to personally answer a lot of Xmas cards, so thanks to all of you who were able to take the time to send me one. On the other hand, so many arrived I would be supporting the U.S. Postal Service alone if I tried to answer all of you, and my pay check won't stretch that far at 25¢ per card.

Thank you, Bob Gilbert

Recently Found: John R. Libert, E-7, HHC, 1st SFG, Ft. Lewis, WA 98433, a former F/51st LRP who also spent some time with Co. D, 151st Rangers between April 1968 and April 1969.

Reunion Registration Memories: LURPS and Rangers are known for their puckish sense of humor. The following written comments were gleaned from two of the reunion registrations in response to the question "Specify the number of beef tenderloin": "An average number," and "three plus the BBQ chicken (and all for the price of one yet!)." Good try guys!

Famous Last Words: Let's see if I've got this right now . . . You'll lay down a base of fire and I rush the machinegun? Right!

Looking for Film Footage

Combat film footage some of you may have that could be included in the 1988 Reunion VHS tape the Association is producing would be helpful. For example, we know Ray Martinez of the 101st LRRP took a camera along on "a soft patrol," and ended up filming some pretty close gunship runs and A1E Skyraider air-strikes.

Additionally, Jim McLaughlin talked a Troop B, 2/17th Air Cav pilot out of some film he made with a cockpit mounted camera while in support of a L/75th team in the Ashau Valley.

If anyone has film that is usable for the VHS tape, contact Association President Billy Nix. We are going to give you some real flashbacks in this tape after the editing and sound track are added. We'll let you know when it is ready.

A year ago in Indiana, we saw some good film the Company D, 151st Rangers had which they may wish to contribute to the effort.



9th Division LRRP team (l-r), SP4 Naughton, PFC Florio, SSG Walden, and MSG Nelson.



9th Division LRRP radio-relay balloon, "Chieu Hoi."

A Methaphor for PTSD

continued

By John W. Looney, M.S.W.

As you settle into a comfortable position to read about our young friend, you may remember how he was selected to go through his rite of manhood by his elders. His ordeal was to survive traveling through a large system of caverns with a small group of boys his own age whom he had never seen or talked to before. This small group of boys had no idea how long they had been underground and they found themselves even more short-tempered since the rope master fell to his death.

After many hours of walking deeper and deeper down into the cave, he sensed that something was happening and it was not good for him. He had never had such a feeling before and he did not know what to do, so he kept quiet and forced himself to be attentive to every detail.

They walked in the same order with the torch being held high by the third man and he continued to walk next to last leaving the last man at the edge of the light from the torch. There was no talking so he found himself thinking about what the elders said about the cave serpent. Although it was called a serpent, it looked more like a spider-like lizard with eight legs. It stood as tall as a deer. At the end of each leg was a mouth and eyes and a nose. It supported its weight on a large jaw at the end of each leg. It was very well suited to living in a dark cave, for it could see where each foot or jaw was placed and it could fish in underground streams for long periods of time with one or two legs and still breathe through its other noses. And what mouse or rat could avoid eight mouths that close to the floor of the cave. Because of its large appetite, they knew it would feed near openings of the cave.

Our friend thought how curious it was that he still felt anxious, yet nothing looked different in the dim light of the torches and he heard nothing but the footsteps of the group. So why was he so anxious? A smell - his sense of smell - he smelled something. What was it? He had smelled it before yet somehow it was different. A swamp flashed in his mind. He recalled killing a giant lizard when he was thirteen winters old. That lizard smelled the same way. Of course, he smelled the cave serpent. "It must be following us," he said out loud.

He looked back to his friend to tell him, when he heard him scream and watched him being jerked into

the darkness. Without thinking, he found himself jumping into the darkness with his knife drawn and slashing at anything that felt like the serpent. He found what seemed like his friend's leg and he pulled and slashed until the light broke the darkness.

Then, before he could focus his eyes, he felt two strong hands grab him from behind and pull him back. Then there were other hands pulling him and his friend back into the light of the torch. As he was gasping for air to catch his breath, he noticed his friend was bloody but he was talking as the rest of the boys attended him. The serpent was chased off yet several boys stood guard.

Now his body hurt and ached to remind him how he was hit and bitten. He looked over his body as his breathing slowed down. There was plenty of blood but none seemed to be his. As he tried to stand up, he fell and a strong pain shot up from his lower leg. It looked like most of his calf was gone leaving behind a bloody mess with white pieces of muscles running through it. One of the boys told him to lay back and he would stop the bleeding. And with that, his group member took the bloody knife from his hand and heated it in the flame of the torch. Once the knife was hot enough, it would be laid on the calf of his leg thereby sealing the wound. He knew it would hurt and it did, but he did not think he would have to smell his own flesh burn. He knew he would never forget that smell. He laid back as he was told. He instinctively trusted the group and laid back. He nearly fell asleep but they could not stay any longer for fear the serpent would return.

Several boys rigged a stretcher for his friend. They split his load up and gave him a spent torch to aid his walking. He lost track of time and conversations, but now they were moving on, for the opening should be only a short journey. There was pain when he walked but he still felt responsible for carrying his load. They insisted and he abided. His friend was carried by two group members. He was unconscious now, but they thought he would live. It was several hours before they saw what seemed to be the light of day from an opening ahead. They heard voices.

Several men ran to him to carry him out of the cave but he decided to walk out by himself. It may not have made sense to anybody but he felt better walking and watching the colors return to his eyes from black to gray to brown and on. He squinted to focus on rocks on the cave floor. He took his time walking into the sunlight. Yellow, green, and red returned. The world was like it was when he left yet something was different. It just did not have that special something he was expecting or it had before. He was tired and he wanted to rest.

As the Medicine Man looked over his wound and chanted, arrangements were being made for a cart to transport him to his tribe and family. Before he knew it, he was on the next cart with others who had been

*Send us a team photo for publication
Wartime, Peacetime, Anytime
Don't forget names, dates, etc.*

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wounded and he knew not one. As he traveled those days he wondered about his friend. Did he live? Would his family and tribe be able to care for him if he could not hunt? Those were lonely days as he traveled. What ever would happen to them? What would happen to him? Maybe he would feel like a man should after he returns home. Right now he did not feel confident and he had no purpose.

Lost - confused - what was next? Scared of what was to happen. Home and the tribe would be the place for him to sort it out. He had experienced something and now it was gone. Without even asking him it was taken away. A deep sense of loss. In the cave he had purpose, now he was lost.

There was no celebration when the cart pulled into his tribe's village, but that seemed to fit his mood. It was all too confusing and he just wanted to hide, forget it and start a family. The message from the elders seemed to be, you are a man now, but you are not good enough to join us. So he became bitter and isolated himself. He rarely talked to anybody. Even his wife found him hard as a stone and was upset with him. It was not the way he was told it was to be. The elders had lied.

The bitterness continued over the years and his sleep never really got back to normal. He knew there was something wrong but he could figure out what it was. He yelled at the children and his wife when he did not need to yell. Once, he had talked with the old Medicine Man living outside of the tribe's village, he did not understand either. He only talked of the choices and the magic of Tiev Man. He never shared it with anyone but he knew it was true, something was wrong. There was no one to share it with. So it just stayed bottled up inside.

After a time, he heard of a tribe moving, because of a drought and famine. The tribe had moved and settled several days travel from him. It was his friend's tribe and he wondered if his friend was with them. He left to see if he was with them. It was an impulsive thing to do and his wife was afraid for him, not trusting he could handle the experience. This gave him some second thoughts and it also made him angry. But even as he traveled, those doubts crept into his thinking. What would his friend say? What if his friend did not remember him? Well, it was too late. He was committed now and there was no turning back. It felt good to be committed again.

He found his friend. He was crippled and used a crutch to get around but he was smiling and laughing with his own friends. Somehow, our friend felt betrayed. How could his old friend be happy, when he had quietly suffered so long? Why did his old friend share his suffering and pain with others?

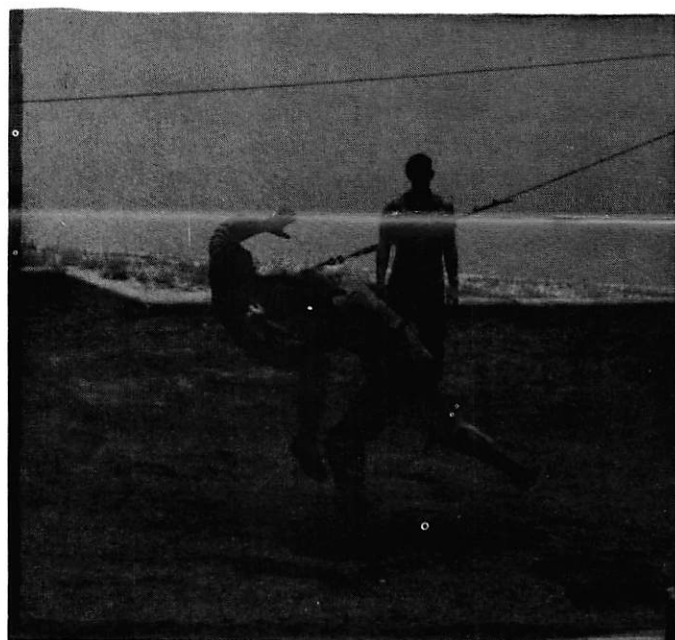
He stayed several days, and visited with his new friends. They had gone through the cave also. It was great to laugh with true friends again and even cry

once for the loss of the rope master. He observed the others and how they let go of the bitterness and it was okay to let go.

It may have been okay to let go but it was uncomfortable. It was awkward to share and show his emotions. But somehow he took the risk during his visit. And when he left to return to his tribe and wife and children, he walked many miles by himself and learned how much the bitterness had helped him through rough times. He had a sense of appreciation and now he had other resources to draw on and develop. How wonderful it was to have friends and resources. He was not alone anymore and that was his choice. He thought, "Was that the magic of Tiev Man?" He had choices.

As our friend made his choices, he felt more comfortable with himself as the man he was with the emotions he had. It was shortly after that time he was asked by the elders to accept responsibility for a tribal project. The stress of the project did not bother him as before and his wife talked about how she was not afraid of him anymore. He enjoyed life again. Oh, he still remembered and felt bad, but he enjoyed his life.

As we leave the world of our friend and return to our world, we can take with us the strength of his experiences. For human experience repeats itself and strengths are passed on to new generations. We may have the opportunity to share and demonstrate those very strengths in our world of electric lights, noisy cars and choices.



SSG Mullins and SFC Lane, 2nd Ranger Battalion Grenada veterans, put on a rib cracking hand-to-hand combat demonstration for reunion attendees, July 25, 1988. Photo by Dan Roberts.

Research: Searching Out Unit History

A lot of you are interested in what happened at any given time in your unit(s), however, you do not know how to go about locating a point of departure for your search. Here 'tis. For National Archives research your point of contact is Mr. Howard H. Wehmann, Assistant Chief, Military Field Branch, Military Archives Division, Washington, D.C. 20409.

They are located in the National Records Center Building, 4205 Suitland Rd., Suitland, MD, about a mile from the D.C. area. Research room hours are: 0800 to 1615, Monday - Friday, except legal holidays. Their telephone number is (301) 763-1710.

For your research **you must first** write them a full explanation of what you are seeking. Cover as long a period as you wish and be prepared to spend a lot of time researching. It is helpful to have a research

assistant, and their duties should be spelled out in advance.

You will be provided a form for research, be issued a researchers pass that's good for a year, and will be asked to provide an initial visiting date.

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